

# Warlock of the Magus World

(巫界术士)

Arc 05

World of Gods

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## Story Description:

From the future, from a society where man and technology have become one, a scientist known as Fang Ming, upon his death, is reborn in the body of a noble called Leylin. Leylin belongs to a world where magic, swords and knights are commonplace.

Leylin had been a weak, lusty and silly noble before his death. And upon rebirth, the new Leylin finds that fate has provided him with one gift – an AI Chip from his prior life.

With his trusty AI Chip, Leylin embarks on a never-ending journey as he hungers for knowledge and strength to achieve his one goal: becoming a great Magus – one of the most powerful wielders of magic in this world.

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 787: Truesoul Splitting

“Father... you...” After hearing Leylin’s intentions, Syre couldn’t hold himself back even if the Warlocks sitting below had no objections. At the same time, although her expression hadn’t really changed Freya was already tightly clasping her dress.

Leylin noticed all of these minute movements.

“Of course, before the experiment, I’ll definitely make time to stay with you...” Leylin glanced at Freya and consoled her.

Meanwhile, his eyes scanned across those below him, “Everyone, please allow me some time to be with my family...” Since Leylin had spoken, the high-ranked Warlocks naturally did not say more and bid farewell, leaving the space to the family of three with the highest authority.

“I’m sorry, Freya, but there’s a reason I have to do this!” Leylin watched his wife apologetically, “I promise! This temporary parting is all preparation for us to be together for eternity... Please believe in me...”

Freya’s eyes reddened, and Syre scratched his head.

“Alright, let’s not talk about stuff that will dampen our moods. Send the order for a banquet to be prepared! I’ll spend good time with you for now.” Leylin watched Syre tenderly and smiled.

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Several months had already passed by the time Leylin had returned to his laboratory once more.

At the thought of how he’d been rushing everywhere for these months, even Leylin could only rub his nose and laugh wryly.

There was not just Freya and Syre in his family. Whether it was Celine and his son in Twilight Zone, Belinda, her sister and Aegnis in the underground Alabaster City and the rest who had had intimate relations with him, all needed to be pacified.

While the time he spent with each of them was short, the amount of

time it added up to came to a terrifying amount.

Of course, with Leylin's personality, he only spent more effort appeasing Freya and a few others. The rest of the women were consoled with just some transmissions.

After all, Leylin clearly knew which women held more importance to him.

"Besides taking care of those affairs, there was also the development of the Ouroboros Clan and the Farlier Family..."

Leylin merely set a rather approximate aim when it came to this and got his subordinates to do the rest. With Syre and Daniel, the two rank 6s in charge, there was little he needed to worry about.

"Next... is to vigorously do research on reincarnation techniques and do all I can to make a strategy for the World of Gods!"

Leylin's eyes displayed his anticipation as he immersed himself in experiments and research.

Time flowed like water, and the years passed by in a blur. Things of the world outside his world seemed to lose all importance to Leylin, who'd sunk into experiments and getting proof.

In his mind, the truesoul splitting technique he had gained from Melinda, the method to maintain control over a truesoul clone that he had obtained from Ignos and many other techniques were already being broken up and re-organised to form an even more complex and profound body.

The mysteries of the truesoul began to unveil itself before Leylin, allowing Leylin to touch on the truth of the world on a deeper level.

"Universe and truesoul, macroscopic and microscopic, matter and conscient... At the very heart of it, everything mysteriously has its similarities. Is this the secret of the universe?"

Leylin looked intoxicated.

In front of him, dazzling starlight fused into one body, yet its form

seemed to be constantly changing.

From the outside, it seemed to be an irregular spheroid formed of starlight. There were scenes of the explosion of the universe and shrinking of the black hole, which then gradually formed into a human figure.

[Beep! Completion of Rank 7 spell— Alternate World Reincarnation. Referenced material: ‘Soul Splitting Technique’, ‘How to control your soul – Enoja’, ‘Exploring the mysteries of the world’, ‘Truesoul concealment— Basics for Devils’] The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded, followed by an even more detailed introduction to the spell.

[Alternate World Reincarnation. Rank 7 spell. Ability to split the truesoul of the main body and project the body to another world to be reincarnated. The main body will have absolute control over the truesoul clone and synchronise completely with the world origin force’s frequency, getting treatment as a native would.] In the Magus World’s history, there were few rank 7 spells, and much less spell models to record them.

This was because the existences of laws, after reaching rank 7, could make use magic at its source and bypass the process of using the spell model.

Besides, spells at rank 7 and above usually needed the corresponding power of laws as the basis, and had no properties that allowed it to be used widespread.

The spell formation that Leylin had specially developed was much different from the original soul splitting technique.

“It can be said that this ‘Alternate World Reincarnation’ is actually a new method of traversing to another world. If used on an ordinary person, it would still have the same effect.”

Leylin’s lips quirked up into a smile.

His rank 7 spell not only made use of the intelligence of Melinda and Ignox, but also included what he felt was important.

Amongst this was the A.I. Chip’s simulation analytical skills as well as the transformation by the world origin will.

In his reincarnation spell, the truesoul had to go through a transformation by the world origin force. Hence, the clone that successfully descended into the World of Gods would be no different from a native, and even gods would not notice.

Only with these would his clone have enough space and time to develop.

Of course, because the clone had abandoned all its original abilities and lacked any power from the main body, the clone would start off in the weakest state.

However, with Leylin's truesoul memories, the clone would definitely grow quickly and then begin to spy on the domains of the gods.

It was only after reaching the realm of the gods and synchronising with the world origin force that the clone would possibly coordinate with the main body, in order to break through the barrier of the crystal wall.

"The theoretical and practical experiments for these have been completed. What's next is to put everything into practice..."

Leylin looked very grim. Neither the splitting of his truesoul and reincarnating it in the World of Gods were simple tasks.

Even with Leylin's semi rank 7 body of laws, he had to treat this very seriously.

"So I've finally reached this point?"

Leylin's eyes were filled with emotion. All his memories flashed before his eyes, from starting off as an ordinary little noble that developed into a being filled with fear in the Magus World, to his memories of glory and splendour afterwards.

Leylin's mind lingered with the mysteries and vastness of magic, the glory and mystery of the World of Gods, as well as the limitless strength system and the supreme truth.

Now, he was completely giving up the path the ancient Magi had walked, entering the World of Gods in order to search for the origin or to meet his end.

The slight wavering in his emotions was suppressed by him in the blink of an eye.

Soon, his eyes went back to a state that was impervious to desires and passions.

Leylin arrived in the astral laboratory. Here, an astral gate exactly the same as before had been rebuilt.

The large stone gates and the strange, simple patterns seemed to be narrating some ancient and great history.

“Manderhawke Plate!” Leylin’s right hand flickered with light, and a round stone plate appeared. There was even a large part missing at its edge, as if something had taken a bite out of it.

“Based on the data from the previous experiment, I’ve modified it further and made an imitation Manderhawke Plate with the addition of some other materials!”

Leylin’s eyes flashed as the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded.

[Manhark Plate (Imitation). Weight: 2451g. Effect: Weaken world force, makes it convenient for transmission of energy. This is an imitation, made from the Manhark Plate Beezlebub possesses. Holds 46.5% of power of the original. Maker: Leylin Farlier.] “Mm! Compared to the previous inferior versions which only had 20: 30% the effects of the original, this imitation is evidently more powerful. It should help the plan work more smoothly...”

Leylin touched his chin, suddenly looking resolute, “Let’s begin!”

Rumble! A dazzling golden, blazing sun slowly appeared from behind him.

This was a projection of Leylin’s truesoul, representing a peak rank 6 Warlock. This was the strength of the highest quality soul!

The golden soul flames that appeared physical wreaked havoc in the laboratory. Besides the astral gate, everything was incinerated into nothing.

“First up... the splitting of the truesoul!”

Leylin looked incomparably grave. Based on the technique to split the truesoul into two, a powerful tearing force entered his point mass.

At the heart of the point mass, which was where a Magus' soul and strength gathered, the peak rank 6 truesoul began to tremble abruptly.

Pain! The intense pain of tearing one's soul apart! Leylin bore the sudden attack, which made him turn pale with cold sweat running down profusely.

At his back, his blazing sun truesoul quivered, and even the Targaryan appeared, producing hisses of misery and suffering.

“Hah! Split!”

Leylin looked extremely malicious, as if a devil from hell. With his yell, a white streak of electricity fell, striking the figure behind him.

Crash!

The golden sun split in an instant, forming two truesouls, one larger than the other.

“Ugh—” At the moment his truesoul was split, Leylin's mind went completely blank, and his eyes were filled with confusion.

“Such weakness...”

Once he completely regained his senses, he forced a smile as he sensed the terrifying injuries to his truesoul.

“Just breaking off a small part of my truesoul is already so terrifying...”

Leylin gazed at the two irregular truesouls. While they had both turned into flaming suns, the physically larger one was obviously tens of times bigger than the smaller truesoul.

# Chapter 788: Alternate World

## Reincarnation

“Injuries to the truesoul are the most terrifying. Even existences of laws will sink into a deep sleep in order to heal them...” Leylin laughed wryly, “This is a result of splitting a small part of my truesoul. If it’s anything like what Beezlebub did, it’s very possible that my main body would just die...”

The phantom Targaryen behind Leylin’s back withered and slowly disappeared. A bit of faint red light flew out from between his brows and disappeared into his hand, flashing like a firefly. This was the smaller truesoul that Leylin had split. The experiment had to begin immediately, lest it dissipate from prolonged exposure to the external world.

“Astral gate, open!” Leylin huffed in a low voice, and a procedure identical to before was executed. His soul force waded through the long astral river until it arrived at the tremendous crystal wall surrounding the World of Gods.

“Manderhawke’s Plate!” The stone plate in Leylin’s hands came to the crystal wall, emitting a light that caused a portion to seem to be on the verge of melting.

At the moment a channel opened through the crystal wall, Leylin’s eyes brightened and immense rank 7 spell undulations were emitted from his body. “Rank 7 spell– Alternate World Reincarnation!”

Time seemed to stop in that instant. That bit of truesoul in Leylin’s hands was enveloped in the brilliance of the Alternate World Reincarnation spell as it disappeared into the World of Gods.

Everything happened quickly. Once it was done, the Manderhawke Plate exploded into powder, and the crystal wall from before closed itself quickly with no trace of a flaw.

“It’s all up to the truesoul now...” The huge astral gate gradually collapsed, and Leylin could only smile wryly.

With his serious injuries, he could only slumber in his laboratory,



recuperating with time as he controlled his clone in the World of Gods.

“These injuries are enough for me to sleep for a few hundred years. If I don’t get any benefits from the World of Gods, it would be such a huge loss...” With this thought, Leylin’s body disappeared into the ground under the laboratory.

With the slumber of his main body, all of his attention was focused on that clone.

The brainwashing and refining from a world origin was a very terrifying process.

Leylin’s truesoul could sense that ever since he entered the World of Gods, terrifying energy whirlpools had formed next to him, tirelessly washing away all traces of the power he used to possess.

Evidently, this was an effect of the rank 7 spell, Alternate World Reincarnation. It allowed Leylin to reach the core of the World of Gods and be altered by the origin itself.

Once this modification was over, he could perhaps wash off all traces of being from another world and truly become a native of the World of Gods.

This alteration happened extremely quickly. The luster of the Manderhawke Plate had diminished by a huge degree after opening just the external layer of the crystal wall, and after opening up the World of Gods, it had been directly destroyed with no traces of it left at all.

Next was the power of the rank 7 spell, the reincarnation spell that allowed Leylin to arrive in this world. Its luster gradually dissipated.

Just like stripping off a greatcoat, once the rays of light of the reincarnation spell dissipated, Leylin’s truesoul was fully bared in the immense darkness.

Vastness! Terror! Boundlessness!

This was Leylin’s truesoul’s first thoughts. Compared to this enormous world, his little truesoul was nothing and couldn’t even be compared to an ant, and it could only tremble in the corner.

The and powerful source immediately invaded into Leylin's truesoul.

The truesoul, which had already been shrunk and condensed to a large degree, surprisingly gradually became slower under the alteration of the world force.

"Even soul force has been forcefully removed..." Leylin's truesoul watched this process, able to only laugh.

The truesoul was constantly altered, to the point that Leylin's own conscience was gradually becoming fuzzy.

Gradually, the changes from the world force went on to the deepest layer of his truesoul, where his memories and his most important elements of self were.

The tremendous soul force ruthlessly invaded it with no intentions of stopping.

"Could it be that... I'm going to be defeated just like this? With such a laughable method?"

Leylin's truesoul was on the verge of death, and only this little thought appeared tenaciously, as if making its last struggle.

Bzzt bzzt! At this moment, a bright silver white light shone from Leylin's truesoul memories.

Under the influence of the white rays of light, the world force hesitated for that slight moment, and then let go of Leylin's memories, altering other areas.

"Could... could this be the power of the Alternate World Reincarnation spell? So it still has a bit of energy left, stored in my memories? Or... it's something else?"

Leylin's truesoul was perplexed, but having been diminished to the limit quickly sank into a deep sleep.

Time seemed to stop at this moment, but at the same time, a long time seemed to have passed.

"Where... is this?" Leylin, who regained his consciousness, sized up his

surroundings, stunned.

Perhaps 'sizing up' wasn't the right term for it, because he no longer had a body, and naturally had no eyes or organs like that.

What he was now doing was using his senses to explore the area like feelers.

Darkness... It was darkness all around with no light at all. Leylin, who was now conscious, measured up his surroundings and felt helpless.

"Even my truesoul has vanished. I'm just a body that's a mixture of memories and a fragmented soul now?"

Leylin's conscient was suddenly enlightened. At this moment, there seemed to be a black hole in the air that sucked his conscient in.

Leylin's conscient found itself getting dizzy as it sunk into a deep sleep...

"How long have I slept for?"

When his conscient reawakened, the surroundings had changed once again.

While it was darkness all around, orange-red light could be seen. He could even hear some low hums in his confusion.

Thankfully, while his conscient was weak, Leylin could tell that his conscient was no longer without a source but had something maintaining his life.

"In this state, what I need is to do what I can to reduce consumption of energy and allow the conscient to rest in order to amass more energy...."

Leylin's conscient sank into sleep once more. However, before going back into a slumber, Leylin gave himself a prompt.

The terrifying calculation abilities of his main body now became the most precise stopwatch.

Once it reached 17280 000 in his mind, Leylin reawakened.

"Mm, 17280 000 seconds, which is two hundred days have passed?"

Awake, the conscient was elated to find that it had gotten stronger.

There was the obvious feeling of energy being transmitted, as if there was a warm rush unceasingly pouring towards his stomach.

“Stomach? Mm!!!” An electrostatic force swept across him, and immediately after, Leylin felt his right leg twitch.

“This...” His conscient abruptly became clear as he then went through a more detailed probe.

Thanks to this slumber, the area that he could explore expanded, gradually forming the image of a baby hugging his head. The veins and even bones could be seen.

“I have a body now! So what happened was that I’ve always been in a pregnant woman’s stomach as an embryo!”

Leylin abruptly understood.

“So it seems like the Alternate World Reincarnation spell formation succeeded!”

However, Leylin soon found himself at a loss, “Do I have to start off as a baby? This is simply too shameful!”

However, with Leylin’s thick skin, this embarrassment only had him turn red for a moment, before he began to consider this situation as if nothing had happened.

“A baby is far too weak. With my current state, my parents should be regular human natives of the World of Gods. It’s a pity that in this situation, I have no way to protect myself. I can only leave everything up to fate...”

All the previous energy he possessed had been washed off and removed from him. Even the soul energy that Magi were the most proud of had completely disappeared. Besides a bit of awareness, he was no different from other unborn children and naturally had no way to protect himself.

In addition, just thinking for this moment left Leylin feeling dizzy.

“This isn’t good! A baby’s brain has yet to fully mature. In this state, I should try my best to withhold my thoughts. It’s better to sleep.”

Leylin understood everything.

Conscients cannot exist without a body. This was even more so in the World of Gods, where laws were even more stern. Leylin now had lost all his solidified soul energy. His conscient and spiritual force could only rely on this developing body of a fetus and he naturally could not overdo it. If the woman were to have a miscarriage because of this, Leylin would be doomed.

Leylin, who understood this well, could only sink into a deep slumber while hoping this pregnant woman would be safe.

“Ugh...” At this moment, in a port city in the World of Gods.

A noble young lady clutched at her swelling stomach, brows tightly furrowed.

“What is it, darling!”

A young man immediately came over to help her along, looking anxious.

“It’s the child. He kicked me...” The woman looked gentle, brimming in the radiance of motherly love.

“What a cheeky fellow!”

The young lad bent down, pressing his ear tightly to the swollen stomach, to which the lady protested coquettishly.

# Chapter 789: Birth

Waiting was always boring and painful, especially when one's safety was entrusted to someone else. Thankfully, this torture was about to end. Through his own senses, as well as the information he'd obtained from the outside world, Leylin knew he would be born soon.

He'd even felt the invasion of an extraordinary energy during the long pregnancy. It was a pure white positive energy, used to heal and increase vitality. Having experienced it several times, Leylin quickly understood what it was. 'The blessings of a priest! Great!'

This blessing was very beneficial for the development of fetuses, and Leylin naturally accepted it without restraint. What made him even more satisfied was that a family who could afford to call for the blessing of a priest several times would not be ordinary. He was starting in a better environment, so the chances of a successful birth were much higher.

With a good background, he could even have a better life. After all, the chances that those with high social status got were always greater than the what peasants came across. This established trend would never be overturned.

Just as Leylin was pondering over this, he felt the placenta around him tearing, and a terrible odour filled his sense of smell.

Meanwhile, in the master's bedroom at the very centre of a vast manor, the piercing screams of a woman sounded with many panicked voices. "OH! HE'S COMING OUT..."

A nobleman was pacing around on a bright velvet carpet, clenching his fingers so tightly that they had turned pale with stress.

"Don't worry! He's been blessed by the gods, so he will definitely be born safely..." a priest in a white gown consoled him in a gentle voice. On his sleeves were several shining threads of gold, and he had a unique emblem on his chest.

The emblem looked like a thick tome, with some mysterious runes on it.

The priest was evidently the bishop of the region, loyal to the God of Knowledge.

His presence wasn't necessary given his status, but this was a family of devout believers of Oguma. They were also his primary supporters in the region, so he'd ended up coming for the birth of their descendant.

"Thank you so much, Bishop Tapris! The Faulen Family will forever remember and abide by the teachings of the God of Knowledge..." The young man did all he could to suppress the anxiety in his expression.

"WAAH!" At this moment, a resonant cry could be heard from the bedroom, causing him to freeze. Immediately after, numerous maids and a wet nurse came to congratulate him, "She's given birth! She's given birth! It's a healthy young master!"

"Really? Let me see him!" The young man's expression was filled with fervour as he took the baby over from the nurse. There were signs of the umbilical cord being cut off on the stomach, but his limbs were thick and sturdy. His blue eyes were as deep as the ocean, and it was especially moving that he was a new life.

Meanwhile, the baby was wailing and bawling away, and the young man was left at a loss.

"What a strong child! God shall bless you!" Tapris had a kind smile on his face, and white light tenderly caressed the child's head. The divine force placated the baby, causing him to fall asleep.

"Please allow me to donate a hundred gold coins to the church to show my humble respect!" The young man told Bishop Tapris, and these words immediately caused him to freeze before the smile on his face widened, "God definitely knows of your goodwill! I will personally pray for the baby as well..."

This bishop had originally intended to take charge of the baptism and even become the godfather of the baby to further deepen his relationship with the Faulen Family. Now, though? A hundred gold coins didn't seem half bad, since it was a huge amount of money.

‘Nobles are all sly and greedy. They definitely won’t close off all the escape routes they have.’ Tapris suddenly recalled the education he’d received and watched the young man meaningfully, but he did not get angry.

After all, ever since he had dedicated the rest of his life to the mighty Oguma, rage and the like had grown rare. The mighty God of Knowledge taught his followers and priests to always remain rational, and fury was the biggest enemy of rationality.

Hence, Tapris seemed rather elegant as he chatted with the young man before hinting that he was going to leave.

Before that, the bishop seemed to remember something. “Oh yes. I’ve yet to ask the young master’s name...”

“Leylin!” Leylin Faulen! This is the name his mother picked for him!” The young man exclaimed excitedly.

“Leylin? That’s a good name.” The bishop gracefully bade them farewell and left. The young man impatiently entered the labour room, comforting his exhausted wife. However, none of them noticed that the baby who was sleeping peacefully in the cradle opened its eyes for an instant. Its eyes were full of glee before it closed them once more.

Such emotions were an extreme thing for a newborn. Leylin was exclaiming inwardly, ‘World of Gods, here I come...’

Leylin was rather satisfied that his name remained the same in this world. It had been intentional; he’d hinted it to his mother from time to time as a fetus in her body.

‘So this is my family in this world... I seem to have a good background!’ Leylin had seen most of his surroundings in that glimpse. The valuable velvet carpet, the silver crystal chandelier, the soft red brocade duvet, the large curtains embroidered with green daffodils, and lastly the numerous respectful maids and the wet nurse made it clear that Leylin was at least a minor noble in this world, or perhaps one with an even higher status.

After all, not every noble child’s birth would warrant the visit and



protection of the regional bishop.

The birth was followed by a clamour. His father here was now receiving the friends and family who had come to congratulate them.

His mother beside him was already deeply asleep, while Leylin appeared to be the same. Inside however, he was getting excited.

Leylin took in a deep breath. 'A.I. Chip!'

[Beep! Authorisation to unlock seal has been obtained. Beginning activation procedures.] Familiar robotic sounds could be heard, and immediately after numerous blue virtual lines were projected before Leylin's eyes.

'As expected, the A.I. Chip's here as well!' Leylin's eyes were filled with ecstasy. The A.I. Chip had already been fused with his soul, and the truesoul that had been split naturally carried a portion of the A.I. Chip's abilities. 'No! Only a subroutine of the A.I. Chip has been separated. Still, even just that possesses a large portion of its abilities!' Leylin was very excited.

With his extraordinary knowledge, he could definitely rise up quickly in the World of Gods even if he started off with nothing. With the A.I. Chip's powerful storage system and analytical abilities... Leylin could not begin to imagine the great life he would soon have...

'It's a pity... this is the World of Gods, and the influence of gods permeates every single aspect. I can't be too outstanding... For now, it's necessary to act like all other babies. Otherwise, I'd get suspected or even treated as a foreign force or a being possessed by a devil...'

Leylin was grim. Gods treated the purity of noble bloodlines as an important thing. The bishop that had come today wasn't just a nanny. At the very least, Leylin found many traces of magic in the room, such as [Detection of Evil] and [Soul Defence].

If not for using the rank 7 Alternate World Reincarnation spell and been baptised by the World of Gods' origin, his soul no different from the other natives, he would long since have been discovered. When the time came,

even his identity as a noble would not save him.

‘Of course, there are also disadvantages of being a native... My strength has been completely removed! Everything is blank right now. I can’t even begin to train yet, and I’ll have to climb up through the strength system of this world...’

With the baptism by the world origin force, all traces of Leylin being a Magus had been wiped. Besides his memories and the A.I. Chip, he was no different from a baby here.

Most importantly, even though he had numerous high-grade meditation techniques, he could use none of them at all. Those were the paths of Magi, and even if Leylin were to gather spiritual force using those meditation techniques the gods of this world would soon sense the foreign force. This body would suffer the same fate as his soul seed.

‘But there must be a way to use spiritual force in the World of Gods... There’s no need to hurry. I just need to grow slowly, and I’m bound to find it someday...’ Leylin consoled himself.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip completed its first scan. [Beep! Scanning of surrounding humans complete. Establishing database regarding races in the World of Gods.] ‘Alright then... Set up my statistics with the average humans of this world.’ Leylin instructed.

Neither his original standard of measurement nor the standards of the Heavenly Astral race fit into this context. The former was too low, while the latter started at Morning Star, which was too powerful. He needed to set up a new standard of measurement.

[Beep. Mission established. Scanning host’s stats. Beginning generation of database!] The A.I. Chip loyally followed Leylin’s commands.

Soon enough, a 3D image of a body appeared in front of Leylin, with concrete information next to it.

# Chapter 790: The Faulen Family

[Leylin Faulen, Strength: 0.2; Agility: 0.1; Vitality: 0.3; Spiritual Force: 0.7; Condition: Healthy.] The A.I. Chip projected Leylin's current data in a small blue font next to the image in the database. It was a tragic sight.

'Alright... Except for spiritual force which is closer to that of an adult because of the memories I've retained, the rest are standard stats for an infant.' Leylin Was rather embarrassed. He was currently more weak than when he'd first crossed over into the Magus World.

'However... the standards of the adults here are different from those of the Magus World. They can't be compared.'

Leylin understood the new criteria that the A.I. Chip had adopted. The current statistical units represented the standard of the commoners of the World of Gods. As the laws were more rigid in the World of Gods, there were even changes in the physical constants of the world. It was thus perfectly normal for the average stats here to be greater than in the Magus World.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip's voice sounded once more. [Beep! Unknown energy source has been discovered. Radiation is determined to have a beneficial effect on the host's body.] 'Hm?' Leylin identified the location of the problem discovered by the A.I. Chip, and saw a milky white brilliance within his lower abdomen which was continuously spreading outwards.

"This is... the divine force of the bishop from earlier!" Leylin was very certain about this.

"What effect does this radiation have?"

The A.I. Chip quickly gave an answer, [Radiation appears to be in a state of weak radioactive decay. Estimated to completely dissipate in 279 hours, and at the same time increase the host body's strength by 0.1, agility by 0.1 and vitality by 0.2.] 'Is this the blessing of a god?' Leylin laughed sarcastically, 'A privilege that only the strong get!'

Of course, Leylin recognised that this was indeed a privilege. With these blessings, his growth would definitely surpass his peers. He would also possess greater strength and a more well-built physique when he grew older.

‘The disparity between classes is set from birth! The difference in the starting lines mean that the children born of the commoners are destined to be unable to match up to the children born of nobility, favoured by the gods. Even if they put in a hundred times more blood, sweat and tears, and get a little lucky, perhaps all they can see are the backs of those noble children.’

Although Leylin was confident in eventually reaching the peak even if he started off as a lowly commoner, he obviously wouldn’t reject a higher social position.

“Where’s the baby? I want to see my cousin!”

Clang! The door to the room was pushed open even as a tender and lovely voice sounded. The person speaking evidently wasn’t very old, talking in a childish manner. The other maids seemed to recognise the source of the voice, and allowed her to lean against the side of Leylin’s cradle.

“Oh! He’s awake!” The little girl cried out in surprise.

‘Is this a relative?’ Leylin opened his eyes unhappily, and sized up this reckless person who interrupted his train of thought.

The girl had azure pupils like him. Strands of her silky gold hair caressed her fair and delicate forehead, lending a delicate charm to it. Her beautiful small nose was raised up slightly, and below it was a little mouth which revealed her cute canines as she smiled. There were also two tiny dimples, one on each side of her cheeks.

“Isabel, you’re disturbing him!” The voices of the other adults could be heard at this moment, accompanied by footsteps. The little girl was pulled to the side, and the occasional discontented voice sounded out from her.

‘Isabel, eh? What an energetic little brat!’ He sensed great trouble from

those inquisitive eyes, she clearly had great interest in him. He predicted that this elder cousin wouldn't let him have peace.

What drove Leylin a little mad that he had absolutely no power whatsoever to resist her right now.

'Dear God, Please send that Isabel back home right away. It's best if it's on the other end of the continent...' he started to pray piously. Such a pity; the World Will didn't seem to hear his prayers.

Soon after, his elder cousin Isabel decided to stay in his family's manor. Apparently, this young lady would be staying with the Faulen family for a long period of time.

Leylin's next few days were extremely tough. He could still tolerate her squishing his cheeks or smothering his face with cream, but the most serious of all was that this female cousin actually tried to imitate the adults by changing his diapers!

Oh goodness! It was already shameful enough to be fiddled with like a baby after reincarnation, and now his elder cousin who was still a young girl wanted to change his diapers?

'Dear God!' Leylin really had an urge to kill himself right there and then. If only the gods knew of their plight in the future, they would definitely show their strong support and approve of this decision. Unfortunately, there was no such thing as 'if only' in this world...

With Leylin's bottom line and character, these were just trivial matters. After simply blushing in embarrassment a few times, he no longer had as many mood swings. He even quickly discovered the ultimate trick to deal with Isabel. It was crying— loud, relentless crying!

In any case, he was a young baby, and it couldn't be more normal to wail when he was bullied. Once he did, either his mother or some servant or maid would come to his rescue. They even firmly reprimanded the girl at times, which made him feel inexplicably carefree.

After a few such incidents, Isabel didn't dare to do anything unusual that would make Leylin unhappy. She even seemed to be a little afraid of him,

which pleased him greatly. It also had to be said that, in certain aspects, Leylin's strong character made one's hair stand on end.

These awkward incidents of life were just trifling matters. Thanks to his identity as a baby, many adults didn't intentionally stay away from him when they discussed matters. Who could guess that a child just a few months old would have the ability to remember anything?

Leylin thus managed to gather a lot of intel. With the A.I. Chip's valiant ability of gathering information and the things the subordinates and servants unintentionally revealed as they chatted, his understanding of the family quickly surpassed that of most others. He even learnt many secrets of theirs.

After all, being able to gossip about their masters without worry while they were not around was practically instinctive to those servants. On top of that, Leylin was still an infant and they wouldn't avoid him. Yet, they would never have imagined that their little master already had a will, and even remembered every single thing that they said clearly.

Although the majority of the things these subordinates discussed were very vulgar and were accompanied by exaggerated imagination, Leylin soon managed to gain a profound understanding of his own family, and even used the A.I. Chip to produce a family tree.

First off would be his father, the baron of the kingdom. Jonas Faulen's father had great military accomplishments. Because of his inheritance, he'd obtained some feudal land, becoming a rising nobleman in the kingdom. He had a few younger siblings and they formed the current line of descent for the Faulen family. His mother, Sarah, was a gentle and benevolent upperclass woman.

As a noble family in military service, they'd had to go through an extremely wretched process to obtain a fief. There was nothing that could be done about it.

Leylin's respected paternal grandfather seemed to have been the head imperial bodyguard of the kingdom. He was on friendly terms with the previous prince, who was also the current king. In the wars that followed,

there were a few times when his grandfather almost lost his life, and he ended up with a body full of injuries that couldn't be cured fully even by divine spells. Only then had he barely managed to seize the opportunity to develop the kingdom's territory and became a noble landowner. He was then conferred the title of baron, and breathed his last not long after.

And that was exactly where Leylin's manor was.

Speaking of which, his father Jonas was actually a highly accomplished leader. Upon arriving at his feudal property, not only did he actively open up new lands for agriculture, expand production processes, and breed numerous kinds of cash crops, but he also established a decent port on a remote island. Through providing potable water, food and maintenance services for boats that passed, it had slowly developed.

They had managed to resist a few pirate attacks, causing them to retreat.

Now, the Faulen leadership had already undergone earth-shattering changes as compared to before. Their land was acclaimed as the "jewel off the coast of the kingdom", and it certainly led to veteran nobilities lusting after it.

However, all of this was still within the range of Jonas' capabilities. At least there weren't any intense conflicts at present, which made Leylin heave a sigh of relief.

Isabel was also living in the manor with the family of three. Her parents seemed to have forgotten about her after throwing her here, and she herself seemed to be indulging in too much pleasure to care about her home.

Apart from Isabel, the entire manor was filled with servants of the Faulen family. The grey-haired butler Ryan had the highest status, and there were also a large bunch of kitchen ladies, maids, servants, apprentice knights, and the like present.

The Faulen family's feudal lands were really huge. There was an independent farm, mill, stable, workshop, vegetable oil extraction factory and other facilities. There were even entire plots of fertile farmland that employed farmers, both male and female.

The entire manor was able to supply flour, vinegar, wine and similar items in large quantities, as well as iron farm tools in smaller amounts. Even if they closed their doors to the outside world, they would still be self-sufficient for a very long period of time.

Leylin viewed it as the typical economic situation of a feudal villa.

Due to the Faulen family's short history, they still didn't have the financial ability and physical resources to build their own castle. In actual fact, constructing a castle required the consumption of vast quantities of stone and food, and even the assistance of priests and numerous extraordinary beings. Even ancient noble families often did not have the money to finance a castle.

Of course, once construction was complete, it would be the pride and symbol of the family.

The defensive abilities of castles belonging to noblemen in the World of Gods were top-notch. The castles were protected by spell formations, and even military troops wouldn't be able to bring it down in a short span of time.

When interacting within the circle of nobility, one would often feel as though he was shorter than others by a head without a castle of their own.



# Chapter 791: Scholar

Crackle! Crackle! The bright flames burning in the exquisite fireplace licked at the top-quality pinewood, and it exuded a fragrant scent. A warm flow of air circulated around the main hall, sharply contrasting the cold dark world outside it.

A long wooden table stood unassumingly in the centre of the hall, a white tablecloth draped over it. On it were silver lamps and precious china, all laid out carefully by maids with beautiful figures.

This china was exceptionally glossy. All of the tableware was luxury goods; imported from rare elves and even more exquisite and smooth than a newborn's skin. Decorated with extremely elaborate floral motifs, they were simply high-quality pieces of art, and brimmed with the perfectionist style of elves.

The price of this tableware was certainly terrifying, and couldn't compare to the family properties of all the maids even if added together. If they broke a piece by accident, the great baron would definitely fly into a rage.

Chicken covered in juices and smooth, tender calf loin were all roasted to perfection, and arranged neatly on the dining table. There were long strips of white bread in a weaved rattan basket, and a honey-coloured china pot containing milky-white mushroom broth at the side gave off a rich fragrance. At the edge of the soup pot was a copper ladle for everyone's use. Every seat had in front of it silver knives and forks, but there were also china trays and a few small plates containing fine salt mixed with sesame and powdered black pepper.

Leylin was adeptly using his tender fair hands with the fork and knife. He dabbed a piece of tenderloin evenly in pepper before delivering it to his mouth.

The chef's skills were not bad; the beef was very tender and chewy, which made Leylin nod his head slightly.

"Haha... Look at that! Our child is now a grown-up too!" Jonas laughed

joyously from the head of the table, a glass of grape wine in hand.

Leylin's family of three and Isabel were the only ones seated at the huge dining table. The other servants and maids could only stand at the side and wait. The butler, who had quite a high position in the manor, held a white towel in his hand. He stood respectfully behind the baron, and so did the other apprentices.

This was evidently a family banquet.

"Of course. My little Leylin is the best. Look at how much he's eating. With such an appetite, he'll definitely grow into a wonderful young lad who the girls will go crazy over!" Lady Sarah laughed as well.

It couldn't be denied that the current Leylin had inherited both of his parents' genes, and had a pretty good body. His face already held marks of the handsomeness that he would inherit. Isabel nodded from the other side, continuing to focus her attention on the apple pie in front of her.

"Alright. Sarah, I wish to say something!" Jonas put down his wineglass, his expression slightly serious, "I think Leylin's ready to enter a profession, enlightening himself with scholarly knowledge."

"But he's still so young..." Sarah seemed rather concerned.

"No, he's already 5 years old! Other nobles' children all receive education at this age. Do you want our child to lose out to others on the starting line?" Jonas asked a question in reply, rendering Sarah speechless.

Leylin was drinking and eating, but he was listening carefully. 'Education at 5 years old? Seems like I'll be able to interact more deeply with this society. After all, Beelzebub's memories are all related to devils and hell, and have little to do with the main material plane.'

Leylin was also awed by the education methods of these noble families. Their identities as noblemen were not innate. In order to maintain their illustrious glory and position in society, they would have to invest great effort.

Every heir of a noble family would receive strict and harsh education from a young age. This was passed on down throughout the generations,

and even though there would be the occasional good-for-nothing fellow once in a while, a majority of them were the most wise and learned people in the world.

‘Implementing elitist education and monopolising knowledge?’ Leylin thought secretly to himself. At the very least, he understood that the education fees here were simply frightening. As a result, among all the servants in the manor, only the butler and a handful of the knight apprentices were able to read, while the rest were illiterate.

Evidently, the commoners that grew up in such an environment were absolutely unable to compete with the later generations of the noble families. If this was the case even in terms of intellect, the amount of power they were in control of would be worse.

“How about you, Leylin?” Jonas looked at Leylin.

“I think I’m up for it, father,” Leylin’s response was very composed. He’d had more than enough of pretending to be a child.

“Haha... Now that’s a true descendant of the Faulen family! Excellent behavior!” The baron laughed heartily and downed the red wine in his glass in one gulp. He then started discussing with Sarah about the problem of which scholar they should hire.

Leylin, of course, was in no position to interfere, and could only drink his mushroom broth in silence.

“You’re in trooooooubleeeee~” Through the gaps between her actions, he could see his elder cousin Isabel, making a face at him as she mouthed the words. He just pretended to not see her teasing him, causing her to roll her eyes.

After he had eaten his fill, Leylin returned to his own room. This was a benefit that he had tried his very best to fight for. Although the baron and his wife had generally agreed to this request, they also had other terms.

Next to his room would be an experienced maid, someone separated by only a silken curtain ready to take care of the young master at all times. Leylin, of course, absolutely did not give her a chance to do so. His early

maturation made the baron's wife very pleased, yet she also felt a little upset and regretful.

A faint light flashed in Leylin's eyes as he heard light breathing sounds from next door, 'A.I. Chip! Show my current statistics!'

[Leylin Faulen, Strength: 0.4, Agility: 0.3, Vitality: 0.6, Spirit: 1.0, Condition: Healthy.] The A.I. Chip sent the information faithfully.

Leylin's current stats were much better than other kids of his age, and even his spirit had been restored to the average standard of ordinary people.

Even so, this made Leylin frown in dissatisfaction.

'It's taking too long to restore everything! The laws of the World of Gods are really the harshest among all the worlds.'

Through many minor experiments, Leylin was now able to confirm that although there were extraordinary powers in the World of Gods, they rejected beings that were overly powerful. Even if they were deities, it was compulsory for them to leave the main material plane after advancing, and establish their own kingdom in the outside world.

The physical constants here had also undergone changes. The attractive forces between all kinds of particles seemed to be oddly strengthened, which made it even harder to attain extraordinary powers.

In short, even deities had to expend great effort and strength if they wanted to have a great influence in the World of Gods.

'The knowledge aspect is alright, but the education of professions...' Leylin's pupils glistened with anticipation.

In the World of Gods, those who possessed extraordinary strength were unanimously named 'Professionals.' They seemed to be able to have occupations at such places as guilds, and they obtained all kinds of privileges and benefits for doing so.

The number of Professionals among Baron Jonas' subordinates seemed to be scarce. Of course, the Faulen family's fortune was based entirely on

their port. Leylin secretly speculated that perhaps the main powers of the family had always been defending that area.

The baron acted swiftly. Early in the morning the very next day, an elderly man who was dressed up completely had been invited into the manor.

“Good morning, Mr Leylin Faulen!” This scholar had the air of someone who had intensively read all the traditional books, and his manner of speaking was also very fitting for his profession. It seemed that he and Baron Jonas had hit it off very well and they had a pleasant conversation, thus he was asked to be Leylin’s tutor straight away.

Leylin met his teacher in a small drawing room that had been opened up temporarily.

It was a pity that his wealth of knowledge far exceeded that of his tutor’s by leaps and bounds. However, his understanding of the World of Gods obviously surpassed Leylin’s, thus Leylin kept a respectful expression.

“Good day, teacher! May I ask how I should address you?” Such refined and courteous actions clearly surprised the scholar. He raised his eyes, and the interest in his pupils grew stronger. Having such an intelligent and gifted child as his student would be an extremely fortunate matter for him.

“You can call me Anthony!” The scholar said as he smiled, “What a polite young mister!”

“Good day, Teacher Anthony!” Leylin saluted once more, but he was actually secretly doing a thorough check of his tutor’s details and background information using the A.I. Chip.

[Scan complete. Name: Anthony. Strength: 0.9, Agility: 1.2, Vitality: 0.8, Spirit: 1.7, Evaluation: Normal human, slightly spiritually gifted.] ‘This is a typical average scholar...’ Leylin sighed to himself. Initially, he had hoped to run into a Magus or some other being that used magic. After all, the identity of a scholar was an excellent disguise for these professions.

But Anthony, who was sitting opposite him, clearly wasn’t such a person.

“Then, may I ask what you can educate me about?” Leylin dove straight into the main topic.

This attitude evidently startled Anthony. “As the heir of a noble family, there is much knowledge that you will need to master, such as languages, writing, etiquette and simple arithmetic. Linguistics is my forte, thus I will be developing a course for you on the common language used here. This would also be the most appropriate arrangement for a five-year-old. As for the others that follow... My apologies, but that will depend on the baron’s opinion...”

“Alright then, let’s begin!” Leylin nodded. Although he had already obtained a vast amount of content regarding languages when he had first been projected into the World of Gods a long time ago, that was obviously insufficient.

After all, as part of a noble family, he had to master specialised pleasantries and even certain speech mannerisms, or else he would be treated like an unsophisticated country bumpkin. Although Leylin loathed the idea of formality, he still had to take the initiative to adapt to the laws as he didn’t have the capability to break them. This was the principle of survival.

# Chapter 792: Fighting Spirit

“The accurate usage of formalities and the mastery of titles and honorifics at different levels is a complicated subject,” Anthony wiped the small blackboard behind him, “Before we begin the course, I would like to introduce a respected deity to you.”

Anthony fished out a badge from his chest pocket. On it was a sacred logo in the shape of a book which had a dim luster.

“Can you recognise this?” Anthony asked softly.

“I recognise it! This is the emblem of the almighty God of Knowledge, Oguma!” Leylin nodded earnestly.

The smile on Anthony’s face spread even wider, “That’s right! All of us scholars believe strongly in the almighty God of Knowledge, Oguma, who is also the origin of all knowledge.”

He shot a profound glance at Leylin, “It is also the religion that the Faulen family believes in. Do you pray frequently?”

“I’ve seen my parents do it!” Leylin replied. After all, you couldn’t expect much of a child.

“Very well. Now, follow my actions.” Anthony’s expression grew sincere, pure, and holy, “Almighty God of Knowledge, you are the origin of all knowledge, the controller of truth...”

Leylin was secretly rolling his eyes vigorously, but he could only follow Anthony and pray, “Your glory will be scattered upon the entire world, driving out barbarism and ignorance, and bringing about the golden age of civilisation...”

A young voice continuously reverberated in the small drawing room. Jonas and Sarah, who were hiding outside the door, had smiles plastered on their faces.

‘So apart from giving me language lessons, this teacher is also here to give me lessons on the divine...’ Leylin was secretly gloomy, but didn’t express the slightest bit of impatience on his face. Instead, he was

conscientious and focused, at which Anthony couldn't help but nod approvingly to himself.

In actual fact, Leylin knew that there was totally no way for him to avoid this. After all, the influence that the deities had on this world was honestly too deep. If he wanted to continue living under his false identity, he had to transform into a believer.

A person without faith in the World of Gods would be considered a freak, and would have absolutely no room for survival.

Fortunately, the deities only had great influence on and branded the souls of their own devout followers and fanatics. They didn't pay much attention to the general believers who had only been slightly influenced by the glory of the gods.

What was even more ingenious was that unless one assumed the position of a priest, it was practically impossible to tell the extent of faith that one had. Anyway, all he had to do was just pray at fixed times and occasionally make donations at the church. Leylin felt that he could totally act out such superficial deeds very well.

Based on what Leylin knew, the God of Knowledge, Oguma was a deity that many noble families and scholars believed in. It could be said that he was rather someone all cultured people believed in.

Of these two specific types of people, one set cared only for their interest while the other laid special emphasis on practical laws. They definitely weren't as religious as they claimed to be. Leylin wouldn't stand out if he mixed with them, thus this deity could be said to be the best option.

'There's only one other option in the Faulen family's territory... The God of Sufferance Erma...' Leylin shuddered.

Erma was a deity brimming with devotion and sacrificial spirit. Most of her teachings advised her believers to exercise patience and compliance, making her a deity that many rulers liked to introduce into their territory.

Naturally, the same applied with Baron Jonas. These two churches were the only ones currently in his fief, resulting in a scenario where the upper



class prayed to the God of Knowledge and the farmers and sailors prayed to Erma.

Although the Baron also wished to introduce the church of the Goddess of Wealth Waukin into his territory, he hadn't been successful.

The island's trading industry wasn't very prosperous yet, and was even boycotted by the combined resistance of both the current churches. The wealthy pastors who knew how to earn money more than they knew how to preach naturally wouldn't be attracted to this place.

'Excellent!' Upon seeing a white cloud of holy light floating up from the religious emblem and draping itself over Leylin, every single wrinkle on Anthony's face was smoothened out with a smile, "The almighty God of Knowledge has received your prayers. In the future, you may follow your parents to the Knowledge Shrine and Church to participate in scripture-related activities and donations."

"That would be my honor!" Leylin replied methodically as he secretly rejoiced, 'Sure enough, my soul is now wholly native to the World of Gods, and I haven't aroused even the slightest amount of suspicion from Anthony. As long as I maintain this level of faith in future, and do not attract his attention, there definitely won't be any problem.'

Of course, Leylin also knew that he had no path as a priest. After all, priesthood demanded great faith. Not only were priests expected to understand the entirety of their deities' doctrines and follow them, even their souls belonged to the deities themselves.

If his own soul was laid bare under the gaze of the deities, Leylin wasn't certain if he'd be able to conceal the truth.

'However, with my attitude, I'm afraid that I wouldn't be able to achieve even the lowest level of a priest...' Leylin grew speechless at these own thoughts of his.

"Alright, let's begin today's lesson. I'll just mention that the remuneration I get from your father is three golden coins every time the hourglass runs out!" Anthony started to write on the blackboard. He wrote in cursive, which appeared highly complicated and beautiful.

“Three gold coins?” Leylin deeply exhaled. Even a young child like him knew that the purchasing power of gold coins in the World of Gods was extremely high.

“Knowledge is priceless...” Anthony nodded satisfactorily at Leylin’s show of poor manners, then began the morning’s lesson.

This level of teaching was simply considered nothing in Leylin’s eyes. He had even specially lowered his speed of learning by a great deal in order to conceal how exceptional he truly was.

Even so, the abilities that he displayed had earned exceedingly high praise from Anthony. He strongly commended Leylin in front of the Baron and his wife, and even predicted that he would become a mighty scholar one day, which made Lady Sarah’s eyes twinkle with delight. The Baron lifted Leylin up and tossed him around in the air many times.

After enjoying a sumptuous lunch under the maids’ care, Leylin followed the Baron to a small field behind the manor.

This was the place where farmers usually lay their grains under the scorching sun. It was very spacious and empty, a wooden frame upright at the side holding hammers, daggers, pikes, knight spears, and other kinds of weapons.

A warrior dressed in leather armor was already waiting in the centre of the field.

“Leylin, this is the chief imperial bodyguard of our family. You may call him Uncle Jacob!” The Baron introduced him to Leylin.

Leylin could distinctly sense a menacing aura from him, one that could only be cultivated by traversing mountains of corpses and oceans of blood. He also felt his formidable strength; Jacob clearly possessed some sort of extraordinary ability, and was a Professional.

“Uncle Jacob!” Leylin immediately shouted sweetly.

“Your Uncle Jacob has always been in charge of the patrol team at the harbor. I specially transferred him here to take responsibility and teach you martial arts. He is your instructor from today, understood?” The

Baron's voice grew stern.

"Teacher Jacob," Leylin secretly rolled his eyes as he greeted him seriously once more.

"Jacob, I'll hand Leylin over to you!" Jonas hit Jacob's shoulder

"Rest assured, Sir, I will definitely teach the young master all that I know!" Jacob straightened his chest.

After the Baron left, only Leylin and Jacob were left on the small field. "Before we start on the warrior training, I have a question for you, young master. Do you know what a Professional is?"

Jacob had a very boorish face. Having had a long-term job that required him to oppress others, he was brimming with a deadly aura. Even if he tried hard to make himself look gentle when he smiled, his looks would intimidate many imps, so much that they would cry.

"I've heard about it before..." Leylin scratched his head.

"A so-called Professional is someone who possesses formidable strength. Even in other countries, they receive preferential treatment, especially so for Professionals who are rank 5 and above." The muscles in Jacob's right hand bulged, as though trying to make him more persuasive. They were covered in a misty brilliance.

"Look carefully! This is an ability that only rank 5 warriors and above possess. Fighting Spirit!" With a loud bellow, Jacob smashed his fist onto the ground.

Rumble! Smoke and dust scattered throughout the air, as though a small-scale earthquake had occurred in the field. When the smoke and dust dispersed, a huge sunken pit could be seen next to Jacob.

"Wow..." Leylin's jaw dropped open, and he appeared to be extremely shocked. He reacted in about the same way as other children would, but he was actually secretly estimating Jacob's capabilities.

'Such destructive power... It's almost the same as knights who've activated life energy. There's no doubt about it; the harsher restrictions on

extraordinary powers in the World of God means that Jacob's true strength should be even greater than this. He should be close to a rank 1 Magus in strength...' Leylin made secret calculations as the A.I. Chip immediately revealed Jacob's stats.

[Jacob, Warrior. Rank: Rank 5 or above (insufficient information). Estimated stats, Strength: 3, Agility: 2, Vitality: 3, Spirit: 1.5. Evaluation: Dangerous!] Leylin sighed in silence. At the same time, he had also roughly gauged Jacob's strength. 'This body is too weak. Even the A.I. Chip's scanning abilities are limited.'

"I'm only a warrior, thus I can only show you the strength of a warrior, young master." Jacob said regretfully, "There are many different types of Professionals, who possess strange yet mysterious abilities."

It was clear that Jacob was faithfully fulfilling his duty and using his formidable strength to lure the young master into walking on the path of strength.

"Then... what is your rank as a warrior, Uncle Jacob? Can you tell me?" At this point, Leylin fully put his advantage as a young child to use, and constantly tried to acquire information.

"Me? I'm just a mere rank 6 warrior!" Jacob laughed, seemingly embarrassed.

# Chapter 793: Ernest

“A rank 6 warrior? How about my father? What rank is he? Is he rank 15?” Leylin appeared very innocent and vulnerable. After all, in the hearts of children, parents were unequalled.

“Rank 15?! Cough cough...” Jacob almost choked on his saliva, “Esteemed young master, Professionals above rank 5 are already valued by nobility. Those beyond rank 15 are treated with excessive respect even among the highest strata of society. There are very few of them on the continent...”

“Is that so?” Leylin stroked his chin. He’d heard about this ranking while he had still been a soul seed, and it seemed like after borrowing a medium to use, the strength of his soul seed was not half bad.

Of course, no matter how powerful he was, he was still a foreigner. Nothing could be hidden from the glory of the gods, and he would easily have been destroyed.

“Uncle Jacob, what happens after rank 15? Are there more powerful beings?” Leylin was like a little guy filled with curiosity.

“After rank 15... ah...” Jacob’s eyes were dim, “Then there are only the Legends! Legendary beings can make whole kingdoms retreat, and are the most powerful forces of the continent...”

“Legends?” Leylin’s eyes flashed.

“Alright! Let’s start training today. First is long-distance running!” At this moment, Jacob realised that Leylin’s questions had pushed him off topic. He turned grim.

“Fine, fine...” Leylin began to run around cheekily like a little cheetah full of energy, his smooth motions causing Jacob’s eyes to brighten.

.....

Deep in the night, in the baron’s study room.

Jonas sat behind the work desk, arms crossed as he looked deep in thought. “You’re saying Leylin’s body has good potential, and if he were to

go through warrior training, he he has high prospects?”

Jacob stood before Jonas, speaking sternly. “Yes, my lord! The energy in young master Leylin’s body flows very smoothly. On top of that, with a great body from birth, I’m certain that the young master will gather fighting energy and break through to become a rank 5 warrior in ten years if he perseveres with warrior training!”

“Alright. You may leave,” Jonas waved his arms tiredly. Only after Jacob bowed and left could he laugh wryly. “Outstanding literary talent and an outstanding physique! Leylin, you truly are a gem gifted to me by the gods!”

Jonas grabbed at his hair in frustration. Every parent hoped their child would be a genius, but when Leylin was outstanding in both of these respects, Jonas grew distressed as to how best to nurture the boy.

“It’s obviously necessary to continue the cultural lessons, but what about the warrior training?” Jonas knew Jacob’s strength well, and if Leylin truly had talent, it would be a waste for him to be training under Jacob.

On top of that, warriors had low status in the World of Gods given how common they were. While they could grow extremely powerful at the higher, more profound realms, one would unavoidably be treated like cannon fodder in the beginning. Jonas was hesitant about it.

“What are you worrying about?” At this moment, a gentle voice was heard from outside the study room, and Jonas’ eyes brightened.

“Ernest! Welcome!” Jonas stood up while beaming sunnily, watching a figure walk out from the shadows.

The figure had a head of long, soft, silver hair. His eyes were filled with wisdom, and while he looked young he had a great aura. He wore a yielding gown similar to those of scholars, and had a mysterious golden decorative motif on his chest. Powerful magical force twined around his body, giving him a very menacing aura. Evidently, Ernest was a powerful magician.

This was a magician! The spellcasters of the World of Gods grasped

powerful abilities in magic, and were existences that could control the natural elements around them. More importantly, every spellcasters was extremely well-learned. Their breadth of knowledge was above that of many famed scholars.

Of course, due to the great amount of resources and time that had to be poured into magic, magic was a Profession of nobles. Regular commoners definitely couldn't pay the expenses required to study and conduct experiments.

"We meet again, Jonas!" Ernest smiled gently, giving his friend an enthusiastic hug.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get here in time when your child was born. Experiments that probe the abyss are too complex and time consuming..." Ernest looked sorry.

"Treat this Ring of Light as my belated gift!" He passed a glimmering silver ring to Jonas, "Though the light spell in this can only be used thrice, it's not bad for a child's toy..."

"Thank you very much, on behalf of Leylin as well!" Jonas took the ring carefully, moved by the present. With his knowledge, he knew that even a temporarily enchanted item like this could easily fetch ten gold coins.

Magical items were that expensive! Often times, they could not even be sold due to their exorbitant prices.

With the Faulen family's background, they would at most befriend a few useless magic scholars, and it was impossible to make connections with powerful spellcasters like Ernest.

Meeting him was a pure coincidence. After finding out his true identity, Jonas had spent much effort to build up a great friendship with him.

After they sat down, Ernest continued his query, "Jonas... What's worrying you?"

"Well..." Watching the powerful spellcaster, Jonas had to conceal the glimmer in his eyes. He laughed wryly, "You know Leylin is already five, right? His talent is worrying me. I'm worried he'll lack the guidance he

needs, which will cause him to walk the wrong path and not be able to show his outstanding talent...”

Jonas mentioned Leylin’s display in detail. It had to be said that even while he was hiding a lot of information, Leylin’s was definitely a talent amongst the natives here.

As Jonas continued, Ernest’s eyes brightened, “Tomorrow! Let me see the child tomorrow. If he really has talent, I can consider taking him in as my student!”

“Thank you so much!” Jones stood up, elated.

“It’s nothing!” Ernest smiled slightly. He had already noticed Jonas’ objective, but he didn’t particularly mind. He had gotten a huge sponsorship from Jonas before, and taking a child in as a student wasn’t much in return. Of course, the child needed to have talent in magic, even if it was at a low level.

The next day, Leylin was informed that all of his classes were postponed, and that he was going to meet someone important.

“Leylin, my child!” Jonas stood before Leylin, looking extremely serious.

“I will bring you to see a powerful magician later. Even in the entire continent, he is a very terrific person, so you must be respectful. Is that understood?”

“Yes, father!” Little Leylin nodded vigorously, looking forward to this. ‘A magician? A spellcaster in this world? I can finally walk the path of the elements again...’

Leylin was more than aware about whether he had talent in casting spells. In addition, he didn’t have plans on choosing a different profession having restarted his life. He was a Magus, and it was much easier for him to reach the peak of the path of magic.

Of course, he had not considered becoming a Warlock once more. He had gone through a great number of trouble to break his bloodline shackles in the past, and wanted nothing to do with it again. Hence, becoming a magician was currently Leylin’s best choice.



“I hope you’ll become a powerful magician. If that happens, our Faulen family...” Jonas’ tone held hope and anticipation as he rubbed Leylin’s head, bringing him to the drawing room. In there was a magician with long silver hair, gazing over him with eyes as intense as lightning. Goosebumps arose on Leylin’s skin.

“Ah!” A low hum could be heard from his lips.

“Come! Leylin, this is your uncle Ernest!” While perplexed by Ernest’s expression, Jonas immediately hinted at Leylin to greet him.

“Good morning, Uncle Ernest!” Leylin bowed respectfully, his bright eyes full of curiosity.

“Good child, come here.” Ernest’s eyes were filled with excitement. Even Jonas could tell that he was holding his emotions back.

“Hold this!” Another silver ring appeared in his hands. Unlike the previous one, this looked like an exquisite work of art, and had a glistening gem embedded at its crest. Jonas could tell at first glance that this was a magic item with a permanent spell inside. Compared to the one from before that could only be used thrice before it was rendered useless, it was at least ten times the value.

“Thank you, uncle!” Leylin respectfully took the ring, while he held it with contempt in his mind.

‘A magic artifact that can be used only when my spiritual force has reached a certain level? What a primitive method of sensing...’

The moment he held the ring, the energy pathway and structure within was laid bare before Leylin’s eyes. ‘I’ll take this chance to show off my ability then!’

# Chapter 794: The Path of A Wizard

Bzzt bzzt! A bundle of bright white light emanated from the ring on Leylin's hand. Piercing white light startled Baron Jonas, blinding him temporarily.

Baron Jonas rubbed at his reddened teared-up eyes, finally managing to recover from the blindness caused by the light spell. What he saw in front of him after that was a wizard who was at a loss for words.

Dear gods! Jonas rubbed at his eyes, watching Ernest in front of him while unable to believe his eyes.

Was this the wizard that he knew? Everyone knew that wizards were the symbol of wisdom and calm. There were few matters that could make them lose themselves, forget leaving them at a loss.

"Haha... very good, Leylin. You did well!"

"Ernest... do you mean that... Leylin passed?" However, Jonas no longer thought of the other matters, because he had already come up with another possibility at the sight of Ernest's expression.

"Passed? Ah, of course! His talent is so great that he might even have a place in the Magic Association! Even my mentor would be jealous of me taking in such an excellent student..."

Ernest spoke sternly once he calmed down, "Jonas, my friend! It is my responsibility to inform you that your child Leylin has great talent in the path of magic! Even now, his spiritual force far surpasses those of his age, and with the correct guidance I believe he might even break through to the realm of a grandmaster, or even..." Ernest's body was beginning to twitch without his knowledge.

"Alright, alright! Well then, Ernest, are you willing to take my son as your student?"

"Of course! Why wouldn't I?" Ernest already considered Leylin the student who would carry on his legacy. Had Jonas not allowed it, he might even have resorted to force to acquire him.

“Then that’s great! I want to announce this great news to everyone. I’ll hold a celebration!” Jonas’ face glowed red with pride. The fact that the young master of the Faulen Family had been taken in as the student of a powerful spellcaster definitely raised the family’s status and influence in the kingdom.

Jonas was already becoming impatient, “Well then, are there any other procedures for Leylin to study under you, what about fees?”

“We can talk about that later. For now, please give us some time alone...” Ernest respectfully waved his hand, and an invisible force pushed Jonas out. The door closed itself automatically.

“Don’t be surprised. That was merely the effect of ‘Mage Hand’. It’s a parlor trick.” Ernest turned, putting what he believed to be his kindest smile on his face as he consoled the startled little guy.

“Ye-yes, mister!” Leylin shrunk back on himself as if in fear, yet his eyes secretly held a shrewd expression, ‘A.I. Chip, has this been recorded?’

[The wizard’s spellcasting has been recorded. Storing data!] The A.I. Chip quickly answered.

‘Great! However, the power of this spell is rather...?’ Leylin could clearly tell that something was different about this person. Even in the Magus World, high-ranked Magi needed to practice for a long time in order to cast spells with such instantaneous effects.

‘No! He doesn’t have the ability to cast spells instantly. It’s like he had already prepared this spell beforehand and stored it. With a designated gesture and command, the spell model was activated...’ Leylin himself was an expert in of spells, and he immediately saw through the process.

‘Though I’m not too sure about the theory behind it, this seems to be the way spells are cast in the World of Gods. Compared to the Magus World, there seem to be many differences.’

“This... this is magic?” The young voice quivered, yet it held a curiosity within.

“Yes, this is magic! With just a slight move of a finger, you can call on

the power of nature!” Ernest rubbed his hands, and flames appeared in the air, turning into a little bird, a man, and many other shapes. Finally, it abruptly dissipated, turning into a small flame.

Seeing that he had successfully captured the little guy’s attention and admiration, Ernest’s lips curved in a proud smile.

Yes, with just the slight movement of a finger, immense power could be called upon. There was no need to be like those warriors or other physical Professionals, labouring, bleeding, and sweating like a fool. Such things were very crude and violent.

Besides, even the lowest ranked wizard would gain many benefits from copying scrolls or performing alchemy. Compared to the Professions of those low lives, magic was obviously a more mysterious and noble path. Of course, such a thing would capture a child’s heart.

Ernest felt very good about himself, having arrogant thoughts. Of course, the terrifying expenses and harsh requirements for talent while one studied to become a wizard was something he ignored.

“Then... Can I become a wizard?” Finally, Ernest heard Leylin’s apprehensive words, which made him feel like he was in the clouds.

“Of course, my child! You have the talent to be an outstanding wizard! I, Ernest of the Burning Shadows, am very willing to be your guide on the path of magic!” Ernest did his best to seem solemn.

“But... there’s something I need to remind you of. While you have an astounding talent, you’ll have to put in more effort than ordinary people. The path of wizards does not allow for laziness,” Ernest expression was stern as he began instruction...

Soon enough, news of young master Leylin of the Faulen family coming under the tutelage of a powerful wizard spread its way around the port.

In the World of Gods, wizards usually represented power, mystery, and power that could not be withstood.

Wizards represented torrential power and mystery in the World of Gods, a strength that could not be withstood. The Faulens had produced a magic

student, and he was even very talented. That meant that there was a huge likelihood of the appearance of a powerful wizard in this family!

This potential immediately caused many to disregard the fact that this family was a new and upcoming noble family. Many traditional nobles began to accept the existence of the Faulen family, and many made plans to extend an olive branch to them.

Baron Jonas cleverly made use of this opportunity, helping the Faulen Family gain many advantages, bettering the lives and the environment of the family.

Of course, this had nothing to do with Leylin. He was far too young and could not help out in matters of the family. The only thing he did was to accompany Ernest to attend a banquet, gaining the blessings of everyone in the land.

Bishop Tapris, who followed Oghma the God of Knowledge, personally came forward to express his regret.

Leylin's powerful spiritual force did not only give him talent as a wizard. If he could accept the teachings of the God of Knowledge and abide by them in body and mind, he would have a smooth path to priesthood, and he could even advance faster than other priests. With such a great seedling snatched away by a wizard, Tapris naturally felt very regretful.

It was a pity that he would never know that it was impossible for Leylin to rely on the God of Knowledge, nor would he ever become even a rank 1 priest...

After they made their relationship as master and student official, Leylin's lessons as a wizard began. Under Jonas and his wife's enthusiastic attempts at making him stay, Ernest had decided to remain in the manor, completing his duty of instructing Leylin in magic.

In actuality, he was a wizard without a fixed residence and did not possess anything like a magic tower. Based on the intel Leylin had received on the sly, mostly from his mentor letting it slip by accident, he was only rank 9 and far from rank 15, the rank of a grandmaster wizard. He was even further from becoming a Legend.

If they wished to build a magic tower, unless they were favoured children backed by the most powerful of organisations, even grandmaster wizards had to save up for centuries.

Leylin maliciously thought that Ernest had nowhere to go, which was why he had no choice but to freeload at the Faulen family's place. Of course, even a rank 9 wizard was an outstanding person on the Faulen territory, hence Jonas and his wife both agreed to it. Both sides were willing.

Leylin's magic courses were scheduled for the morning. His culture teacher Anthony could only come in the afternoons, and Jacob was laid off his initial job of instructing Leylin in his path as a warrior. If not for Leylin coming up with the reason of needing to train his body, using half an hourglass' time everyday, he would probably be patrolling the ports.

"Spells are actually gods' gift to wizards. The Weave, created by the mighty Goddess of the Weave Mystra, is the source of all magic..." In the very first lesson, Leylin almost choked as he heard Ernest stating this seriously.

"Spells? Gods' gift? The Weave?"

"Yes!" Ernest looked extremely grim. It seemed like these were his true thoughts.

"Alright!" Leylin nodded seriously, but he was snickering inside.

'It's obviously his own strength, yet he has been shackled. How should I judge him...' As Ernest spoke, Leylin acquired a better understanding of the wizards in the World of Gods.

The spellcasters here, or rather wizards, essentially used meditation to increase their spiritual force, communicating with the devil web that was everywhere to create spell models and then store them as magic.

This conclusion left Leylin speechless.

# Chapter 795: 8 Years

“In that case, master, if a wizard can only store magic one day before using it the next, then isn't it necessary to determine which spells to use on the day before? And once the spell slots have been used up...” Leylin raised his hand and asked.

“Yes! All wizards need to prepare all the magic they will use a day prior. It's important to know which spells to prepare, and as for the issue of spell slots being used up...”

Ernest looked very stern. “Remember this well, Leylin! Once a wizard uses up all his spells and has no scrolls or magic artifacts on his body, he is no different from an ordinary person. Hence, you can never let yourself get into that situation. This is very important! I've seen many who used up all their spells and were unlucky enough to be gnawed down the core, without a scrap of flesh left on their bones!”

“I understand!” Leylin sat back down speechlessly.

‘Based on what he said, wizards actually use their spiritual force as a currency to buy the authority to use magic from the Weave. While this method makes the requirements to become a wizard less stringent, this is basically a nightmare for those who are talented enough to build spell models by themselves...

‘So in general, wizards are impotent and diminished versions of Magi?’ Leylin felt disconcerted. ‘So while it allows those without enough aptitude to use magic, this Weave is inflexible and confines true talent in magic!’

Leylin's eyes flashed, ‘Perhaps this is the goal of the gods, to prevent the rise of a wizard who is too powerful. Could this be an effect from the final battle with the Magi? In that case, I should look up the history of this Weave Goddess. If my guess is correct, she must be a new god that only gained popularity after the ancient final war!’

Despite knowing this, Leylin obviously would not stick out his neck and try to change things. His goal was to remain low-profile as he grew up, and he absolutely would not do something like challenging the gods.

Before having the confidence to break through the power of laws, he had no choice but to explore the path of wizards.

“Next... I’ll teach you a meditation technique, and then you can start making contact with the Weave...” Ernest continued to teach from the lectern, unaware that this pupil that looked studious on the outside was exploring many new ideas.

‘Meditation here isn’t too different from Magi’s meditation techniques, but the effects are slightly weaker. Of course, coupled with the laws of the World of Gods, there are many areas I can learn from. As for the Weave...’ Leylin’s spirit began to extend outwards.

Using the method that Ernest had taught him, his spirit seemed to touch upon a powerful existence. It was a network of invisible energy shaped like a spiderweb, and it enveloped the entire World of Gods with its powerful energy.

Even the surface density of the energy pathways left Leylin’s scalp prickling.

‘Are those nodes spell slots? I never thought that just the surface layer of the Weave would be enough for me to feel stunned like this,’ Leylin watched the Weave, his eyes full of admiration as he grew more convinced in his guesses.

‘So powerful... It must have been created as a joint effort by the gods. Mystra should be one of the most powerful of peak rank 8s, which is why she was selected to manage it.’ Leylin knew very little about the gods. All he knew was that there were a few stages to the most powerful of them, second to the World Will that was the Supreme God. Unlike in the Magus World, there were greater gods, the middle gods, and the lesser gods.

Mystra was definitely among the most successful of the greater gods, having tremendous divine force. Even if Leylin’s main body were to fight her it was unlikely that he’d hold the upper hand.

“I’ve already given you the meditation method. Next up is to continue practising the use of your spiritual force and making contact with the Weave. Other students might need up to three months, but you’ll be able



to do it in a month!” Ernest spoke frankly.

All of a sudden, a strange undulation spread, causing his expression to change.

“Weave! You’ve made contact with the Weave!” Ernest charged forward, grabbing Leylin’s slender arm. His eyes went red, “Leylin, is it really your first time touching upon magic?”

“Of course, master! I’ve rarely even left the manor since birth!” Leylin’s eyes gleamed as he answered innocently.

“Then tell me! Are you the illegitimate child of the Weave Goddess?” Ernest asked extremely seriously...

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Come fall, there were scenes of a great harvest everywhere. Grain and flour filled warehouses, and many farmers looked gleeful at the sight.

This harvest was enough for them to pay their taxes, and would even leave enough food for them to live through the winter and plant seeds at the beginning of spring. At this thought, they could not help but begin to pray, singing praises in the favour of the gods, as well as the benevolence and generosity of the lord.

With the profits from having a port and with many residents moving from the continent to the island, the Faulen family’s taxes were set very low, which could be considered a very benevolent act from them.

Haystacks were piled up high in the training grounds of the manor, forming forts in varying shape. Two figures were now clashing on the ground.

“Pay attention to your centre of gravity, I’m coming!” Along with the warning, a blonde teen in white training clothes brandished a metal sword like a viper, twisting his body in an arc in mid-air, spinning around to arrive next to his opponent and thrusting his sword forward at an unexpected angle.

Leylin’s opponent seemed middle aged. His face had marks of age on it,

his hands were full of calluses, and he now looked as if he was battling his greatest enemy.

“Hah! It’s this way!” He called in a low voice, holding the heavy sword in his hand horizontal.

Clang! The two swords produced a dull sound as they collided with tremendous force.

“Crap!” The man’s expression changed and he slipped. Having lost his centre of gravity, his entire body was thrown off balance.

Boom! He felt a tremendous force slam into him, but the force turned gentle when it hit his chest, and he seemed to be sent flying away rather delicately, as if he was light as a feather.

When the middle-aged man opened his eyes once more, the blonde teen’s metal sword was already at his chest, “You’ve lost, Jacob.”

“Yes, young master Leylin, I’ve lost!” Jacob laughed helplessly.

“Your earlier parry was not agile enough, and you lacked instinct in your movements!” In front of him was obviously Leylin. However, Leylin was now guiding Jacob in detail as if he was the teacher instead. Jacob listened obediently, watching him in admiration.

After sending Jacob away, Leylin picked up a white towel and wiped off the sweat on his face before walking into the bathroom. The steady rise of the cloudy steam made the room look a little hazy.

Coming before a precious mercury mirror, he judged his appearance. He had curling golden hair, blue eyes, and a handsome face which inherited his parents’ excellent features. While the fine hair near his lips betrayed his true age, it did nothing to conceal the mature charm he possessed.

‘It’s been ten years since I’ve started training to become a wizard!’ Leylin sighed. He followed it up with an order, ‘A.I. Chip, show me my current stats!’

[Leylin Farlier. Age: 13. Race: Human. Rank 5 Wizard. Strength: 1.5, Agility : 1, Vitality: 1.3, Spirit: 5. Condition: Healthy. Innate skills: Sturdy,

Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 2 slots (10), rank 1 slots (2), rank 0 slots (3)] After fumbling around for many years, Leylin had developed more functions for the A.I. Chip, and even the stats were now more detailed. He turned his attention to the description of his innate skills.

[Innate Skill. Sturdy: Host has persevered through warrior training, and possesses a sturdy physique. (Strength +0.5, Vitality +0.3)] [Erudite: Plentiful experiences and great knowledge has allowed the host's willpower and spirit to expand and become more resilient. (Spirit +1)

'The stats that the A.I. Chip shows includes the bonus from my innate skills...' Leylin looked rather solemn, "In other words, besides the strengthening of my spiritual force from birth, my body is practically comparable to a regular adult?"

After the passing of so many years, Leylin found that due to the limitations by the world's laws, it was extremely difficult for humans to raise their strength.

There seemed to be some kind of bottleneck when raising any of his stats, and once they reached an average of one his progress had stalled. Only his spiritual force, which was related to him being a wizard, was still somewhat increasing, but it too seemed to have reached a bottleneck.

'When it comes to my body's stats, Jacob still surpasses me in many ways. The reason I could defeat him was technique... Is this some added bonus from being a warrior?' Leylin stroked his chin, sinking into deep thought.

While the increase of his strength would be shocking to his peers, this did not satisfy him.

"Perhaps I should find an opportunity and go on a trip outside!" Leylin inwardly made a decision as he bathed in the warm water. He naturally had ideas about how to increase his strength, but he obviously could not implement them at home. Travelling abroad now seemed to be a rather good idea.

# Chapter 796: Anthony

‘A.I. Chip, how’s the progress on the analysis of the Weave?’ Leylin inwardly asked, closing his eyes.

[Beep! Analysis prioritises concealment of the host. Current progress: Rank 0 Weave 87.69%, Rank 1 Weave 37.61%, Rank 2 Weave 2.33%!] The A.I. Chip quickly replied.

This was one of the many reasons why Leylin was advancing so slowly as a wizard, and he was very interested in the existence of the Weave. If he was able to completely analyse the Weave without being discovered by Mystra, it would make it extremely convenient for him to cast spells.

Even with such a huge project on his hands, Leylin was still able to reach rank 5 as a wizard. This display was already enough for Ernest to rave and exclaim that he was a genius, even a monster.

Wizards in the World of Gods were ranked according to their level of contact with the Weave. Those below rank 3 could only make contact with its surface, memorising and using rank 0 spells. They would acquire a deeper understanding of it upon reaching rank 3, gaining the ability to use rank 1 spells.

Leylin was now a rank 5 wizard, able to make contact with the second layer to use rank 2 spells. He was doing rather well for himself. On top of that, being a wizard in itself gave him great status. If he was lucky, he could even be conferred a lordship as he was in a large noble family, and it was highly likely that he’d gain his own land with meritorious deeds, passing it down the generations.

This was the dream of commoners. It was a pity though; at this level everything was like the dirt on the ground to Leylin, filling him with disdain as he trod on it.

‘Ranks 1 to 5 are considered normal in the central continent, and those from rank 6 to 10 are considered elites. From 1 to 15 are experts and those above are true powerhouses who enjoy great reputation in the continent. Even if they aren’t considered Legends, they are the apex of power, and

those who appear most often. Legends could care less about worldly matters, placing their ambition and hopes on obtaining divinity, perhaps igniting their godfire and obtaining a place as a deity...'

This was Leylin's current understanding of the power hierarchy in the World of Gods, obtained from the intel he had acquired as well as his own conjectures. Gods were set on a pedestal here, living in their divine eternal lands while their churches and priests raised followers for them.

The prime material plane prevented all powerful forces from entering, and even if a god were to make a material body and descend they would only have the strength of a peak Legend at most. Of course, they held another title; they were called Saints. Even if their real bodies descended they would still have the same name.

Hence, there were many situation in the prime material plane where high-ranked Legends besieged Saints and caused their fall. Sometimes they even managed to rob them of their divine force. Those gods would basically not let their real bodies descend and could only do that with their clones.

'Legends are the most powerful in the prime material plane. If I can become one quickly, I'll have enough power to protect myself. Besides, I need to do that to gain divine force.' Leylin stroked his chin. As he had gotten enough nutrients growing up, he was already rather tall for a 13-year-old, as could be seen in the mirror. Besides his face being immature, he was practically a little adult.

'Is the reason for the bottleneck in my stats that I've yet to fully develop?' Leylin pondered over his situation, 'Based on this progress, it'll probably take centuries of training to reach the rank of Legend. That's too long, and I haven't even considered what comes after...'

Leylin conjectured that the Legends of the World of Gods were quite similar to Morning Star Magi. They possessed abilities that surpassed imagination, and while one used legendary magic the other used Arcane Arts. In addition, they both met the bare requirements for entering the ancient war campaign, and after advancing, they would undergo a massive

transformation.

‘Compared to the rankings of Magi, the division of ranks in the World of Gods are greater in number. In addition, those high-ranked Legends have abilities comparable to rank 5 Radiant Moon Magi...’ Even in the prime material plane, there were many powerful beings amongst the natives of this world. While there were high-ranked Legends, there were still many children of gods, divine beings, and even demigods.

Based on Leylin’s thoughts, their abilities would not lose out to rank 6 Breaking Dawn Monarchs, or even a near rank 7 like him.

“The World of Gods is filled with danger,” Leylin sighed. Not only were there churches and followers all over the continent, the gods had eyes everywhere in their children and family. The moment abnormalities were discovered, and he attracted the attention of the gods... Leylin instantly felt his scalp prickle in fear.

‘Perhaps... Adventuring is not a good option. There are many ways to increase the lifespan of wizards. I can use time to train... Besides, my main body can afford to wait for me!’ Leylin changed his mind.

Without external dangers, he didn’t mind spending more time if that would ensure his safety.

“Young Master Leylin, your afternoon classes are starting! Don’t make Master Anthony wait too long!” A gentle voice was heard from outside, and Leylin was pulled back to reality.

“Alright!” Leylin found a towel and wiped at the droplets of water on his body, and then headed to a room outside.

There were two maids with pretty faces and blushes on their cheeks. They went forward, using their tender little hands to straighten the creases on his clothes.

In a feudal family, the family head and young master’s personal maids were very important. They not only had to serve their masters in their daily lives, but also take care of their master’s bodily needs. If nothing went wrong, this role was usually taken on by the daughter of the

housekeeper.

The Faulen Family obviously could not do away with this custom. Leylin's two personal maids were the daughters of the main housekeeper Leon. It was obvious that they had already prepared themselves mentally and were even slightly excited, but Leylin had no plans to do anything.

'I'm only thirteen. Although young masters might have become experienced in that area at this age, they can't be compared to me...' Leylin knew how to control himself.

"Claire, Clara! Has Master Anthony arrived?" Leylin watched these two sisters, and only when the flush spread down to their pale necks did he ask them teasingly.

"Ye-yes, young master!" Claire blushed as she answered, feeling slightly relieved yet also disappointed.

"I can't let my teacher wait for too long..." Leylin smiled as he left, not forgetting to tease them for a while.

"But this'll only go on for these two years..." Smelling that sophisticated aroma, Leylin mumbled to himself.

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Rays of sunlight shone in through the window, brightening up the hall.

"Mentor Anthony!" Leylin respectfully bowed. While he'd already learnt all the knowledge that the scholar knew, Leylin did not act too rudely since manners were compulsory for nobles.

"Leylin, you did well!" Anthony was already an old man, his kind voice low and his eyes shining. It was obvious that he truly liked this student.

"I've already taught you everything in terms of etiquette and speech in the continent. Today, we shall delve into its history..." Anthony produced a thick yellow tome that looked like a dictionary and placed it on the desk.

History was a rare subject even among nobles, only a few scholars focused on it. However, Leylin differed from the rest; he was extremely interested in this subject.

“History is confusing and tasteless. Many nobles hate it. Can you tell me why you chose this?” Anthony caressed the cover of the volume, looking rather nostalgic.

“It’s because knowing history makes one wise. It’s like a mirror that allows us to know ourselves better. No matter how foolish or absurd a situation, it’s already occurred in the past. We need to prevent such things from repeating.”

“A novel idea... cough cough... that makes sense... cough cough...” Anthony’s face was flushed, but he suddenly began to cough, his body bending into a stooping position.

“If you can see that, you’re definitely my student... Of course, you have Ernest as your master and might not think much of this, but I hope you’ll take this!” Anthony’s hands trembled as he produced a white silken bundle and unwrapped it layer by layer, revealing the emblem within.

“This is the proof of my glory as a scholar, presented to me in the king’s capital by the God of Knowledge. It is now yours... Cough cough...” Anthony’s hands trembled as he placed the emblem in Leylin’s hands, “I believe you will not tarnish its glory!”

“I swear on it!” Sensing that this old man’s life force was already fading, Leylin answered seriously.

While he already had a wizard for a mentor, Leylin had not abandoned his studies of culture, and Anthony taught him very seriously. It could be said that in these 8 years, the old man had already spent a lot of effort on him.

‘What a great teacher!’ Leylin judged inside, but had no plans of helping him. On one hand, he wanted to avoid revealing himself, and on the other, the concepts in the World of Gods were different. In the eyes of believers, death was merely another beginning. With the guidance of a priest, their souls would rise with glory to the land of the gods, where they could live an eternal life.



# Chapter 797: Calendar of the Gods

The followers of the gods would definitely be redeemed after death. That was the basis of the teachings of the gods. For this reason, the teachings of the gods spread throughout the world, causing the rise of numerous zealots who were willing to give up their lives for their beliefs.

Any research relating to the soul was made taboo here, and was considered to profane the dead or the gods.

‘How foolish they are to place their hopes on someone else...’ Leylin sighed, but did not try to change this mindset. He knew very well how difficult it would be to change an ideology that had turned into a culture over tens of thousands of years.

For this reason, his master Anthony faced death in a very calm manner, and it did not interfere with his daily work.

“Perhaps some day in the future... Your name shall be carved in the church of knowledge, and if my name were to appear in the introduction, I’d have no regrets in my life...” Anthony stated his wish.

The church of knowledge had a wall of glory, where the many names of those who helped pass on knowledge and wisdom were inscribed. It was considered the greatest honour amongst scholars in the continent.

Anthony’s hope was that when others saw Leylin’s name there, they would find his own in the introduction, where he would be mentioned as a young Leylin’s teacher.

“I will work hard, master!” Leylin was speechless, but he could only answer in a vague manner.

“Good! Let us start today’s class. Flip to page...” After hearing Leylin personally agreeing, Anthony’s face glowed the red of fire that had just been fed oil. The tiny bit of life force he had emitted a vigorous energy.

Leylin listened to him and turned to the page, and an ancient map appeared before him. Due to the many fingers that had touched it, the lines of the map were incredibly blurred.

The black lines of charcoal drew the outline of a broken continent, with many little islands like stars surrounding it. The edges of the ocean were full of darkness, marked out with symbols of danger and the unknown.

“The history of our prime material plane is the history of great discovery. From the beginning, where there were written accounts of the redbud flowers up till today, the continent has evolved to the state that you see right now...” Anthony spoke unhurriedly, “The rise and fall of many nations resulted in many dangers to the continent. You’ll find the changes to the borders of these nations on the next page... Now, I’ll need you to mark out where we are on the map!”

“This...” Leylin watched Mentor Anthony speechlessly while he kept rolling his eyes inside.

“Our Faulen Territory is in the territorial waters of the southeast part of the Dambrath Kingdom. It was a newly developing land that was found and occupied after the kingdom’s third sailing expedition...” Leylin pointed to a corner in the northeast on the map, where there were the vague words of ‘Dambrath’.

Due to the the scale, the entire Dambrath Kingdom was just a grain in the vast ocean. While this was what Leylin said verbally, his eyes were beginning to blaze with excitement and fire.

The World of Gods was vast beyond words, and there were even kingdoms established by the beastfolk and elves. Similar to the Magus World, there were things like the underground, where many dark races resided.

On the surface of the continent were hundreds of kingdoms and dukedom, and an inexhaustible number of villages.

Humans, beastfolk, elves, dwarves, pygmies, goblins, jackalfolk, death spirits... all sorts of races and gods of varying types showed the legends that had happened on the continent.

There were hot-blooded adventures, secret conspiracies, many races, various cultures and even wars and peace between gods!

Every dimensional being, whether devils, demons or anything else, were all watching this area with lustful eyes, hoping to gain a portion of it despite the watchful eyes of the gods.

“This is... the beginning of the legends...” Leylin’s heart blazed. He was already itching to begin wandering around the continent.

Of course, this desire was quickly suppressed by the cautiousness that lay in his genes.

With his might as a rank 5 wizard, he might be considered an elite in adventuring groups in this dangerous continent, but there were far too many existences that could take his life.

“Alright! Let us take a look at the Lionheart Nation at the middle of the map. On the calendar year 37628 of the holy calendar, 30 years ago, Lionheart King Charlie...” Anthony began his lessons while Leylin listened attentively.

However, Leylin’s thoughts were wandering.

‘The holy calendar! That’s the calendar established by the gods. While on the surface, it began because of the birth of the gods, in reality, the first year is actually a year after the end of the ancient Final War!’

This dark history was obviously not written in historic records. This was information Leylin had gathered through his resources, as well as Ernest and Anthony accidentally letting this slip, and a conclusion that he had eventually come to.

‘The ancient Final War practically left the World of Gods in ruins, and the continent was even split into several parts. Civilisation was destroyed in the prime material plane in an instant, and they sunk into their darkest time. Many gods fell, but there were also those who were fortunate enough to gain their divine powers and rose rapidly, igniting their godfires and becoming new gods. The Goddess of the Weave Mystra is the best example! They must have established the holy calendar after the new gods created their churches!’

Leylin’s eyes were shining, “Hence, amongst the gods, given the division

of the ranks of the gods, which is that between the old and new gods, the old gods must have powers that generally surpass that of the new gods...”

Evidently, if Legends in the prime material plane wanted to slaughter gods in order to obtain their divine powers, the new gods were their best choice, which also applied to Leylin.

‘On top of that, in the World of Gods, it’s already been 37,000 years since the ancient Final War?’ Leylin stroked his chin, “Looks like time flows differently in the God of Worlds as compared to the Magus World...” After the class was over and he had sent Mentor Anthony away, Leylin returned to his room.

“Young Master! Young Master! You have received a letter from Miss Isabel!” At this moment, Claire jogged over, holding a pink letter in her hands. She was breathing raggedly, her chest was bouncing, and even her little face had flushed pink and filled with beads of sweat.

“Thanks for your trouble!” Leylin touched her hand, causing the maid to flush pink bashfully and run off.

“Hehe...” Having teased her successfully, Leylin chuckled in satisfaction as he sat back on the couch, tearing open the pink letter in his hands.

“To my beloved cousin, Leylin Faulen,

Dearest Leylin, are you doing well? Do you still need to have your diaper changed? It’s been about five years since I left the Faulen Island, but I still can’t get used to the darkness and dampness of this city, especially the moss on the ground that practically extends all the way to my room...”

On the letter was a little girl’s immature handwriting. She began with banter, but that then turned into longing and complaints.

“Has it been five years?” Leylin sighed, recalling the time he’d been with Isabel. While she liked to bully him, she obviously felt protective of him.

However, she had her own family as well, and when Leylin was eight, they had come to get her. While leaving, Isabel had bawled. Leylin still remembered the feeling of her grabbing his hand tightly.

‘Based on Father’s arrangements, I will enter the Grain Goddess’ church and become an apprentice priest. I’ve heard that rules are very strict there, and I hope I’ll still get the chance to communicate with you through letters... Isabel.’

“Becoming a priest?” Leylin nodded. In noble families, besides the first son needing to take over the feudal status, the rest of the children seldom received money and were even chased out of their homes.

If the second son was intelligent, they would study management and become the housekeepers of some noble family. The rest might become knights or enter churches.

The daughters would take on the great responsibility of getting married to other families. It was very common for there to be old husbands and young wives, or old wives with young husbands.

For Isabel, being able to study as a priest meant that she would have power of her own, as well as support from the church. Even if she would need to marry someone in the future, this was not half bad.

But... At the thought of the shrewish cousin of his who would need to bemoan the state of the heavens and fate of the people, carrying the name of the gods by her lips all day long, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

After reading the letter, Leylin went to the side in his home.

There was a small-scaled smelting room. On the laboratory table with a metal surface were numerous valuable glass apparatus.

Just purchasing these items had led to the earnings of the Faulen Family diminishing for a few months.

Besides, Leylin was still starting out with the miniature versions. The real stuff was with his mentor, Ernest.

With such terrifying rates of expenditure, it was understandable that many magicians came from noble families.

Besides the lucky, only nobles would be able to bear the terrifying cost of the materials for casting spells and experiments.

# Chapter 798: Wither

A pungent herbal odour wafted through a dimly lit room, mixing with the strong smell of incense. The two scents mixed to leave one light-headed.

An old scholar lay on a bed with an exquisite brocade silk quilt draped over him, on the last leg of his life. The atmosphere was heavy, and light sniffs sounded out on occasion before they were suppressed.

Leylin was clad in black ceremonial attire as he stood amongst the guests, expressionless as he watched the old man on the bed. There was no sign of the inexperience on his face from before, and instead he seemed more mature, like a handsome young man.

It was obviously Anthony on the bed. This scholar was a normal human after all, and his life force had been diminishing for a long time. Being able to hold on to till date was already something that greatly surprised Leylin.

On top of his role as a student about to send his master off, Leylin had a more important matter to attend to.

At this moment, Anthony's body twitched and his throat moved. There was a slight flush on his face, and it was obvious that death was near.

"Priest! Get the priest!" His wife shrieked, and the children around her burst into tears.

The crowd split into two, revealing the sorrowful face on Bishop Tapris. "The gods will watch over you from the divine realm."

"Thank you! Thank you, Lord Bishop!" Anthony's wife wept. As a bishop of the god of knowledge, Tapris evidently had a high status on Faulen Island, and being able to have him attend meant Anthony was given face. While Leylin suspected this had to do with his powerful family, it was still a good thing, no?

Tapris waved his arms, showering him in holy light and stabilising Anthony's condition. Afterwards, the scholar began his last prayer. It

might instead be called a narration of his memories. “My life... began at the island of Sicily.... ”

“Leylin, my student, I hope to see the day you succeed. Even in the divine realm, I’ll be rooting for you!”

“I understand, master!” Leylin quickly hastened forward, the A.I. Chip’s detective abilities being raised to the maximum.

Tapris was moved by Anthony’s mention of Leylin, something he’d done even after reciting his will. It showed how well Anthony thought of his student; his own investment hadn’t been wasted.

“I... I see the glamour of the gods...” Anthony struggled for the last time, raising his palm. The light in his eyes dimmed, and his arms powerlessly fell to the side of the bed.

“Nooo...” “Anthony...” “My dearest Anthony...” Many cries began to sound in the room.

Tapris’ face grew even more pious as he began Anthony’s eulogy, “He was a learned scholar and a good samaritan, one who was willing to help others. As a follower of the god of knowledge, Anthony Blunton used his entire life to pass on the teachings of the gods. The gates to the divine realm shall open for him in death...”

‘It’s here!’ A trace of emotion flickered in Leylin’s eyes. Through his powerful senses, he saw huge, shining golden gates. The gates opened to a bright holy light, within which Anthony’s soul rose from his body on its own. After taking another peek at the world of the living, he threw himself inside...

‘The divine realm, situated in a plane above the prime material plane...’ Leylin sighed inside.

‘Normal followers’ souls must first enter the soil and, after being evaluated by the God of Death, advance into the divine realms of the various gods. However, Anthony’s soul bypassed that procedure. Is this a privilege from the bishop?’ Leylin wondered.

After the souls of followers reached the divine realms, they would in

theory become petitioners, henceforth breaking away from mortality. As long as the god and their divine realm were not destroyed, they would basically exist together with the god.

To a certain extent, this was a sort immortality, but they could not be bothered by external forces.

‘It’s rumoured that high-ranked petitioners can undergo a transition in terms of their souls, becoming something like a holy spirit... Every such one is a precious asset of the god, but their numbers are...’ Based on Leylin’s thoughts, these holy spirits were souls that could not die nor be extinguished, very similar to materialised souls.

This meant that, in theory, every holy spirit was comparable to the true soul of a Breaking Dawn Magus.

‘While the formation of holy spirits relies entirely on external forces, there is the benefit of living a stress-free immortal life while depending on the gods. Over time, the defences of the gods’ divine realms must have grown extremely terrifying...’

With a limitless number of believers, holy spirits, and the power of being the authority in that realm, gods were basically invincible in their own divine realms. Even the more powerful deities couldn’t easily dispose of the weaker ones if they were in their own realms, and they would have to pay a terrible price.

As for those Magi who had accidentally intruded into a divine realm... the result was obvious.

‘Evidently, master Anthony’s soul has a way to go to meet the requirements to become a holy spirit. The mighty god of knowledge, Oghma, would obviously not make an exception for him... But with the bishop paving the path for him, he’d probably be in a better situation than many petitioners.’

After the divine lights retracted and the guiding force disappeared, Leylin’s tense body relaxed. Bishop Tapris approached him then as well, having completed the ceremony, “Leylin!”



“Lord Bishop!” Leylin bowed to him respectfully. After all, he was a follower of the god of knowledge even if in name.

“Anthony was a pious follower. He will definitely be treated well in His kingdom, there’s no need to worry...” Tapris consoled him, and seemed to have more to say.

Leylin and Tapris left the room, heading to a garden. Those people around had voluntarily left this area to them. “If I don’t remember wrong, you’ve already held your coming of age ceremony. You’re now a true man!” Bishop Tapris shifted the topic to Leylin.

“Yes, it was conducted last month...” Leylin answered modestly. Based on the customs of this world, boys would be considered adults once they hit 15, and could marry and have children.

“I was by your side when you were born... At that time, you were a little guy, still in your infancy. You’ve gotten so big in the blink of an eye...” Bishop Tapris laughed gently, as if reminiscing. As a rank 10 priest, the years did not leave marks on his face. In reality, he was much older than Anthony.

“But... I rarely see you attending celebrations at the church. Baron Jonas might be busy with work, but Lady Sarah is a very devout follower...” Tapris’ voice showed a hint of disapproval.

“My apologies, lord bishop! I often conduct experiments with master Ernest and I must lose track of time...” Leylin quickly apologised.

A look of helplessness appeared on Bishop Tapris’ face. Wizards in general had the least piety in them. Many of them were just general followers, and he’d long since expected this. In reality, while the entire Faulen family might be followers of the god of knowledge, they had never completely lost themselves in the teachings of the god.

In many areas on the continent, the worldly authority that nobles had were perpetually in conflict with gods’ authority. Even Baron Jonas had brought in a new god, Ilmater the Crying God, while the church of knowledge already existed. He planned to build a church of wealth, allowing other gods to spread faith in them amongst the followers.

This was the instinct of a noble, but Tapris obviously couldn't accept it. His plan was to pull in the next generation head of the Faulen Family.

It was a pity that wizard Leylin was just like his father. While he never forgot to donate and make sacrifices to the church, he rarely took part in zealous religious ceremonies. On top of that, he was a wizard and had help from his mentor... Tapris' expression grew darker.

"My apologies for my rude actions, Bishop Tapris! Please allow me to donate ten gold coins to the church to repent for my sins. On top of that, please inform me the next time there are celebrations and gatherings!" When it came to matters of faith, Leylin had long since planned to treat them with less importance. However, since Tapris had brought it up, he had no choice but to do this.

Anyway, he already had plans to go to the church's celebrations every once in a while, pretending to be a follower.

"Good! There will be a holy baptism seven days later. It is a day in remembrance of the god of knowledge's feat in reforming the demon, Angmar. The church will hold a grand celebration, so I hope to see you there..."

"It would be my honour to. I'll definitely go!" Since this was a personal invite from Tapris, Leylin agreed straightforwardly.

"Good!" Tapris nodded, and was then asked away by someone who had been waiting for him beside them. Besides Anthony's funeral, there were many matters he had to attend to.

After the Lord Bishop left, Leylin remained in the garden, watching the white rose behind the wooden railing while deep in thought. 'He wants me to go there personally? What is that supposed to be? A warning?'

In reality, with his status as a noble the power of the church was not as immense as one would expect it to be. If Tapris dared overstep his boundaries, he would definitely be jointly resisted by the entirety of the nobility in the Dambrath Kingdom.

# Chapter 799: Sudden Change

The battle for authority between gods and royalty had always been a problem. As the next leader of a low-grade noble family, Leylin was considered royalty. Tapris could not do anything to him, at least not out in the open, else the royalty would declare war on him. Even the pope of the god of knowledge would only choose to sacrifice Tapris and pacify the royals.

‘Besides... it’s not like Oghma is the only god on the continent. There are still many new churches that are crying out, trying to gain more followers. Of course, this is only what might happen in the worst-case scenario. Things probably won’t get that bad...’ Since he could now predict Tapris’ future actions and the worst consequences, Leylin felt at ease as he returned to the manor.

He first met with his master Ernest, and mentioned Tapris’ demand. He thought nothing of it and answered with a grunt, and then sent Leylin out. It seemed as if he was preparing to immerse himself in a very important experiment, and his mind was wandering while he was speaking to Leylin.

‘Perhaps I’m motivating master to work harder as well. A few days ago, he was saying he was about to reach the fifth level of the Weave or something like that...’ Leylin’s rapid progress must have been a huge motivation for Ernest, who had been stuck at rank 9 for a while now.

In reality, he was actually far from truly reaching the fifth level of the Weave. Leylin cleverly hid a portion of his own strength as well, else Ernest would probably want to commit suicide from the humiliation.

Half-reclining on the sofa in the room, Leylin waved his arms and got Claire to come over and massage his head while he communicated with the A.I. Chip.

‘A.I. Chip, what’s the recent progress on the analysis of the Weave?’ he commanded with his eyes shut.

[Beep! Progress on analysis on the Weave: Rank 0 Weave 100%. Rank 1 Weave 41.22%. Rank 2 Weave 2.3%.] After seeing these numbers, Leylin

sighed noiselessly.

‘Two years have already passed, but there hasn’t been progress in the two layers after rank 0. The analysis of rank 2 has completely halted...’ Though Leylin knew that this was due to his command to maintain stealth, he still gre dejected by it.

‘But analysis of the rank 0 Weave has finally reached 100%! What kind of surprises will it give me?’ Thinking this, Leylin instructed, ‘Give me the information on the rank 0 Weave.’

In that instant, Leylin felt like his line of sight was drowned out by words of laws. All of them held the power of laws, and Leylin felt like he was losing himself within.

[Beep! Analysis of rank 0 Weave complete. Obtained all rank 0 spell models!] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally while opening up a subdirectory. Within it were rank 0 spells of varying types, all arranged in an orderly fashion.

Resistance, Acid Splash, Caltrops, Detect Poison, Detect Magic, Daze, Dancing Lights, Flare, Light, Ray of Frost, Electric Jolt, Sonic Snap, Ghost Sound, Silent Portal, Disrupt Undead, Touch of Fatigue, Mage Hand, Arcane Mark, Prestidigitation...

A whole array of rank 0 spell models of varying types that included spells Ernest may or may not have taught him before were displayed on the A.I. Chip.

“Based on what master said, wizards can be separated into varying factions. There is abjuration, conjuration, enchantment, transmutation, divination, evocation and necromancy, which comes up to a total of eight schools. There are also spells which everyone can use... A wizard can choose to train in two to three spell schools before one’s energy is completely exhausted. Master Ernest, for instance, is versed in evocation and transmutation spells, and he can’t even use the spells of other schools at all...” Leylin muttered, “But now, I’ve grasped control of all the rank 0 spells of the eight great schools as well as those that can be used by all wizards...”

[Beep! Host has obtained all rank 0 spell models. Removing restriction on rank 0 spells. Host has obtained authority to cast all rank 0 spells without any restriction! Exempted from effects of forgetting spells!] Having conquered one layer of the Weave, the benefits that Leylin obtained were terrifying. While he could not match up to the controller of the Weave, Mystra, having these benefits made it simple and very convenient for him.

This means that besides being proficient in all rank 0 spells, I won't need to prepare rank 0 spells the day before and can use them on the day itself..." Leylin was rather excited. The flexibility this allowed was enough for many wizards' eyes to go green in envy.

"Furthermore, not needing materials when casting spells and not forgetting spells..." Leylin's eyes brightened. Many rank 0 spells required magic materials to cast, something that wizards usually spent the most of their money on. Forgetting spells was also what had many wizards fuming with rage. After casting a spell, wizards would completely forget the original spell model and would have to relearn and memorise it.

From Leylin's point of view, the controller of the Weave had drawn all their spirit and soul strength and slowly exploit them. The gods who were at the top of the Weave were practically vampires.

However, with these effects, Leylin could now do away with the limitations of the rank 0 spells.

"Since I've only analysed the first layer of the Weave, this only works for rank 0 spells... But wizards have always been wise about what spells to cast. Even a rank 0 spell can turn the tables if used correctly..." While he would only have these effects when it came to rank 0 spells, that was already enough for Leylin to be elated.

After completely analysing the rank 0 Weave, Leylin could even steal other wizards' spell slots and get them to cast the spell in their memories for him. It was a pity that Leylin was not the Goddess of the Weave. While he could make things convenient for himself, it was best not to go too far.

If he did so, the wizards who noticed something was off would definitely

investigate and report it to the gods. It was much too easy to be discovered, which was why Leylin dared not do this.

“At the last part, once the A.I. Chip completely analyses the Weave, I might be able to challenge the Goddess of the Weave herself...” Leylin’s eyes flashed. Meanwhile, white rays of light flickered at his fingertips.

“Ah...” Claire, who was massaging Leylin, let out a shriek.

“What, have you never seen the power of spells before?” Leylin watched her teasingly. Before the coming of age ceremony, his two personal maids had fully committed themselves to their duties and helped their young master become a true man. Of course, this was only in terms of his body.

“N-No...” Claire’s eyes were filled with envy. The power of magic obviously left her intoxicated. Due to the harshness of the Weave of this world, wizards cherished their spell slots like they did their eyes, planning their spells everyday. Nobody would be like a spendthrift like Leylin, playing with magic even if it was only rank 0 magic.

“There’s something more fun!” Leylin watched Claire, a teasing look on his face, “Mage Hand!”

The sounds of girl’s screams and coquettish laughter transmitted from the room, causing the maids who passed by to turn red...

Sudden, hurried footsteps destroyed this beautiful scene.

“Young master, young master, something’s happened!” Clara, the other sister, ran in. She’d even forgotten the courtesy of knocking. She was met with the sight of her sister all flushed, and her young master, who was in a state of undress.

Though it wasn’t as if she’d never seen this, Clara still turned red. “My-My apologies...”

“There’s no need to bow. Tell me what happened!” Leylin stood up leisurely. He knew that for Clara to become so frantic, it must be something very serious. In comparison, his entertainment obviously came second, and Claire focused on not herself, but arranging Leylin’s clothes.

“Miss Isabel has already reached the manor. Madam Sarah has requested you to go over quickly!” Clara calmed her ragged breathing and finally managed to present the information in its entirety.

“Cousin Isabel?” Leylin was confused, “Wasn’t she apprenticing as a priestess for the Goddess of Agriculture? She can’t leave for three years, so why’s she suddenly here at the Faulen lands? She’s obviously not here on a vacation...”

Hurriedly pulling on a coat, Leylin went to the other side of the manor. For safety during their training and experiments, he and Ernest stayed far away from the couple. He headed to outside the drawing room and saw his housekeeper, Leon, standing outside resolutely while looking sorrowful and strong.

This housekeeper was also Claire and Clara’s father.

“What happened? Is this about Isabel’s family?” Leylin approached him and asked.

“Miss Isabel is inside. Please persuade her! I’ll let Madam tell you what happened.” Housekeeper Leon bowed low.

‘What is this? I have a bad feeling...’ Leylin had an ominous feeling that there was trouble incoming, but he still walked into the drawing room while bracing himself.

“Mother! And... Cousin Isabel!”

After greeting his mother, Leylin glanced towards the other person in the room. However, she had changed so much that he could not believe his own eyes.

# Chapter 800: Request and Preparation

Isabel stood in the drawing room, and she still had the long golden hair and blue eyes that Leylin was familiar with. However, her pretty face was stern and icy, and her sharp gaze held an aura of danger.

She wore tight-fitting soft leather armour and had a black scabbard for a longsword at her waist, her slender legs forming a beautiful arc. Leylin sensed an iciness and despair in her temperament, as well as the flames of revenge hidden deep within. There was also evil.

“Long time no see, cousin Leylin! I’m so glad you’re still doing well!” Isabel drawled in a hoarse voice. Her icy gaze seemed to melt a little while watching Leylin, becoming more welcoming.

“Aunt, I’ll be off now!” Isabel bade Sarah farewell, while the rims of Sara’s eyes turned red.

“What happened?” After Isabel left, Leylin’s expression turned dark.

“Ahh... my pitiful little sister...” Madam Sarah began to weep, and Leylin could only stay by her side.

Through the inarticulate descriptions from his mother, Leylin somewhat guessed the situation. Cousin Isabel’s family had been struck by a disaster months ago. Her family had been massacred in cold blood, and there were traces of demons and devils left behind at the scene, which meant it might have something to do with an evil deity’s ceremony.

Practically no one survived other than Isabel, and that was because she’d been at the church of the Goddess of Agriculture.

While Isabel’s father was not a true noble, he did have a temporary status as a baron. While this status would only last for his life, these actions immediately resulted in anger from the church and royalty, and the town hall even announced that they would find the murderer.

There was another issue. Her family had always been a liaison between the Faulen Family and the Dambrath Kingdom on the continent. The consequences of this act was that the Faulen Family would lose all means



of contact and news from the continent. Needless to say, there were also many troublesome matters which needed settling. Whatever it was, having a devil involved made things complicated. Leylin's father in this world had already set sail after he had gotten this information, planning to go to the continent and solve the problems.

"You have to console your cousin Isabel properly. She only has us left, and I heard that she even had to deal with an attempted assassination just recently! Oh, my poor child..." Madam Sarah wept, while Leylin nodded seriously.

Cousin Isabel just now obviously lacked the temperament that a priest should have. Evidently, the revenge she wanted to exact, or perhaps the series of shocks she had endured after the incident had caused her to walk the path of blood and vengeance. Who knew, she might even be involved in some ceremony or sacrifice to the gods.

"Hm? This timing... does it mean Bishop Tapris already knows about this?" Leylin came to a sudden realisation. With the communication between churches, it was very possible that he had received the news before Leylin had, which made his recent invitation very interesting.

"A storm is coming..." Leylin walked out of the drawing room. As he watched the overcast skies, his expression became as gloomy as the weather.

'Something seems off...' Leylin touched his chin, 'Her family can almost be seen a branch of our Faulen family in the Dambrath Kingdom. This act against them seems to be aimed at us...'

'Are the up-and-coming Faulen lands now being coveted by the nobles? Or is this an effect from us eliminating a few pirate crews sometime ago?' A multitude of possibilities arose in front of Leylin. When he regained his senses, he was already standing in front of Ernest's room.

"Is it Leylin? I still have important experiments to finish..." Ernest's annoyed voice could be heard from within the room.

"I'm sorry, master, but I feel like we need to have a serious talk," Leylin's smile had no effect on him.

“Fine, but only for half an hour!” The door was pulled open, revealing Ernest’s haggard face. His hair was messy, and there were dark circles under his eyes.

One could see filthy clothes and all sorts of junk everywhere upon entering the room. There was practically no place that was clean save for the laboratory.

Leylin flung a grey shirt that had been tossed onto the sofa away and sat down. Ernest seemed to think of something at this point and wiped his face, watching his prodigious student.

“Leylin! You seem to be have met with some trouble... does it have to do with the church of knowledge you mentioned in the morning? It shouldn’t trouble you this much; is it something else?” Ernest was rather concerned when it came to this student of his, someone who had a bright future ahead of him.

“Yes. It’s a huge problem...” Leylin laughed bitterly and began to narrate the situation.

“So you want me to act and maintain the safety of the manor?” Ernest’s brows fluttered, as if he had seen through Leylin’s plans. It had to be said that this was perhaps the best choice.

“No, no! I actually want to ask master...” Leylin shook his head instead and requested something else, causing Ernest to watch his student in wide-eyed shock.

A moment later, a gigantic flying bird soared from the manor, with was a figure seated atop it.

“My student really knows how to order his teacher about...” This figure was evidently Ernest, though he was now hastening his journey and cursing along the way.

“The strength of Father’s guards and a rank 9 magician should be enough to take care of the dangers and challenges...” Leylin muttered as he stood by the window, watching the bird shrink into a tiny black dot as it flew away.

If he was the one who had orchestrated the elimination of Isabel's family, causing Baron Faulen to lose his connection to the mainland, it would only be the first step. Next he would create traps and hinder the baron who was heading towards the continent,

The Faulen family was a noble family that was new and still developing. Once Baron Jonas died, there would only be a widowed mother and an orphaned son left behind. He didn't have any support either, and was the easiest to deal with.

Hence, protecting the baron and his men was the key in this situation. And the only high-ranked power the Faulen Family could rely on right now was the rank 9 wizard Ernest.

"The meagre benefits of our island and port are far from being sufficient for those great nobles. The power that the other party holds shouldn't be too powerful. Hopefully, with master Ernest's strength coupled with that of the family, we should be able to successfully take care of this matter..." Leylin's eyes flashed.

Of course, while he focused mostly on Baron Jonas, it wasn't as if he prepared nothing for the Faulen Family. Initially, he had planned to get Ernest to handle everything. In the worst case scenario, Leylin and his mother themselves would be safe. Perhaps this was something Baron Jonas realised as well, which would be the reason he hadn't invited that old friend of his on the journey. However, Leylin had spoiled his plans.

"With master Ernest, there's no need to worry about the baron, but the defences of the manor are diminished by a great degree..." Leylin sighed, "I'll have to make up for it myself..."

Leylin had always been training his abilities as a wizard on the sly, but he'd never had the chance to use them in real battles. Of course, with his experience prior to this reincarnation, this wasn't a huge issue. He rather anticipated practicing on a few dumb bandits and the like.

"Alright, now to see what master left for me..." Leylin returned to his room and fiddled with a few artifacts on the table. Ernest was no fool, and he'd obviously made preparations for his student's safety by leaving

behind a few protective artifacts.

“Hm, let me see...” Leylin’s eyes were filled with curiosity as he tidied up the artifacts on the table. Ernest had only left three artifacts behind. There was a black ring and two unknown scrolls with some magic patterns on them, emitting a mysterious luster.

“Appraisal!” Leylin tapped on them, and several streaks of white light burst out, returning with information about them.

“A magic ring with a protective shield that displaces attacks, as well as two rank 4 spell scrolls. Mm... One’s a Stone Skin spell while the other is an offensive Blizzard spell...”

Given the types of the spells, Ernest had evidently made them himself. They were the best quality artifacts he could make given his rank, and on top of that there was the additional costs from the high rate of failure.

Leylin put on the ring and played around with the scrolls in his hands. In many cases, rank 4 magic scrolls could even turn the tides of battle from defeat to victory, and Leylin was very aware of what they were worth. Though many of the materials to make the scrolls had been supplied by the Faulen Family, Leylin still felt his heart warm.

“These things give me some more security... I might need to modify the plan...” Leylin muttered to himself as he returned to his room, sending the sisters away.

“A.I. Chip, show me my current stats!” Leylin commanded.

[Leylin Farlier. Age: 15. Race: Human, Rank 6 Wizard. Strength: 1.6. Agility: 1. Vitality: 1.5. Spirit: 6. Condition: Healthy. Innate Talents: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 2 Spell slot (2), Rank 1 Spell slot (3), Rank 0 Spell slot (???)] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

# Chapter 801: Spellbook

A wizard's advancement required large amounts of time and energy, and the difficulty of advancing increased the further one walked the path. Two years had passed, and yet Leylin's ranking as a wizard had only risen by one. However, his speed far surpassed his peers and was a huge motivation for Ernest.

"Although I'll get an additional spell slot after I advance to rank 6, I won't be able to reach a deeper level of the Weave... What a pity. If not for that I could've gotten a rank 3 spell slot and had a greater chance of victory..." Leylin looked at his stats, his eyes full of regret.

Wizards were ranked based on their achievements with the Weave. Only rank 7 wizards could make contact with the third level, and gain the authority to cast rank 3 spells.

Similar to rank 5 wizards who had just made contact with the second level of the Weave, rank 6 wizards could only use rank 2 spells as well. The difference was that they had greater spiritual force which meant that they had more spell slots. If Leylin could advance once more and have his spiritual force access the third level of the Weave, it would be a great advancement for him. However, his time was scarce.

When he noticed the question marks behind the rank zero spell slots, Leylin finally beamed. With a complete analysis of the rank 0 Weave, Leylin would never be limited by rank 0 spell slots and wouldn't even need materials when casting spells. He wouldn't forget spells either.

It could be said that Leylin could use the Weave anytime he wanted to cast rank 0 spells, and there was no need to prepare things like spell slots.

He had substituted the inflexible spell slots with his own mana, making it the only limit on his casting of rank 0 spells. As long as he had enough mana, he could cast as many rank 0 spells as he wanted.

"Perhaps I should prepare a rank 1 or 2 spell and reserve enough spiritual force for casting rank 0 spells..." Leylin muttered to himself. Being able to flexibly use rank 0 spells was the best trump card up his

sleeve. If enemies tried to evaluate him based on the ranking system of wizards in the World of Gods, they would be in for a nasty surprise.

“I’ll memorise Web for a rank 2 spell, and Animate Rope and Mage Armour for rank 1. That would save me a lot of spiritual force...”

Leylin had an advantage in this aspect. Wizards prepared their spell slots a day in advance. After a night of restful meditation, most of his spiritual force would have been replenished until it was almost full. As a result, he could use more of his spiritual force. While he could only use rank 0 spells, it wasn’t half bad...

Leylin was flipping through an ancient spellbook. It was made of the leather from some animal skin; there were even traces of scales on it. Powerful magic emanated from the tome. This was something Ernest had passed on to Leylin, a spellbook containing multiple low-ranked spells. Ernest himself used it quite often.

Wizards always forgot their spells. Once they stored one in a spell slot, all memories relating to it would become fuzzy, even vanish. It was necessary to relearn them again and again. Hence, a spellbook that recorded all the spells the knew became extremely important. In many situations, spellbooks were wizards’ most valuable items.

This specific spellbook had been given to Leylin by Ernest, and had been made of the skin of a landwyrn. It was worth hundreds of gold coins.

The paper in the spellbook seemed rather new, and did not match with the old cover.

Ernest had clearly taken the advantage to remove the spells he had recorded in there. Wizards recorded the spells that they were proficient in inside the spellbook, and it was a very important task for them to accomplish. This was something that they could not commission others to complete for them.

“Web, Animate Rope, as well as Mage Armour...” Leylin flipped through the spellbook and quickly found the relevant information.

Leylin placed less emphasis on spellbooks than other wizard. The A.I.

Chip itself was a comprehensive collection of spellbooks, and the efficiency at which it transmitted spells to his memories far exceeded that of studying from paper.

Most of the time Leylin spent on this book was just to deceive Ernest or use it to learn spells. He could then compare the spells to those from the Magus world, appreciating the difference in the power of laws within them.

With his finger stroking a looping spell rune, Leylin immersed himself in the analysis of the spells.

“Compared to the spells of the Magus World, the magical circuits and nodes here are very simple. Wizards have to go through the Weave first, and it’s impossible to compare the complexity of these two types of spells. Simply put, Magus spell models require spiritual force to form an entire template for the spells, while the spell models here act more like keys...” With Leylin’s powerful learning abilities and memory, there was practically no difficulty in recording spell models here.

Within minutes, the A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded.

[Beep! Spells have been stored. Rank 2 spell slot: Web. Rank 1 spell slot: Mage Armour, Animate Rope!] Leylin somehow felt like part of his spiritual force had disappeared. There were now three more nodes on the Weave, which represented the three spells he had remembered. Tomorrow, he could cast them using specific gestures or commands.

“Besides the convenience and speed, the plus point for wizards here is only that the requirements are less stringent when compared to Magi...” Once his spiritual force was completely extracted, Leylin found that the memories of the three spell models had disappeared without a trace.

‘Damn it, that greedy god!’ Leylin cursed inside in annoyance, but did not dare say it aloud. As a Magus, seeing how the wizards were made use of so thoroughly rendered him furious and frustrated.

In a bad mood, Leylin had no plans of studying the spellbook further. He instead sent a command out in his mind, ‘A.I. Chip, prepare for transmission of spell models: Web, Mage Armour, and Animate Rope!’

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning transmission...] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin's instructions, and soon enough Leylin found information related to these three spell models in his mind. The A.I. Chip raised his learning speed unfathomably.

"I'll probably have to endure this cycle of preparing ammunition and enduring exploitation for a long while," Leylin looked dejected, but he quickly sorted out his feelings, "Preparations of the spell slot are complete. I can try a counterattack now. Before that, I still have to take care of the matter with the god of knowledge..."

After Leylin checked the strength he possessed, he began to assess other issues.

'Bishop Tapris must have gotten information somewhere, but he might not be trying to eliminate our Faulen Family. After all, our family is made up of followers of the god of knowledge, and if they swapped another family in here, they might not be more suitable than us. However, it's obvious that he's trying to nudge us... We'll need to yield for now and gain support from the church...'

All sorts of possibilities and sudden events flowed before Leylin's eyes, the future revealing itself before him. The dim yellow light from the oil lamp stretched his shadow further and further...

Soon enough, it was the day of the celebration at the god of knowledge's church. Leylin was clad in a fitting attire with an armless leather breastplate inside. There were two spell scrolls in there as well. It was not that the Faulen Family lacked better metallic armour, but metal often interfered with the flow of magic for wizards, causing their spell casting to fail. Unless they found precious metals like mithril or adamantine, wizards would not use metal tools.

"Morning, Cousin Isabel!" Leylin found a surprising figure at the entrance to the manor.

"Morning, Cousin Leylin!" Isabel was still wearing that tight-fitting armour. Coupled with her perfect body, she emitted a sense of attractiveness and danger.



In reality, ever since their last meeting, Isabel had stayed hidden in her room. She had become very reclusive, and besides a few banquets this was the first time Leylin was truly seeing her.

“Are you going to the church of knowledge at the port?” Isabel rested against the doorframe, black sheath touching the ground, “It’s rather dangerous out there now. I want to go with you!”

“That’s my overbearing cousin!” It was only at this moment that Leylin felt his childhood playmate had returned.

“But!” He stepped forward slightly, causing Isabel to subconsciously grab the hilt of her sword. “I can handle these trivial matters myself!”

Seeing how she was prickly like a porcupine and was resisting the urge to draw her sword, Leylin wanted to laugh. While he would like to draw closer, it was not the time to give her more stress.

“Let’s go!” Leylin jumped onto the carriage. The one driving it was the rank 6 warrior Jacob, and along with his skilled shouts and the sounds of whipping, the carriage marked with the Faulen Family’s crest slowly went on its way.

“You idiot!” Behind him, Isabel was stamping her feet in annoyance, while a small blush appeared on her face.

“While my cousin has become very threatening towards strangers, she’s still the same person who is warm on the inside like before. Good...” In the carriage, Leylin laughed lightly. “But there seems to be some huge issue with her, especially that evil power. If it isn’t solved, I’m afraid...”

# Chapter 802: Celebration

Lively streams of people filled the bustling pier. The air was filled with the smell of sea and rum.

As the horse carriage entered the port, Leylin watched the busy scene outside through a little window within. Sailors, farmers, soldiers, adventurers, and all sorts of people entered his sights. They were quickly classified, marking those who had decent strength and harboured malicious intent.

As he had been immersed in the study of magic, Leylin rarely came out from the manor, much less came to this area. 'It seems like the Faulen Family has managed this place extremely well; it even surpasses my expectations. It's understandable that someone might covet this place.'

Leylin glanced towards the group next to the crossroad. A wandering bard was now performing there, and he could not help but exclaim in his surprise. "Hm? There are even bards wandering around!"

Bards in the World of Gods weren't just street performers. They were usually spies that were primarily responsible for probing for intel, or they made a living out of selling information. Most importantly, they were usually very powerful.

With how much the Faulen Pier was flourishing, quite a few bards had come forth to perform or on vacation.

"Jacob, what's the name of that bard? How long has he been here for?" Leylin enquired.

"That one? I heard that he's called Xuno and comes from the faraway Northern Lands. His poems are always very pleasant to listen to and there are always interesting stories. The baron was even thinking about inviting him to perform in the manor some time ago..." Jacob answered quickly.

The commoners here quickly gave way and presented their greetings to the authority that managed the island and port. Sitting in the middle of the horse carriage, Leylin was however unperturbed by everyone's

reverence and instead furrowed his brows, “There are far too many people here, and yet the frequency at which the patrol appears is too low...

“Jacob, how much strength does our family have?”

Jacob froze for a moment, surprised by Leylin’s question. “Are you referring to the patrol, young master?”

However, for someone like him who had once been the commander of this place, Jacob knew the situation with the patrol very well. “We have two groups here that come up to a hundred people total. They’re all great little guys with good strength.”

“Great little guys? Good strength? That means there aren’t any with exemplary strength, and they are only able to suppress those sailors and thieves?” Leylin grew speechless, “Out of this hundred, how many have professions? How much armour do we have? And long-range weapons such as crossbows?”

In the World of Gods, where exemplary powers were suppressed to the utmost, armour and weapons were a huge factor when it came to strength. Troops with great equipment and training would find no trouble dealing with those with professions below rank 5. If there were enough of them, even those at rank 10 and below did not dare go head to head with soldiers.

Of course, after rank 10, numbers would not be enough to make up for the lack of quality.

“Professions? Armour? Crossbow?” Jacob’s surprised voice sounded in front of him.

“What? We don’t have them?” Leylin sighed.

“Professions? The leaders of those two groups are retired military officials that the baron recruited. They’re low ranked warriors who haven’t even been certified to rank 5. As for armour, those who are vice leaders and above all have one set, and there are a total of twelve. And crossbows... Our patrol doesn’t have equipment like that, though there seem to be a few stored in the manor...” Jacob looked a little flustered as

he spoke.

“Too little, it’s much too little! This is too weak...” Leylin seemed to be complaining.

“Young Master, why do you say so?” A look of surprise appeared on Jacob’s face, “A Baron has over a hundred elite troops. Even in the kingdom, that power is equivalent to what a viscount can have... In order to bear the costs of this group, the baron throws in a large amount of his earnings...”

“Baron... this...” Leylin had a sudden realisation. The Faulen Island was a newly developed territory with no population. It was difficult to even get farmers to plow the lands here, not even considering recruiting troops.

If not for the Faulen Island being on an isolated piece of land, having to deal with numerous vicious pirates, Baron Jonas would long since have halved the number of troops here. In order to recruit enough people, there was no way but to hire them by offering large amounts of money, and he probably had to take care of their food and their families.

While the barons in the Dambrath Kingdom could have many troops, they never had so many unless it was wartime due to the great costs.

If not for the benefits from the trade, the Faulen Family would long since have gone bankrupt due to the army.

“The rise of a noble family is truly difficult...” Leylin sighed inside. The father of this body had gone through hundreds of battles, and with difficulty obtained this uninhabited island as his territory. With his hard work over half his life, Baron Jonas finally made this area a little popular, yet now his work was immediately coveted.

“If all of the hundred were to have equipment...” Leylin calculated it. Creating armour was extremely expensive in the World of Gods, and a complete set could even be a knight’s treasure passed on through generations. The value was equal to even a small manor. If modified by magicians or blessed by priests, the armour’s price would be even more terrifying and perhaps comparable to a city!

“It’s not practical to change the armour of the patrol, but I can think of something when it comes to their weapons. At the very least, they can’t use rusted metal...” Leylin sighed and clutched at his forehead.

He was no longer in his original body, where he was exceedingly wealthy. In the World of Gods, he spent only a few gold coins every month, and most of it was spent on spell materials.

‘There are ways for low-ranked magicians to earn money, but that’s mostly labour from copying spells or brewing low-ranked potions. There’s not enough time... Sigh, in the World of Gods, the small nobles don’t do that well. Only the churches are truly wealthy. The paladins of the church of the Goddess of Singing Waters all had a full set of metal armour, and some even had been blessed with divine spells...’

Leylin could not help but think back to what he had seen before as a soul seed. The wealth of the churches of the gods were renowned in the continent, especially that of the Goddess of Wealth. It was said that their headquarters had been built with gold and silver, and even the ground was paved with gold bricks. Leylin, who was going insane over his poverty, had even decided to steal everything once he made his mark on this world.

“Then... Can I use them?” Suppressing the immoral thoughts he had, Leylin asked Jacob who was outside.

“Of course! As the next-in-line of the Faulen Family, the young master’s wish is our command!” Jacob answered resolutely, “Do you need me to send down the signal?”

“No, there’s no need to for now. I want to go to the church of knowledge, and it shouldn’t be too dangerous. Tell them...” Leylin spoke apathetically.

He added some more words on the inside, ‘You’re useless against priests or holy warriors. On top of that, few would be willing to fight against the church and god they believe in.’

After Leylin was done with his instructions, the carriage once more sank into silence. He did not continue speaking and only judged the terrain and buildings outside curiously.

As the carriage reached a spacious area, Jacob's voice was heard, "Young Master, we've reached the Knowledge Shrine!"

Leylin looked outside the window. The streets were clean and tidy, and the passersby were very cultured. Whether it was farmers or soldiers walking past, all would control their footsteps such that they were softer, appearing prudent and reverent. Put next to the bustle and chaos at the port, the two were practically worlds apart.

A lofty and majestic church emitted dazzling light through the carriage. The churches of the gods were always constructed splendidly, being beautiful and solemn,

"O god of knowledge..." Many voices could be heard saying their prayers.

As this was a day of celebration, many followers of the god of knowledge had congregated here. The spacious floor was crowded with people.

In order to worship the god of knowledge, Jonas had dedicated the best section of land on the port and did not accept even a copper coin. In the eyes of the priests however, this was a given.

"Seems like the 'cultured people' of the port are here!" Leylin sighed as he rubbed his face, changing his expression to a sunny one.

"Young Master Leylin!"

"Welcome, welcome!" "My, look who's here!"

Many familiar faces crowded around. They included his uncles and aunts, and he had no choice but to smile and greet them one by one.

With Anthony as his mentor, Leylin had no faults when it came to his manners. What he showed off was his most perfect image as the next-in-line of a noble family, and everyone sang his praises.

The price, however, was that after the many greetings Leylin found his facial muscles had begun to stiffen, and much time had passed.

'I know this is troublesome, but it's necessary. Nobles...' Leylin sighed as he entered the large shrine and threw a small bag of gold coins into the donation box. The pot-bellied priests beamed in reply.

Leylin looked around. The ornamentation of Oghma's church wasn't half bad. There were bookshelves and statues all around, and it was filled with a scholarly atmosphere...

# Chapter 803: Marquis Louis

After finishing his prayers in the main hall of the church, a few maids finally led the way to bishop Tapris.

Tapris was very frank the moment he started speaking, “My child, you seem to have run into some trouble!”

“Yes, respected Bishop. I urgently need teaching and guidance from the god of knowledge.” Leylin secretly grew a lot more relaxed just due to Tapris’ attitude. He was indeed like what Leylin had suspected, and only intended to take this opportunity to knock his family’s confidence. He didn’t have any plans to actually replace the Faulens.

If this was the case, foregoing a few benefits in exchange for his help was not a difficult issue for him to discuss.

Judging by his behaviour, Bishop Tapris must have also been nodding secretly to himself. As heir to the Faulen family, Leylin’s promises would have to be fulfilled even by Baron Jonas, and this was one made in a church with a deity as their witness.

‘It seems like Baron Jonas has an outstanding successor!’ Tapris thought slowly to himself, then looked at Leylin, “Dear little Leylin, have you heard of Viscount Tim?”

“Viscount Tim?” Leylin’s voice was filled with doubt. Under Anthony’s guidance, he certainly understood the upper class nobles of the Dambrath Kingdom, yet he hadn’t seemed to have heard of any deeds performed by this viscount.

“Oh, look at me, getting ahead of myself! Viscount Tim was just crowned a few months ago, so it’s perfectly normal for you not to have heard of him before. His father, on the other hand, is a distinguished person you must have heard of before. Marquis Louis!”

Tapris watched Leylin’s expression expectantly.

“Marquis Louis? The king’s brother!” Leylin exhaled lightly. Although he knew that things wouldn’t be simple this time, he didn’t think that the



nobles involved would have a direct connection to royalty.

The nobility was never a tight knit community. The power struggle between the regional and central nobles had never ceased for even a moment, and although there was a possibility of them uniting as one in the face of divine authority, an instinctive battle for benefit would begin once the moment the pressure from the outside world was reduced.

Within the kingdom, the regional nobles and the kingdom's central nobles were the two factions that put up the fiercest fights.

"That's right. Viscount Tim is already of age. Although he's the second son, Marquis Louis adores him very much, and even wishes to obtain a piece of feudal property for him..." Tapris held his tongue, and left the rest to Leylin's imagination.

"So that's how it is!" Leylin nodded seriously. Although the king and his people ruled over the entire Dambrath Kingdom, they couldn't possibly own all the territory. Moreover, after the division of property across the generations and the emergence of other noble families, the amount of territorial land that the king now governed directly was already quite small.

To date, all the territories in the kingdom had been divided until there was practically nothing left. Even if one was a prince or princess, if they were not particularly favoured by the king, they would not even receive any hereditary titles. The highest ranked titles they could receive was that of an Count Palantine[1], or a Marquis, and they would only possess a few manors.

As a brother to the king of this generation, Marquis Louis was still able to fish up a decent amount of benefits. The Baltic archipelago was his fief, and the total area of the whole stretch of islands far exceeded that of the Faulens. He even owned several decent deepwater ports.

To put it bluntly, even the Faulens had to rely on a tremendous volume of trade in the Baltic Archipelago and play second fiddle in order to toil for money.

However, Louis still had to consider his first son. It would be very foolish

of him to divide his territory, and hence he had set his sights somewhere else. Perhaps he had now turned his gaze towards the Faulen's territory

Stripping another noble family of their inherited territory for no reason would definitely send huge waves rippling through the circle of nobility. But if this family was extinguished with no successor and Marquis Louis had Tim carry on their family name, then things would be a lot easier. His influence as a marquis would also minimise the consequences of this incident.

"Many thanks for being straightforward, respected bishop. From now on, the church of knowledge will be fully accepted by the Faulen territory. Additionally, we will portion out another plot of territorial land in the eastern part of the island to offer as tribute to the church," Leylin rose and gave his thanks.

Although this was only an intelligence report, he felt like the possibility of it being true was extremely high.

Firstly, the territory under the Faulen family actually did thin out Marquis Louis' profits. Even though it was only by a little, it was enough to upset him. Secondly, the Faulens were a newly rising noble family, and they didn't have complicated relationships with other nobles that would have been difficult to deal with. There were only minimal consequences associated with making his move on them.

'Could it be that this is also a contest between the regional and central parties?' Leylin had experienced much more trickery than this, and had depth in his foresight.

'The Faulen Family started out with military service, and were the king's imperial bodyguards from the beginning. Thus, they could be regarded as part of the central party. But ever since they obtained their feudal property and arrived here, the family was actually already inclined towards the regional party. That was also how my father the baron handled it. However, what was awkward was that the people of the Faulen island had very little contact with the people from the mainland, as it was a lonely island situated far away. Hence, they haven't been accepted by the

regional nobles yet... Which is the reason why this family is now in an awkward situation in which we cannot rely on either side...'

After thinking thoroughly about this, Leylin was suddenly struck by a huge realisation, 'No wonder. If I saw this situation, even I wouldn't be able to resist taking action. There are plenty of advantages, yet the risks are very minor. Perhaps Viscount Tim is also pitifully begging for this opportunity...'

In fact, Leylin's second guess was much closer to the truth than his first guess, but there were a few minor differences.

Although his opponent was just a viscount and seemed relatively less capable, he was backed by the marquis and was even the king's nephew. If one took their eyes off him for even a second, he would easily trigger chaos.

However, it was fortunate that he was just a favoured second son. Even Marquis Louis wouldn't spend much energy on him, much less alert the king. As long as he didn't kill his opponent, there probably wouldn't be much of a counterattack.

After all, when it came to issues like schemes to seize the territory of smaller families, because most of the bigger nobles did it on the sly, these rumours were restricted only to their thoughts, and could not be spoken of in polite company.

Tapris personally sent Leylin out of the shrine. Just as Leylin was about to board his carriage, Tapris muttered softly in a deep voice next to his ear, "It seems that a surge of pirates have escaped to the vicinity recently. I hope you'll take care! May the god of knowledge bless you."

"Got it!" There was a glint in Leylin's eyes, and he gave Tapris a profound look before boarding the carriage.

The body of the carriage kept rising and falling as the wheels rolled on. Leylin sat in the carriage with his eyes shut, yet his thoughts kept moving.

'That cunning Bishop Tapris. Is he preparing to lay his bet on both parties?' As a matter of fact, Leylin really did want to get assistance from

the church this time. If he could personally exert pressure on the marquis with the power of the church of knowledge, the marquis would surely give up on making such moves.

But this was evidently impossible. Even Bishop Tapris did not own some labour headquarters for him to exert his authority. If they dispatched warriors and priests from the shrine, they would be deemed to be in favour of the Faulen family. Tapris had also clearly rejected doing so.

Now it seemed that although Tapris had only given a bit of the intel, he had managed to immediately gain a heap of profits. Even if Baron Jonas was here, he wouldn't dare to go back on his word. If Viscount Tim succeeded, he wouldn't forget to rope in Tapris as well. If placing his bets on both parties would guarantee him profits, why wouldn't he?

Of course, it wasn't that there was no other way to obtain assistance from the church, but that would require dedicating all his territory to them. However, both sides would suffer and be destroyed indiscriminately if he used this method. Additionally, they would be boycotted by all the nobles from the mainland, and be seen as traitors by the nobles!

After weighing the matter, Leylin reached the conclusion that things hadn't escalated to such a nasty stage, and he didn't have the courage to abandon his social class. There was no doubt that he would use 'that' method.

"Pirates?" The look in Leylin's pupils seemed distant. Since the other party was also a noble family that controlled overseas trade and had numerous harbours, they evidently had a formidable maritime force.

Even the pirates nearby might be secretly under their control. It was highly possible for them to send out a group of men to cause a commotion in the Faulen Island and use this to create pressure, or even attack the manor directly and silence the Faulens. They did it once long ago anyway.

"Relying on the hundred man patrol to get rid of this wave of pirates is rather challenging..." Leylin stroked his chin. He had never underestimated his opponent's strength. With a marquis backing him, that viscount could easily dispatch tens of professionals.

“Someone above rank 15 is absolutely impossible, but there might be one who is above rank 10, and a few elite professionals above rank 5... It won't be easy to defeat them...” Leylin quickly evaluated his opponent's strength, just at the most basic level.

Of course, the Faulens didn't only have the harbour patrol, but the real masters were definitely travelling with Baron Jonas. Only the wizard Ernest had stayed behind to take care of things, but this source of help had also been dispatched by Leylin himself.

“The other party will obviously focus their main strength on the baron. The force they have sent over here should only be a small portion of their main force. It's not like we can't fight them with everything we have!” Leylin had a distant look in his eyes.

In fact, he had also considered cowering and hiding in some corner of the mainland, avoiding the situation at hand. He would then slowly accumulate skills and become a great wizard, maybe even a strong Legend. But putting aside the affection from the baron and his wife, even if he could heartlessly abandon everything he had, he was unable to give up on the benefits that the Faulen Family brought him.

A sea of resources was needed for a wizard to advance. Be it expensive materials for him to perform sorcery, or all kinds of magic books and such, a great amount of gold coins was required to purchase them. Without an influential power to gather wealth for him, Leylin would simply be incapable of meeting his needs alone.

\*

1. Non-hereditary title of high rank.

# Chapter 804: Assassin

A great wizard could not rise without the support of an extremely influential power. It was a pipe dream to achieve such success alone. Were he to try to build up his power and wealth through underhanded means, he would obviously provoke many people.

In comparison, the Faulens had only met with a small inconvenience. Even if Leylin broke away from the family, he would still run into the same problem when trying to make a name for himself.

It was needless to say that his identity as a nobleman was rather decent. At least it allowed Leylin to travel unimpeded in any place where human civilization gathered. He couldn't bear to give that up.

With the speed at which his strength was improving, the Faulens would one day be unable to meet his demands, thus he had to expand the interests of the family.

If he ate more, others would have less to eat. Leylin had long predicted that the Baltic archipelago and the numerous natural ports owned by Louis' family would become stumbling blocks in his family's rise in society.

Even without this incident, the Faulens would one day become enemies with Marquis Louis. After growing aware of this, Leylin's gaze turned as cold as ice. 'If that's the case, I'll move those blocks away!'

"Compared to the rich and imposing maquis, the Faulen Family is simply not prepared as of now. Even if we emerge victorious in this incident, we are destined to keep a low profile. It would be best... Huh?"

Leylin's eyes suddenly widened, 'This energy undulation... A.I. Chip!'

[Beep! Task established, initializing scan... Suspicious person discovered in the vicinity! Gathering of high energy detected! Person is determined to be in possession of powerful explosives.] The carriage seemed to have turned translucent in the A.I. Chip's display, revealing the streets and people in the form of numerous lines. A few passersby were sneakily

drawing closer to it, and they were marked out by the A.I. Chip.

“Are they assassins? Jacob...” Jacob was currently rushing the carriage along, but hearing Leylin’s voice stunned him for a moment.

“Don’t stop! Don’t show any signs of suspicion or panic. Let’s change direction!” Leylin’s command was transmitted to Jacob, yet it seemed like no else heard it.

Jacob stopped for a moment. He had already viewed voice transmission as an ability unique to a wizard. Being experienced, he immediately knew what the young master had discovered.

Crack! The crisp sound of the horsewhip sounded. The carriage, which had been going forth, suddenly made a sharp turn, and entered another junction.

“They’re still following us? Hah... Did they vow not to give up until they achieved their goal?” Leylin could see the route that the assassins were taking through the A.I. Chip, and he couldn’t help but force a smile.

“Jacob, follow the route I’m about to give you.” As the young leader of the Faulen Pier, Leylin couldn’t allow its prosperous image to be damaged, come what may. If word got out about a heir to a noble family getting attacked in a ruckus at the port, it could be a huge blow to the port’s prestige. Many of the less influential merchants would be afraid of getting into trouble, and would rather take a detour than come back again to replenish their supplies. Hence, although Leylin had already discovered the assassins, he couldn’t take action in the middle of the city centre.

Jacob clearly knew this as well, and firmly followed the route that Leylin gave.

Under Leylin’s directions, the carriage swiftly drove out of the market as smoothly as a loach. They arrived at a small road in the countryside, and the assassins hurriedly surrounded them one by one.

“Are you ready? Jacob, break through their line of defense right away, and send a signal to gather the patrolling team!” Leylin appeared very confident.

“But young master, your safety!” Jacob was rather hesitant.

“That’s not an issue. Don’t forget that I’m a wizard, and someone stronger than you at that.” Leylin said without a trace of politeness.

Jacob’s face flushed red, as though he had recalled the few experiences when he had suffered defeat under Leylin’s hands, “Your wish is my command, young master!”

At this moment, a few shadows that appeared to be highly bewildered pounced on them. They had evidently realised that they had been fooled by Leylin earlier on at the port. Their fury even led to them drawing out their murder weapons immediately.

“Are these the bombs of a goblin alchemist?” Leylin shook his head in disapproval as he saw a few jet black objects launched towards the carriage.

If they were attacked by these prohibited items with such immense power in the port, even if Leylin himself wouldn’t suffer the slightest damage, Jacob would definitely sustain injuries or even die, much less the civilians involved.

But now they were in the wilderness. With a widened field of view and Leylin’s prior warning, even Jacob would be able to avoid it.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The violent explosion even caused the entire carriage to disintegrate into pieces, and numerous splinters shot all over the place.

But before this happened, two figures had jumped out of the carriage.

“One, two, three, four. There’s still one more!” Leylin said to himself as he noticed the four figures surrounding him.

He had detected five people through the A.I. Chip, but now it seemed that there was another fellow hiding in the darkness, who was evidently their leader.

“Quick, leave!” Leylin turned around and yelled at Jacob, who had a few traces of blood on his body. He was clearly affected by the explosion just



now. “The power of the alchemical bombs are not bad, but unfortunately they are prohibited items. Even if there was a channel to smuggle them, the quantity from before should be their limit.”

“Young master, take care!” Jacob shouted loudly. His muscles were bulging, a sign that his fighting spirit had been aroused. With his hands clenched tight around a decapitator, he rushed swiftly in the direction of the port.

“One of you, follow him! Don’t let him get away!” The four figures seemed to still be immersed in how it was a pity that the alchemical bombs earlier weren’t effective. Seeing how Jacob actually abandoned his master and escaped, their eyes were filled with disbelief. However, as compared to the leader of the imperial bodyguards, Leylin was clearly more important. They made a decision after a few moments of a daze.

A black snake-like figure chased after Jacob, while the other three assassins surrounded Leylin in a triangular formation.

“Heh heh... A noble young master with such thin skin and tender meat!” One of the assassins licked the dagger in his hand, as green light shot out from his eyes like a wolf.

“Act quickly, this is still his territory after all. Someone will come soon!” The explosion earlier on obviously couldn’t be hidden. The three assassins kept drawing closer, their eyes fixated on Leylin’s heart, throat and other vital points. They evidently weren’t planning to let him live for long.

“He’s a wizard, be careful of his tricks!” The moment the voice stopped, a few figures started to encircle Leylin as fast as the wind, and they didn’t even give him the chance to speak.

Three daggers that resembled viper fangs surrounded Leylin. The sharp breeze even sliced at Leylin’s skin.

“They’re well trained.” Leylin quickly made a gesture at the speed of lightning, and he suddenly spat out a single syllable.

BOOM! A deafening explosion sounded out, louder than the earlier bombs. It deafened the three assassins, and was followed by a ball of fiery

white light bursting out from Leylin's finger. It caused them to involuntarily close their eyes.

These were the rank O spells Rank O spells Flare and Sonic Snap! Given the situations, instantaneous spells like them were the most appropriate to use. Moreover, Leylin could also adjust and select the spell to his liking, basing it on the circumstances he would encounter. This was much better than those inflexible wizards.

Although they suffered a double blow which caused them to go blind and become giddy, the daggers of the three assassins still sluggishly headed for Leylin. Yet at this instant, Leylin suddenly made his move.

His hand stretched out as quick as lightning, and the dagger of the assassin in the middle came to a stop. An acupoint on his arm seemed to have been hit, and it fell limp and feeble like a dead snake.

'No...Oh no!' Before the assassin could even finish this thought, the dagger in his hand had changed ownership and was now in Leylin's possession.

Thump! Thump! Two figures flew backwards. The assassin in the centre, however, was not as fortunate. He knelt on the floor with his hands held behind his back, while the dagger that was previously in his hand was pressed against his neck.

The sensation of the sharp blade made every single strand of hair on his neck stand on end.

"Did you think that I was just a wizard?" Leylin laughed coldly.

Wizards were all relatively solitary. Leylin had moved out long ago by himself, thus practically no one knew about about his wizard rank apart from Ernest. Even his expertise in martial arts was concealed by Jacob under the Baron's orders.

"I wanted to ask who sent you guys, but it seems like you won't say..." Leylin's deep voice sounded like the muttering of a demon to the assassin who was kneeling on the floor.

Moments later, the dagger in Leylin's hand suddenly cut straight

through the assassin's throat. Great quantities of fresh blood started gushing out of his throat as he gasped greedily for air. The radiance in his eyes slowly dimmed, and he collapsed onto the ground.

Seeing how Leylin killed as if it meant nothing and how he did not even seem to have an uncomfortable reaction to it, the other two surviving assassins stole a glance at each other, both intending to flee.

They never knew that the target they were up against would be this difficult to handle. Not only did he possess rather good magic abilities, he was also proficient in combat. His exquisite control over the battlefield and his merciless killing style were not things that a young nobleman who was inexperienced in life would be capable of.

Now, they practically suspected that some sort of devil resided in this young nobleman's body, or perhaps this was someone else impersonating him.

'But we still have hope!' Determination flashed in both of the assassins' eyes, and they suddenly started to make their escape.

# Chapter 805: Counterattack

“Trying to leave?” Leylin sneered as the dagger flew out of his hand. With a violent scream, it dove straight into the assassin’s back. This was the rank O spell, Launch Bolt. With Leylin’s own powers, the dagger he threw was out comparable to a crossbow bolt.

Miserable gasps sounded out briefly before the assassin fell to the floor. Provoked by the death of his companion, the other one ran even faster.

Leylin chased after him as well, not seeming to have noticed the dark figure that was constantly closer. These two assassins were bait, and the real surekill strike would come from the leader who was hiding in secret.

Smack! Smack! Leylin chased up to the fleeing assassin in a flash. The fellow had long been scared out of his wits, and was already down on the floor after being beaten up a few times. Leylin unhinged his jaw and broke all of his limbs.

At this moment, he showed joy on his face. This was the reaction that a powerful juvenile ought to have after obtaining the first victory in his life.

The young man stood in front of the assassin who had collapsed. Although he had tried his best to conceal it, he still radiated the aura of someone high and mighty, “Speak! Who sent you?”

“I... I’ll speak....” The assassin’s voice was gentle. He played the role of attracting Leylin’s attention very well, and coordinated with his leader’s attack.

His lips kept opening and closing, yet the sounds he made were exceptionally indistinct, which made Leylin irritable, “Speak clearly! I can’t hear you!”

Leylin was half-squatting beside the assassin, and almost all the crucial points of his back were completely exposed.

‘Now!’ The assassin who was lurking in the dark widened his eyes. An arrow with a blue tip pierced through the air, and came close to Leylin’s back in an instant.

“Huh?!” Leylin opened his eyes wide, and a trace of panic finally appeared on his face.

“Mage Armour!” A transparent protective force field appeared, and the number of rank 1 spells that Leylin had prepared fell by one.

Poof! The arrow collided with the invisible force field, producing a sharp whistle. Yet it eventually deviated from its original course, and brushed past Leylin’s face.

The tremendous force from the contact made Leylin take a few steps back in succession, and he fell to the floor.

“Awoo!” “Awoo!” Numerous green eyes emerged from the darkness. A few strong and healthy figures pounced forth, their canine teeth covered with saliva as they tried to bite Leylin’s neck.

“A rank 1 Monster Summoning spell?!” Leylin cried out in alarm, but the expression on his face was quickly replaced with unwavering determination. He swiftly recited a few phrases, and pointed towards the wild wolves. A gigantic white web materialized out of thin air, trapping the three wild wolves in it. The white web seemed extremely sticky, rendering the wolves immobile.

“Who exactly is it?” The young man got up, evidently flustered and exasperated, but his expression was even more so filled with a faint hint of dread. At this very moment, the air behind him distorted and a silhouette emerged. The emerald dagger was heading straight towards Leylin’s heart, about to stab in.

“Shadow Step?! A rank 7 assassin?!” The young man made a startled cry and a rope flew out from his embrace.

“Animate Rope!” Under the influence of the spell, the rope seemed to have a life of its own, and threw itself towards the silhouette, curling around it tightly like a python.

Thump! The silhouette had his hands and legs tied, and collapsed onto the ground. Yet he had turned into a puppet.

“A substitute!” The expression on Leylin’s face was now that of horror.

Soon after, he saw a blade of icy light appearing out of thin air, thrusting right into his throat.

Clear-cut! Quick! An a lethal attack in one strike! This was the style of a high-level assassin. Moreover, he had clearly found out about Leylin's wizard rank through certain means, and had been patiently waiting until he'd thought that Leylin had exhausted all his spells before taking action. This one move didn't leave Leylin any chance at all.

Within such a short distance, there wouldn't be enough time even if he used any magical items. After all, those magic scrolls couldn't take effect instantly.

From his opponent's graceful glance, Leylin saw a deathly stillness. It was as though he wasn't about to assassinate a human, but a pig or dog, or some other animal. His profound gaze, however, held a trace of agitation. It was obvious that getting rid of this magic genius would bring him a particular sense of accomplishment.

However, when the assassin saw the look in Leylin's eyes, his expression changed. At this moment, Leylin's face was not filled with any panic or fear of death whatsoever, but just a smile of a person who had gotten his way.

'I finally caught you!' were the words he could infer from Leylin's smile.

'What does that mean? Caught me?' The assassin felt dizzy, but then saw the glaring radiance of a spell shine in front of him.

A blue ray shot straight into the palm with which he was holding the dagger. A layer of ice immediately spread until his entire palm was completely covered, and it even extended along his arm towards his body.

Shortly after, there was an excruciating pain from his thigh, along with the ear-piercing sound of bones breaking.

'He broke my legs!' The assassin's heart sunk. He immediately lost his center of gravity and collapsed onto the floor.

Leylin didn't let him go. A fist as hard as steel landed heavily on his face, making him spit out a few teeth covered in blood, and a small ball which

contained highly poisonous toxins.

‘That wasn’t easy! If a rank 7 assassin wishes to escape, I might not be able to catch him!’ Leylin said, sighing after he finished with the formalities.

Everything had gone almost flawlessly in the battle earlier. These few assassins could only act according to the script that Leylin had written, and on the stage he had put in place. They had ultimately ended up being completely wiped out.

“You... Why do you still have a spell left? You... Aren’t you a rank 5 wizard?”

The chief assassin sputtered a few undecipherable words, along with a large amount of bloody foam.

“It seems that a spy has appeared in my family? Also... Who told you that I’m just a rank 5 wizard?” Leylin shot a glance at the assassin, and appeared extremely disdainful.

“Heh heh... So... So you already advanced to rank 6 a long time ago!” The chief assassin seemed to be convinced, “As expected, you’re worthy of being the legendary magic genius. But what a pity... In the face of our power, you will be unable to avoid your ultimate downfall...”

“Stop spouting so much rubbish!” With a stroke of Leylin’s blade, the assassin fainted.

This assassin leader had a very high status and a decent amount of strength. He definitely knew a lot, and this was why Leylin was bent on plotting to capture him alive.

“He even knew that I’ve already advanced to a rank 5 wizard. Although this information is from several years ago, I’m afraid that it’s necessary to purge the family once through...” Leylin looked over at the chief assassin, who had already fainted. The list of traitors would certainly have to be fished out from the assassin’s own mouth, but no matter; he could be said to be an expert when it came to interrogation and psychological probing.

Perhaps the assassin in his hands would feel better off dying right away.

“Young master! Young master!” At this moment, there was a commotion at the port in the distance. Jacob had finally brought the patrol team over.

“This is– Ah....” An anxious Jacob immediately exhaled deeply after scanning the place.

The assassins at the scene had all collapsed on the ground, and there was even an additional person. Jacob understood the strength of these assassins very well. Each one of them had strength close to at least a rank 5 elite in their profession, and the one lurking in the dark was stronger.

If he was in Leylin’s shoes, Jacob would not have been able to avoid such attacks no matter how he tried, and it was very likely that he would have died there and then. However, his young master had rounded all of them up in one clean sweep, and didn’t even sustain any injuries.

This knowledge immediately gained Leylin Jacob’s respect, and this was even more true for the rest of the patrol team members.

“What happened to the person who was chasing after you?” Leylin looked at Jacob. Seeing the new wounds on his body, Leylin had already made a guess.

“We killed him, but his last counterattack in the face of death also took away the lives of two of our team members...” Jacob appeared rather embarrassed, especially after seeing the two people that Leylin had taken captive.

“You can bring that guy with you, and interrogate him in detail! Leave the other one to me!” Leylin threw the more average assassin to the patrol team, and left with the chief assassin.

The other fellow was evidently cannon fodder, and wouldn’t know much. Compared to him, Leylin was more interested in the chief assassin. A rank 7 Professional wouldn’t be attracted to someone so easily.

Moreover, he was 80% sure that the chief assassin still controlled the hidden spy in Leylin’s manor, and he was even the source of intel for the pirates that had come ashore. Leylin absolutely would not hand him over to the useless patrol team before digging out everything in his brain. If



not, he suspected that he would hear news about this chap committing suicide the next day.

“Jacob, take him with you. Don’t let him leave my line of sight!” Under Leylin’s commands, Jacob lifted the unconscious chief assassin onto his shoulders and followed behind Leylin.

The patrol team members looked at each other in dismay, and could only bring the remaining survivor back with them. They clearly wanted to vent all of their fury on him. Of course, they were also in charge of things like cleaning the battlefield. They had to bury the corpses to prevent an epidemic.

After they were all done, the area had barely regained its tranquil state. Only the ditches in ground and numerous blood stains spoke of the danger during the earlier battle.

“Who would’ve thought that my younger cousin has gotten so strong. Seems like I was worried for nothing...” A black figure flashed, revealing Isabel’s sturdy black attire. As she gazed in the direction Leylin had left in, her eyes turned gentle for a moment.

The softness was quickly replaced by a frigid gaze.

# Chapter 806: Gathering

The cold floor and the endless pain all over his body forced Mahnke awake.

He seemed to be in a cold and damp cellar. Ice-cold droplets of water dripped down his skin, and Mahnke could not help but sneeze, his eyes quickly beginning to grow clear.

“Right, the ambush failed. I’m a captive now... A captive. What a joke...” He could feel a sharp pain in his thighs and arms. The lack of his teeth left a sense of emptiness in the cavity that was his mouth.

By the dim light, Mahnke could see the noble who had achieved victory over him. The man looked exceptionally calm with not the slightest hint of joy in his expression, which only made him feel more fearful.

“You’re awake?”

“You– you’re dead meat! Dead meat!” Mahnke shivered as he exclaimed in a strange voice. The sounds he produced were distorted by the air leaking out of his mouth.

“Oh, is that so? And you’re going to do that?” Leylin’s expression was full of ridicule, “Or perhaps it’s him?”

The clothing on Mahnke’s arms slowly ripped apart, revealing a church emblem branded into his skin. This was a strange rune made up of a head and fresh blood.

Leylin’s impression of the God of Murder, Cyric, was that of someone powerful who liked provoking deaths and conspiracies. He found joy in causing civil wars in regions, and was one of those gods who liked to stir up shit. Even so, a real god’s church would pose tremendous trouble for Leylin as he was right now.

“Stop bullshitting. You’re just a follower of the God of Murder, and the mighty god would not shift his attention to a mere mortal, not to mention a piece of trash who is also a failure.” There were always followers of gods dying on the continent, and unless they were saints or high-ranked priests,

the gods would not place much focus on them. Regular followers and the like were obviously neglected.

Unless Leylin used techniques to profane the soul of a believer, that god would not be angered into giving him divine punishment.

This deep understanding caused Mahnke to freeze, with a lifeless expression on his face.

“Tell me! How many mad dogs are there like you under Tim, that useless son of Marquis Louis?” Seeing that he had successfully shattered his defences, Leylin tossed out a huge bomb.

“You knew?” Mahnke exclaimed in surprised, which confirmed Leylin’s suspicions.

‘So the information that Tapris had was real. Marquis Louis has been the one behind all of this!’

“Since you know, you should understand that you can’t win...” Mahnke cackled, “Even if your talent as a wizard is startling, you’re nothing in the eyes of the real royalty even if you’re a rank 6 wizard...” It was obvious that his loss at Leylin’s hands was still fresh in his mind.

All that talk about him being rank 6? Leylin happily watched Mahnke guess wrong, and did not have any plans to correct him. After all, the fact that he was hiding his wizard rank and wasn’t restricted as much by the Weave was more believable than him being able to use rank 0 spells without limit, and he was less likely to be exposed because of it.

“Alright, I don’t have much time to chat with you. Now I need to know how many men there are under Tim. Where they are, when the pirates plan to come ashore, as well as the plans of the continent... Whatever it is, you must tell me all you know.” Leylin’s expression turned cold, his eyes flickering.

“Keke... I’ll say nothing. Aren’t you just going to torture me? Bring it on!” Mahnke, however, began to sound like a scoundrel.

Pirates and assassins naturally went through some training, and possessed great endurance against torture.

“Seems like you’re very confident in your endurance?” Leylin glanced at Mahnke, his eyes holding within them a sense of... pity?

“You’ll soon know how much happiness there is in death. All that you’ve experienced before is nothing...” Leylin cracked his knuckles loudly. There were few in the World of Gods with as much experience as him in torturing the body and soul.

His astonishing surgical skills and knowledge of potions allowed him to claim someone’s life with ease, and on top of that, he also had the spells that could affect their minds. Leylin’s eyes flickered with an evil glint. Soon enough, the other party would find how blissful it was to be able to choose death.

Mahnke gave in very quickly. Three hours later, he was weeping and sniffing as he revealed everything to Leylin, only begging for death. Leylin hadn’t used even a hundredth of his abilities.

Once he had gained all the information that Mahnke knew and confirmed the truth of his words, Leylin did not kill him or torture the poor child any longer. Instead, he threw him in jail. Such a high-ranked guinea pig with a profession was very difficult to obtain.

After gaining the intel, Leylin first personally purged the manor. With his experience and the detection abilities of the A.I. Chip, the hidden spies grew completely obvious. Soon enough, numerous little rats were seized, including a kitchen lady, two stable lads, and a few servants.

At crucial moments, Leylin never cared about not involving others when it came to crimes. He took control over their families, and such ruthless methods caused all those serving in the manor to tremble in fear. Even Claire and Clara grew afraid of him. Of course, with what had happened as a pretext, his absolute domination of them extended further.

“How many people can I gather?” Leylin asked Jacob from behind the baron’s desk. His arms were crossed.

“Reporting to young master,” Jacob was wearing leather armour, and was cloaked in a powerful aura. His respectful attitude pleased Leylin greatly. “We’ll do our best at the port. We can transfer fifty men from the guard,

and with the guards of the manor, there will be eighty men!”

“Eighty men?” Leylin muttered to himself. It was true that there were very few people that he could use, and at the very most those that he could were farmers with a few days of training, comparable just to militia.

The real elites were obviously by Baron Jonas’ side.

‘Things should be easier on their side with my warning.’ Leylin had obviously sent Baron Jacob the information he’d obtained, and it was sure to be useful for him. At the very least, they weren’t going in completely blind and knew who the enemy was.

“Gather them and prepare to annihilate the pirates with me!” The group or pirates who could come ashore at any moment was the most urgent threat to Leylin, and he wasn’t going to watch them wreak havoc on his territory. Taking the initiative to make the first move thus became the most necessary choice.

“Understood! We shall become the sharpest blades in young master’s hands!” Jacob guaranteed.

“I look forward to it!” They were Leylin’s only hope. Though these militia could do little against those with professions, they would still be of some use to regular pirates.

With his current strength, it was impossible for him to eliminate so many pirates. It was important to have help from subordinates.

“Mm... This should be enough power to deal with the regular pirates, but based on the information from Mahnke there’s a rank 10 leader amongst them, and we don’t have enough high-ranked powers...” Leylin stroked his chin, muttering to himself irresolutely.

‘If we talk about high-ranked power, Cousin Isabel should be alright, but it’s better that she protect Madam Sarah.’ At the thought of her, Leylin immediately asked, “What’s that cousin of mine, Isabel, been up to?”

After hearing this question, Jacob looked hesitant.

“Tell me!” Leylin’s expression went cold.

“Does young master still remember the spies that were captured?” Jacob gritted his teeth.

“Didn’t I tell you to take care of them?” Leylin’s brows furrowed.

“Out of all of the captives, she picked two servants and took them away and there hasn’t been word on her location. Ever since she entered her room, it’s like she has completely disappeared from the world. Based on what the patrolling guards said, miserable cries have been heard from her room...”

Jacob’s expression was filled with unspeakable horror. After all, people of this world easily related these happenings to ‘devils’, ‘demonic rituals’ and the like. Isabel’s actions were of a similar vein.

“Alright...” Leylin rubbed his forehead, feeling a headache coming on, “Anything else?”

“The miss seems to have some interest in the family members of the spies, but I persuaded her...” Jacob said.

‘I almost forgot that’s a problem. Things would get troublesome if the people from the church were to find out...’ Leylin sighed, “I’ll take care of Isabel’s matter personally. Don’t tell anyone about this. Demote the families of these criminals to slaves and don’t lock them up in the manor for some more time. Get them to the pier and put them in hard labour, or just sell them...”

It was important to set the norms at this point, whether they be positive or negative. Whatever it was, the people had to see the serious consequences of betrayal if he wanted to intimidate them effectively.

“Alright!” Jacob did not have any objections and carried out his orders, leaving Leylin alone.

Leylin watched the tranquil night sky outside, and suddenly sighed.

# Chapter 807: Secret Laboratory

Leylin wandered through the door and over to Isabel's room. Isabel had grown very reclusive since their meeting, and had even chased out the original maids.

Knock! Knock! Leylin knocked the door politely.

"Who is it? Didn't I say I was not to be disturbed?" Isabel's voice seemed rather angry.

"It's me," Leylin said calmly. The door pulled open to reveal Isabel's face. However, there was an unnatural flush on her cheeks, as if she had been going through some rigorous exercise, or perhaps a ceremony.

"What's the matter? I'm preparing to get some rest!" After seeing Leylin, Isabel appeared flustered for an instant.

"Are you not going to invite me in?" Leylin smiled.

"It's not gentlemanly to enter a lady's chamber at this time of night, you know! Or perhaps you've become a degenerate, my dear cousin?" Isabel's eyes glinted and she rested languidly against the door, speaking coquettishly.

Leylin secretly had the urge to laugh in reaction to her pretentious pose. When it came to experience, the amount he had under his belt far exceeded hers.

"Have I turned into a degenerate? Would you like to find out?" Leylin closed in with a naughty smile on his face and ruthlessly sniffed her fair neck, inhaling the scent of a girl's body mixed with a particular smell.

"What are you doing?" The girl dodged him as she turned red, and Leylin took the chance to enter the room.

There wasn't much of a change in the arrangements here, but there seemed to be a vague bloody scent permeating the air. Though she had cleaned up and made an attempt to conceal it, Leylin's brows still furrowed.

“Is there anything you would like to tell me about?” Leylin sat on the sofa and tried to sound as genuine as he could, “You’re my cousin after all, and I don’t want you to bear this burden all alone.”

“It’s nothing... That’s all over...” Isabel froze, and then spoke as if she did not care.

Leylin sighed in answer to her attempt to appear strong. Of course, he knew that there was no benefit to revealing the truth. Though there were traces of negative energy polluting the room, her own actions were as pure as those of a little white rabbit when compared to the experiments he conducted.

Leylin changed his mind. He had originally believed that letting her stay behind would be a good decision, but by the looks of it, leaving her in the manor would only attract more attention and trouble. “Fine! I’m here to ask for help!”

“What is it about?” Isabel’s eyes flashed with a chilly glint.

“Well...” Leylin scratched his head and then revealed the news about Marquis Louis and Viscount Tim, and also the imminent attack of the pirates.

“In that case... They were responsible for the annihilation of my family?” Isabel’s hand twitched, and a portion of a black ironwood chair was broken off. Wood shavings scattered from between her fingers.

‘Such physical strength?’ Leylin’s pupils shrank, ‘She exceeds a rank 5 professional, and is close to rank 10... Those devils and demons are really quite generous, though the price is the soul of the sacrificer...’

Leylin had heard about the continuous offers of blood required to gain demonic energy. Followers of demons were rounded up and annihilated on the continent. If news of the Faulen Family protecting her went out, there would be troubles even more pressing than Marquis Louis.

“But I don’t know for sure yet. That’s only a possibility...” Leylin stroked his chin and did not lie about this.

“Fine, I’ll verify it for myself. Those pirates even dare trespass and offend



our Faulen Family's territory! We must have them pay the price in blood and have their souls repent in hell!" Isabel's pretty eyes narrowed, filling with a murderous thirst.

"Thank you so much, cousin!" Leylin silently cursed to himself inside, but in the meanwhile the smile on his face was dazzling.

"Don't worry, we're cousins after all. I'll take care of you!" Isabel promised, looking steadfast and resolute.

After thanking her again, Leylin withdrew, though the smile on his face had dissipated. His eyes flickered, obviously deep in thought. 'The open sea is vast and filled with all sorts of trash and scum from the continent. Sailors from this era can't be considered good, and faithless people and followers are mixed in with them. There shouldn't have any trouble if she hides amongst them...'

As the follower of a demon, Isabel obviously could not stay in the family; It would cause him an endless amount of trouble. After all, the power of the churches were at its peak in the prime material plane, and once it was discovered that the Faulen Family housed a demon follower the consequences would be extremely dire.

Thus, the vast open seas would be the best place for her to hide.

'On top of that, the demon might have given her a lot of strength, but there's definitely a price to pay. That might even be her soul...' Leylin looked grim, 'A few useless sailors disappearing from the open sea shouldn't count for much. That can temporarily satisfy the demon and gain her more time...'

In this time, Leylin would obviously become stronger. As long as he was powerful enough, whether it was Marquis Louis closing in on them or the demon contract that his cousin had, he was confident he could eliminate all of those problems, problems that a rank 6 wizard could not solve.

'Plans constantly change... And right now, I urgently need strength. It might be alright to take a risk...' Leylin secretly made up his mind.

This attack would evidently expose part of his power. From the very

beginning, Viscount Tim had already sent out an assassination squad with a rank 7 leader, which meant that the pirates had to be even stronger. Help from his cousin and the subordinates wouldn't be enough, he needed to increase his chances.

After returning to his room, Leylin headed straight for his laboratory. By his command, even Claire and Clara could not enter, and there were also a few warning spell patterns set up that were hard at work.

On the glossy laboratory table were many test tubes and glass tools neatly stacked together. There was also various alchemical equipment that was enough for poorer wizard students to go green with envy.

It was a pity that, in Leylin's eyes, it was all a mere cover.

Crack! Crack! After Leylin pulled at a handle under the laboratory table, the sounds of gears grinding against each other rang out. Along with the gentle sound, the entire table moved to the left, revealing a pathway that led downwards.

'While wizards have great trust in magic, there are too many items and techniques in the world which can detect spell undulations. On the contrary, simple mechanisms like these can conceal even more secrets...' Leylin carried an oil lamp as he went down the staircase. After going about ten metres in, he arrived in front of a large rock.

The large granite gave the feeling that it was indestructible as it stood tall inside, blocking the road completely as if this was a dead end.

"Arcane Mark, activate!" A spell rune flashed in Leylin's hands, and amongst the light the surface of the granite began to soften as it revealed a shining channel. Leylin did not hesitate at all as he walked in, hanging his oil lamp on the wall.

What appeared behind the large rock was a small-scale laboratory. He had used mechanisms to prevent magic probes here, and created a trap at the bottom. That was enough to show how highly Leylin valued this laboratory.

As this was deep underground, the laboratory had an area of only several

square meters. A large, ancient wooden table had already taken up most of the area, and there was little space left for one to stand. The ceiling was also very low and the entire room felt very stifling.

The smell of tar grew obvious on the floor and corners, indicating an even more terrifying self-combustion mechanism. If Leylin suspected anything, just a small spark would be enough to char this whole place and hide everything here.

The reason for this was because Leylin's experiments were far too shocking. If ever discovered, they would be deemed heresy!

"It seems like it's almost complete..." Leylin observed the giant solution in the petri dish. Large amounts of boiling, fresh red liquid gave people an ominous feeling that this was blood.

"And then... this!" At the corner of the table was a wooden statue. It had a pair of demonic wings, multiple compound eyes and six fingers that formed a demon, emitting an evil aura.

This was a statue that Leylin had constructed of Beelzebub based on his memories. The possession of such a statue would have one burnt to death if they were caught by the churches, and even a king wouldn't be spared this treatment.

Of course, these taboos meant nothing to Leylin. His courage was enough to stupefy many gods.

"Looks like Beelzebub has really sunk into a deep sleep. He doesn't react at all to prayers or sacrifices..." Leylin's hands caressed the devil's statue with an unspeakable expression in his eyes.

Come to think of it, he was the main culprit behind this. If he had not stolen so much of Beelzebub's laws and even destroyed most of his truesoul, the Sovereign King of Gluttony would not be so seriously injured that he had to sleep it off.

# Chapter 808: Devilblood Dagger

“Of course, according to this world, my main body deprived Beelzebub of most of his divinity and divine force. This greatly damaged his divine soul and he hence fell into a deep sleep, now he can’t even answer the prayers of his worshippers...”

Devils were always extremely sensitive towards sacrifices and prayers from the prime material plane. Through his many probes, Leylin was absolutely sure that this great master devil had already fallen deep asleep, completely unresponsive to the outside world’s stimulation.

This sent Beelzebub’s followers in the prime material plane into chaos. Had Beelzebub not hidden his main body well, Leylin might even have received news of his death.

“Regardless of whether one is a god or a devil, once you lose the ability to respond to prayers and the power to grant wishes, you will not be far from death...” Leylin sighed. There were cases where gods had died not to external factors, but to decreasing power of worship. This was truly pathetic.

‘Gods rely on believers for their existence. Despite having great powers and abilities, they are restrained by the very same power of faith. Except for someone who’s merged with the world origin force and become an existence that has comprehended an extraordinary divine force...’ He let out a deep breath, ‘Such an existence would be equal to a rank 8 Magus who’s found their own path. There are few such beings even in the World of Gods.’

He gathered his thoughts and turned his attention back to the statue, “Since Beelzebub is in a deep sleep, then I don’t have to be so cautious of using his name anymore...”

Truth be told, with his possession of a majority of Beelzebub’s memories, Leylin was like a real devil king. He could even steal Beelzebub’s believers and usurp his position. However, doing so required great power, and Leylin was only a rank 6 Magus.

Needless to say, he also had to acquire the power to grant his believers' wishes. To usurp a god's position he first had to acquire divinity.

"The laws of gluttony and devouring are great, but they're already considered fiendish in the World of Gods. If I use such power here..." Leylin shook his head regretfully. If he wished to survive in the prime material plane, he could not rely entirely on divinity as his foundation. He hadn't carried these abilities over his reincarnation, but even if he had they would've been useless, wiped out by the world origin.

"It's best to take it step by step. Thankfully it takes a while for faith to erode. The worshipers of the Sovereign King of Gluttony will not vanish so quickly..."

"Moreover, even if they do disappear, it's just one less convenient path and reduced income for me. It's not really not worth the risk, so it's better for me to stick to the original plan and be steady..." Leylin's eyes brightened, and he suddenly tightened his grip.

Crack! Crack! Turing the statue of the Sovereign King of Gluttony into ashes, dropping it to the floor bit by bit.

"I must admit though, the devil got many useful things." Leylin stuck his hand into the petri dish, and soon fished out a knife covered in blood. The pocket-sized knife had a beautiful curve to it, and it looked like a very fine work of art.

A fierce demon skull tipped its handle, numerous eyes on it giving off a savage glare. Two devilish wings made up the hand guard, and complicated patterns that looked like veins covered the entire handle. Its demonic looks were only enhanced by the faint crimson glow and the blood dripping from its tip.

"So the Devilblood Dagger's done!" Leylin's eyes flashed with joy, and the A.I. Chip followed up with data on the Devilblood Dagger.

[Devilblood Dagger. Weight: 9182g, Length: 9in, Ingredients: Cockatrice bones, fresh blood, weeping spirits. Effects: Possesses the power of a devil, able to absorb a target's flesh and blood to increase one's own power. Description: An extremely vicious weapon that even gods fear, the

Devilblood Dagger represents ominous death. Creator: Leylin Faulen.] “It’s rather good!” Leylin fiddled with the dagger, causing it to glow with a dark light. There were many, many items like this in Beelzebub’s memory; he’d used their easy power to lure people from the prime material plane to his side.

This Devilblood Dagger was a very good weapon from Beelzebub’s memories. If a believer wanted to be bestowed this dagger, they would have to sacrifice a rank 15 or greater priest from a hostile god, or even slaughter a small city to even think of getting it.

‘The devils are the best way to increase my power in a short amount of time currently. They treat both the young and the old honestly, but the price one has to pay in the end is usually even more frightening...’ Leylin heaved a sigh.

His cousin Isabel had clearly been seduced by a demon after giving into despair. She had succumbed to it in the end, and had now gotten herself in tons of trouble.

Unlike her, Leylin didn’t become a collector for demonic sacrifices. He’d done something much more vicious, nearing becoming a devil king. All the flesh and blood devoured by the Devilblood Dagger would go to feeding his own power!

‘Even if I’ve crafted it, I still need to perform some experiments on this dagger, especially the problem with contamination.’ Leylin furrowed his brows, the main reason why he had taken so long to make the dagger was because he was working on changing its properties. He wanted to avoid some of the side effects of its use.

After all, Beelzebub was no kind soul. His treasures were used to lure followers into depravity, and the Devilblood Dagger was no exception. It slowly corrupted one’s mind and soul with use, turning them into a devil.

Being one himself, Beelzebub had no problems with using the dagger, but Leylin was different. He needed to remain human, as he would come into contact with churches and high-ranked priests in the future; turning half-devil would impose great restrictions on what he could do.

‘Although The A.I. Chip already solved the corruption problem, there’s still the issue of its radiance. It screams depravity and evil, I’m not sure I could get away with it...’ Leylin walked straight into the manor while he was still thinking.

“Young master!” A trained guard saluted. The man wore leather armour, and the longsword in his hand sparkled— Obviously the manor’s security system had greatly been upgraded after the attack on Leylin.

It was obvious at a glance that this fellow was merely a trained farmer, just a little stronger than a regular human. “Howard, right? Follow me!” Leylin said.

“Roger that!” Howard could not disobey the young master. He followed right after Leylin to the dungeon. Once the rest were cleared out, only Leylin and Howard were left there. Of course, there were also the two unfortunate assassins who were lying on the ground.

“Can I trust you, Howard?” Leylin’s voice was soft, but it had a special tone in it.

Such a special tone gave Howard an ominous premonition, but loyalty occupied his mind and soon he replied with a straight back, “I would risk my life for you, young master!”

“Great! Now, look into my eyes!” Leylin ordered Howard to raise his head, it felt as if there was a mysterious spiral in those pupils of his.

“Rank 1 spell— Charm Person!” Under Leylin’s spell, Howard’s pupils soon lost their focus, turning him into a zombie.

“This rank 1 spell...” Leylin mumbled, “It can only charm the mind... It’ll work perfectly on regular people, but it’ll be weak against professionals. It would probably on render Jacob a little dizzy for a few seconds...”

“Take this, chop off one of his fingers!” Leylin ordered, passing the dagger to Howard.

“Ugh... Ughh!” The strange situation gave Mahnke the feeling that something catastrophic was about to happen. However, his limbs had all been broken earlier, and his body was thoroughly tied up. He could only

struggle in vain and had no other method to resist.

Howard carried out Leylin's order with the Devilblood Dagger in hand, a soulless expression on his face. His other hand pinned Mahnke's down to the floor, and he chopped off a finger without hesitation.

Schlick! The dull sound of blade slamming against flesh could be heard, together with Mahnke's sorrowful sounds. A bloody pinky was chopped off, and it twitched on the floor like a worm.

Keke...Ughhhh... At the same time, the dagger emitted a radiant light, and the demonic skull at the hilt let out a sinister laugh. The numerous eyes shot out a demonic lustre.

Layer upon layer of veins began to squirm on the handle, swallowing the blood on its surface. Many tiny blood-coloured strings penetrated into Howard's body, and the pinky on the floor gradually shrunk before their eyes. It soon turned into a dried out piece of charcoal. Looking like firewood.

"How do you feel now?" Leylin asked.

"The dagger is very hot, and the heat is spreading to me!"

"A. I. Chip, examine his stats!" Leylin's eyes began to glow.



# Chapter 809: Devour Breakthrough

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan!] The A.I. Chip carried out Leylin's commands loyally.

Soon enough, the latest results were transmitted. [Compared to previous data, target's vitality has risen by 0.01, strength by 0.02, spiritual force by 0.005. No obvious adverse reaction.] "The flesh of high-ranked professionals does indeed provide a great boost for regular humans..." Leylin nodded. He understood that these numbers were exaggerated, and if it were himself the amplification to his stats wouldn't reach even 0.00001. This was the difference created by the varying base stats.

"Ah... you devil! You're a devil worshipper!" At this moment, Mahnke, who was still on the ground, shrieked. Though Cyric the God of Murder had always possessed a bad reputation, he was still a good samaritan when compared to demons and devils.

Knowing that the wizard keeping him captive was a follower of a devil, Mahnke completely lost all hope. As a member of the dark realm, he naturally knew that the followers of devils liked to sacrifice flesh, blood, as well as the souls of the followers of gods in order to obtain rewards from the devils.

"Kill me! Kill me quickly! Don't profane my soul, else the gods won't let you off!" Mahnke yelled hysterically, but paired with his dry throat his voice was like a broken bellow and it couldn't travel out of the jail.

"Shut up!" Leylin's brows furrowed as he kicked outwards, causing Mahnke to faint.

"Now, here's the most important part. Detect Alignment!" A bundle of white light in Leylin's hands covered Howard.

Soon enough, glee appeared on his face, 'The alignment is still neutral! It seems like as long as it doesn't profane the soul all the terrible consequences will be taken up by Beelzebub. The ability to grow in strength by devouring flesh and blood is rather valuable...'

Of course, Leylin knew very well that the part with the greatest energy was the soul. The energy he would acquire from a person's flesh and blood alone wouldn't even be half the total that the body had.

However, profaning the soul was labelled chaotic and evil. Leylin could only resign himself to part with that desire of his. Leylin nodded and retrieved the Devilblood Dagger, giving Howard an instruction, "Alright, you may go! After you leave this jail, you will forget everything you've just done!"

"Understood!" Howard staggered out, leaving Leylin alone in the jail, deep in thought.

'It takes a lot of energy to turn the power of flesh and blood into spiritual force. On top of that, I'll need to ensure that I wipe out the memories of the soul in its final moments...' Numerous possibilities streaked through Leylin's mind, allowing him to make more plans regarding the Devilblood Dagger.

He'd originally planned on travelling outside to use the Devilblood Dagger, hunting to quickly increase his strength. But due to the need to keep a low profile, he had no choice but to exercise patience.

But now? The situation was now very different. Leylin had been bullied in his home territory, and he urgently needed great power. Otherwise, the Faulen Family could very well be wiped out just like Isabel's!

Of course, there were slight differences in their circumstances. Isabel needed to pray for strength from devils and demons, while Leylin only needed to rely on himself.

"After a little modification, I will be done here! Mister Mahnke... It's now your time to shine..." Blood red radiance flickered on the surface of the Devilblood Dagger, reflecting Leylin's expressionless face. He glanced at Mahnke on the floor the way he would at a dead man, or perhaps a swine before slaughter.

The devouring power from the dagger was intoxicating, but with his own grasp of the law of devouring Leylin could control it skillfully. An unceasing stream of heat gathered in the dagger in his right hand,

extending to his entire body.

A sense of comfort stimulated a great breakthrough in his spiritual force, sending it spurring towards a deeper level of the Weave. At this moment, the A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded by Leylin's ear. [Beep! Detected change in stats to host body. Vitality increased by 0.2, spiritual force increased by 0.05.] Countless prompts refreshed, allowing Leylin to see his stats increase. His spiritual force, which had long since reached the peak of rank 6, finally broke through with this burst of strength.

Crack! A slight sound could be felt directly from his soul, and Leylin felt his spiritual force making contact with an even more terrifying level of the Weave.

He understood what had happened, "The third level of the Weave! I've contacted the third level of the Weave and officially become a rank 7 wizard!"

At this moment, the A.I. Chip's voice was transmitted.

[Beep! Host's spiritual force has contacted level 3 of the Weave. Advanced to rank 7 wizard (spiritual force +0.5)] [Host has advanced to rank 7 as a wizard. New additions: Rank 3 spell slot (1), rank 2 spell slot (1), rank 1 spell slot (1)!] [Detected drastic changes to host's stats. Recalculating...] The A.I. Chip refreshed the screen with more information. In just a moment, Leylin's stats were renewed.

[Leylin Farlier. Age: 15. Race: Human, Rank 7 Wizard. Strength: 2.5. Agility: 2. Vitality: 3.7. Spiritual force: 7. Status: Healthy. Innate talent: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell slots possessed: Rank 3 spell slot (1), rank 2 spell slot (3), rank 1 spell slot (4), rank 0 spell slot (???)] 'Forget the spiritual force, I'd long since reached its limit. But the increase to my other stats... It's practically the sum of my fifteen years of growth...' Leylin's eyes flickered, 'Could it be that now that I've reached fifteen and become an adult, my body's stats have all reached the average standard, and more importantly, my growth is now complete? This way, I'll be able to advance and accept more strength?'

Leylin looked at the spell slots, "As expected. I got a rank 3 spell slot

after advancing to rank 7, it looks like this Goddess of the Weave is impartial to all wizards...”

The increase in spell slot numbers followed unfathomable rules. Some enchanted tools could increase the number of spell slots, and it was rumoured that those the goddess favoured could have more spell slots after advancing. However, there were two ironclad rules: One, one could have no more than 9 slots for a rank. Two, Only after reaching a certain level could wizards gain spell slots of certain ranks.

In other words, Leylin was now a rank 7 wizard, and he could at most only have rank 3 spell slots. It was impossible for him to have rank 4 spell slots, and even if he were to find a bunch of enchanted rings that could increase the number of spell slots, there would still be a limit of 9. It was impossible to have more than that, even for rank 0.

Furthermore, this iron rule was for all wizards. Even legendary wizards and those related to gods were treated the same way, with no change. Seeing the limitations that the gods put on wizards, Leylin’s lips curved.

‘Seems like the Magi left a very deep impression on the gods during the ancient war, to the point that they felt fear. They didn’t hesitate to shackle the spell-casting professions. Is that to prevent a repeat occurrence of the Magi?’

‘If there comes a day that the shackles of the Weave are destroyed, what sort of interesting things are going to happen?’ Leylin chuckled, beginning to feel a little anticipation.

‘And then there’s the power from devouring flesh and blood...’ Leylin stood up, staring at the skeleton on the floor. He put the Devilblood Dagger away, and his brows began to furrow.

He felt that his body was swelling like an obese person who had eaten far too much, to the point that even his soul could not take it.

‘It seems like this ability can’t be used too often, especially before the body has digested all the energy. If that happens, the berserk life energy could become the most fatal toxin!’ Leylin shook his head, knowing that this Devilblood Dagger should not be used lightly.

‘In addition, no one can know of this, or else I’ll be confirmed to be a devil worshipper. It’ll be game over for me then...’ At this thought, Leylin immediately began to clear up the skeletal remains on the ground.

Things that made it evident that they had been used for evil rites and the like and could not be left lying around. They were best removed by burning.

As for the souls the Devilblood Dagger absorbed, Leylin had modified its effects on them. They went through unimaginable suffering before their death that served to completely fragment their memories, leaving no traces at all.

‘With the Devilblood Dagger, all my accumulations can allow me to pass through the many ranks of wizards quickly...’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with a glint of light, ‘This means it’s necessary to find something to hide all this...’

This advancement was unnatural, and if just one person found something was off, Leylin knew that he would probably need to move away alone and hide himself in the name of training in seclusion.

After gaining enough strength, he would immediately travel in order to hide his unusual growth. And the many battles with Viscount Tim’s pirates would clearly be a great source for such a thing. Viscount Tim, and even Marquis Louis, would very soon find out that in a bid to obtain more profits, they had chosen a very terrifying enemy!

The devil was thirsting for his enemy’s blood to grow, and would soon take over the World of Gods.

# Chapter 810: Mobilisation

With the Faulen Family's prestige and reputation in the island, it wasn't difficult to cobble up a patrol. However, on the field where grain was drying, Leylin frowned at the sight of his subordinates.

"Getting fifty from the port and another thirty from the manor... Is this our limit?" A sparse crowd stood at the field, awaiting Leylin's inspection. While they had done all they could to rub their leather armour and weapons till they were sparkling clean and tried their best to stick their chests out, Leylin still felt they looked like nothing but a bunch of rowdy people.

'It's alright if you get them to patrol and maintain order, but once you bring them to a bloody battlefield...' Leylin shook his head inwardly, though the expression on his face showed excitement.

"Residents of the Faulen Island! There are a group of horrible, evil pirates about to reach the coast. They will slaughter your parents, steal your copper and bread, and humiliate your wives and daughters. Those low-lives are capable of anything!" Leylin did his best to sound agitated to stir up the masses.

Was there a need to announce what the pirates would do to them? The troops began to get restless and immediately knew that Leylin spoke the truth. It might even be an understatement.

"Well then... tell me! Are you willing to let this happen?" Leylin's sharp voice resounded in the field.

"No!" "No!" Though many of them were mercenaries who only worked when money was involved, most of them were farmers who had enlisted. Their families were here, and even the mercenaries had settled down here. At the very least, when it came to protecting one's family and wealth, these people were rather enthusiastic and hot-blooded.

Hence after being provoked, all of them were flush with anger as they roared with all the strength they had.

“Good! As the master of this territory, I call on you to pick up your weapons and prepare to fight bravely to protect your home!” Leylin spoke so loudly that his voice could be heard from every corner of the field.

In such a feverish atmosphere, there could be one or two who remained timid or rational, but they would soon be drowned out by the crowd, dragged along with the flow.

“Our Faulen Family will not treat any of you unfairly!” Leylin clapped his hands, and two bodyguards went up on stage with numerous boxes.

The large copper locks were opened, revealing brand new armour within. There was even some chainmail that was made of metal rings. Not only did this metal armour provide a greater defence than leather armour, it was more flexible to boot. It was practical, but there were high requirements on its forging so these items had no market.

Beside the armour were even greater quantities of shining weapons. Vorpals swords, curved blades, hammers, lances... there was anything one could need.

On top of that, these weapons were in good shape and they had a layer of oil on the surface. There were no signs of rust or corrosion, and they radiated a lustre from their sharp edges.

“All those who take part in this operation can choose a weapon of their own! Vice captains and those ranked above can all choose a set of armour!” Leylin scanned the crowd. Evidently, these excellent weapons were attractive to the point that people would risk their lives for them. Leylin found a few fellows whose eyes were shining.

‘Of course...’ For this reason, he raised his voice intentionally, “If you can contribute in this battle, there is no reason why we can’t reward you with these weapons and armour!”

With this promise, there was a huge uproar in the crowd below. In this age, metallic weapons and armour had a very high value and could even be said to be treasures passed down generations of knights. Many of them didn’t dare to believe Leylin’s promise.

“There’s no need to doubt me, I vow in the name of the Faulen Family!” Leylin looked especially solemn, making this guarantee with his name as a noble. Though this meant nothing to him, with the values of the World of Gods the promise of a noble still held quite some value.

Hence, many soldiers could not help but begin to cheer.

Leylin cleared his throat and urged for the last time, “In addition... If there are injuries or even deaths in battle, I will offer compensation. If you die in battle, your rewards will be given to your family!”

“Faulen!” “Faulen!” The soldiers below began to cheer in their excitement. Injuries and death were the worst fates for veterans in a feudal age. Leylin was even willing to compensate them for it, which was something even churches didn’t do!

‘This should be able to somewhat boost their morale, right? Though... it’s just this once!’ Leylin stared at the soldiers whose moral was at the peak while laughing bitterly inside.

With his actions, he would suffer losses even if they won the battle. It was the entire reason why lords seldom did things like this. Those weapons and armour alone were the accumulations of the Faulen Family over the year, and a large part of the family’s wealth.

However, this was a special circumstance, and Leylin had no choice but to do this. After all, if the Faulen Family were to cease existing, these items would be useless.

The soldiers outside began preparations for battle, while a small meeting was being held in the manor.

“We’ll leave the manor to you, Uncle Leon,” Leylin spoke to the housekeeper on his right, “I’ve already sent down the order that you’ll be in charge of everything in the manor.”

“I will definitely protect everything for you!” Leon’s placed his right hand on his chest as he promised.

Leylin nodded, feeling assured. His mother, Claire, and Clara had all been sent to the church of knowledge at the port in secret.



With how shrewd Bishop Tapris was, it would probably be the best place for them on the island if he and his father met danger.

Based on what Mahnke said, the assassins he had captured were the only ones that the enemy had sent, but Leylin considered the fact that Viscount Tim might be driven to desperation.

After Leon left, only Isabel, Jacob and a few leaders with professions remained. They were the strongest, and Leylin had nothing to hide from them.

“Based on the information I’ve received, there are over a hundred people amongst the pirates, and the leader is a rank 10 Professional!” At this point, Leylin looked grim, and everyone except Isabel gasped.

“A hundred men, and a rank 10 Professional? This kind of strength isn’t second to the power of a famous pirate crew! Why would they come here?” Jacob gasped.

In reality, the truly strong would not do something as beneath themselves and dangerous as become pirates. With their strength and reputation, they could become public security officers in any large city, and could even become nobles.

It was illogical for someone like them to attack the Faulen Family.

Leylin nodded as he sneered. “Hehe... This is a famous pirate group. Have you heard of the Black Tiger?”

“Black Tiger Pirates?” The shock in Jacob’s eyes grew even more profound, “They... they operate in the seas of the Baltic archipelago, and they shouldn’t have any grudges against our Faulen Family...”

“Sometimes, there needn’t be grudges to start a fight for benefits. What aren’t those greedy pigs capable of?” Isabel stood out, unsheathing the black longsword in her hands.

Swish! A flash of black light passed, splintering the table in front of them and splitting it apart.

“Or... are you scared?” There was a murderous glint in Isabel’s eyes, as if

she would kill if anyone dared say no.

“Ah, I forgot to tell all of you. My cousin is a rank 9 and will act with us!” Leylin cleared his throat.

‘This strength... It’s clearly above rank 5. I just don’t know if she’s a warrior or knight-errant...’ Though Isabel looked like a little girl, these team leaders here did not dare belittle her. A rank 9 was enough to crush them.

Jacob nodded, a hint of glee flashing in his eyes. Since she was a rank 9, with a young master who was a wizard, taking care of a rank 10 was not entirely impossible.

If Jacob could see that, the old foxes were obviously aware of that too. Hence, they immediately knelt on one knee to express their loyalty to Leylin, “We are willing to be young master’s blades and obey all your instructions!”

‘These people...’ Leylin shook his head instead, feeling a little fed up with the situation. However, he had no choice but to continue pretending.

“Good, we leave now! We have to strive to catch them off their guard!” With a traitor like Mahnke, Leylin knew the strength of the Black Tiger pirates and what they could be hiding like the back of his hand.

“It’s too foolish to wait for them to reach the coast. I don’t want the battles to affect this territory...” Leylin looked around, spreading out a yellowed map. It showed the detailed topology of the area surrounding Faulen Island, and even contained information about the ocean currents and wind directions.

Just this map alone had a value of over ten gold coins, and it was something the Faulen Family had gained over decades of hardship and exploration. It definitely was not to be sold outside.

“The Black Tiger pirates are now here.” Leylin tapped at the map. This was an uninhabited island not far from the Faulan Island, and there wasn’t any shipping route nearby. Even with their opponents on alert, it was still possible to hide for a period of time.

# Chapter 811: Sneak Attack

Whoosh! The night sea winds had a fishy, chilly smell that made Jacob shrink back.

As a member of the Faulen Family, he might have long since gotten used to these winds and waves, but the deck that was creaking up and down, as well as the billowing sails above, made him as if he was in a dream. This feeling reached its peak when he saw Leylin, standing proudly at the head of the ship.

They were in a typical double mast sailboat. They weren't squeezed together even with over 80 people there.

But it wasn't difficult at all to acquire such a thing with the Faulen Family's status. No, what shocked Jacob was Young Master Leylin's behaviour!

'No... Actually everyone is shocked...' Jacob looked at the leaders beside him who were scared out of their wits, yet at the same time had a fire burning in their eyes, and chuckled wryly.

Just before they had left, Leylin had cast Nondetection in front of everyone. By Oghma! This was a rank 3 spell, and the young master had not used any items or scrolls at all!

That he could cast a rank 3 spell by himself meant Leylin was rank 7. Without any warning, their young master had become a rank 7 wizard!

'Gods... Isn't advancing as a wizard supposed to be the most challenging? Young master's advancement to rank 5 just two years ago was already enough to have mouths fall agape... And now...' Jacob sighed. His abundant experiences as an adventurer left him clear on what exactly a fifteen year old rank 7 wizard meant.

If nothing were to happen, he could possibly become a great rank 15 wizard in a few centuries of training! There were few great wizards in the Dambrath Kingdom, and a few of them hired by the royalty had great statuses. His majesty the King had generously given them positions as

Earls and territory to rope them in.

However, no great wizard cared for such things that drove others crazy with envy. At their level, the only thing in their sights was the realm of Legends.

And now, a great wizard was about to appear in the Faulen Family? Jacob suddenly felt giddy.

“Cousin Leylin, you’ve worked hard in deceiving me...” Beside Leylin, Isabel didn’t have as many thoughts. While she seemed to be complaining, it was obvious that she was delighted by Leylin’s achievements.

“I never thought my cousin was a genius as a wizard!” Isabel’s eyes twinkled like there were countless stars in them.

“Hehe... everyone has their secrets, just as you do!” Leylin got closer, causing her to look panicked, “I anticipate the day where you will tell me...”

“What kind of joke is this?” Isabel turned her head and left, while Leylin sank deep into thought.

‘There’s no other choice but to do this...’ Leylin sighed. The reason he had shown his strength right before the battle was to strengthen his men’s confidence and will to resist.

Otherwise, the moment they knew that they could be against the personal guard of a Marquis of the Kingdom, even if moral did not immediately crumble, it would be greatly diminished.

Now, with such a young wizard, some would think it was worth it to risk their lives. Even if those regular soldiers did not know what being a 15 year old rank 7 wizard implied, others would gladly warn or tell them.

‘Furthermore, our target this time is only a notorious group of pirates. Even if someone intentionally leaks this out, many would not believe it...’ Leylin sighed once more. He had already done all that he could to the best of his abilities, and all that was left was their luck.

“My lord, we’re here!” A sailor with triangular eyes and a gaze as sharp

as a poisonous snake came before Leylin, reporting quietly. There was a thirst in his eyes for blood, as well as a fervour for destruction.

If this was a gaze seen in the manor, Leylin would send down the order for this person to be hung, but now?

‘This is the right attitude if you want to kill someone!’ Leylin was confident that with his methods, even if this person was a poisonous snake, he’d be able to tame him.

“Your name is Robin Hood? You’re a great first mate and navigator! Are you in charge of this ship as well?” Leylin observed the man. He could sense a bloody aura that came from frequent killings, which made it obvious that this person had a very ‘exciting’ life in private.

“Yes, young master Faulen!” Evidently, Robin Hood was surprised that Leylin had been able to remember his name.

“Good!” Leylin had his hands behind his back as he watched the faint image of the islet from the fog. He quickly commanded, “Send down the order. Everyone is to remain hidden. Try not to make any sounds.”

In order to take precautions against the detection and divination spells, Leylin had especially boosted himself with Nondetection before leaving, and had been exceptionally cautious and nimble along the way. It could be said that the chances of being discovered were very low.

Besides, even if they were discovered, nothing much changed except for the scale of the losses that would be incurred.

When the first wave sneakily swam up to the shore and began to mount a secret attack on the opponents’ anchored ships, Leylin knew that the general conclusion had been decided.

Watching the bloody battles, Leylin suddenly laughed. “Seems like the pirates aren’t as strong as I imagined them to be...”

Initially, he had thought that they had the support of the nobles and might have superb equipment and even maybe a magic weapon, but from the looks of it... These pirates wore shabby clothing, and there were even some people of other races and mixed blood in their midst. There weren’t

really powerful people in there, and it felt like they were just cannon fodder and not the real deal.

‘Even if we manage to subdue these pirates, they would just be treated as replaceable?’ Leylin stroked his chin as he thought of something.

In such a situation, where his side had been prepared and launched a secret attack with equipment of superior quality to theirs, there was no possibility of failure if their numbers were about equal.

‘Of course, this is a world of exemplaries. The situation might change if a few powerful people show up,’ Leylin stared at a corner of the camp on the barren island. He could sense powerful energy undulations from there.

“Is that leader of the Black Tiger pirates a rank 10 Professional?” Leylin sneered, “Jacob, take over the command. Pay attention to their ships and don’t let anyone get away!”

“Understood, young master!” Jacob answered loudly. He already wanted to prostrate himself when he looked at Leylin’s skills as a commander. Leadership came naturally to the young master, and such a thing was something he had never been able to learn himself.

‘This potential... Does that mean there really is a darling child of the gods in this world?’ Jacob had no time to be bothered by the shock to his worldview, and did all he could to constrain the formation of the troops and surround the camp.

“Isabel, come with me. Let us see to that leader, Steve!” Leylin rapidly moved towards the frontlines of the battle, with Isabel following closely behind.

.....

As the infamous leader of the Black Tigers, Steve had the boorish and villainous face unique to pirates. He had long since lost an eye and an ear, the price he paid when his first mate mutinied against him.

Of course, this fellow who dared betrayed him had soon gotten his limbs cut off, and was tossed into the sea. The man could only repent with the sea god.

After being recruited by Marquis Louis, it had been made clear that if he were to be successful in this operation, he would become a knight with land of his own, and he might even become a real lord!

‘I’ll become a lord in the future!’ Every time he thought of this, Steve could not help but gaze at his right hand. He had lost it, among many other things, in ten years of bloody fights and struggles. Still, he felt like the sacrifice was worth it. As he was right now, he was a rank 10 fighter, and the Black Tigers that he led had made a name for themselves in these waters.

‘The target this time is only the manor of a baron that has lost most of its elites. How powerful can they be?’ Steve thought indifferently. If not for him restraining them with all his might, all his underlings would have gone out to have fun long ago.

Up to this point, everything was going well without a hitch. But all of a sudden, yells and shouts could be heard that immediately woke Steve up from his reverie.

“What’s going on?” Steve tossed the bottle of rum in his hand away, and his right hand opened up a huge tear in the tent. He arrived at the camp.

“It’s an enemy invasion! There are too many of them, and they have excellent equipment!” His second mate, a tiger-headed merman, came before him, expression unable to hide his panic.

After noticing the situation, Steve’s face twitched. This crafty captain immediately felt that this was not going well, “Where did they come from? Why did the detection spells and alarm points not react? More importantly, who are they?”

Even now Steve didn’t think these people were sent by his target. With Leylin’s Nondetection spell, the detection magic artifacts he had bought at exorbitant prices lost their effects. The alarm points had all been discovered and removed by Leylin.

Steve grabbed the collar of the second mate and shouted, “Get the men and charge to the ship!”

# Chapter 812: Siege

The ambush was a huge blow to the Black Tigers' morale. Still, Steve retained some confidence in his men. Though they were nothing more than scumbags and trash, they possessed many skills. They would be able to stay alive despite the bad situation they currently found themselves in.

For what it was worth, they were pirates after all. Land fights were never their forte. Their true expertise lay in bombing, boarding, and fighting with ships. If he could only retreat to the ship, it would be perfectly easy for him to mount both offence and defence. It could even be possible for him to turn the tables.

'When the moment comes, I must absolutely wring this daring bastard's head off!' Steve thought to himself viciously.

With their captain's signal, the crew began to draw closer to the ship. However, a wave of burning heat suddenly approached them, causing the colour to drain from Steve's face. "Shit! Dodge, quickly!"

Boom! The enemy's fireball landed less than five metres away from him, and the resulting sea of flames engulfed almost everything in its vicinity. Steve managed to escape, but the rest weren't half as lucky. Even his trusty second mate, the one with the head of a tiger shark, was burnt to a crisp.

"Fireball! They have a wizard!" This sudden news was like a slap across Steve's face. Not only was his opponent sufficiently equipped, they even had a strategic resource like a wizard.

Just then, he caught an eye of the said wizard. It was a young lad, his curly golden hair matching his deep blue eyes. He was barely an adult.

A wizard of this age? Steve furrowed his brows as he realised that the young lad looked faintly familiar.

"Hold up, he was one of the target of this mission! That's the Faulens' young master!" Steve was immediately reminded of him, and he had the urge to curse at his informant, "Wasn't he supposed to be rank 5 at most? It doesn't seem like it..."



“I want his head!” Steve was rid of any other choices at this stage of the game, and he could only roar orders as his muscles constricted.

Leylin spotted Steve at the same time. The extraordinary vibes he gave off showed that he was their leader, and he shouted as well, “He’s the head of the pirates. 50 gold coins for anyone who can finish him off, and on top of that you don’t have to pay tax anymore!”

“50 gold coins? And you get to not pay taxes? Charge!” Many of the guards went into a frenzy. This price alone was enough for ten lives; the guards charged up front without any second thoughts.

Of course, Leylin didn’t stand and watch idly. Two powerful buffing spells descended upon his men, increasing their drive and strength. “Bear’s Endurance, Bull’s Strength!”

‘The wizards of this world are supported by the Weave, allowing them to use magical attacks and buffs extremely quickly...’ Leylin knew better than to neglect the importance of the Weave. The fact that it was able to continue to exist for so long meant it had to have some advantages.

And during the battle, Leylin realised that his men usually fared better if he enhanced their abilities using his power. Moreover, the Fireball from earlier was like a missile. Common people would not be able to escape its destructive powers.

‘With the support of the Weave, won’t a wizard with enough spell slots be a walking cannon?’ Leylin smiled, if the power of this world was how he imagined it to be, the status of wizards would probably be even higher.

At the same time, Steve showed what it meant to be a rank 10 warrior. “AH! Rapid Charge!” His entire body was enveloped in a hazy light. After triggering his distinctive warrior skill, it was as if he had turned into an armoured steel tank as he charged towards the guards.

Thump! Thump! Thump! With his great energy, he knocked down many of the guards. They were sent flying, as if they’d been hit by a high-speed train, and every now and then the sound of bones cracking rang out.

But the damage went both ways. Steve was injured by many of their

spears and swords, and many bloody wounds appeared on his body. This degree of injury posed no hindrance to him, but the blood continuously leaking from his wounds would cause a bit of trouble. This was especially true as the pirates were surrounded, about to be wiped out by the oncoming soldiers.

“Surrender now, and in my name as a noble I’ll treat you right as a captive.” Leylin said. As long as he could capture Steve alive, maybe even have him become an eye witness, he would’ve gained incredible advantages for the Faulen Family.

“Surrender? To a brat like you?” Steve mocked back. It was like he’d seen something ridiculous.

“Or should I say... Do you think I’m limited to just this ability?” A sinister smile slipped onto Steve’s face as a sacred light engulfed him wholly.

‘Is this... Divine force?’ Leylin stepped back. He had little experiences with this sort of power, but the impression it left was engraved deeply in his mind.

“Bless, Cure Light Wounds, Nightshield!” In the blink of an eye, Steve cast three rank 1 spells on his body. Leylin’s brows wrinkled as he watched Steve’s wounds recover quickly under the brilliant light of divine force.

‘Divine force is indeed troublesome! Instant spells like these can be restored through daily prayers, so even with the usage limitations it’s still unfair...’

Steve was back to his prime condition after the buffs, and his injuries had healed.

“Kill!” He charged towards Leylin with great power, and a clandestine glow covered the sword in his hand.

“Eldritch Blast!” The qi of a rank 10 fighter concentrated in his hand to become a shining blade which blasted out.

Schlick! The soldiers in front of Leylin were hacked into two halves, and blood and gore splattered in all directions.

‘Well, this is troublesome...’ Leylin sighed, massaging his temples.

[Data collection completed! Creating target entry.] The A.I. Chip reported, quickly projecting Steve’s details in front of him.

[Name: Steve. Gender: Male. Estimated stats, Strength: 10+, Agility: 7, Vitality: 6. Spirit: 4. Professions: Rank 10 Fighter, Rank 3 Cleric! Evaluation: Undecipherable undulations in his right hand, target is extremely dangerous!] ‘Right hand?’ Leylin looked at the iron hook in Steve’s right hand. The originally dull blade was now drenched in blood, with strips of flesh hanging off it. It looked exceptionally macabre.

‘I’ll go up to block him! You wait for an opening to try and cast spells!’ Isabel drew her black sword out as she saw Steve nearing Leylin, becoming a human shield.

“Where did this wench come from? Piss off!” Steve’s eyes were bloodshot. The sword in his left hand slashed down mercilessly, violent like a gust of evil wind. It had none of the protective care one normally held for a lady.

Clang! The machete was blocked by a black sword, and the collision created a profound noise.

“My revenge starts with you!” Isabel’s expression was ice-cold.

“There’s so many incompetent idiots I’ve killed, who knows which ones you’re from?” Even with such a reply, Steve had already grown wary of Isabel. Considering that she could hold off a rank 10 fighter who was going all out, she was no easy opponent.

Thump! The iron hook in Steve’s left hand shot out like a venomous snake, but it too was blocked by Isabel’s sword. Sparks flew everywhere.

The impending battle between the two caused many pirates, and even her own soldiers, back away subconsciously. They didn’t dare to get caught in the fight.

‘Looks like I still don’t have enough manpower to kill a rank 10 fighter.’ Leylin thought in worry as he watch the gruesome exchange between the two.

‘According to the data, I’ll need at least 200 fully armed elites to kill Steve, and even they will have to be willing to give up their lives and pay a painful cost. Of course, if we have more Professionals the injuries would be halved, but all in all I don’t have enough manpower right now...

‘And although Isabel had enhanced her own strength through demonic sacrifices, she still isn’t enough to be an opponent...’ Progress in one’s profession wasn’t as just incremental. And anyway, Leylin didn’t believe that those demons wanted nothing from Isabel anyway.

“Ugh...” Suddenly, a groan sounded from the battlefield. It was Isabel’s.

One of her arms had been fractured, and she was forced to hold it in her sleeve. And yet, she remained as stoic as ever. Things like that which could have caused ordinary girls to weep and scream did not disturb Isabel at all.

“I’m afraid this cannot go on, I’ll have to unseal it! But...” Isabel throw a glance at the onlookers and hesitated.

“Isabel! I think it’s time to withdraw!” Just as Isabel was about to give it her all and charge at Steve, Leylin’s voice came through. Out of her confidence in Leylin, she abandoned her original plan and start backing away.

“Thinking of leaving?” The expression on Steve’s face was sinister as ever, but that changed when an arrow was shot.

Shoo! The arrow was like a venomous snake. Its angle was tricky, leaving Steve with no choice but to retreat.

Splat! The arrow shot into the ground behind him, its feathered end still quivering, making it look like a small snake trying to burrow into the ground.

# Chapter 813: Post-battle Review

‘That was close!’ Steve could feel some cold sweat on his palm. Only he knew how dangerous that had been.

Once he regained his senses, he glanced at Leylin. The youth now had a crossbow in his hands, and there was a merciless expression on his face. Isabel had pushed her way to stand beside him, and aside from her Jacob and a few other soldiers had rushed over in a hurry as well.

With Isabel delaying them, Leylin had enough time to defeat the enemy and even seize the pirate ship. Now, Jacob brought the rest of the soldiers and the many crossbows in the Faulen Family’s collection and surrounded the area.

The Faulen soldiers had gained the upper hand in all the other zones, and more and more soldiers gathered together. Under the light of the flames, Steve’s face turned pale as a corpse. He knew very well that after the battle was over, the Black Tigers might just be erased from history.

‘What’s going on? Why did things turn out this way?’ Steve was completely dazed.

However, his fox-like cunning that had been honed over the years told him that this was the time to escape. As long as there were some people left alive, he would be able to pull the Black Tigers back together, and bring about their rise once more. When the time came, he would exact extreme vengeance on this young wizard!

“Shoot!” But how could Leylin give him the chance to do so? With his command, the countless crossbows that Jacob directed on his own produced terrifying sounds. Numerous arrows blocked all the escape routes that Steve had.

“Damn it!” Steve cursed, his figure twisting at a strange angle in midair. A dark shield appeared, crashing into a sharp arrow.

The dark-coloured shield shattered to pieces, but the power of the arrow was greatly reduced. It could only leave a shallow cut on Steve’s body.

Boom! Steve's body fell freely to the ground. He glared at Leylin venomously, and then rushed out of the camp. Once he got outside, he would definitely be able to leave with ease. He was still a rank 10 fighter after all.

At this moment, things suddenly changed! A huge white spiderweb opened up from the ground, shrouding him in darkness.

'But when did he-?' Steve's expression filled with fear as he recognised this web, 'Rank 2 spell, Web. Once it twines around me, I'll be caught...'

He looked fierce as he raised the sword in his left hand. However, Leylin had long since set this trap. How could he give Steve the chance to escape?

"Ray of Enfeeblement! Sleep! Restrict!"

A few rank 1 spells flashed over Steve's head. With the drain from the huge battle just prior, Steve was unable to dodge them in time. Immediately after, he felt a sense of confusion, as his body suddenly weakened.

Clang! His machete fell to the ground, and immediately after Steve was caught up in the web. It was extremely sticky, and even a reckless bull would not be able to escape from it.

"Take aim. Prepare to shoot! The opponent is a rank 10 warrior, so be careful!" At this moment, the soldiers holding crossbows aimed at Steve calmly. Only morons would miss an immobile target like this.

"You're still thinking of running because you have a trump card up your sleeve, don't you?" Leylin approached the spiderweb, watching Steve from above, eyes full of mockery.

"Don't think you can hide the Lifesteal effect on your right hand. I'm a wizard!" When Leylin said this, he could see that Steve's eyes were first filled with fear and despair, followed by a desperate struggle.

Leylin snickered, quickly retreating and dodging the bloody rays shooting from his hand.

"Be careful. The hook on his right hand has the Lifesteal effect. Don't let

it touch you, or your life force will be absorbed...”

Leylin smirked at Steve, causing him to pale even further. The terror from being completely seen through caused the pirate to feel muddled-headed. “You’re a devil. A devil!”

“Knock him unconscious,” Leylin’s eyebrows furrowed, “And then get rid of his arms and legs!” Without the assistance of a powerful cleric, such terrifying injuries would end up crippling him.

As for how to deal with this person, Leylin did not have plans yet. As he had been at the forefront in hindering the Faulen Family, he should have made contact with Viscount Tim before, which made him a pretty good witness. But who would believe the words of a pirate? At the most, it would cause some slight trouble for the Viscount.

“His true value is in keeping him from Tim...” Leylin watched the amputated Steve who was now unconscious, his eyes profound. In his view, the pirate only had two functions. One was as bait, attracting more assassins and experts over from the other party so he could ambush them. However, things could easily go wrong that way. If an existence that Leylin could not deal with arrived, that was just shooting himself in the foot.

On the other hand, he could use Steve to negotiate with Tim, forcing the Viscount to back off. After all, the Faulen Family wasn’t the only one with land in the seas. Once his side showed their power and sent Steve back, saying that they had no plans to go to war, he could be able to achieve a period of harmony.

Of course, Leylin never counted on the benevolence and hesitation of his enemies for his own safety. However, giving himself more time was a good method. After all, his strength was still increasing by the day, and on top of that with the complete wipe-out of the probing on the Faulen Family, perhaps they would pause for a bit anyway?

Leylin stroked his chin, “Be quick about it. Bring all the slaves. Kill those who resist.”

““Understood!”” Numerous soldiers yelled together. After seeing that their leader, Steve, had been taken captive, most of the pirates had lost

their morale, and with the suppression by Isabel and the crossbowmen they were utterly defeated. Even those futilely thinking of swimming across the sea were killed by the sailors on the ship, not letting any leave. Soon, a whole region of the sea was dyed red.

In this situation, even the fiercest pirate would involuntarily have thoughts of surrender. Soon enough, the sounds of weaponry being tossed to the ground sounded. The soldiers hurried to tie these people up and sent them to the ship.

“Set fire to this place before we leave,” Leylin commanded.

Following that, he returned to the double mast ship he had arrived in. At the moment, the seized pirate ship had been tied up behind theirs. It was the spoils of their battle.

Seeing the sea of red, Leylin listened as Jacob reported, “Nine soldiers are dead, fifteen critically injured. The rest have some form of light injuries...”

This was even though this was a surprise attack and they had the advantage in equipment. Jacob could not help but feel embarrassed at the results. He’d gotten a better understanding of the ferociousness of pirates today. If the Black Tigers had managed to set foot on Faulen Island, the consequences would’ve been dire.

“Mm. What have we captured?” Leylin looked calm, not minding such a tiny issue.

“We have killed 37 pirates and taken 52 prisoner. There are a few with unknown whereabouts. We have taken Steve, and the Black Tigers can be said to be completely wiped out.” At this point, Jacob began to look excited, “It’s a pity that there aren’t any spoils. There’s only some rum and jerky. We haven’t found any letters or anything...”

Leylin shook his head and laughed involuntarily, “Pirates are poor anyway. What more do you want?”

These low-ranked pirates did not have much money on them anyway, and if they were lucky enough to get a large amount, that would quickly be wasted on the bad alcohol in the harbour, barbequed meat and gambling



dens. When, on the next day, they had not a single copper in their pockets, they would follow their captain to sea like wolves, roaring as they attacked other ships.

‘Even if you add up the wealth of all the prisoners, that would still be nothing compared to Steve’s own private hoard!’ Leylin chuckled.

‘I really need to interrogate Steve well. Though it’s unlikely that he has a letter from nobility, I need to know about his stash and things like that...’

If he could find evidence of a connection with Viscount Tim, Leylin would not have to be vexed. However, this was impossible. The other side would not be so foolish as to leave letters and the like behind. Hence, Leylin could only give this a try without placing too much hope in it.

As for money... that was just a consolation prize. At the very least, these soldiers would need to be rewarded amply for the deaths, else nobody would be willing to work under him.

Having taken care of everything, Leylin walked to the hold of the ship. As there were many more captives to return with, the concealed hold was very squeezey and somewhat chaotic. Leylin naturally would not imprison the group on the pirate ship behind them, that would only be creating trouble for himself.

Even in this situation, Isabel had a room of her own. This was a privilege reserved for the nobility and the strong.

“Can I come in?” Leylin asked after walking up to her door.

“Please!”

Opening the door, Leylin entered the room and cast a silencing spell. This immediately resulted in a serious look on Isabel’s face.

Leylin twitched his nose. There was a herbal smell in the air, and Isabel’s clothing was slightly in disarray. Evidently, in her hurry, she had not had everything arranged properly.

# Chapter 814: Thoughts

“You won’t be able to do things like that easily on your own, you know.” Leylin chuckled as he sat beside Isabel, pulling at her arm.

“Don’t...” Isabel began to struggle.

“Sit properly!” Leylin’s thunderous expression made Isabel’s momentum to flag. Even the strength she possessed seemed to weaken greatly.

Leylin rolled Isabel’s sleeves up. What he saw was not the pale and exquisite skin belonging to a young girl, but a strange arm filled with scales. On the upper arm, there was a curved injury that had been caused by Steve.

“Demonification? And it seems to be a rather high-level conversion ritual...” Leylin raised his shoulders, and then skilfully used magic energy to heal her wounds. He then bound them.

“It’s ugly, isn’t it...” At some point, Isabel turned away, her voice choked with sobs.

“No, in fact it’s still alright,” Leylin answered seriously. He didn’t look much better when he transformed as a Warlock, and became an existence which had practically abandoned its human form.

“One more thing...” Leylin appeared to be focused on healing her, and he spoke softly, “I want to set up a private fleet. I hope for your help.”

“Become a pirate? Why?” Isabel was dazed for a moment. A private fleet was only a dressed up way to refer to a pirate crew.

Leylin smirked at the question. “They’ve come and bullied us, it’s only fitting that we repay the favour.”

“As for the people to be used... I was planning to use my status as the master of the territory here to hang the Black Tiger pirates. Let’s just consider it recycling our trash!”

“In addition, I’ve found a pretty good first mate for you. Robin Hood performed well today, and more importantly, he is used to the ways of

pirates. With our people as the backbone and the pirates at our foundation level, we can use the pirate ship we seized and Steve's wealth to quickly assemble a crew. I'll need you to control them tightly..."

Leylin swiftly bound her wounds in gauze, and Isabel wiped away the tears on her face, regaining her robust and healthy image. However, Leylin felt that the crying girl from before more suited the memory of his young cousin.

"Why do you think I will agree?" Isabel looked at Leylin.

"Because it's a request from your dear cousin!" Leylin chuckled, resulting in a flush on Isabel's face.

"I'll consider this matter. Go out first!" Evidently, Isabel was feeling cramped in the narrow hull alone in a room with Leylin.

"I quietly await your favourable response!" Leylin headed out, closing the door politely. In reality, he knew that she would agree; this was also good for her.

'A high ranked demon? Goodness...' Leylin stroked his chin, his eyes twinkling.

Controlling a pirate crew may seem slightly immoral on the surface; after all, it was dishonourable for a noble to do something so sinful. However, Leylin knew that under the cover of glory, sophistication and grandeur, the nobles of this world all concealed some sort of evil within them. Every gold coin they used was stained with the blood and tears of innocents.

Even his father, Baron Jonas, had always wanted to obtain support from some pirates, or create a raiding fleet to attack others himself. He had been working hard on this, but he had been a noble for far too short a time. It was difficult enough to just get his own territory organised, so he had yet to fulfill his wishes.

As for offending pirates? Heh, no noble was going to care about that!

'This outer sea was discovered recently, so there aren't a lot of great powers operating here. It's still a piece of blank paper. How could Marquis

Louis alone get all the benefits on the sea?’ Leylin snickered. Whether it was purchasing high-grade spell materials or creating a wizard tower, everything required a huge amount of resources and gold coins. How could he surrender the profits he could get on the outer sea?

On top of that, he wasn’t one to take beatings without retaliating. He would definitely ruthlessly pay the Marquis back for his ‘favour’. He was just someone with control over the Baltic archipelago, a trade fleet, and a few pirate groups, so was he that amazing? If not for having apprehensions about the families on Faulen Island, Leylin alone could take him on in a war, and give him a huge headache.

‘After establishing a pirate group, cousin will have a place to take shelter. After all, the gods don’t focus much on a place like the outer sea where crooks mingle with honest folk. The occasional sacrifice can be hidden as much as possible...’

Whether Isabel could understand the reasons behind Leylin’s painstaking efforts was another matter. Leylin was sure that as long as he was the one making the request, she would not reject him.

The waves kept crashing into the body of the ship, shaking it slightly. A few seagull-like birds were soaring in the sky, producing cries from the distance.

“This isn’t too far from Faulen Island. It’s a short journey, so this shouldn’t be a problem...” Leylin held onto the railing, watching the dark sea below him. The sea was never a peaceful place. Tsunamis, storms or even numerous deep-sea creatures could destroy a whole fleet in an instant.

Hence, for sailors on the outer sea, it was like treading on thin ice every single day with the possibility of entering the embrace of death at any moment.

‘There seem to be countless gods with dominion over the sea, like the Storm Goddess that Steve worships.’ Leylin began to look serious.

Steve surprisingly had some abilities as a cleric. While he could only cast low-ranked divine spells, that was enough for Leylin to be on his guard.

Fortunately, the Storm Goddess was known for being temperamental. She regularly caused tsunamis and storms, destroying numerous ships and fishing boats. Her faith stemmed from the terror she induced.

As a result, Steve must have made the Storm Goddess feel delighted during a certain ceremony or while praying, which was why she had made an exception and bestowed some divine force to him. If not, no matter how Leylin looked at it, he could not link Steve to a clergy.

Even so, that was still very troublesome. No matter how much of a bastard Steve was, he was a cleric, and Leylin could not get rid of him easily.

If he was alone outside, he could eliminate him easily. As long as news did not get out, all was fine. However, there were too many people here and so many prisoners. There were also the escapees. There was no way to dispute the fact that Steve was in his hands. If he were to die, things would be difficult to handle.

Leylin did not want to attract even attention of the church of a real god, much less hostility.

‘What a pity. He’s a rank 10 warrior, and a cleric at that...’ A hint of red light appeared in Leylin’s hands. The Devilblood Dagger flew between his fingers, rippling with a dangerous luster that quickly died down.

While he could now transform the flesh devoured into spiritual energy and hasten his advancement as a wizard, it wasn’t without any requirements.

He needed to completely digest the energy he absorbed between successive devourings. In addition, this sudden increase in power would be a great test in his control as a wizard.

If a rank 1 wizard rapidly became a Legend, he would first be destroyed by the berserk, uncontrollable magic in his own body. Thankfully, Leylin had a huge advantage in this area. His main body was already half god, and his control of energy was exquisite. Magic was similar both here and in the Magus World, and his strength as a wizard was only equivalent to that of a rank 1 or 2 Warlock.

This set of worries was why Steve had been lucky enough to survive this far. Otherwise, Leylin would have long since reduced him to a pile of bones.

Leylin had specific requirements when it came to flesh now. Only Professionals or powerful demonic beasts met his requirements for life force. As for those pirates? They were nothing to Leylin, and even if he were to devour all of them, they could not be compared to Steve. This was even ignoring the impurities in their energy.

“The ranking of energy in this world is very strictly regulated...” Leylin took a look at his stats. As he had not used the Devilblood Dagger, they stats were the same as before.

“For an adult, 1, 10 and 20 are all thresholds!” Leylin had a greater understanding of these numbers.

It was difficult for a normal human to break past the value of 1 in any stat, becoming a Professional. And these difficulties compounded in the future the stronger one became.

10 points was a huge threshold to break through. Leylin’s own greatest stat was his spirit at 7. Based on his calculations, it was only after he became a rank 10 wizard that he could break through this barrier.

‘Wizards above rank 10 are considered experts in the World of Gods... So is this the boundary line that divides us? Just one stat breaking past 10 makes one an expert...’ Leylin had a feeling that increasing his stat points in this world would be very hard, increasing in difficulty the further he got. Once his spirit reached 10, and especially after he became a great wizard, perhaps even the Devilblood Dagger could only give him light support.

‘A stringent world that suppresses power that is out of the ordinary. Even the gods have to abide by the rules of the world...’ Leylin’s eyes burned with fervour, eager to give this a try.

At this moment, he heard cheers elsewhere, “We’re here! I see the lighthouse at the harbour!”

Leylin raised his eyes and looked into the distance. As expected, there

was a yellow light seen from within the fog. It represented the warmth of the Faulen Harbour, and Leylin could not help but reveal a smile.

# Chapter 815: Return and Secret Plans

The moment he got off the ship, Leylin saw someone unexpected. The housekeeper of the manor, Leon, had come before him. It was evident that he had been waiting for a long time, and there were even water droplets on his clothes formed from the mist. “Young master, young master! The master is back, and he’s said that you are to notify him once you’re on shore!”

“Father has returned? Good, I’ll see him right away. Take care of the things here, as well as the spoils of war and the captives...” Compared to sneaking around during the last attack, Leylin was now strutting about boldly. He was even hoping to intimidate those who were harbouring unlawful thoughts with this victory.

However, the only ship entering the harbour was Leylin’s own warship. The Black Tiger itself had disappeared with his cousin Isabel, accompanied by a portion of the pirates.

Only a few unlucky pirates were here besides the few spoils of war. Of course, there was also the ex-captain, Steve.

“Understood, young master!” Leon bowed low. Just the injuries from the soldiers behind Leylin alone made it clear that this battle had been very intense.

“Mm. Jacob, get Steve. Let us be off!” Leylin got on the carriage by himself, followed by Jacob with their prisoner. Steve had a black sack over his head, as Leylin did not trust such a high-ranking captive to his subordinates. If he did, there was a chance of something going wrong.

“Father...” The moment the carriage got to the manor, Leylin saw his current parents, Baron Jonas and Lady Sarah. They stood in wait at the door of the manor, eyes full of worry.

Leylin immediately got off the carriage and was pulled into Mistress Sarah’s arms, “Oh, my poor child...” It was obvious that even though she somewhat had an idea of what Leylin had done, Mistress Sarah was still worried.



“It’s good that you’re alright!” Baron Jonas maintained his poise as a noble, though there was a hint of joy in his eyes.

Leylin looked past his father, and then at his mentor Ernest. The wizard gave him an encouraging look of approval, and dragged his wizard robe closer around himself, hiding with the crowd. Wizards weren’t that good at expressing themselves.

At this moment, Leylin saw numerous elite troops behind Baron Jonas, all wearing armour. Their cold gazes made him feel a sense of danger.

“Rank 5 warriors! And there are so many at that. Father, where did you get them from?” Leylin could see respect in the eyes of the fighters, especially from their leader, but there wasn’t the reliance and concern that their own men had. These troops were evidently reinforcements from an external source.

However, this was a trivial matter.

“Child, don’t get so reckless in the future. It’s unbecoming of a noble to rashly lead troops alone...” Jonas admonished Leylin. If his only successor were to die in this battle, he would not be able to handle it.

“By the way, Father, please allow me to show off my spoils as well as the captives...” Leylin clapped his hands, and Jacob himself brought Steve up.

Though his limbs had already been cut off, and he was basically a cripple without the help of high-level divine spells, he still needed to be watched.

“Oh?” Baron Jonas’ eyebrows lifted, not reacting at all to the captives and junk blades that Leylin showed.

In his opinion, Leylin had merely eliminated a small wave of pirates, maybe less than 20 in total. They were probably fishermen who had lost to their desire for wealth, which was why he didn’t pay much attention to them.

But then Leylin lifted the black sack over Steve’s head, exposing the malicious face to the daylight. Due to the blood loss, his face had paled, which did nothing to reduce the fear caused from looking at his face. Even

Mistress Sarah shrieked, taking a few steps back in her shock and disgust.

“Leylin, you frightened your mother. You shouldn’t dirty the eyes of a noblewoman with such a lowly captive...” Baron Jonas had been born as a noble of a military family, and he did not feel uncomfortable when met with this situation. But even his brows furrowed slightly.

Jonas could not understand why Leylin had brought a disgusting captive with sweat, blood and grievous wounds in front of him. What he did not see was that the elite warriors behind him now had a different look in their eyes.

Although Steve was crippled, the thick calluses on his body and the firm muscles mixed with the powerful aura of a high-ranked fighter that had yet to dissipate. They had an inkling about what this was.

“This is Steve, leader of the Black Tigers.” Leylin said simply, but that caused Baron Jonas’ eyes to widen.

“Gods!” Baron Jonas no longer cared about the filth on Steve’s body as he approached him, pushing aside the messy hair at his forehead to size him up carefully.

“Indeed it’s him. This is the leader of the Black Tigers, rank 10 fighter Steve! Numerous large chambers of commerce have jointly set up a bounty of 500 gold coins for his capture! One of the bounty postings is even at our port, I couldn’t get it wrong...”

A long while later, the baron sighed and stared at his son with a complicated expression. This child seemed to always surprise him. His expedition might even have resulted in him being killed by assassins had Leylin not requested Ernest to come help out.

Still, he asked with disbelief, “Since Steve is here, where’s the Black Tigers?”

“They’ve been wiped out,” Leylin answered lightly. Jacob and the soldiers behind puffed up their chests in pride, staring hard at the elite warriors behind the Baron.

“Good! Seems like we need to have a serious talk.” Baron Jonas had a

complicated expression on his face.

After Leylin came back, laughter and merriness returned to the manor once more. Even the housekeeper Leon, who always looked gloomy, revealed a rare smile as he directed Clara and Claire to prepare the banquet.

During this period of preparation, the baron stayed in his study room, having chased the maids out to leave only Leylin and Ernest behind other than himself.

“The information Leylin provided was very helpful. Even though I had to pay a huge price, I’ll take care of the issues with the church of knowledge...” Baron Jonas’ voice was hoarse and low. Leylin astutely noticed his bloodshot eyes and the bits of white hair near his ears.

It was obvious that being oppressed by a person of high status like Marquis Louis left the baron stressed and vexed. Though they could now act a bit more freely, the trauma from the Marquis’ actions had yet to dissipate.

“It’s only my duty. After all, I’m part of the Faulen Family!” Leylin appeared to be very humble.

This attitude had Baron Jonas nodding inside, “Since we know who our opponent is, things will be easier. Though I met with a few assassination attempts during the trip to the continent, I’m thankfully unharmed. I even got to see Earl Griffith!”

“Earl Griffith, the warlord of that place?” Leylin’s eyes twinkled, immediately remembering him. It seemed that Baron Jonas had paid a price, yielding a share of profits to acquire some support from the regional nobility.

“They’ve dispatched a group of horsemen with numerous rank 5 fighters. The leader is a rank 9, which will be enough to ensure the safety of our manor...” Baron Jonas watched Leylin with a sorry look in his eyes.

He believed that the assassination attempt on his son was because he had taken most of the elites. If not for that, he wouldn’t have been forced

to struggle against a terrible group of pirates.

He had tried to leave behind Ernest and Jacob who were both Professionals to protect the port. However, relying on the protection of others was not a long-term solution. Leylin frowned slightly.

Baron Jonas saw all this, and it caused him to nod even more. 'This child already has enough wisdom to lead our family.'

"Well then, how do you think Steve should be dealt with? After all, he is your prisoner..." Baron Jonas chuckled, wanting to see how Leylin would act.

"Dispatch a messenger to make negotiations and then return him to Marquis Louis. In exchange we can set up a peace treaty. How about that? Our family is quite weak after all..." Leylin did not hold back as he spoke.

"Good!" Baron Jonas was on the verge of applauding his child. He definitely had not been so rational at such an age; he would have complained about his vengeance after the humiliation.

Seeing this ability to give up and maintain a low profile, Baron Jonas would hand the family over to Leylin even if he was useless in other areas.

"Who do you think is the most suitable?"

"Bishop Tapris of the church of knowledge. He's a friend to both sides, so he would make a suitable messenger." Leylin emphasised that he was a 'friend', and Baron Jonas obviously could tell what Leylin was implying.

He muttered to himself, "He is a good choice..."

With his status as a bishop of the church of knowledge, Tapris was the most suitable mediator. He could even increase the prestige of the god of knowledge this way, so he probably wouldn't reject them.

After everything was settled, Leylin mumbled, "Father, I still have some things to tell Master Ernest..."

# Chapter 816: Trade

Leylin's solemn tone immediately had Jonas on his guard. He glanced towards Ernest, and the man immediately flicked his fingers. He'd cast Nondetection and Sound Isolation.

With all the preparation done, Leylin spoke quietly, "I've already become a rank 7 wizard..."

"What? .... Wha- what?" Ernest's eyes grew as round as saucers. He'd been completely thrown off his lack of reaction.

"Hasn't it been less than a year since you broke through to rank 6?" Ernest's expression was comical, as if he wanted to both cry and burst out in laughter.

"Oh Goddess, do you speak the truth?" Ernest's face was on the verge of pressing into Leylin's nose.

"In the name of the Goddess of the Weave, Mystra, I swear that all I say is true!" Leylin looked serious as he swore on the name of the goddess that numerous wizards held faith in.

The price of offending the Goddess of the Weave was that one could possibly be permanently restricted from using the Weave, rendering them a piece of trash. Leylin's pledge was very serious, and Ernest believed him immediately.

"Heavens, what are you? A bastard son of Mystra?" This rate of advancement immediately depressed Ernest. He was still a mid-rank 9 wizard, so by the looks of it Leylin would probably catch up to him in a year or two.

It was normal to be overtaken by one's student, but to be surpassed by a punk who wasn't even twenty yet? Ernest grew very dispirited, almost on the verge of hiding away into a corner and drawing circles on the ground.

Meanwhile, Baron Jonas turned awkward, not getting it at all. He truly knew little about wizards, so he immediately suppressed his awkwardness to ask, "Ernest, my friend, what does this mean? Why the reaction?"

“Oh, my apologies, my friend!” Ernest flushed, and then replaced that with more fervour, “Leylin is a fifteen year old rank 7 wizard! From what I know this talent puts him among the top hundred talents of the past 300 years!”

At this point, he turned serious, “Don’t underestimate this ranking. Many of them became great wizards in the future, with some even becoming Legends...”

“...Cough cough... So...” This instantly shocked Baron Jonas. He watched his son, eyes full of disbelief.

“While I don’t have any acknowledgment from the wizard guild, it’s no problem to cast rank 3 spells...” Leylin looked towards his mentor, “If news of this gets out during negotiations, do you think Marquis Louis will back off?”

The great chances of Leylin becoming a great wizard was enough to inspire fear. After all, few high-ranked wizards in the Dambrath Kingdom obeyed the royal family. If they found out that the Faulen Family had a genius wizard, the possibility of the other side conceding was high.

Of course, the other possibility was that they would be driven into a corner, sparing no expense to eliminate Leylin so as to avoid any repercussions. This way, they would not be harmed. Of course, they might be driven to a corner and spared no expense to kill Leylin in order to take care of whatever repercussions there might be. This way, they would not be at harm.

“Well, that’s very possible, but there are also other options. After all, growth and talent don’t represent power...” Ernest warned.

“No, no! This news absolutely cannot get out. I will send down an order for everyone to keep their lips sealed!” Baron Jonas immediately understood. Even if there was a mere 0.0001% possibility, he was unwilling to risk Leylin dying.

After all, with Leylin’s talent, it would only be a matter of time before he became a high-ranked wizard if nurtured well. He even had hope to become a Legend! Compared to that, the losses now meant nothing.

Seeing his father and master so resolute, Leylin could only laugh wryly and toss this thought away.

“Alright! However, Father, please allow me to train my magic in secret outside the manor in the future...”

“Training in secret...” Ernest could not understand it. Wizards weren’t the kind to practice hard like that; was there a need to abandon a life of luxury in order to train one’s will?

But watching this student of his, a 15 year old who had become a rank 7, Ernest wisely chose to shut his mouth. Leylin’s achievements would represent everything. Who knew, this method could allow him to make rapid progress.

Ernest touched his chin, feeling that he might should probably start training like this.

“Since your mentor isn’t against it, I have no opinions. Remember that you’re the future of our family, always prioritise your safety! Even if I were to lose the Faulen Island, I can’t lose you. Do you understand?” Baron Jonas warned.

“Yes!” Leylin nodded then followed up, “There’s something else, and it regards the management of the family.”

“Oh! Seems like you’re giving me a lot of surprises today!” Baron Jonas was actually extremely fatigued now, but he still rubbed at the area between his eyebrows, looking like he was listening closely.

“I think we should alter our system of giving rewards based on the services rendered at our family port.”

Leylin’s first words were already astonishing, “I noticed that this occurred because we’re too weak to protect our own territory. It’s likely that we’ll have a lot of enemies coveting our land. We need to recruit even more soldiers and Professionals to expand out power, which means we need more sources of revenue.”

“That’s easy to say, but most of the trade on these seas is taken up by Marquis Louis’ Baltic archipelago. What can we offer?” Baron Jonas

smiled wryly. No noble would reject opportunities to expand their strength and wealth. He'd also explored this before, but had not gotten any gains.

"Leylin must've mentioned this because he has a proposal. Let's consider it first." Ernest was aware that this student of his always made plans before acting, and would never say anything without thinking it through beforehand. This aroused his interest.

"I've checked, and there are only three things that make great profits with a foundation in sea trade: slaves, sea salt and sugar," Leylin's eyes glinted, "The slave trade has a bad reputation and it's been controlled by Marquis Louis. We can't interfere with that, so I'd choose sea salt and sugar!"

"Sea salt and... sugar?" Baron Jonas scratched his hair in confusion, "But our island isn't anything like those in the south with spices and cane sugar. Those plants can't survive here..."

"No! I plan to buy coarse sugar, and then refine it into high-grade white sugar for sale. As for the sea salt, I'm planning to use fish floss!"

"Fish floss?!"

"Yes! Mash the flesh of the fish and dry it in the sun, and then use techniques to preserve it for a long time. Because there's salt and meat, I'm sure it will be welcomed by the commoners and adventurers on the continent!"

Leylin was someone who'd travelled over from another world. He'd be foolish if he didn't use the knowledge he gained from his previous world to gain some benefits.

Though there were differences in the physical laws of the two worlds, there were still some similarities. Concerned about the family's strength, Leylin was trying to expand their revenue to help himself in the future. He'd long since thought this through.

While he only somewhat remembered the methods to refine sugar and create fish floss by drying them in the sun, that was alright. He was a noble! As long as he supplied them with a general idea, his underlings



would make it a reality.

Though Leylin remembered a lot more as well, he'd run tests through the years and he realised that he could only build an industry around these two items, they complemented the laws of the World of Gods.

As for other techniques, it wasn't that they could not be used, but they would destabilize the situation now. Paper would definitely be valued highly by the church of knowledge, so he could easily gain the favour of Oghma. However, he would attract the ire of the other gods, and Leylin was afraid of that.

Refined sugar and fish floss were two things that wouldn't have as great an effect.

After Leylin explained his thoughts on this industry, Baron Jonas sank into deep thought. While he did not know about this, Leylin's words seemed to be plausible. At the very least, Ernest beside him had eyes that were twinkling as if he had seen sudden huge profits.

"In that case, you can try that!" At the end, Baron Jonas agreed. After all, Leylin had proven with his battle achievements that he was not just a braggart. What was the harm of letting him try? At worst, it could be considered business training.

As a successor of a noble family, one might not need to know how to manage businesses, but they couldn't afford to be cheated by businessmen.

"However, be cautious!" Jonas warned after thinking it over once more. He was still worried.

"I understand. Many thanks, Father!" Leylin stood and bowed.

In reality, he just needed to have the approval of the Baron in name. As for the people and money? Steve would probably be more than 'willing' to provide that.

"The banquet's almost prepared, let's go together. By the way, where's your cousin Isabel?" Jonas asked suddenly at the end.

“Oh... I let her leave...” Leylin’s eyes flashed with his unhesitating answer. He still didn’t want to divulge the fact that he was establishing a pirate crew.

“Is she gone? That’s good too!” Baron Jonas nodded and did not ask more, leaving with his hands behind his back.

It was evident that he’d long since had his own conjectures on Isabel’s change. However, the situation had been urgent then, and he’d felt bad about abandoning a diligent branch member of the Faulen Family. That was why he’d said nothing then, and now that she’d left, there would now be no awkwardness between them.

# Chapter 817: Tim

‘Looks like Father already knew about it long ago...’ Leylin immediately arrived at his own conclusion after listening to the baron’s words. Had he not promptly made the decision to send Isabel away, the baron would perhaps have dealt with her upon his return.

After that, terrible rumours might have spread, and his cousin might even have ‘died of illness’. After all, the churches in this world did not even slightly tolerate the followers of devils and demons, and even their friends and family would be implicated.

With a tacit mutual understanding, the father and son went to the banquet, as if they had completely forgotten about Isabel.

The banquet was bustling with noise and excitement. Xuno, that wandering bard who had been seen at the port lately, had come to perform. His voice was as sweet as a skylark’s, and the few short poems he recited earned cheers from the whole hall.

However, when it was over, Leylin saw that Xuno was invited to his father’s study room. It seemed like the Baron had not invited him purely for the performance.

However, that meant nothing to Leylin. He was planning to move out after the banquet, giving the pirates their orders and settling matters regarding the trade.

Of course, he had to ease the tension in his family’s relationship with Viscount Tim, handing over the prisoner and signing an agreement.

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Thump! A crisp slap landed on a young man’s face, making his fair skin swell into a bruise.

“Gods, how could I have gotten such a stupid child like you!”

A furious middle-aged man dressed in exquisite noble attire stood in front of the youth. Complex designs were sewn in with golden thread on the fringe of his clothing, fully in the elven style. Exotic rings laden with

precious gems lined all ten of his fingers in varying colours, and a few of them emitted powerful magical light.

This was the person controlling the Baltic archipelago, the younger blood brother of the Dambrath King. It was Marquis Louis.

The king obviously was not stingy when it came to titles, bestowing a dukedom upon him, but Louis evidently thirsted for power. Hereditary land was something even the children of the King might not be able to obtain.

Marquis Louis was very satisfied with the kingdom's offshore development and the growing trade profits. The only thing that made him frown was that in this vast open sea, there was some land that belonged to small noble families, as well as a bunch of disobedient and barbaric pirates that were a thorn in his side. Hence, when his useless son begged for some territory, Marquis Louis had agreed.

However, looking at Viscount Tim in front of him now, he couldn't help but feel resent for failing to meet his expectations. "You're a disgrace! You do things without following any kind of rules. Not only do you try to assassinate someone on the continent, you can't even take care of the sea! You even lost the Black Tigers..."

At this point, Marquis Louis felt a little sorry. While the deaths of those filthy despicable pirates didn't faze him regardless of numbers, a rank 10 fighter like Steve was still a capable underling. On top of that, his own group of bandit assassins had been lost.

"Also!" Marquis Louis' chest kept heaving up and down as he flung a letter at Tim's face. "Look. This came specially for us from Griffith. Not only did you gain no advantages at all, you even pushed the Faulen Family towards those hicks!"

Tim let the letter smack on his face, feeling the unceasing stinging pain that caused his eyes to be filled with fiery fury.

Viscount Tim looked extremely similar to Marquis Louis, though he was much younger and had a pair of long and narrow eyes. He was now bowing respectfully, "Father, please give me another chance! As long as

you assign Boruj to me, I can definitely...”

“Scram!” What answered him was only a hysterical yell from the Marquis.

The door slammed shut, and Tim gently caressed his swollen face. The stinging pain doubled the fury in his heart.

The surrounding maids and the like naturally did not dare provoke Tim, who was in this state. All of them fervently wanted to be ostriches so they could bury their heads in the carpet. However, another noble youth strolled in with a mocking expression.

“Haha... my beloved little brother, you seem to have met with some trouble!”

“Big brother!” Tim clutched his face, feeling dazed and awkward when looking at the new arrival. This was the marquis’ first son, born of his primary wife. Hee would one day take over the Baltic archipelago. Given that his mother was a noble as well, his status was much higher than that of Tim, who could only rely on the whims of the marquis.

“Oh my, are you injured? Quick, get a priest!” The young man shouted at the servant behind him, as if he was an elder brother caring for his younger brother. However, Tim could see the mockery deep inside his eyes...

“Damn it. Damn it!” Only when he’d walked out of the mansion did Tim’s expression darken. “I’ll never let the people who’ve humiliated me off. I swear on it!”

“And then there’s the Faulen Island, and that little noble called Leylin. I’ll definitely force you all to hell and have you repent there!” Tim’s expression was sinister, like a savage beast that was letting out howls of pain.

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Leylin naturally knew nothing of this, but he could somewhat guess what was happening. However, his attention was now focused on other matters.

The place that Leylin had chosen to hide away in was at the other end of the Faulen Island. Since they hadn't occupied this place for a long while, they didn't have as many farmers and slaves as they'd need to occupy the whole island. Leylin chose this area because there were few people, and also because he favoured the lowlying shoal nearby. Such a level terrain was very rare on the Faulen Island, and enough for Leylin to do a great many things.

Up till now, Leylin had only built a few wooden plank houses nearby, as if preparing to go into training. He was kept updated on his family through Jacob.

"The prisoner was handed over, but Tim refused to sign an agreement?" Leylin stared at the coastline in the distance, his eyes flashing.

"Yes, young master!" Jacob stood behind Leylin, looking humble and respectful. After the few battles before, he was completely subservient to Leylin, and his loyalty could even be comprable to Baron Jonas'.

Staring at the blue surface of the sea for a long while, Leylin suddenly laughed and spoke slowly, "Seems like he's unreconciled to this."

"That's for sure. However, he hinted that there would be no attacks against our family for now. The Baron has also agreed."

"It's just temporary peace. His plans were disrupted, so he needs to reorganise everything. We need to amass some strength here." Leylin could already tell what this was. It was no peace, just a temporary armistice. Once they reorganised, they would definitely attack the family once again.

Of course, Leylin did not mind this, what he needed right now was time.

"How's the preparations on the slaves we need, the coarse sugar and the fishing boats?" Leylin enquired. This was the preparation for the sugar and fish floss trade that he had brought up with the baron earlier.

"I've already found a merchant in the port, and he's willing to give us a channel for the slaves and sugar. As for the fishermen and fishing boats, an announcement has been pasted on the territory; commoners who come

willingly will get a discount from taxes...” Jacob reported deferentially.

“Good. Don’t worry about the finances. Steve’s little treasury should somewhat be enough for the initial investment. Father has already to let me use everything...” Before handing the slave over, Leylin had naturally squeezed out all the value that Steve had left and obtained his precious wealth.

He’d also learned of the locations that had treasured buried in them. Pirates usually used gold which was a stable currency, and the habit of hiding it on barren islands.

It all added up to around a thousand gold coins, which was enough early money. There would be more money required near the end, but Leylin had already prepared Isabel and the pirates for that.

“Slave trade? I’ll need slaves that are proficient at carpentry and masonry. I don’t mind if they’re pricy...” The Dambrath Kingdom was expanding into the seas, and numerous barren archipelagos were found.

There were many natives, tropical forests, minerals, primordial creatures on the islands. Of course, there were also many diseases and death. As the commoners of the continent rarely agreed to follow their master and find new land, slaves were essential if one wanted to completely develop an island.

Marquis Louis of the Baltic archipelago was the one with the most profits from the trade. He had a tremendous supply chain that had deals with pirates and its own slave hunting outfit.

Untrained slaves were naturally the lowest class, and could only be used in wrestling rings or as sacrifices to gods. Once they were tamed, natives would be worth twice as much, and if they could plow land or had skills with carpentry and masonry, the price would keep going up.

However, they were still the lowest of the low. High-grade slaves were actually Professionals, or gorgeous women who had gone through special training. Every one of them could be sold in the continent for an astronomical price!

# Chapter 818: Pirates

“Slave trade, hehe...” Leylin snickered. While Marquis Louis’ business was focused on the slave trade, Leylin wouldn’t believe that the Baltic archipelago wasn’t involved in the sugar trade and the like. At the most, they would be side businesses is all.

He knew very well that if he was successful in forming a supply chain with this, his profits would be massive! It would bring about a lot of envy and hatred, causing conflict with Marquis Louis.

However, even if he didn’t delve into these two very profitable businesses, the Faulen Island wasn’t going to be ignored anyway. What was the point of trying to get along with them?

As he was speaking to Jacob, a group of slaves were rushed along to the beach by his soldiers, accompanied by carriages of food and the like.

“Jacob, let’s go and take a look as well.” Leylin brought Jacob to the front of the group.

“Young master!” The soldiers bowed, and the slaves lowered their heads, peeking at their future master with humble eyes.

“Are these... the natives of the outer sea islands?” Leylin knew that most of the slaves traded in the outer seas were natives. In fact, the higher grade ones were picked out and sent back to the mainland. Transporting slaves from the mainland to the outer seas was expensive, and slave traders would be satisfied if they didn’t make a loss with such a thing.

The natives here were very short, coming up to Leylin’s shoulder at the tallest. Most did not have any clothing, revealing their thin limbs and tanned skin. It reminded Leylin of chimps.

“Young master, there are a total of twenty slaves. With three of them being carpenters and another two stonemasons, it comes up to a total of 321 gold coins...” In reality, the price of these stonemasons and carpenters probably took up more than half of the total price.

“Mm...” Leylin nodded. Even this slight amount had caused him to spend



a portion of his recent profits. Relying on slaves in order to build up the business he was thinking of was a pipe dream, Leylin wouldn't put his hopes on it.

"Your mission is to build a camp for me here. Of course, fences are necessary as well." Leylin naturally did not understand the language of the natives, but that was no issue for wizards. Comprehend Languages could solve that. While these low-ranked spells could not analyse the languages of demons, the heavens, and all sorts of highly ranked languages of law, it would be more than enough for these natives.

After hearing Leylin's words, the group of slaves began to get restless.

"Quiet!" Leylin flicked his finger, and a ray of lightning shot out.

Pila! As if something huge had happened, many of the natives crouched down or even knelt after the violent streak of lightning passed.

Rank 0 spell: Lightning Lure!

"As you can see, I am a wizard that possesses immense strength. These fully equipped soldiers will continue to monitor you, so don't even think about escaping or you'll all be hanged. On the other hand, if you're hardworking and complete your task in time, I'll give you a reward, and even dismiss you from slavery." Leylin's hands glinted with sparks, making him look like a god in the eyes of the slaves.

In reality, wizards had always been rare existences in the World of Gods; there likely weren't many even serving under Marquis Louis. This abnormal strength was the best way to terrorise these natives, having them believe he was a spirit of the elements or worship him like a god.

At this moment, there was a disturbance amongst the slaves. One of them who looked rather old crawled to Leylin's feet, kissing the ground. "Powerful being who grasps the power of lightning, Nunooker is willing to listen to your teachings and obey your commands!"

"Very good! Nunooker, you shall lead these slaves from now." They'd already been tamed by the trader's leather whips, so Leylin could understand this situation. Whatever it was, the first ones to surrender

their loyalty to him would be rewarded.

Nunooker was elated and he kowtowed again and again, “Esteemed master, Nunooker will definitely manage your assets well.”

“Mm... Tell them that those who are diligent will have enough black bread and fish soup.” After taking care of these matters, Leylin retreated to his own room. He just had to give the slaves a general idea, they would do the rest. The remaining bit would be left to Jacob to handle.

The first thing the frenzied slaves built were a few simple and crude houses. These would be their temporary residences as they built to the plans that were created by Leylin, making good use of every inch of land here.

Night fell. Having stuffed themselves with black bread, mushy fish meat and seaweed soup, the slaves slumbered deeply. In their eyes, someone like Leylin who possessed extraordinary strength yet was benevolent enough to let them eat well was a good master that was hard to come by.

A few soldiers patrolled next to the slaves’ accommodations, swapping out from time to time. While it wasn’t likely that the slaves would escape, Jacob had still arranged this.

In the deep, quiet night, the soldiers huddled around a bonfire. They looked listless, their eyelids about to fall shut at any moment. None of them noticed that their young master had left.

Fly! Leylin’s body soared into the air, flying at a speed of 60 feet a second. He quickly left the vicinity of the camp.

“I can finally fly, but it’s so slow!” Having grasped rank 3 spells, Leylin now had the ability to fly again, but the speed was not enough to please him.

In reality, wizards that could fly not only possessed the ability to quickly leave the battlefield in dire situations, but also to turn into death gods in the skies. Since most troops lacked the ability to fend off aerial strikes, wizards could hover in the air and cast spells from above like a nightmare!

Under the bright white moonlight, the surface of the sea was clear and

gleaming, having a cold aura. The deep sea was filled with dangers, and numerous sea monsters began foraging for food in the night.

A black pirate ship was still, anchored on the surface of the sea. A swordswoman with a black longsword was standing on the deck, clad in skintight armour as if in wait for something.

Whoosh! A dark shadow slowly appeared by the horizon, and then turned into a human figure.

“Cousin Isabel, Robin Hood!” Leylin landed on the deck and acknowledged the two.

“Kid, why are you only just getting here!” Isabel whined, though there was no trace of discontent in her expression.

“Young master!” Compared to her, Robin Hood was more respectful. After all, a wizard that could fly had immense destructive power when above the sea. Robin Hood knew this very well.

Most of the times, such wizards could send their opponents on their way before the ships could even line up with each other for battle.

“Call all sailors to deck!” Leylin commanded. Followed by a disturbance, numerous sailors gathered together. Amongst them were guards originally from the Faulen Family, although most of them were Black Tigers.

Now, however, all that was left in their eyes was fear, and their numbers seemed to have lessened. Leylin scanned the area, and Isabel lowered her head with burning cheeks. Robin Hood stood out, “Young master, in order to tame the pirates, we had no choice but to kill a few people to set a precedent...”

‘That’s probably not all...’ Leylin glanced at Isabel but did not pursue this further. All he needed was for these pirates to be obedient anyway.

Leylin’s eyes scanned the crowd. He then announced, “I have gathered you now because I’m planning to establish a private raiding fleet!”

It seemed like these people had already had their suspicions. They accepted the truth calmly, and the eyes of Robin Hood and a few others

even flushed red with desire.

There were few truly good men who accompanied Baron Jonas to the barren island as he developed the territory. His companions had likely done all sorts of things in their free time, including playing at piracy. They might even have had the baron's tacit approval and support/

Leylin made plans for the family of those who had been guards to move to his camp. This would allow him to care for them, and control the spread of the news. While it was impossible to hide this for long from the baron, things would have all been done by then and he could do very little to interfere.

As for the pirate slaves, loyalty, justice and things like that didn't compare to money for them. As long as Leylin achieved victory after victory as he led them to gain wealth, they wouldn't mind even if their leader was a demon!

Of course, his subordinates now were a standard mob, and Leylin urgently needed a victory to stimulate them.

'On top of that, I need to maintain my reputation, and I'll need to disguise this Black Tiger ship. At the very least, I'll need some remodeling...' Leylin stamped the deck under his feet.

"Don't call me young master in the future. Call me Captain or Sire, is that understood?" he commanded. While it sounded dreadful for a noble to partake in piracy himself, it was nothing new. However, he still needed to maintain a reputation. He couldn't do such things openly.

If Leylin were to be killed during a raid, the baron could not take revenge openly, and at most, do something in private.

"Yes, Captain!" Robin Hood quickly reacted.

"Good! Weigh the anchor! Set the sail! Let us plunder everything!"

# Chapter 819: Merfolk Pirates

A pirate ship drifted quietly in the pitch black of the night. A crimson skeletal flag fluttered in the wind, holding an aura of death.

Within the captain's room, the rocking hull did not affect Leylin the least. He was now on the upper levels with Isabel, Robin Hood and a few others, discussing their current target.

"We have over fifty sailors, but their quality is..." Robin Hood shook his head, evidently not thinking well of the sailors that had recently pledged their allegiance.

This was the truth anyway. Without the threat of death, they would not have submitted so quickly. However, having them show their loyalty was practically a joke. If there was a chance, they would definitely betray Leylin and escape without hesitation, even plunge a knife into his and the others' hearts.

"I know this very well, but loyalty can't be developed in just a day or two. Time will also help us phase out the people who intend to disobey..." Leylin's voice was very calm yet held an exceptional callousness. Isabel and Robin Hood felt like they could see the near future of the many pirates, and their executions by Leylin for all sorts of reasons.

"I'm planning to develop a base to produce fish floss on Faulen Island. We'll need a lot of money and slaves for it, and it's too much to handle if we depend on our territory alone. We need to get this done, by hook or by crook." Leylin stuck a dagger at a point on the map.

The primitive method of the accumulation of wealth was a drawn-out process. If one wanted to speed it up, there would definitely be blood and sin involved. Leylin did not have the skills to slowly guide an industry. He would only go on raid after raid to quickly build up a production line. Marquis Louis hadn't given him much time, and he was running out.

Leylin never believed in random outside protection, believing that it would only bring about tragedy to entrust his life to someone else. Hence, he would rather take some risks to increase his strength, and expanding

his trade profits was just one part of it. After this was done, he'd launch a series of attacks to set his opponents back in the region.

While Isabel and Robin Hood were unaware of Leylin's thoughts, the murderous aura that he emanated caused them to involuntarily shiver.

"This is... the Half-Merfolk Island!" Robin Hood was the first to recognise the name of the island that Leylin had his eyes on, and he gasped, "There's a famed group called the Merfolk Pirates occupying the place!"

"A group that Marquis Louis controls," Leylin added coldly. How could he not have pried open Steve's lips for such information? The man had been the captain of the Black Tigers, after all.

It was undeniable that a rank 10 fighter had a stronger will, but he was only able to hold on for half an hour longer than the assassin from before.

'Hehe... He's but a cripple in body and mind now. Even if Marquis Louis heals him, he'll have a headache over this!' Leylin snickered inside. If there were grades for torture and interrogation, he would definitely be a grandmaster.

Having gone through his hands, Steve had completely broken down. Perhaps even if the highest-ranked priest cast Regenerate and other spells on him, it would be difficult for him to return to his previous state.

Leylin suspected that Louis' side would just kill Steve right away, it wasn't worth inviting a high-ranked priest to cast divine spells. Even if many priests cast divine spells to heal others for a fee, it was very expensive to invite a high-ranked one. Even the sale of a rank 10 fighter couldn't cover such a cost.

"The outer seas right now are just being discovered and developed. There's no order here, only chaos..." Leylin's palm caressed the map on the table, covering a large area, "Numerous adventurers, nobles and pirates rush to this place, but they can't even get to developing 10% of the islands. Just 10% alone signifies an astonishing amount of profit and wealth!

"Our final goal is to subdue or eliminate all the pirates in this region,

making us the undisputed kings of this dark world. Let all those of other flags end up struck down to the bottom of the sea!” Leylin’s voice was low, but these calm words seemed to be filled with an allure that caused Robin Hood’s breathing to grow rough.

In some areas, Leylin was even better than a devil at persuasion and negotiation. The promise of a beautiful future seemed to have moved the first mate.

“We have a huge advantage here, compared to those regions where the power struggle is complicated. There are no extremely powerful organisations to hinder us, only our greatest enemy in Marquis Louis.” Leylin smirked.

Marquis Louis had control over the Baltic archipelago and practically over 60% of the new trade in this region. Hence, he’d become the rule setter here, and his profits were unimaginable to most.

Leylin’s goal was to eliminate him and become the boss! The smart followed the rules, while the wise created them themselves. Leylin was going to completely destroy Louis, and make his own laws.

To attack Louis, it was necessary to first eliminate his subordinates and the pirates he commanded.

“Do you still have anything against my decision?” Leylin glanced at Robin. As for his cousin? As long as this had anything to do with Louis’ family, she was likely eager to join.

“No, Captain! I obey your every command!” Robin Hood immediately bowed, pledging himself with a serious expression.

“Good! There are only three large pirate organisations in this region, the Black Skeletons, Tigersharks, and Barbarians. Once we annex the Merfolk Pirates, we’ll be somewhat comparable to them.” What Leylin did not make clear was that the two of these three pirate organisations were linked in countless ways with Marquis Louis, and the Marquis might even be the one in control from the shadows.

If any of them had been sent to attack Leylin’s family, his only choice

would have been to escape with Mistress Sarah. However, Louis had evidently underestimated Leylin's side. That was why Leylin had managed to seize such an opportunity. Things would not be as easy the next time.

"Black Tigers, Merfolk, Black Skeletons and Tigersharks. These look like all of the pirates that Louis' family has control over..." Leylin's eyes glinted, 'If two of them are taken care of at one go, I'm sure he'll have a spectacular expression on his face!'

Robin Hood was a very good navigator, and after Leylin sent down the order he immediately used the stars to determine the location of the ship. He altered the shipping route so that they headed towards the Half-Merfolk Island.

The Black Tiger gradually left the shallow seas in the tranquil night, heading for the more mysterious and treacherous deep waters.

'It'll take a day or two of travel to get to Half-Merfolk Island...' Leylin's eyes twinkled. With the help from the A.I. Chip, his calculative abilities still far surpassed his first mate and navigator even without a moving scale or any tools.

Just when Leylin was about to blow out the lights, a disturbance was heard. There were even sounds of weapons clashing, causing Leylin to frown.

"What happened?" Leylin furrowed his brows, putting on a coat and heading out. Isabel walked over from the room next to his.

When they got outside, the yells and curses grew even clearer.

"The sailors are rebelling?" Leylin indifferently walked with Isabel to the deck.

Many of the prisoners stood together on deck, holding machetes and all sorts of weapons. They had forced Robin Hood and a few soldiers into a corner.

Compared to the thirty to forty people here, Robin Hood's few subordinates seemed lonely and weak.



“How senseless!” Leylin flicked a finger, and a few pirates that were in the way turned into ice statues. The rest of the pirates moved away in fear, allowing Isabel and him to walk all the way to the deck.

“My apologies, young master! After hearing that we’re going towards the outer seas tonight, the sailors all began to rebel!” Robin Hood’s forehead was beaded with sweat as he explained to Leylin.

Many dangerous sea monsters liked to forage in the night, and unless they were exceptionally powerful fleets, nobody dared to head towards the deep seas now.

On top of that, these pirate captives weren’t all that obedient from the start, and were full of rebellious spirit. They were also a majority, which meant that it wasn’t unexpected for them to rise in revolt, especially with people deliberately stirring up the situation.

“Seems like Isabel and Robin Hood listening isn’t enough to control them...” Leylin sighed from the bottom of his heart, and then walked ahead, “Put down your weapons, or you’ll regret it. When it comes to the outer seas, I can ensure that your safety is guaranteed.”

“Don’t believe him! This son of a bitch and the woman from before just want us to die!” Just when the pirates were hesitant, a voice sounded from amongst the crowd.

“Come here!” Leylin’s eyes narrowed, and the mooring ropes placed at the ship’s railing seemed to gain lives of their own. They began to wave around, charging into the pirates like a python as they wrapped around one with triangular eyes, pulling him out.

“Vulgar maggot, did you think I can’t do anything against you if you hide in the shadows?”

With a flick of Leylin’s finger, a boiling hot fireball rushed out! It rumbled as it hit the bound pirate, lighting him up like a torch with sparks flying everywhere. Miserable cries sounded out, causing many pirates to retreat with fear on their faces.

“A wizard! It’s a wizard!” The pirates exclaimed. Most of the pirates had

melee professions. True tall, rich, and cool wizards were a rare sight even amongst huge pirate groups.

# Chapter 820: Smash

Wizards were often more intimidatingly powerful than high-ranking fighters, knights and other such Professionals.

“I’ll count to three, and if you don’t put down your arms and kneel in surrender, you’ll follow his example!” With a tug of the rope, the charred remains were immediately scattered into the ocean. This intimidating strength immediately made many pirates think of retreating.

It was a pity that this was the ocean, and they were surrounded by water as far as the eye could see. Even if they wanted to run, they had nowhere to go.

“One.” Leylin’s face twitched as he announced without any hesitation.

“Two.” Two rays of ice flew out, turning the fleeing pirates into ice sculptures.

“Three!” Leylin’s eyes were filled with a heavy killing intent.

These terrifying eyes finally led to the collapse of the pirates. They abandoned their weapons one by one, and knelt on the floor while weeping bitterly.

“Robin Hood, tie them all up!” Leylin rubbed his hands together. After all, he could not possibly kill all of these captive pirates. If he did, who would sail the ship?

In this world, a captain could only fight to the death in the face of mass mutiny. However, powerful people like him could put down their entire crew with a hand tied behind their back.

“As you command, Captain!” Although this was not the first time they had seen the young master’s power, the soldiers’ eyes were still filled with respect.

Given that those pirates didn’t dare to rebel, the soldiers on the deck could easily control them. Even if there were troubles on the ship, Isabel would resolve them before Leylin could even grow impatient.

Isabel would've taken care of the situation this time even if Leylin hadn't. It was just that the situation would have ended up with many pointless deaths.

In the end, all of the captives who had taken part in the rebellion had been tied together and gathered on the deck. The soldiers and the rescued pirates who had not taken part in the rebellion erected several enormous wooden crucifixes there.

Leylin peacefully stood in front of the pirates, but he did not say a single word. However, this made the pirates begin to tremble in fear. Leylin was determined to go through with this purge, and did not have any intention of letting them off.

"Find me the leader of the rebellion!" With Leylin's command, as well as the pirates identifying each other themselves, several wild and untameable ones were pushed out from the crowd.

"There's only four or five? This is far too few!" Leylin shook his head, "Robin Hood, pick one out of every five to kill!"

Soon after, the remaining pirates huddled together in alarm. Robin Hood counted here and there, and every fifth pirate was immediately dragged out by the soldiers. This repeated until 5 poor devils had been chosen.

This was a method from Leylin's previous life, called decimation. It was a way of investigation, used similarly to what he had employed to execute criminals.

"This is your sentence." Leylin waved his hand, and his subordinates quickly swarmed around the criminals, binding them on top of the crucifixes.

Thud! Thud! Thud! The other pirates were alarmed by the sounds as several nails were hammered into the offenders, even if they avoided the vitals. Drops of blood ran down the nails.

"Bastard! I won't let you off!" "Even if I die, I'll drag you to hell with me!" "My lord, please spare us! Please spare us!"

Blood-curdling screams rang out, intermixed with curses and pleas.

“Aren’t you lively? I hope you can be like that tomorrow too!” Leylin smiled faintly.

This method of crucifixion was very inhumane. The targets inched closer and closer to death as they gradually bled out. The sort of fear it induced could lead to a nervous breakdown in normal people.

These physically strong people could perhaps stay alive until the second day. However, that was of no use; it only meant more insane pain and torment.

The violent sunlight of the sea would drain them of every drop of moisture in their body, until they were mummified. And in the end, they could only chose between bleeding to death, dying from sunburn, or dying of thirst.

Many of the captives who thought of this scene were so frightened that they couldn’t help but wet themselves. They didn’t even dare to meet Leylin’s eyes; the smell of urine spread.

“As for the rest of you, I’ll be gracious and show you mercy. You will only receive ten lashes. Now all of you, clean the decks immediately! If I see even a single speck of dust tomorrow, you’ll have to lick it clean! Do you all understand?” Leylin shouted.

When grace was absent, the fear of death was an effective deterrent. Of course, the prerequisite was that one needed enough power. Still, who amongst Leylin’s subordinates could surpass him in strength?

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Leather whips specially soaked in seawater were used to punish these pirates. On one hand, the salt in the water would prevent the wounds festering, but on the other hand, the pain would be even more severe.

These lucky pirates did not dare to grumble, and they began to clean up the deck even more quickly. Those who were currently crucified were deeply reminded of their betrayal.

‘Fear me, respect me, hate me!’ Leylin stood at the ship’s bow like a tall mountain, filled with a deep and immeasurable strength.

‘The hate and resentment of an ordinary person seem to result in some additional spiritual force and soul force emanating from them.’ Leylin shut his eyes, sensing the respect from the pirates on the ship.

‘What a pity... If this number was multiplied by a thousand times, and continued for over 10 years, it would be possible for me to comprehend divinity, and become a divine being.’ The power of fear was a standard tool for demons and devils. It was very effective, a god only needed to absorb the energy of faith arising from mortal fear. His subordinates’ shifting moods had allowed Leylin to touch on a path to divinity.

‘Pity. This method is completely undesirable, not to mention what the churches would do once they discover me trying to spread fear to become a god. Perhaps their first course of action would be to come and destroy me...’ It was very foolish to peep into the realm of gods without even becoming a Legend.

“Cousin, aren’t you going to rest?” Isabel arrived at Leylin’s side at this moment. She was the only one who would dare to do so.

At the same time, Leylin noticed that Isabel was looking at these condemned convicts with eyes filled with regret. Naturally, she wasn’t regretting their deaths, but she felt it was a great pity to lose so many sacrificial offerings.

“My dear cousin!” Leylin began as he watched Isabel, “You shouldn’t just act according to the other party’s wishes when dealing with an abnormal life form. Sometimes you need to negotiate, and even refuse... Perhaps this can help you.”

Leylin took out a black notebook and passed it over to her.

“Rules of Negotiation with Abnormal Entities-Demon Edition!” Isabel let out a low cry. This book contained knowledge about demons, and to the churches it was a standard demonic item.

“This is part of my teacher’s collection, I copied it out using magic. Perhaps it can help you, don’t let anyone else see it,” Leylin smiled faintly. In fact, this was from Beelzebub’s memories. After all, he was the commander of the devils’ army, and he had a deep understanding of those

demons that were his enemies.

At the same time, devils were also the greatest experts in deceit, threats, and modifying contracts. With Beelzebub's knowledge, the least it could do was to ensure that she wouldn't suffer too big a loss when making deals in hell or the abyss.

"Even if you sell your soul, make sure it fetches a good price. Don't be swayed by a few words and offer it up without thinking it through. That would simply be too foolish..."

"T-Thank you!" Isabel hugged the black notebook close, as if it was her entire world.

"Also, it seems like we won't get any rest tonight..." Leylin waved his hand and said to Isabel, "Be careful!"

"What should I be careful of... AH!" Isabel was rather doubtful, but she immediately felt a huge jolt. As she was still firmly holding onto the notebook with both hands, she almost fell to the deck.

At this moment, a pair of powerful hands held her up steadily.

"If you feel that the storm is too much, go back to your room and leave this place to me," Leylin's words were filled with self-confidence, and it seemed to give her a great sense of security. Isabel agreed in a rather foolish manner, and really walked back to her cabin.

Yet after a short moment, she'd changed into her leather armour and grabbed her longsword, rushing back out.

"I've put away the thing you gave me!" Isabel's face was flushed as she flusteredly explained.

At this moment, Robin Hood's voice rang out, sounding completely exasperated, "Tigershark! It's a Mutant Tigershark!"

The expressions of the people on the ship immediately changed greatly. The Mutant Tigershark was a type of deep sea monster. It possessed an enormous body larger than ordinary whales, and it had a savage nature. It particularly enjoyed hunting at night.

This Tigershark's body could easily flip over the Black Tiger. Such a thing was exactly why these pirates were so afraid of sailing at night.

"What are you panicking for? Calm down now!" Leylin's voice spread immediately, charged with a pacifying force. In just a moment all of the alarmed pirates calmed down.

The ship's hull was tilted to an alarming degree, and it was tipping further. It was like a powerful monster was shaking the bottom of the ocean. At this moment, everyone on the ship could only pin their hopes on Leylin, the wizard.

Isabel stood the closest to Leylin, and she discovered that he had a strangely excited expression on his face.

"Finally! I've been waiting for this. This opponent is mine, don't interfere!" Without even waiting for her to respond, Leylin immediately jumped off the deck of the ship.



# Chapter 821: Level 1 Magic Weave

The bitterly cold seawater seemed to chill one to the bone as the mountainous black figure suddenly appeared in front of Leylin.

As the A.I. Chip finished scanning, the Tigershark's stats appeared in front of him. [Mutant Tigershark, Estimated Stats: Strength: 7+, Agility: 2-4, Vitality: 13+, Spirit: 3. Abilities: 1. Sharkskin: A Tigershark's skin has a slight resistance to physical and magical attacks. 2. Lesser Regeneration: Slight ability to restore a certain amount of life force.] "Not bad, not bad. With this physique and abundant energy, it's worthy of being called a deep sea creature..." Leylin's eyes seemed to glow a crimson red.

Aquatic Swiftiness! A glowing enchantment draped itself over Leylin's body, and he obtained greater speed in the water. It made him as nimble in the water as he was on land.

An enormous sound wave spread out, causing massive vibrations. The forcefield around Leylin's Mage Armour creaked, as if unable to bear the attack.

The Tigershark seemed to care very little for the insignificantly tiny Leylin, and it occasionally used its giant dorsal fin to smash against the Black Tiger. It looked like it wanted to flip the ship over.

In this situation, Leylin immediately arrived at the back of the Tigershark, and climbed up the coarse surface of the shark's skin.

"According to the perspective drawing on the map, it should be here!"

Numerous shadowy daggers suddenly appeared from Leylin's hand as he shouted, "Cloud of Daggers! Ice Knife!"

Shlook! The ice daggers plunged into the Mutant Tigershark's back, making it suddenly swing its entire body around. Copious amounts of fresh blood poured out from its wounds. Its sharkskin seemed like paper under Leylin's attack.

Bang! Bang! Bang! At this moment, the Mutant Tigershark's body seemed to become a burden to it. As it was so enormous, it could only

violently shake its body and hope that this would throw Leylin far away. It was to the point where the Tigershark once slammed the part of its body where Leylin was against the ship. It seemed to want to crush Leylin to death.

However, long before that enormous collision could occur, a glowing dagger that was the colour of blood appeared in Leylin's hand, the Devilblood Dagger.

"Its artery is here!" Leylin's eyes seemed to glow, and he stabbed down.

The Mutant Tigershark bellowed with rage, and its movements momentarily stilled. Afterwards, it began to sway and twitch even more violently than before, which made Leylin feel like he was riding a rollercoaster.

Leylin used Adhesion, and was finally able to stick firmly to the Tigershark's body like a lizard. He felt a strong heat flowing from his palm, the dagger in it like a greedy devil that was relentlessly absorbing the Tigershark's life force.

Accompanying the absorption of life force by the Devilblood Dagger, the Mutant Tigershark's back began to atrophy first, exposing dried-up and eroded flesh. Following this, the corrosion began to spread. The Tigershark's death throes were extremely violent. It gave up on the Black Tiger, and began to travel at a great speed into the sea, swimming deeper without stopping.

However, Leylin remained unmoved by the situation. The Tigershark had such a powerful body that the boost he gained from it was very considerable. He listened to the A.I. Chip's constant prompts and saw his own slowly increasing stats, clearly feeling the surging life force of the creature constantly being drained. The Devilblood Dagger converted its life force into another form of energy, and transferred it into his body.

Finally, the Mutant Tigershark had one last spurt of movement before it stilled. Its malevolent eyes lost their lustre, and it slowly fell towards the seabed like a sunken ship, dead.

It did not end just like that. The Tigershark's originally glistening skin

had completely dried up, now looking like ancient tree bark even as it had shrunk to half its former size. If it was dissected, then it would be possible to see that the Tigershark's internal organs had also lost all their life force and had become a pile of waste.

[Beep! Host has killed the Mutant Tigershark, and received a boost from the Devilblood Dagger. Strength has increased by 0.1, vitality increased by 0.3, spiritual force increased by 0.009.] At this moment, the A.I. Chip sent over its final summary, and Leylin noticed his updated stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human, Rank 7 Wizard. Strength: 2.6, Agility: 2, Vitality: 4, Spirit: 7. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 3(1), Rank 2(3), Rank 1(4), Rank 0(???)] 'This Tigershark seems to be much stronger than the assassin from before. However it only raised my stats a little, and the most it did was to raise my vitality by 0.3. My spiritual force doesn't seem to have changed...' Leylin's expression was a little gloomy.

As his stats increased, and every stat broke through 10, the Devilblood Dagger would grow less useful. He would eventually grow completely immune to its effects.

'However, the open sea is full of resources. Many drops of water make up an ocean[1], so it should be enough to let me advance to become a rank 9 or even rank 10 wizard...' Leylin's expression clouded over.

This was one of his plans. The Devilblood Dagger's flesh devouring ability meant that outside of high-level Professionals, the only place that had enough flesh to feed it was the open sea. The bodies of deep sea creatures were terrifyingly massive, and organisms full of life force could be found everywhere.

Naturally, these monsters all had their own intelligence and faith, so slaughtering them as one pleased would damage one's reputation and could even attract an intervention from the gods of other races. It could even draw the attention of druids, who were all lunatics and naturally hostile towards those who destroyed nature.

Now however, the blood on the Black Tiger had attracted the

spontaneous attack of many monsters so it wasn't possible to give them preferential treatment.

One could imagine that in the near future, more than one sea monster would be attracted by Leylin, and all of them would become an unending stream of life force, pushing forward his advancement.

Leylin's body split open the surface of the sea with a loud splash, and he landed on the deck.

"Cousin Leylin! Are you alright?" Isabel looked at him worry in her eyes.

"I'm alright, continue sailing!" Leylin waved his hand, and all the sailors who heard his command suddenly became sluggish.

He was alright, but it was clear that the terrifyingly powerful monster from earlier was still howling unstoppably on the seabed. They could guess at the powerful battle that occurred after Leylin jumped into the sea, while standing on the deck.

It appeared like their captain could kill even a Mutant Tigershark!

Very quickly, even the most frightening pirates looked at Leylin with eyes filled with respect. They only admired the strong, and now that Leylin had revealed his savage nature, he had also exposed his own powerful abilities.

This carrot-and-stick method was enough to subdue these old pirates. The subconscious actions of theirs made Leylin smile at the scene that would occur many, many more times in the future.

After the battle of Half-Merfolk Island, he would possibly possess an army of pirates that only listened to him.

.....

Under the sunny and cloudless sky, Robin Hood's eyes were filled with unconcealed respect as he reported from behind Leylin. "Captain, we will arrive at Half-Merfolk Island in half an hourglass' time!"

"I know, pass on the order. Prepare for battle!" Leylin looked out towards the distance, and seemed to be rather distracted. Yet Robin Hood did not

notice that, and immediately began to carry out his order.

In reality, Leylin was experiencing an enormous change at this very moment. Ever since he had fought that Mutant Tigershark, he had also attacked various other sea monsters. Under Leylin's Devilblood Dagger, they all became gifts of experience which helped his stats steadily rise.

The most important thing was that after the boost from this power, the A.I. Chip's rate of analysing the Weave had increased greatly. Many rank 0 and 1 symbols glowed in front of Leylin, as if forming the mystery of the universe in their array.

Only when he heard a sharp and clear ring did Leylin snap out of his trance-like state. The A.I. Chip displayed its newest progress in front of him.

[Beep! Rank 1 Weave has been fully analysed! Progress is 100%] [Weave Analysis Progress: Rank 0 Weave: 100%. Rank 1 Weave: 100%. Rank 2 Weave: 13.61%. Rank 3 Weave: 0.45%] The higher the rank of the Weave, the harder it was to analyse it. This was especially true of the rank 3 Weave, the analysis of which hadn't even reached 1% yet. However, Leylin was already very satisfied.

[Beep! Rank 1 Weave has been fully analysed. The host now has all rank 1 magic models, and spells will not be deleted. Host is exempt from forgetting magic!] The A.I. Chip's prompts came incessantly.

Leylin now felt that a layer of the Weave had been uncovered, and many rank 1 spell models, from the most basic Alarm to the Endure Element spells and even frightening spells like the Necromancer's Ray of Enfeeblement were displayed before him.

After the breakthrough of the rank 1 Weave, not only did he exempt from all the limitations of rank 1 spell models, he could directly use spiritual force to perform magic. It even gave him a lot of authority within the Weave.

It could be said that the benefits brought about by the advancement were of greater help to him than advancing to a higher rank as a wizard, especially when he was on the verge of attacking Half-Merfolk Island.

Leylin couldn't help but glance over his stats:

[Leylin Faulen, Race: Human, Rank 7 Wizard, Strength: 3.5, Agility: 3, Vitality: 4.5, Spirit: 7.9, Status: Healthy. Innate skills: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell slots: Rank 3 (1), rank 2 (3), rank 1 (???), rank 0 (???)] Day after day of sailing, as well as constantly attracting sea monsters, had made enormous contributions to his strength.

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1. Little things add up.

# Chapter 822: Dawn of War

‘My spiritual force has reached another bottleneck. I might be able to break through after this battle.’ A month had yet to pass since Leylin broke through to rank 7 as a wizard.

This frightening pace of advancement was something even your average genius wouldn’t be able to match. His speed was absolutely monstrous.

Naturally, Leylin could only advance so quickly because of the Devilblood Dagger’s work, and even more so because of his strong foundation. It was because of his foundation that he could control the explosive increase in his life force and stats. In his situation, Isabel would long since have gone insane or become a devil.

“There’s a fleet ahead!” The pirate in the loft called out suddenly.

“I see the flag of the Merfolk Pirates, it’s their battleship!” Leylin did not feel particularly alarmed by this news. This sort of sneak attack couldn’t be successful over and over again.

The Merfolk Pirates would have long made preparations around their lair, and it wouldn’t have been difficult for them to spot him.

“Call the sailors out, prepare for battle!” The most important thing about naval warfare was long-distance ranged attacks and boarding. Under Robin Hood’s roar, tens of pirates and sailors stood out, their hands suffused in the blue light of weapons slicked with poison.

The Black Tigers who went up against the Merfolk Pirates had a look of great apprehension in their eyes. Only the weapons in their hands and Leylin’s presence could calm them down slightly.

“These pirates need to undergo a longer period of training...” Isabel and Robin Hood came to Leylin with worried expressions.

“Don’t worry, the battleground is the best teacher. Death will help weed out the trash. After all, if they still lose to the enemy even with the weapons I provided, then I won’t care even if they die,” Leylin’s expression was completely cool.

“This type of weapon...” Robin Hood raised up the longsword in his hand. The edge of the blade was suffused with a blue glow, which was clearly a powerful toxin. He had personally tested this poison, and discovered it had a powerful paralytic effect. Even a shark could not endure it for more than a few breaths.

‘This sort of poisonous weapon could fetch a price of more than ten gold coins in the black market...’ Robin Hood unconsciously licked his lips. He had a quiver of poison arrows on his back, which when combined with his archery skills gave him the confidence to challenge a rank 5 fighter.

‘I didn’t expect the boss to have mastered alchemy as well...’ Robin Hood glanced at Leylin with eyes full of respect. Such an achievement made him feel even more fearful. If he ever offended his boss, he probably wouldn’t even realise how he died.

In reality, those poisonous reagents were a result of Leylin’s boredom. He was already a grandmaster in the field, and after familiarising himself with the flora and fauna of the World of Gods over a few years, his experience naturally translated into results.

The raw material of these poisonous reagents was the juice of the most commonly seen pike fish on the Faulen Island. No matter who looked at it, they wouldn’t associate that fish with deadly poison.

Even cousin Isabel envied Leylin’s poison, and although she did not apply it to her own longsword, she still asked him for a small bottle.

“Isabel, Faulen guards!” Leylin commanded.

“Boss!” This group of people were small in number, but they had the highest loyalty towards Leylin. Once they heard his command, they immediately assembled by his side.

“Pick up your weapons!” Once Leylin issued his command, the guards brought out their longswords. The icy blue glow they emitted filled many pirates with fear.

“Although I’ve already boosted their damage once, it’s better to have more insurance,” Leylin pointed his finger, and a shining spell entered



Isabel's black longsword.

This was Enchant Item, a rank 1 spell which could boost weapon damage as well as defence. Although Isabel had not soaked her own sword in poison, seeing her sword immersed in a layer of magical light caused a joyous expression to appear on her face.

After a weapon had been enchanted, even temporarily, its power far surpassed that of poisoned weapons. Of course, enchantments were more expensive as well.

However, Leylin's act did not stop there.

Enchant Item was cast again and again and again as Leylin added a layer of enchantment to the weapons of all his own guards.

"Cousin, will you have enough spells after this? Don't tell me you've used up all your spell slots to enchant weapons?" Isabel stood at the side as she watched the guards, and even the pirates, receive the same magical light to their swords. Her eyes were full of envy and she almost even drooled.

Enchanted equipment would increase an individual's battle strength by leaps and bounds. Imagine if you struck someone, and your opponent's weapon snapped in half, and even their armour would not be able to stop your sword. How would that make you feel?

With this support, those guards now had a lower chance of dying. This was Leylin's goal, as these talented people were his true capital and the core of his strength. Family was still family, and they would receive differential treatment right from the beginning. Leylin surveyed his surroundings and was very satisfied with the result.

"Did you see that? Demonstrate your loyalty to me in the future, and you shall have whatever you want!" Leylin shouted. Paired with his earlier use of magic, his voice was full of persuasive power.

At this moment, a small fleet appeared in the waters. It was a group made up of a battleship as large as the Black Tiger and two smaller boats, advancing in a threatening manner as they surrounded Leylin's ship.

One could even see numerous pirates on the decks, as well as a pirate

flag of a merfolk skeleton on their flagpole.

“Welcome them on board. Prepare for a battle on the sea!” Robin Hood shouted. Many sailors could not help but firmly grasp their weapons, the only thing they could rely on to make themselves feel safe.

‘The Merfolk Pirates are close to the Black Tigers in strength. However, they have nearly 200 sailors, including merfolk, shark people, and even other marine tribes...’ Leylin’s keen eyes allowed him to see farther than others, distinguishing the characteristics of the opposing marine tribes. His eyes glowed with interest.

‘I wonder... What is the difference between the marine tribes here and the ones from the Magus World?’ Leylin knew that this question would soon be answered. Because after this battle, he would have an enormous number of test subjects to experiment on.

Bang! As soon as both sides were within a mile of each other, the opposing battleship let out a massive explosive sound. An enormously long harpoon was shot out towards them.

Shua! The terrifyingly fast harpoon had immense kinetic energy, and only Leylin was able to see its orbit through the air.

Fresh blood flew into the air, and a great number of pained cries immediately rang out. The harpoon penetrated several of the less able pirates who didn’t duck in time. It pierced through the Pirates, stringing them together like an iced candy haw on a stick[1]. It even pierced through the floor of the deck and embedded itself there.

Fresh blood flowed from the harpoon, and the more tenacious pirates still managed to issue cries of pain as they attempted to struggle. This made the other pirates retreat, their eyes filled with fear.

‘These bastards! Luckily I never thought of depending on them!’ The dismal performance of the pirates made Leylin shake his head. He then winked at Isabel, and used a Flight spell to soar into the sky.

Once Leylin got closer, he could hear the commotion on the opposing ship. “Wizard! The enemy has a wizard!” “Prepare your bows and arrows!”

Powerful spell casters had a strong reputation that spread throughout the continents of the World of Gods. Why a respected wizard would join the pirates and suddenly attack was something the Merfolk Pirates could not understand. However, the fear had already taken root, leaving them bewildered and open to attack.

The fluttering arrows soared into the sky, but lost their energy mid-air like kites with their strings cut. They swayed here and there as they fell.

At Leylin's height, if they wanted to really threaten him, they had to have a Professional who used bows, such as a Ranger or an Archer. However, it was obvious that the opposing group would have a limited number of these talents. The few times they tried to attack him, Leylin easily dodged them.

Once a wizard could fearlessly shoot his spells from the air, calamity would begin.

Fireball! Gust!

A massive fireball flashed in Leylin's hand, and immediately exploded on one of the smaller ships' sails. Magic fuelled its flames, and the Gust spell caused it to spread. The entire ship went up in fire.

Splash! Splash! The sailors who had been set on fire jumped off the ship one by one, and were struggling in the middle of the ocean.

By the time the other small pirate ship faced the same fate, some of the men on the main battleship had gone mad.

"Damn it! Where is this damn wizard from?" The Merfolk Pirates' leader was a strong man. Only the two faint traces of scales on both sides of his cheeks hinted that this person had once won the blessing of a devil, and possessed the power of a demon.

Currently, the pirate captain looked at how half of his force had been destroyed, and almost went mad. He would never have thought that he would clash against such a mighty wizard. Seeing that the wizard was able to fly and skilfully cast spells in mid-air, he had to be at least rank 7. He could even be a powerful rank 8 or 9 wizard!

With this sort of strength, he could become a noble on the continent. So why was this wizard coming here especially to bother him?

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1. Red hawthorn fruit covered in liquid sugary syrup, with a stick piercing through the middle of 6-7 fruits. Street snack.

# Chapter 823: Bloodsucker

‘I don’t really want the other two ships, but this main battleship is rather good!’ Leylin purposefully lifted the effects of the Flight spell, and landed on the Merfolk Pirates’ deck.

“What? This foolish wizard dared come here by himself?” The captain of the Merfolk Pirates was overjoyed, “Get up there! Kill him!”

Two odd-looking pirates, with the heads of a crab and a squid, swarmed around Leylin and surrounded him completely. Their eyes were filled with ferocity.

Puff! Puff! The air seemed to twist, and two sharp daggers which looked just like a pair of poisonous snakes appeared and bared their sharp teeth at Leylin.

“Mm! This Sneak of Shadows is comparable to Mankeh’s...” Leylin had a ferocious smile on his face, “What a shame that you squids alone aren’t enough!”

In a flash of blood-red light, the Devilblood Dagger appeared in Leylin’s hand. As he held the dagger, he seemed to transform into the image of a night elf, his every act and every move seeming to be filled with a unique beauty.

“Shadow Dance!” With the A.I Chip’s support, Leylin used a skill that could normally only be used by high-ranking rogues and assassins. The blood-red light turned into a whirlwind, immediately dragging the two assassins into itself.

The dagger’s lifesteal greatly surpassed that of a vampire. Once stabbed by it, the two assassins were instantly turned into corpses, falling to the floor.

Bang! Bang! Metal weapons clashed against each other loudly, and the mermen closest to Leylin fell to the ground. As traces of their blood-red energy was absorbed by Leylin’s dagger, they completely lost all of their life force, to the point where their corpses would scatter into dust at the

lightest touch.

“He’s a devil! A demon from the abyss!” This horrifying scene scared all of the ferocious pirates so much that they wet themselves. All intelligent creatures feared the unknown. Although they could usually kill without even batting an eye, they had apparently never seen this sort of tragic manner of death before.

“As expected, personally harvesting lives myself is the most enjoyable experience...” Leylin’s lips quirked up into a rather evil smile, “Bull’s Strength! Cat’s Grace!”

Two rays of magic light flickered, and after receiving the boost of strength and agility, Leylin seemed to become death incarnate, reaping the lives of all the pirates around him. While he was killing, countless rank 0 and rank 1 spells shot out from Leylin’s hands without stopping.

The Devilblood Dagger was not some ordinary metal weapon. Of course, it did not have any effect on a wizard’s spellcasting, but without the Weave impeding him, Leylin’s movement was even quicker and smoother.

“As expected! On of a shipful of pirates, all of them have close-ranged professions, and there’s not a single Conjurer...” Leylin was like a tiger amongst a flock of sheep. His eyes swept across the entire ship, as if he was hunting for prey.

If anyone of the Conjurer profession came out to fight, even if they only had the Web or Grease spells they would become rather troublesome.

However it was a pity. The Merfolk Pirates were secretly controlled by Marquis Louis, and he wouldn’t put a Sorcerer or other high-ranked Professional with a bunch of pirates. Perhaps only the three largest pirate groups would have a Sorcerer in their midst.

“Did you see that? Our boss has already destroyed two of their ships, and there’s only one left. Get up there and kill them all!” Robin Hood lay on top of a railing, and after seeing Leylin’s success in battle, he roared loudly from the back.

At this moment, the pirate prisoners also let out a wolf-like howl, “Kill

them! Kill them!”

The pirates who previously completely lacked morale now exploded forth with 200% of their fighting spirit and hot-bloodedness, loudly roaring at the Merfolk Pirates as they clashed in battle.

The battle between the ships would erupt at any moment, when they came side to side.

“We can’t continue like this! Fuck, where are these pirates from? They’re so strong and they even have a wizard supporting them, and they’re still coming here to cause me trouble?” The Merfolk Pirate captain looked at the sight of his underlings being killed one by one, and the Black Tiger pirate ship advancing quickly ahead. His expression grew even uglier.

Yet at this moment, the wizard was clearly advancing with thoughts of destroying the captain, and whatever ideas or hopes he had were all for naught. This captain understood very well that even if he chose to surrender, perhaps the normal pirates would end up alright, but he and his confidantes would absolutely be forced to walk the plank.

At this thought, his eyes gleamed ruthlessly. He tore off the cloak on his body, revealing stainless steel armour beneath.

“Make way! Archers, prepare!” As he was forced to an impasse, the captain prepared to personally enter the fray. After all, as the captain of the crew he was very strong.

“Battle skill— Charge!” The pirate captain was completely wrapped up in a dense layer of qi. He charged forwards like a battle tank.

“He should be a rank 10 warrior, and his armour and ring...” Leylin quickly retreated, his gleaming eyes making the pirate captain shiver.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip had already collected the captain’s stats and displayed them to Leylin. [Name Unknown, Sex: Male, Estimated stats, Strength: 11+, Agility: 5, Vitality: 8, Spirit: 3, Predicted Fighter Rank: 11. Evaluation: Dangerous! Armour and ring are radiating magic, deduced to be magic items!]

After his Charge skill, the pirate captain swung from his waist, and the

broadsword in his hand began to rotate like a windmill. “Ha! Battle skill—Whirling Slash!”

Bang! Bang! Crack! The sword flew like the wind everywhere he went, slashing most of the deck open. Wooden splinters flew everywhere.

This battle skill was something the captain was very proud of, and something he had learnt very recently. He had to work hard under a Professional fighter’s guidance for three years before he had managed to gain their recognition and tutorship.

However, this was all worth it. After learning this skill, he had used its terrifying revolving strength to kill several warriors of a higher rank than him, and finally gained the treasured position of the captain of the Merfolk Pirates.

Needless to say, his opponent was only a wizard, and even if he had the abilities of a rogue, he could not beat a warrior of similar rank to him.

The pirate captain’s mouth split open into a wide grin. If the wizard was caught by Whirling Slash, then he could almost see his body being torn apart.

“You have a rather good battle skill there, it’s a pity that you’re too slow...”

Puff! The sound of a heavy hammer hitting leather rang out, and a layer of protection suddenly burst from the captain’s armour, offsetting the dagger’s attack trajectory. Even so, the tip of the blood-red dagger left a very deep mark on his chest.

Seeing that his armour had almost been cut through, the pirate captain’s face was filled with triumph at his luck.

‘What a pity! If I hadn’t used a rank 3 spell slot to memorise Flight, then one Dispel Magic could have broken through his defense just now and killed him.’ Leylin’s figure hadn’t stopped at all, and he charged once again through the group of pirates. Several severed heads were sent flying into the air, and fountains of blood gushed out.

Before it had the chance to touch the ground, the blood was absorbed by



the dagger in Leylin's hand. All the small cuts to his body healed immediately, as if they had never been inflicted in the first place.

"This ability... You're a vampire!" The pirate captain seemed to recall a rather unpleasant memory, which made him cry out in alarm. This ability to absorb life force and his quick regenerative ability, was very similar to that of the rumoured vampires.

Bang! A huge impact spread across the deck like a grade 8 earthquake.

Just when Leylin had single-handedly contained all the pirates, the Black Tiger smashed against the side of the ship. Many small boats hooked onto it, and pirates climbed the cables aboard. A great number of them waved their glowing blue weapons as they came on deck.

These weapons which had been soaked in Leylin's poison did a great deal of damage to the Merfolk Pirates. Even the tiniest cut would paralyze them and drop them to the ground, to then be killed by their enemies.

The magic weapons that Leylin had enchanted, used by the guards, were even more formidable. Isabel took the lead like a Valkyrie, and many Merfolk Pirates were killed so quickly that they died in confusion.

"What? Thinking of escaping?" Leylin's face was wreathed in smiles as he looked at the ugly expression on the pirate captain's face.

"Ha! Battle skill— Blast Slash!" It was clear that this pirate captain knew that unless he could thoroughly shake Leylin off his trail, he didn't have a single hope of escaping. After his expression changed, he charged forwards immediately, his broadsword shining like a blade of light.

Just as the captain was charging towards Leylin, the ring on his right hand suddenly emitted a beautiful burst of magical light.

"Swift Explosion!" The sudden blessing from the spell increased the captain's attack speed fivefold. If his enemy did not notice this, they were sure to regret it.

However, Leylin had long anticipated this. He only smiled at the pirate captain, and gave him a signal, "Grease!"

Clang! The deck immediately became impossibly slippery, and the expression of the charging captain changed. He completely lost his balance.

“I already know about all your trump cards. Under these circumstances, you only have one fate, and that is to peacefully walk the path of death...” Leylin seemed as graceful as a dancer as he began to step out, his elegant figure flying over to the Merfolk Pirate.

A severed head flew high up into the air, and soon after blood rushed out from his neck.

The Devilblood Dagger let out an icy-cold laughter after it had feasted on the fresh blood, and its wings seemed to become even more true to life, as if the demon sealed within it had recovered.

# Chapter 824: Mermaid Island

Leylin put the Devilblood Dagger away. He sensed that he had absorbed an enormous amount of life force, and it had all been transformed into spiritual force. Having already reached the peak, this additional energy pushed him to a breakthrough.

[Beep! Host has gone through a battle. Devilblood Dagger has completed the energy conversion! Spirit +0.1] [Host's spiritual force has reached 8, rank has increased. Host is now a rank 8 wizard.] [Host has advanced to rank 8! Number of rank 3 spell slots increased by 1, number of rank 2 spell slots increased by 1.]

A few prompts jumped out all at once, and Leylin's mouth curved up into a wide smile in response.

Converting almost all of this Merfolk Pirate captain's flesh had given him an increase of only 0.1 in his Spirit stat. However, it helped him break through the threshold of a rank 8 wizard, something that many low-ranking wizards on the continent couldn't even beg for.

'However, it's better not to let others know about this strange way of breaking through. Otherwise I will definitely become a public target...' Leylin stood aside and watched the guards clear up the remnants of battle on the pirate ship.

In reality, after the Merfolk Pirates' captain had died, the battle could be said to have been decided. Many Merfolk Pirates suffered a collapse in morale, and they either tried to escape from the ship or threw away their weapons and surrendered.

Leylin did not take action again after that, but he coldly watched Isabel and the others clear up the last of the pirates.

"This time, we don't want prisoners. Archers get ready, kill all those pirates who jumped into the sea!" On hearing this cold command, the pirate crew's fighting spirit grew even more fierce.

Yet Leylin showed not the slightest concern. He looked at his status

window which had changed. The A.I. Chip displayed the newly collected data.

[Leylin Faulen, Race: Human Rank 8 Wizard, Strength: 3.5, Vitality: 4.5, Spirit: 8, Status: Healthy, Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Spell Slots: Rank 3(2), Rank 2(4), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] A rank 8 wizard did not have the ability to access a deeper level of the Weave. The only benefits Leylin received were two more spell nodes. What was more important was that the advancement had increased his contact and authority within the deeper levels of the Weave. This was bound to be of great help to the A.I. Chip's analysis.

As Leylin continued to advance in rank, the speed of the A.I. Chip's analysis would only increase.

'With the Magus World's standards, a rank 5 Professional is on the level of an acolyte. A rank 10 Professional is on the level of a rank 2 Magus, and someone at rank 15 compares to rank 15. A rank 20 Legend would enter the realm of Morning Stars...' After living in the World of Gods for so many years, Leylin had developed a very deep understanding of how ranks were calculated here.

'A rank 25 peak-ranked Legend is equivalent to a Radiant Moon Magus! If it's like this, then the divine would be equivalent to a rank 6 Breaking Dawn Magus. A demi-god here would be equivalent to a semi-rank 7 Magus, which is the same rank as my original body...'

'The weak minor gods are the same as rank 7 Magi who have comprehended laws, and the major gods are similar to Magi who have fused laws, and are rank 8 beings like the Mother Core who've found their own path...'

At this point, the entire power rankings of the World of Gods began to unfold before Leylin. Although it was possible that some ranks did not entirely correspond, but on the whole Leylin believed in his own deductions and the A.I. Chip's simulation had never been wrong. There were also no holes in its logic.

'Although this native body is making rapid progress, in reality my

current strength is only equal to a rank 1 Magus of the Magus World...' This comparison rendered Leylin completely speechless. It seemed that he still had a long way to go on his path to becoming strong in the World of Gods

"Boss! We've cleared out this ship completely! Victory is ours!" Just at this moment, Robin Hood appeared before Leylin and reported with a face filled with excitement. He didn't seem to care about the traces of blood still left on his face.

"It's already finished? Have the casualties been counted yet?" Leylin had a neutral expression on his face. He had personally completely destroyed the most powerful opponents and even half of the normal crew. If his sailors couldn't achieve victory under these circumstances, then he would need to completely reevaluate his strategy.

"With the weapons you gave us, many comrades only received slight injuries. Three have died, and five were seriously injured. We've already eased their suffering and sent them on their way..." Robin Hood spoke with a trace of helplessness in his voice.

Severe injuries on the sea were like a death sentence in this era unless one was lucky enough to have a cleric or other precious healing skills or items on them.

"Mm, keep track of them. Calculate and distribute rewards accordingly when we're done..." Leylin suddenly hit himself on the head. "Oh right! After we capture Half-Merfolk Island, set out again and bring the family members of the pirates who surrendered to us to the Faulen Island. Give the families of the dead ones a pension."

This was really to cut off the pirates' escape route, and grasp their family members in his palm. With this, the chance of them betraying him was now very small.

"As you command, boss!" Robin Hood clearly understood Leylin's intentions, and nodded vigorously, not daring to object at all.

"We really do need a cleric to raise morale and heal wounds. It seems like we can't do with them."

“If you have no objections to rank, then I know a few...” Isabel came to Leylin’s side at this moment, with a strange look in her eyes. Leylin scratched his nose, as he clearly knew why her expression was different.

It was easy for her to relate to what he had done before, and it was also the reason why he had ordered for there to be no captives, decisively slaughtering all the Merfolk Pirates in a hurry.

His subordinates, on the other hand, were still on the other ship and couldn’t see his actions across the wide sea. Even though he had left those mummified corpses, a wizard had skills which could achieve the same effect such as Absorb, Vampire’s Touch, and Life Drain, so nothing could be proven.

Although this could fool Robin Hood and the others, but it definitely could not fool Isabel, who was also a follower of a devil. Her expression showed that she’d discovered something.

However, they were both on the same boat. Leylin believed that Isabel wouldn’t betray him, because the church would never accept her either.

“Take a group out to sail this battleship. We’ll go together to Half-Merfolk Island!” Under Leylin’s command, they rushed to clean up the marks left by battle. The two enormous ships then sailed towards Half-Merfolk Island together.

At this moment, the pirates’ eyes were filled with fanaticism and emotion. After all, they knew very well that after Half-Merfolk Island had lost their entire pirate group, the defenceless girls would not be able to refuse their tyrannical advances. Also, the Merfolk Pirates had been in business for many years, and the wealth they had accumulated had made their eyes green with envy.

Before they reached land, Leylin gathered his troops together.

“I’ll say this once again!” Leylin’s gaze swept across the group of pirates. Through continuous shows of power, they did not dare to betray Leylin’s slightest command, and their loyalty to him had even increased considerably.

“We currently need their wealth and their slaves to work for us! We even need them to join us and become fresh blood. If they dare to resist us then immediately kill them without discussion, but I need captives. Understood?” In Leylin’s view, the family members that survived the pirates would be very rebellious, but they would make good slaves. Even if that wasn’t possible, then they could still be sold for a tidy profit; so what was the point of killing them all?

Humans were a very valuable resource on the sea. Even island natives had special teams of slave catchers enter the jungles and brave the difficulties of disease and monsters. They would then bitterly struggle against different tribes to get their hands on some more slaves.

“Don’t worry, boss! We know what to do!” Robin Hood began to laugh, and the sound of it was as ugly as a night owl’s hoot.

Leylin nodded, knowing how his underlings, who were like complete animals, would behave after they took over Half-Merfolk Island. Perhaps they wouldn’t murder the prisoners, but the islanders would suffer a lot of abuse.

Leylin decided to turn a blind eye to these sort of things. In any case, an appropriate amount of deterrence was necessary, and perhaps this would be beneficial to keeping his rule over them stable. After all, pirate women didn’t have any chastity to speak of, and it was in their instinct to follow the strong...

Eagle Eye! After the spell took effect, half of the island appeared before Leylin’s eyes.

‘Mm, it looks like there are the beginnings of a small hamlet. Not bad!’ In his field of vision was a tiny port, and next to the port there was a developing wheat field. The pirate captain that had died at his hand had some talent in running the place. Surprisingly, he knew to gather people to reclaim the wasteland, and he’d really produced results.

It was a shame that all of this had been so conveniently given to Leylin.

Seeing the Merfolk battleship return, and even bringing another ship back, the port burst into an uproar. There were even people who thought

that it was the Merfolk Pirates returning victoriously, and began to gather at the port to welcome them back.

It was not until the ship drew closer that they realised that the deck had traces of a fierce battle. The flag which represented the Mermaid Pirates had changed hands. Only then did they cry out in alarm and scatter everywhere, just like wild ducks whose nest had been disturbed.

“Brothers, get to work!” Robin Hood’s booming voice rang out, ushering in a burst of excited cries.



# Chapter 825: Plunder

The afterglow of the sun slowly dispersed on the surface of the sea, making it look like a rippling golden scale. By sunset, the battle was already winding up.

It couldn't be really be called a battle. The elites of the Merfolk Pirates as well as the adult merfolk had all died in the earlier naval battle, and the only ones left were old, young, or female. Even without many pirates under his command Leylin's raid had been successful.

Once the sun had set completely, Leylin stood on the balcony of the two-floored house that had belonged to the pirate captain. He was watching the tiny spots of flames flickering in the port. Large-scaled arson would have completely destroyed the place, so Leylin had forbidden it before they completely looted it.

Robin Hood's face was flushed with excitement. He stood in the room with Isabel who did not participate in the plunder, reporting the results of the battle to Leylin. Leylin could tell that the spoils were quite decent just by looking at his face. A smile arose on his face as Robin Hood finished his report.

"Boss, we've struck gold!" Robin Hood had already grown to resemble a pirate more and more, or perhaps he had just stopped repressing his true nature, "Just the loot from the warehouse could fill half the ship; there's massive quantities of sugar, silk, and even pottery and woodwork!"

"We also found this inside the villa," Isabel added as she kicked open a black trunk next to Leylin's feet.

The wooden lid was covered in floral patterns, and a golden radiance poured out of the chest when it was opened. Robin Hood's eyes filled with greed, but he quickly suppressed it.

"That fellow hid his treasures very well, it took a lot of effort to find this," Isabel's eyes were also sparkling like little stars, as if she had also completely fallen in love with piracy.

This was just like what Leylin had read in one of the ancient tomes in this world: ‘Gold! What a beautiful and adorable little thing. It can turn a coward into a warrior and evil to good. It can make rivers flow upstream, and such a tiny thing can send a damned soul to heaven!’

Even the churches needed wealth, and their requirement was massive at that. They needed it to influence their believers, and expand the scope of their power. This was especially true of Waukeen’s, which hoarded more money than dragons. They stuck their hands in every source they could find to earn more money.

Inside the wooden trunk were stacks of gold, alongside a few precious gems which almost blinded Robin Hood. Isabel was more resistant to the allure, perhaps because she was a noblewoman. She still remained rational in the face of the riches.

“There are a total of 782 kronas, and each one weighs 18 grams. That’s at least 1500 pieces of Dambrath gold! Adding on the precious gems, this entire trunk is worth over 2000 gold...”

Leylin picked up a single gold krona, which was heavier than the gold coins he was used to. The decorative designs on them as well as the portrait were completely different to those of the Dambrath Kingdom’s coinage. “Mm. There’s no need to exchange the kronas, they can still be used on the continent.”

In the World of Gods, any organisation that was a duchy or greater in authority could issue its own coins, and this created many different metal currencies. But the church of the Goddess of Wealth was always dedicated to normalising their own gold coin, the krona. They wanted it to replace all other coins, becoming an official standard. Still, due to the secret resistance of many gods, they had never been successful. The gods believed such a thing would bring Waukeen many followers, so it would only be odd if they supported it.

Even though this was the situation, it was the Goddess of Wealth issuing these coins. All the churches serving her would vouch for them, so it was still the strongest currency circulating in the entire World of Gods.

‘It looks like these pirates all hid their wealth in their homes,’ Leylin thought of the captives he had— If he had directly murdered Steve in his home, and dug out his buried treasures, he would have certainly gained as many benefits as he had now. It was a pity that he didn’t have the time back then that he did now.

“Putting the treasure aside, what about the people and the slaves?” With this funding, Leylin had the confidence to build a profitable industry centered at Faulen Island. The most important thing now was to be able to obtain enough human resources.

“Our force was too small to blockade the port immediately. Many of the islanders managed to escape...” Robin Hood’s expression grew ugly when he mentioned this point. “We’ve managed to capture 90 people by now, most of them elderly, women, or children. There was also some retired pirate trash.”

Robin Hood spat out, and it was obvious that he had suffered while capturing these violent old pirates. Becoming either physically handicapped or growing senile with age, these pirates had been forced to retire. However, their ferocious and bloody nature hadn’t left them one bit.

“I hung them to the death.” Robin Hood did not dare to conceal anything in front of Leylin.

“Mm... Even if they are captives, there are many ways to distinguish them. How many of the captured ones are merfolk, how many human? How many of them were originally slaves?” Leylin clearly did not plan to pursue those problems, and he instead directly asked about his biggest concerns.

“The merfolk resisted most violently, and many of them fled. We’ve only managed to capture 19 so far, the other 71 are humans and natives. All of them seem to have been slaves.” Although he didn’t have the definite details on the numbers, what Robin Hood did have was enough to satisfy Leylin.

“Very good. There are different classes and ranks even amongst slaves. The merfolk were originally the highest class here, and now that we’ve

killed their families and stripped them of their wealth we'll have gained their enmity. They won't put their faith in us, so just kill them all.

"As for those other humans and the native slaves, take all of them away and slowly screen them." From his own life as a human, Leylin had deeply understood the feeling the rest had: 'If they're not human, they won't think and act like us.'

On the other hand, Robin Hood didn't think of those Merfolk Pirates as the same as him either. He immediately agreed to leave and slaughter them.

"Wait, why don't you hand all those captive merfolk to me?" Isabel stepped out at this moment, her eyes filled with a bloodthirsty gleam.

"That's acceptable," Leylin nodded immediately. Demons all loved chaos and massacres, and her acts of piracy had most likely given Isabel many benefits.

Night fell, and the whole port wept after it was ravaged by the invaders. Smoke was still rising from it on the next day.

"The goods have all been transported to the Scarlet Tiger, boss!" Robin Hood respectfully reported.

"Very good, sound the bugle!" Leylin stood on the deck of the newly christened Scarlet Tiger, and issued the command with a peaceful expression on his face.

This Scarlet Tiger was the same as Black Tiger from before. Leylin had just decided to massively refit the ship, and he'd additionally decided to change its name.

He could imagine the name of this ship spreading across the entire Dambrath Sea in the future, accompanied by his cousin's reputation in battle.

The deep bugle horn sounded, and after a night of wreaking havoc, a whole bunch of sailors with dark and heavy bags under their eyes scattered out of the islanders' homes in twos and threes, gathering on the deck.

“Listen!” Leylin opened the treasure chest filled with gold kronas in front of the pirates, and the golden glow made their eyes light up with greed.

Yet, looking at whom the foot currently stepping on the gold coins belonged to, they immediately withdrew their greedy gazes. Over the voyage and their battles, Leylin had already used countless lives to demonstrate his savagery that exceeded theirs.

Sweeping over all the pirates with his gaze, Leylin was satisfied with the bowed heads that didn’t dare look him in the eye. Only then did he continue, “Everyone here will get three gold coins, and those who’ve killed an enemy get yet another. Professional kills will be counted separately.”

Many pirates immediately cheered at this news.

Leylin was very satisfied with this atmosphere. Just using military force to intimidate these pirates was not enough. It was necessary to demonstrate that, with him, they could snatch more things and gain more benefits. Only then would they follow him even to hell.

From now, these pirates would probably take some more initiative in battles.

After he had distributed everything, Leylin immediately issued a new command, “Set this whole place on fire! Afterwards, we sail!”

Dense black smoke quickly rose from the port as it was engulfed in raging flames. The fire quickly spread. The two pirate battleships laden with riches and slaves slowly left the port, and some of the pirates still had looks of regret on their faces.

‘The terrain and condition of the place was very good, and there was a neat foundation as well. Such a shame, it was an excellent base...’ Leylin looked on as the fire lit up the dock’s sky, but his expression did not change.

He had always planned to burn down Half-Merfolk Island. It wasn’t just the island, even the Black Tigers’ stronghold as well. These places did not belong to him, and the pirates had been subordinate to Marquis Louis. Even if he occupied this place, Leylin would perhaps soon attract the

attention of the Black Skeletons and Tigersharks.

# Chapter 826: Pirates' Cove

The only thing Leylin could do now was hide somewhere secret, where his enemies could never find him. Only a fool would jump about shouting when he was weak.

“Isabel, Robin Hood!” he suddenly called out.

“You were looking for me, boss?” Robin Hood respectfully arrived in front of Leylin. After the battle, this first mate seemed to have changed dramatically.

Leylin stretched his hand out on the map of the ocean. “Mm, the two of you take the merfolk ship and bring the slaves to the pirates’ families.”

Be it Faulen Island or Marquis Louis’ fiefdom, the Baltic archipelago, they were all new discoveries in the waters surrounding the Dambrath Kingdom, and that was also the only characteristic they shared. New, uninhabited islands seemed to emerge endlessly one after the other, full of both wealth and dangers. It was simply too easy to find a temporary base for his crew.

Of course, the condition was that Leylin could deal with the dangerous beasts in those territories, and they could brave the harsh weather and environment.

Taking into consideration that Robin Hood had the other sailors’ loyalty, Leylin intentionally sent his cousin Isabel over as well. With her there, even if he couldn’t control the entire ship, he could presumably intimidate the disloyal ones without much problem.

As a matter of fact, Leylin had plans to nurture this cousin of his. After all, he couldn’t remain here commanding the pirates forever, so Isabel would serve as his stand-in. Although Robin Hood was more suited to this role, he was too feral. Leylin could not give this fellow too much space to make decisions so early on in his venture. It wasn’t because he was scared that Robin would betray him, but it was just that Robin didn’t have the instincts of a superior.

On the other hand, Isabel did not possess much authoritative power, but what she did have was enough to cow these pirates into submission.

Watching the merfolk ship leave, Leylin waved his hand. "Set off, we're going to Pirates' Cove!"

Pirates' Cove was a port that provided services for pirates. It could be called the gathering part for the shady figures of the seas.

The port sold intelligence, goods, and even top-grade elven slaves. Of course, one needed to have the courage to take the risk and buy something; as a port where pirates disposed of stolen goods, the things they sold were definitely unclean in origin. Even Marquis Louis, who controlled the Baltic archipelago, did not allow too many stolen treasures pass through his territory, regretfully giving up on the profits that came to Pirates' Cove.

As for the port's location, many of the old pirates under Leylin knew of it. The route wouldn't be a problem at all, but there were several dangerous areas they had to pass through.

"Are you sure the route won't have any problems, Cyclops?" Leylin opened up the map of the ocean as he called over a one-eyed pirate. The sailor had a courage bred from years of killing, and although he had only one eye its gleam caused others to tremble with fear.

It was only at this moment that a flower-like smile bloomed on Cyclops' stubbled face. He revealed his few yellowing teeth, "Don't worry, Boss. I've sailed to Pirates' Cove with Steve a few times, and at that time I was even the navigator's assistant. I can get there with my eyes closed!"

"Very well, you're now the ship's navigator. If you do well, you'll be the Scarlet Tiger's first mate once we reach the port." This was the promise Leylin made to this pirate in whom he had just placed his trust.

"Yes, boss!" A first mate would receive a greater share of the booty than the other pirates, and would also have authority over the others. Cyclops' remaining eye gleamed with excitement.

"Very well, you can leave now. Send Giant over!" Leylin waved his hand



and watched Cyclops' back as he left. His eyes showed that he had fallen into deep thought.

Although he was giving these defeated pirates positions one by one, he hadn't completely let his guard down against them. For example, he couldn't trust that Cyclops wasn't deliberately leading the fleet into dangerous waters. He had already obtained the coordinates of Pirates' Cove through other means, from merchants and pirates.

'He told me the correct location, and also suggested the most efficient route. It looks like he's truly pledged his allegiance to me.' Cyclops didn't know that he had just narrowly avoided death's door. On the contrary, he was in good spirits from Leylin's promise, and he quickly executed the tasks that Leylin had asked him to do.

"Boss, lookin' fer me?" A deep, coarse voice sounded as a heavyset man walked in. He was more than 8 feet tall, and he had to lower his head to enter the captain's cabin. His flesh trembled with every step he took, like he was some sort of half-giant.

"Yes. Giant, I want you to lead the Scarlet Tiger's battle squad. Choose ten men for now, wait until we reach Pirates' Cove and recruit more." Leylin told him the plan with crossed arms.

The leader of the battle squadron was often the right-hand man of the captain. The battle squad was also at the forefront of every fight, so the position of its leaders had rather stringent requirements on strength.

Leylin had personally tested the might of this pirate that was called Giant. Not only did he have boundless strength, but he also had unparalleled talent in cultivation as a fighter. He could already release his qi and use martial techniques. Other than Leylin himself, only Isabe; could match him in close quarters combat.

Furthermore, this Giant had a straightforward personality; after numerous losses while dueling Leylin, he became more obedient and was easy for Leylin to control.

"Just pick anyone, huh?" Giant asked, clearly thinking of putting his own men into his team. However this was normal, otherwise even if he was

strong as an individual, he would still be crushed by the other pirates.

“Yes, the sailors on the Scarlet Tiger, be it my sailors or the captured pirates, are all for your choosing,” With regards to this point, Leylin turned a blind eye.

“Aye, I’ll go and wake them up, and choose them one-on-one!” Giant looked extremely excited.

“As you wish!” Leylin didn’t have anything to say about Giant’s method of recruitment, and just waved him away.

As the leader of the battle squadron, if there weren’t a few trusted aides on the battlefield to take a knife for him, then perhaps he wouldn’t even be able to survive a single battle. It was necessary to allow him to choose his aides.

Furthermore, Leylin also believed that Giant wouldn’t dare to betray him. He was confident that the cost of rebellion was so incredibly high that it would eliminate all thoughts of betrayal...

The endless voyage, the battles and the struggle, challenged them over and over again. Leylin was confident that this journey to Pirates’ Cove would whip his crew into shape.

‘On the whole, even a well-known pirate crew on the outer seas needs about a hundred pirates,’ Leylin traced his finger on the map carelessly, ‘Take the Black Tigers, or even the Merfolk Pirates which we just destroyed; normal pirate crews all have more than a hundred people, and their captains are even rank 10 Professionals with exceedingly good equipment.’

‘Truly large-scale pirate crews need at least 300 pirates and above, and also need a number of ships. If I want a main battleship, it will have to be magically refitted or receive a cleric’s blessing.’

Such a crew was configured like the small coastal fleet of a minor coastal duchy. If he had such strength, Leylin would be able to find a rather good position amongst the continent’s navy, or even that of other countries. Who, then, would fight him without good reason?

As a result, there were only three truly large scaled pirate crews in the Dambrath Seas: the Black Skeletons, Tigersharks, and Barbarians.

Two of those pirate crews were even under the control of Marquis Louis. In addition, the other fleets owned by the marquis could not be underestimated. One of them was a professional slavers' fleet.

This fleet had always been at the forefront of clashes with the natives, and Marquis Louis had used a lot of gold coins to arm it. It was even more powerful than the kingdom's elite navy!

Leylin's elimination of the Black Tigers and Merfolk Pirates would at best be him taking out the marquis' trash. He couldn't be considered to have encountered the marquis' main force.

Only once he was able to destroy the Black Skeletons, Tigersharks and the slavers' fleet in one fell swoop would he be able to deal a fatal strike to the Baltic archipelago's trade. However, this was almost impossible. Leylin could only continue to act from the shadows, and first clip the marquis' wings.

It was very unrealistic for Leylin to fight against a Marquis of the kingdom now. However, Leylin was not an ordinary person. He would use any means necessary to accomplish his goals, without fear of the consequences.

He was the sort of person that could be described as a reasonable lunatic, or perhaps he was the most insanely reasonable man.

"I'll need many men to accomplish this goal... Or allies," Leylin naturally would not be stupid enough to act against the marquis alone.

Furthermore, fighting Marquis Louis was one thing, but Viscount Tim was another. Although Leylin had targeted Marquis Louis all along, the one who would bear the brunt of it was still the Viscount who coveted the Faulen lands.

Leylin wasn't sailing to Pirates' Cove for no reason. Besides recruiting the men he needed, he was preparing to look for more supporters. Marquis Louis would have offended quite a few people with his dominant

character, even if he had done so unintentionally, and Leylin wanted to round those people up and take advantage of their power.

Leylin pressed his fingers heavily on the mark of the Pirates' Cove on the map, his eyes regaining their previous calm.

# Chapter 827: Barbarians

This was Pirates' Cove!

It was rumoured to be the holy land of pirates on the outer seas, where one could dispose of any problematic goods in exchange for attractive gold, or anything else your heart desired. They had the best women and the best rum, but only if one had enough gold. If anyone dared to cause trouble in the port, the enforcers would make them rue the day they were born!

As the most diverse place in the sea, where honest men and crooks mixed with each other, it was awash with information.

Quite often, a plump and juicy target passed by and one could see the magnificent sight of thousands of sails spreading open.

Many pirates spontaneously formed privateering operations, and disguised among the myriads of ships were a few powerful battleships armoured with magic. There were also a few unsinkable ships blessed by the Emperor of the Sea. Naturally, there were also much smaller boats that could only accommodate a dozen people, and even a few small canoes owned by the pirates.

The Pirates' Tide had occurred once, over 50 years ago, and they'd damaged a duchy's navy in the process of plundering a massive amount of wealth. The story became an excellent way of enticing ignorant fishermen's children into become pirates.

However, once Marquis Louis' Baltic archipelago rose in power, Pirates' Cove had grown weaker day by day. Once two of the great pirate crews were roped in by the marquis, the place grew to no longer be as prosperous as before. It slowly turned into an ordinary den of pirates, where they fenced their stolen goods.

Even though it had become like this, the background of the port was still extremely important. Not only had it established a town with an air of importance, they had won over many churches as even pirates needed the healing of the gods or the comfort of a priest.

Furthermore, the evil gods would not deny pirate believers; some perhaps even schemed to become the gods of piracy...

One morning, a fleet with a bizarre flag entered the docks. The crew could be considered large for its kind, and they seemed to have experienced many intense battles. The hull still had marks of battle, slashed by swords.

‘This looks like the main battleship of a crew... Why don’t I recognise the flag?’ The clerk who was responsible for registering ships on the dock rubbed his eyes in disbelief. He could confirm that he’d never seen that bright scarlet flag in his career, with its sinister lifelike skull and dagger.

It was at this moment that a group of pirates came down from the pirate ship, and the clerk welcomed them with a professional smile, “Welcome to Pirates’ Cove, here we have—”

Before the clerk could finish speaking, the young man just waved him away with the toss of a golden coin.

The gold coin that the young pirate had used wasn’t a Dambrath coin, but it was the even more valuable gold krona!

‘Is this youth the captain of these pirates? What a dangerous man...’ The pirates standing behind the young man had an aura of death about them, especially the giant who was over two metres tall. He could’ve been mistaken for a small mountain.

However, these fearsome fellows all acted like fluffy little white rabbits behind the young man, which made the clerk’s heart jump into his mouth. He came to realise that the man he faced was possibly a very extraordinary person.

“I know all the rules of this place, isn’t it 5 coins to anchor our fleet here for a day?”

The clerk was a former pirate himself, and subconsciously assessed others in strength. The internal injuries which forced him to retire still persisted, forcing him to take up clerical work.

In truth, Leylin felt like the clerk was a very interesting person. Very few

in the World of Gods received an education, and a pirate who could write was as rare as the mythical phoenix. Still, he didn't have the heart to discuss anything with him after the long journey. The violent storms and sneak attacks from the other races had fatigued him a little.

"Recommend the best inn, and tell me where I can recruit some sailors. You see the ship behind me, no? It needs to be reworked heavily." Leylin immediately tossed out these requests, and before the clerk could show his dissatisfaction, he immediately added, "If your recommendations are good, then this will be yours."

Another gold krona glowed brightly in his palm.

"Aye, your lordship! There is no one more familiar with Pirates' Cove than me!" The clerk unwittingly swallowed, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat.

He simultaneously shot a glance at the signature that Leylin had left, the beautiful cursive making his heart jump, before he noted the information written. 'Scarlet Tiger pirate crew? I've never heard of it before, has it just sprung up out of nowhere?'

Small pirate crews were born frequently in these waters, and death was frequent as well. Nobody would raise an eyebrow at a new pirate crew that relied on fishing to make a living in peacetime, only turning to amateur piracy when their options ran out. These weaker pirate crews were like ants and could perish at any time, but more pirates would emerge the next year.

The treasures of the outer sea, the frequent wars on the continent and its politics, as well as the persecution from the church... All these caused many adventurers, unbelievers, and even those faithful to demons and devils stream into these seas.

The sea was a place where good Gods had little influence, and the few strong evil gods did not mind them. It only rendered the place even more complicated.

The Dambrath area was only a tiny part of the outer seas, and it was still in the early years of development. As a result, no especially strong

organisations had formed, and Marquis Louis, with the kingdom's support, had become the strongest person here.

"If you would like me to recommend an inn, then the ones opened by the Barbarians are the best choice!" The clerk immediately answered without hesitation.

"Barbarians..." Leylin's mouth curved into a smile as he thought of the crew. They were part of the big three.

The Barbarians were different from the other two crews, the organisation was made up purely of a single race. Made of barbarian warriors and priests, they were the only ones who had not been reined in by Marquis Louis.

The Barbarian crew shared a deeply hostile relationship with the Black Skeletons and the Tigersharks, and seemed to launch a large-scale battle with them every few years. They were the current head of Pirates' Cove, and the other free crews had formed the Dark World organisation to protect them. There was nothing wrong in saying that this place was the base camp of organisations who opposed Marquis Louis.

The inn opened by the secret master of Pirates' Cove was naturally the safest place in the whole area.

"As for sailors, just shout out in any random tavern and ten pirates will run up to you. How you choose them is up to you, and of course you need to settle the tabs of those you hire at the bars..." As expected, the clerk was extremely familiar with the Pirates' Cove, and he even fervently recommended a certain shipyard to Leylin. That shipyard may not have a high degree of credibility, but they were certainly good enough to do some routine maintenance on a pirate ship.

Leylin silently remembered the address of the shipyard, but he did not choose to go there directly. Instead, he brought his men to the barbarian inn recommended by the clerk.

On the way, Leylin wordlessly assessed those around him.

Most of the people who were able to live in Pirates' Cove were retired



pirates or others of that ilk. Although some were too weak to even stand up to the wind, and some were even disabled, they all had one or two skills that kept them going.

Of course, many more were prostitutes in revealing clothing, directly soliciting customers. Although Leylin didn't think much of them, there were a bunch of animals following behind him who were clearly unable to hold back. If it wasn't for Leylin's command, a majority of them would have broken formation.

'They even have a Thieves' Guild!' Leylin looked at the crossed dagger symbol on a street corner thoughtfully. He did not feel worried as he had plenty of time left, and still needed to arrange a place for a large group of men.

The barbarians' inn was in a prime portion of Pirates' Cove, and there were even two armed barbarian warriors standing guard at the door. It made everyone feel exceptionally safe.

Leylin did not trust in the law and security of Pirates' Cove, and did not want to cause any trouble. Even if it cost a bit more money, staying there was an excellent decision.

'They're actually using two rank 5 Professionals to guard the place— is this pirate crew very strong? It's not surprising that they can contend against the two large pirate crews propped up by Marquis Louis,' Leylin assessed the two barbarian guards with interest.

The barbarians were scattered throughout the World of Gods, much taller than ordinary humans with light green skin and muscles that were as solid as granite. Whether male or female, they were all muscle maniacs.

Rumour had it that they were mentally challenged and were even more stupid than orcs. As a result, only a few uncivilised gods preferred to favour them, and they occupied a weak position in the civilised world. In many places, mercenary associations were periodically tasked with clearing up barbarian bandits and tribes.

# Chapter 828: Inn

‘A.I. Chip, scan their stats!’ Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Beep! Establishing mission, initiating scan.] Invisible ripples swept across the area, and the stats of one the barbarian guards were soon displayed.

[Name: Unknown, Race: Barbarian Warrior, Rank 5, Strength: 5, Agility: 2, Vitality: 4, Spirit: 1. Feats: 1. Strong: Barbarians possess increased strength and vitality. 2. Berserk: When they hit emotional extremes, some barbarians have the ability to enter a berserk state of violence, increase strength by 1 and reducing agility and spirit by 0.5.] The A.I. Chip scanned the other barbarian as well, and he had similar stats.

‘These two barbarian warriors both have Berserk abilities?’ Leylin secretly compared them to his own men, ‘If they really fight, then even Cyclops can’t beat them. Perhaps Giant could get in one strike if he risked his life, but after that...

‘After all, it’s rumoured that barbarians are very well suited to be warriors, but the intelligent ones amongst them can also learn spells, and are capable of using magic...’

This sort of magic ability which was linked to the bloodline was different from that of wizards, somewhat similar instead to the powers of Warlocks. However, their magic was rather restricted, and only a select few were able to use it.

Not even the elite troops of the continent dared to provoke barbarian clans with members who had the ability to use magic.

‘It is generally understood that with the scale of the Barbarian pirate crew, the number of women and children that they have to feed must be even greater. On this basis, it’s normal for them to have a few magical Professionals. No wonder they were able to resist Marquis Louis for so long...’

All of these thoughts whirled through Leylin’s mind in the blink of an

eye. To anyone watching from the outside, it looked like he'd merely glanced at the warriors before sweeping past them into the inn.

A dense odour of rum mixed with tobacco smoke welcomed him inside, causing him to wrinkle his brows. Many other travelers were seated in the inn's reception, and the tables there were heaped with a mountain of roasted meat and fruit. Barrels of rum were opened directly, despite a number of drunkards next to them glugging them all down.

Many scantily dresses maids flitted like butterflies through the main hall, occasionally felt up by various customers. They cursed at it, but still laughed all the while.

One really could not ask for more from an inn which specially catered to pirate customers. Fortunately, Leylin's earlier frown was just a natural reaction from many years of living like a noble. His years of enduring hardship still allowed him to endure the vile environment he was now in.

It was clear that his group had attracted the attention of the other customers when they suddenly burst in, especially since Leylin was such a pretty little thing. There were even some reckless fools who wolf whistled at him.

"Giant!" Leylin said in a low voice, shaking his head.

"Do you want to die?" Giant emerged from the shadows. His enormous muscles and the faint traces of scars on them gave him an incredibly oppressive aura. The pirates jumped in surprise, and Giant disdainfully spat a mouthful of saliva at them and drew a line across his throat meaningfully.

"Well? If you're not happy, then let's take it outside," Giant clearly knew the rules, and Leylin nodded at his words inwardly.

The pirates looked at Giant's enormous body as well as the intensely dangerous feeling he gave off, and immediately sat down obediently like a bunch of small chicks, not daring to utter another word.

It was absolutely necessary for a pirate to have an instinct for danger. One look at Giant was enough to know that he was not to be trifled with,

forget Leylin who was his master.

The pirates were beginning to secretly regret their earlier blunder, but there were naturally a few whose eyes gleamed with sinister intentions. One could not dominate Pirates' Cove with strength alone, and every day there were several reckless and arrogant novices whose bodies were chucked into the sea.

Leylin was very happy to see the pirates developing plans to provoke him. When the time came, he resolved to teach them the true meaning of fear.

The hall remained silent for only a moment before returning to its normal uproarious state. No one wanted to break the rules laid down by the Barbarians and offend the crew.

"What can I do for you, guest?" As Leylin came to the counter, he found that the boss was a tall and beautiful woman who wore a scarlet low-cut dress and a fur shawl.

Her long red tail naughtily swept across her waist. She shot Leylin a sugar-sweet smile, and the mole at the edge of her mouth grew animated. The boss of the inn was a fox girl, and a stunningly top-grade one at that. Leylin could almost hear his men salivating from behind his back.

"I have 23 men here, are there enough rooms for them all to stay?" Leylin asked immediately. His eyes swept over the fox girl, but his gaze did not linger for too long. There was a flash of surprise in the fox girl's eyes at his attitude, as it was very rare that a young man like him could resist her allure.

"Haha... Of course there are enough! I just need to know what kind of rooms you need," the fox girl changed her strategy, slowly shifting her sinuous waist and revealing her beautiful curves, "We have ordinary rooms here that can fit 5 people. They cost 2 silver bars per night. The medium-ranking rooms are for 3 people, and costs 5 silver bars. What do you need, little brother?"

Her eyes sparkled brightly as she looked at Leylin appraisingly, "Of course, a young nobleman like you would want our best rooms. Not only

will it be for you alone, but you will also have an enthusiastic maid serving you. It's not too expensive, and it'll only cost you two Dambrath gold coins per night..."

Leylin clearly felt the power of an enchantment coming from her eyes, but it was completely useless. His spiritual force had already reached 8, and this was nothing.

"I need a single room. Giant, Cyclops and Hulk will have a medium-rank room. The rest will all stay in ordinary rooms," Leylin confidently gave himself the best room, and placed his two officers as well as a soldier from his family into the medium-ranked room. The rest were given ordinary treatment. This was only right, it wasn't like gold fell from the sky.

The bunch of common pirates were already grateful to have the chance to stay in such a luxurious inn. If Leylin wasn't afraid that he would find all his men's corpses in a dreadful ditch on the second day, he would have planned for them all to stay in the Scarlet Tiger itself.

"You can all leave after you receive your room number and key. I have one requirement: you must all return at night!" Leylin's announcement immediately attracted a burst of cheers from the pirates behind him.

After the period of killing, and the battles with the wind and waves, these pirates had long been physically and mentally exhausted. They wished to let off some steam.

"If you have any requests, remember to call for me." The fox girl boss twisted her slender and supple waist as she brought Leylin to his room, leaving behind a string of coy smiles as she left him at the door.

Cyclops had his ear pressed against the door, and nodded after a moment, "Boss, she's gone."

Leylin was rather speechless at his method, but this was Cyclops' territory. There were too many methods and means to obtain information, and he didn't particularly care to dispel the enthusiasm of his men. He simply nodded and said, "Do you know why I called all of you over?"

“Boss, if you have an order then just tell us!” Giant scratched his head. His coarse face made him look a little foolish, but Leylin had once seen him sturdily squeeze the heads of two enemies until they directly exploded. He wasn’t fooled by his appearance whatsoever.

“Mm, the men have gone out to indulge in drink and pleasure. Watch them closely, and don’t let them stir up any trouble. This time tomorrow, I want all the information on Pirates’ Cove here, understood?”

“Aye, boss! I’ll watch those scallywags!” Cyclops licked his lips, smiling sinisterly.

“Very well, go out and have fun!” Leylin threw three small money pouches to them, and the experienced Cyclops immediately knew it was the merry clinking of gold coins.

“Blimey! There’s a bonnie gift, boss, thank you!” After opening the money pouch and seeing the golden light that spilled out, Cyclops seemed to forget himself. Even the silent Hulk had a different look in his eyes.

Even though he put overwhelming pressure on them, he still had to fall to using money to bribe them in the end. Leylin did not have any other ideas; he needed special means to build a pirate crew that was capable in battle.

Leylin only rose to his feet after the three had left, and began to appraise the room with his hands held behind his back. The deluxe room was worth its price of two gold coins a day. Not only was it very spacious, with rather opulent decor, it even had its own washroom with a gleaming white porcelain bath crafted by elves, a precious luxury even on the mainland.

“May I ask if the guest is here?” Just when Leylin was preparing the bath, the tender voice of a girl came from outside the door, making Leylin furrow his brows.

“What’s the matter?”

“I-I’ve come to pour hot water for you,” the girl outside the door seemed to be rather uneasy and disturbed, which made Leylin feel rather curious. There seemed to be many maids who engaged in part-time work at the

inn, but this maid's performance was particularly interesting.

“Come in, the door is unlocked.” As the door opened, a half-elf girl in a maid outfit walked in, with wheat-coloured skin and a tall and slender body. She wore a pair of black silk tights, and looked extremely suggestive.

‘A half-elf? No, this is...’ Leylin's eyes suddenly narrowed.

# Chapter 829: Cry for Help

Elves were a populous intelligent race that all lived a secluded life on an enormous island. There were however remnants of some branch families on the mainland. They lived well under the protection of the elven god, and were blessed with good talent and long lives. Many of them made prominent contributions to the arts.

Naturally, elven slaves were highly sought after. Despite the protests and warnings of their race, their price had only increased, with wave after wave of adventurers hunting for them.

Half-elves were more common than purebloods. They still inherited the elfin beauty and elegance, and most of them stood out in terms of appearance, which had led to several disasters. It was not particularly surprising to see a half-elf maid in Pirates' Cove, but Leylin's expression had changed in spite of that.

"What's your name?"

"My name is Karen, respected young master!" The 'half-elf' forced a smile. It appeared that she was not very well trained, and could not properly display her bodily assets to her customers.

"It looks like you haven't been doing this for very long, how much are you for one night?" Leylin asked directly.

This sort of sudden humiliation made Karen want to clench her teeth, but she held herself back and revealed a dazzling smile, "One Dambrath gold coin..."

The price was a little high, but Leylin still nodded, "It's a reasonable price, especially for a half-drow like you..."

The moment he called her half-drow, Karen rose up angrily. She was like a kitten whose tail had been stepped on.

"How do you know that?" she blurted out. She immediately covered her mouth, but clearly realised that she'd already all but confirmed it.

"Your eye colour. The colouring agent you used to stain it can't fool me.



You ears are also pointier than normal mixed-bloods by 12.4%, and they are slightly concave...” Leylin lightly pointed out the gaps in her disguise. His sharp observations made Karen subconsciously take a few steps back.

The corner of Leylin’s mouth tilted up in a smile as he saw Karen’s stats:

[Name: Karen, Rank 5 Assassin, Race: Half-Drow. Stats: Strength: 1 (3), Agility: 2 (5), Vitality: 0.5 (2), Spirit: 3, Feats: 1. Night Vision: Dark elves have the ability to see even at night. 2. Shadow Perception: Dark elves are sensitive to shadow particles, and are innately gifted assassins and pirates. Status: Poisoned by unknown toxin, causing strength, vitality and agility to fall!] Karen’s physical stats somewhat surprised Leylin. She even had the abilities of a rank 5 assassin, but some unknown poison had taken control of her, locking half of her strength away.

It was very clear that the person who controlled Karen from the shadows only thought that she was an ordinary half-elf, otherwise they would never have let her come here. Would that not be like sending someone out to assassinate himself?

Leylin smiled faintly. This rank 5 assassin could not touch even a hair on his head.

“Haven’t dark elves always lived underground? How could you appear here, and even take up this line of work?”

Dark elves were a type of elf which were rumoured to live in the darkness. They had awoken the dark nature in their blood, becoming extremely brutal. They longed for violence, blood and chaos, and had separated from the regular elves to move underground. Some rumours said that their gifts in bed could make both men and immortals die of pleasure, that it was comparable to charm and pleasure magic.

“I’m a halfblood. I moved out from the underground with my clan, but we were all scattered in an attack. When I woke up, I was on a trading ship which was later attacked by the Barbarians...” Leylin’s eyes seemed to be filled with magic charm, and Karen could only helplessly tell her story.

‘No wonder... Half-drow really don’t differ too much from half-elves, and only a specialised scholar would be able to tell the difference. She’s a rank

5 assassin, and she did not have enough power to fight back against the entire Barbarian pirate fleet, not to mention that she was affected by the toxin's restrictions... Of course, an assassin's camouflage and disguise abilities could let her fool others, so that they thought that she was an ordinary half-elf.'

Something dawned in Leylin's eyes as he said, "And after that you were controlled by the pirates, and now work for them as a maid?"

"Yes..." Karen nodded, and her eyes seemed to fill with momentary hope. She immediately knelt on the ground, looking up at Leylin, "Sir! I beg you, please save me from this hellhole!"

"Save you?" Leylin had an evil smile on his face as he sat back down, "Why would I save you? Give me a reason."

Even Leylin had to admit that Karen was a rare beauty, especially with her eyes which were like the ocean waves. Her unique charm gave him a subconscious favourable impression of her.

"I..." Karen bit her lip, "I'm a rank 5 assassin. If you can save me, I'm be willing to serve you for a hundred years. I swear it in the name of the Dark Maiden!"

The Dark Maiden was a god who tended towards the good alignment, and could not be reconciled with the gods that other dark elves believed in. If Karen believed in this god, then perhaps this was the reason why she had been driven away from the underground.

"Why would you do that? Can't you save up money to buy back your freedom?" Although she seemed rather out of practice, this was clearly not the first time she had done this sort of thing. This sort of life wasn't completely unsuitable for a half-drow, and Leylin couldn't think of why she would want to pay such a huge price for freedom.

"Is their price very high?" Leylin could only guess.

"No!" Karen's lips curved into a rather heartbreaking smile, "They won't ever let me go. As a slave, I don't have the authority to buy my freedom. After I can't be a maid anymore, those barbarians will sacrifice me to their

gods...”

Leylin realised that the barbarians had saved her for some bloody and violent sacrificial rituals. Seeing Karen in that state, perhaps she had recently seen this happen several times, and so she began to plan her escape, begging Leylin for his help.

Even though she was pleading for help, she would meet an even worse fate if she asked the wrong person. Leylin seemed to have an air of nobility about him, and Karen was sure that he was not a pirate.

As a result, after realising that her cover had been broken, Karen immediately asked him for help. She almost did not mind promising to become his slave instead.

‘He’s a young man after all, if I could charm him...’ her eyes were filled with anticipation.

As a half-drow, she was born with the knowledge of how to handle males, and did not require further education on that matter. Although Leylin did not look too easily charmed, she was quite willing to at least try. When she thought of this, Karen’s heart seemed to be fired up, leaving two faint traces of a blush on her face. She appeared even more charming and lovely.

“A rank 5 assassin?” Leylin looked as if he was thinking over the matter with some difficulty, making Karen reluctant to mention her thoughts.

“You... Do you know anything about sailing?” After a long moment, Leylin stopped pondering and asked this question.

“Sailing?” Karen was shocked dumb. She originally thought that Leylin would come out with an outrageous request, but she had long made her mind up to use all her techniques to mesmerise him. She never thought that he would ask such a completely irrelevant question.

“Yes, I am a pirate captain, and I’m in need of sailors to be my underlings.” Leylin waved his hand and seemed to admit it very reluctantly. There was a trace of humour in his eyes, as if he was playing a joke on her, and Karen immediately knew that he had seen through all her

plots.

“I... Honestly I don’t, but I will work hard to learn. I beg you, Sir,” Karen wanted to come up to Leylin and hug him, but Leylin nimbly dodged her.

“Then it looks like you aren’t much use to me,” Leylin said, making Karen’s heart completely sink.

“However, since you’re a dark elf, and you lived in the Underdark before, then you’re slightly worth something,” Leylin continued, his voice drifting into Karen’s ears and raising a thread of hope once again.

“Tell me, Karen, are you willing to become my dagger in the shadows, to help me dispatch my rivals, and drink the blood of my enemies?”

An invisible hand tilted Karen’s chin upwards, making her eyes widen considerably. “Mage Hand! You’re a wizard!”

This nobleman had come to a port where pirates fenced their goods, and although she did not know why, all Karen could see was opportunity! “I’m willing! In the name of the Dark Maiden I swear this— I will become your sharpest dagger!” Karen respectfully knelt down on her knees, making a strange gesture with her hand.

“Very well,” Leylin nodded. He really had recruited her on the basis of her being a half-drow assassin.

After all, he currently lacked a spy network and assassin group. Since Karen had recently lived in the Underdark, she would have good experience and knowledge in torture and interrogation as well as assassination. As a rank 5 professional assassin, she was just barely good enough to be of use...

# Chapter 830: Tillen

“Very well, I’ll speak with the boss later about the issue of your ransom,” Leylin promised, rubbing his hands together.

“Many thanks, master!” Karen immediately began to address him differently. Although she currently looked like a weak little elfling, Leylin knew that once he cured her of her poison and armed her with a sharp dagger, this half-drow would immediately become a powerful god of death in the shadows.

After she had thanked him, the room’s atmosphere immediately grew awkward.

“Master... Would you like me to call my sister maids over?” Karen twisted the corner of her skirt, and looked extremely embarrassed.

“There’s no need. Didn’t you come to help me pour the hot water?” Leylin smiled faintly. The bloody battles and the accumulation of a great deal of life energy had left a fire in him that needed quenching.

“Yes, master!” Karen’s lips curved into a charming smile, and the entire room was soon enveloped in a layer of youthful lust.

Breakfast in the Barbarian Inn was a rich affair. The staples of fluffy and soft wheat bread and milk were present, and the intoxicating aroma of cheese and fried eggs was in the air. There were even several strings of juicy berries in a rattan basket nearby, to tempt one’s appetite.

There was a white napkin around Leylin’s neck as he enjoyed his meal with fluid movements. Karen sat on his side and occasionally stole a few glances at him with a blush on her face. These gestures made Leylin smile inwardly; she was a very lovely creature indeed, and he had exceedingly enjoyed his stay last night.

The half-drow seemed to have special talent in that area, but Leylin was not some incapable youth himself. His strength was too much even for a dark elf.

At this moment, Cyclops’ voice came from just outside the door, “Boss,

can we come in?”

“Enter!” With Leylin’s command, Cyclops, Giant and Hulk entered the place all at once.

Looking at the massive dark circles and bags under their eyes, it was easy to tell that what kind of merriment they had gotten up to last night. Even after they had diligently cleaned themselves, Leylin could still smell a strong stench of alcohol and perfume on them.

Cyclops and the others noticed Karen by Leylin’s side, but the three pretended as if they hadn’t seen her, their eyes filled with a rather questionable smile.

“I’ll leave for now, master,” Karen said after seeing the others enter. She knew that Leylin had things to discuss with his subordinates, and smartly prepared to leave despite not finishing her breakfast.

“No need. You’re one of us now, so you should stay and listen,” Leylin said, motioning for Karen to stay.

Cyclops was shocked at this action, and he looked over the girl in appraisal. She was certainly just an elfling girl, and also a part-time prostitute, so why would she be recruited by the captain of their crew? However, since this was Leylin’s decision, they could not object to it.

Leylin picked up the white silk napkin and wiped the corners of his mouth before turning to Cyclops and the others, “So, how was last night?”

Cyclops knew that Leylin was naturally not enquiring about what mischief they had gotten up to. He cleared his throat, and began revealing the information they’d found, “Boss! I’ve already fully found out...

“In Pirates’ Cove, there are several merchant families that are interesting in our goods. However, our biggest patron is the boss of this inn... Haha.”

“That fox girl?” Leylin nodded, “What offer has she made us?”

“860 Dambrath gold coins for the whole lot! This price is rather average amongst the offers we have received, but it would be the safest option,” Cyclops spat fiercely before continuing, “Other families may have offered

us a higher price, but I can tell with just one eye what they are planning. Those fuckers!”

Cyclops was a pirate after all, and he subconsciously exploded into foul curses. However, Leylin did not mind the merchants. Pirates’ Cove had a mixed bag of characters, and it was not surprising that a pirate would have their own ideas and want to devour their fleet and their goods all in one go.

Compared to this, as the Barbarians were the biggest players in Pirates’ Cove, it was entirely normal for them to take in these stolen goods to sell them for a profit.

“Mm, this price isn’t bad.” Although Leylin had buckled down on a pile of sugar for himself, the rest of his goods were worth at least 3000 gold coins and above. Since they were stolen goods and therefore ‘dirty’, Leylin would be satisfied with a small profit after it had changed hands a few times.

“This is a detailed map of Pirates’ Cove, including the locations of all the churches!” Hulk respectfully handed a sheepskin scroll to Leylin, and also brought a reply from the shipyard, “The shipyard’s owner has already had a look at the Scarlet Tiger, and has said that there shouldn’t be any problems repairing it. However, the owner said that it would be impossible to magically refit the ship. As for the cost, he will need at least 300 gold coins more...”

“Our little bunny rabbits played hard last night, but nothing big happened. They only had a fight with a few other drunkards,” Giant triumphantly announced, and just looking at his face one could tell that he did not lose the fight.

“Mm, we’ll rest here for 5 days. Hand the maintenance duties over to the shipyard owner, and ask him to finish the work as quickly as possible. We can make some concessions on the price.” It was only routine ship maintenance, and was not as if the ship’s entire keel was being replaced or massively refitted. In this world of extraordinary ability, if the shipyard master could put in all his effort to quickly complete it, there should

virtually be no problems.

“Rest assured, boss!” Cyclops beat his chest confidently, taking control of the task. Hulk, who stood at his side, had a rather gloomy expression on his face.

Leylin pretended not to see this sort of infighting amongst his men’s factions. As long as it didn’t interfere with his or the others’ ability to fight, he didn’t particularly want to intercede.

“Mm, so Cyclops can sort it out. Hulk and Giant, come with me to get rid of the goods and hire some men as well.”

“Alright!” “Yes boss!” Since Leylin had issued the command, everything proceeded as expected.

The main hall of the inn was not as noisy as it had been last night, but there were bits of debris on the ground, and even drunkards on the floor.

“All of you, take this drunkard who can’t pay my money back to the docks. Put him in hard labour, and give him a harsh whipping every day until he pays back his debts. Don’t let him leave until then,” the fox girl boss from yesterday ordered the two barbarians from behind the counter, her hands on her hips.

“Oh, young master! Why have you gotten up so early?” After seeing Leylin, her expression quickly changed. She eyed Karen who was standing to one side, and under her piercing gaze, the elfling couldn’t help but unconsciously shrink back.

“Unless you’re dissatisfied with Karen’s service, in which case I’ll swap her for someone else for you!”

“No, no need. She’s very good,” Leylin scratched his nose, “I still don’t know my lady’s name?”

“Haha, my name is Tillen. You can call me Madam Tillen!” Madam Tillen smiled amorously at Leylin, a smile filled with the charm of a mature woman.

“Mm. Dear Madam Tillen, I want to talk about our transaction, and



about this maid's ransom as well," Leylin said directly.

"Ransom?" Tillen swept her eyes across Karen, her eyes filled with a special look, "Well, it looks like our Karen has satisfied the young master well..."

Tillen seemed to yawn lazily. "This isn't the place to talk, follow me!"

She swayed her sinuous hips as she left, leaving behind the strong fragrance of her perfume. Leylin smiled a little before following Her into a small room.

Madam Tillen brewed a floral tea that was said to come from the elves, and waited until white steam had risen before a shrewd expression appeared on her face. "You've asked me for my name, young master, but I don't know how to address you."

"You can call me Leylin," Leylin replied with a smile. Since he wanted to form an alliance with her, trust was crucial. She was only asking for his name, which she could have easily found out later with some investigations.

"Alright, young master Leylin!" Madam Tillen crossed her long, slender legs, her fiery fox tail caressing her supple waist.

"I can take charge of the negotiations for the goods, but Karen is a slave of our inn. If it's to do with her, I don't have the authority to deal with this matter."

"I know everything here is the personal property of the Barbarians!" Leylin smiled as he rubbed his hands.

Crackle! A powerful electric current flashed, filling the room with a piercingly bright light.

"Since it's like this, call the person who can make a decision here." He followed up in a deep voice, his powerful magic force lingering near his body.

"Wizard! You're a wizard!" Madam Tillen's voice grew somewhat shrill, and it was clear that she had not discovered Leylin's identity.

A noble wizard was very rare in the outer seas. On top of that, Tillen realised that the energy undulations rolling off of Leylin put his strength higher than rank 5. A wizard of that level was a decent adventurer, and could even have a stronger master backing them!

‘A wizard named Leylin... That’s enough for me to find out who he is!’ Unless he used a fake identity, Tillen was certain that Leylin would not be able to escape her information network.

“I never thought that my guest would be such a powerful wizard,” Tillen clasped her hands to her bosom, inadvertently revealing a wide and creamy expanse of her delicate skin.

However, Leylin made very clear the division between business and pleasure, “When is your boss coming over?”

“Don’t be in such a hurry! The latest you’ll meet him will be tonight,” Tillen threw a flirtatious glance, “Before that, our store has many things to pass time with, does my guest care to have a look?”

# Chapter 831: Thieves' Guild

"No need, I still have matters to attend to. I'll return at night," Leylin got up to reject her, ignoring Madam Tillen's resentful expression behind his back.

"Master, where are we going?" Karen stood next to Leylin, as well-behaved as a maid. Although the talks had not even begun, she acted as if she already belonged to him.

Hulk and Giant stood further away like a pair of loyal Imperial bodyguards.

"Call a few over to come with us and recruit the sailors," Leylin said. Be it the Scarlet Tiger or the merfolk ship, they currently had a severe shortage in sailors. As a result, they needed to recruit a great number of sailors as quickly as possible. Pirates' Cove would always have plenty of these fellows, one only needed to carefully choose from them.

'Whips and Whiskey!' Leylin looked at the tavern's name rather speechlessly, but still opened the wooden door. Although it was still morning, the tavern was filled with people doing business, as well as many hungover drunkards.

"Boss! We found some people last night, and they're all waiting here for you!" Giant smiled in his simple manner, suddenly hammering on the surface of the counter. It made all the hanging beer mugs shake chaotically with an ear-splitting sound.

"So it's you, the fellow from last night! Hurry up and settle your bar tab!" A bleary-eyed old drunkard crawled out from the small door behind the bar, glaring at Giant with disdain. Once he saw Leylin however, his eyes seemed to brighten up considerably.

Perhaps he had seen the beautiful clothes that Leylin wore, and reckoned that this was the golden benefactor who could settle the bad debt.

"Greetings, dear customer!" The old man bowed deeply, smiling until his

eyes almost seemed to disappear into his wrinkles.

There was a huge gap in his treatment of Leylin and how he had treated Giant before, but Giant only muttered a few words under his breath, and did not dare to say anything else.

After all, he had tasted Leylin's methods before.

"What would you like?"

"A glass of rum! The rest of you are free to choose your own!" Leylin waved his hand and sat next to the counter, "Where are the people you found? Call them out and let me have a look at them."

His standards were not too high at the moment, and ordinary pirates would suffice. Death would help him select the cream of the crop.

"Wait, boss!" Giant scratched his head, and rushed to gap between a few sofas like a hurricane, and began to beat the sofas up with kicks and punches. Loud curses could be heard from inside the sofas.

After a few seconds, over ten badly battered pirates with swollen faces and bleeding noses were driven out by Giant. Although they were wounded, these pirates had a rather lively temperament, which was beyond Leylin's expectations.

"Giant, are these the people you fought with last night?" Leylin suddenly had a premonition.

"That's right, boss!" Giant laughed in his simple manner, "These fellows are pretty tough, and they can hold their own against my beatings. I think they would do well in the battle squadron..."

Giant's gifted strength was already on the level of a rank 5 Warrior, and he would not do badly against rank 6 or rank 7 Warriors either. For him to give this evaluation, the men must be rather powerful themselves.

At that point, they also knew that Leylin might become their employer, and they looked uneasily at the big fellow standing in the middle amongst them.

"Mm? What's your name?" Leylin looked at the fellow that was

obviously their leader. He had a bearded face, and a pair of eyes that looked half-asleep, which glimmered with intelligence from time to time.

“This is a fellow with a lot of stories to tell!” Leylin judged him on his very first glance.

“Ronald! My name is Ronald, my lord!” His tone of voice was very respectful and decorous, and he even seemed to have learnt a little noble etiquette.

“Can you read?” This sort of subtle distinction aroused Leylin’s interest.

“I previously spent some time in the Tillen scholars’ family learning how to write,” Ronald was very humble, and although they had only just met, he had immediately realised that Leylin was not an ordinary youth.

Not only could he subdue a subordinate like Giant, his temperament was different.

Only a life of abundance, and a long period of etiquette and culture lessons could nurture such an awe-inspiring presence, and an air of nobility.

In these times, a man like him represented hope!

“Very good! Ronald, are you willing to swear loyalty to me?” Leylin smiled, requesting loyalty rather than employment. This was clearly the invitation of a noble, and Ronald was stunned by it.

He was only startled for a short moment however. Ronald clenched his teeth and asked, “I want to ask my lord if you’re part of the Louis family? If so, then please forgive me, as it would be difficult for me to agree!”

“Why is that? Are they your enemies?” Leylin asked with great interest. He immediately saw a trace of hatred within Ronald’s eyes.

This complex change in emotion surfaced only for a moment, but it could not be concealed from Leylin’s gaze.

“Yes,” Ronald clenched his teeth and took a gamble. After all, if Leylin was a young master from the Louis family, then this situation would not end well for him.

At this moment, the atmosphere became rather delicate. The ten pirates next to Ronald glared at Leylin and his men, as if they were ready to leap into action if the response was unfavourable.

The boss of this place had long hid under the counter, and was obviously experienced with these abnormal situations.

“Haha... Haha...” Just when the atmosphere grew so tense that time almost came to standstill, Leylin suddenly laughed. His rippling laughter disrupted the heavy atmosphere, just like a rock being thrown into still water.

“I’m not one of Marquis Louis’ cronies. On the contrary, my family has a grudge against him,” Leylin spoke slowly, “After all, even if the Marquis needed men, it would be impossible for him to come and recruit here in the Pirates’ Cove, wouldn’t it?”

“Then, this Ronald is willing to accept your employment, my lord!” He skillfully answered Leylin’s previous question, and clearly did not put any heart into his reply. However, that was normal.

Leylin was not brain-dead enough to think that once he exuded his oppressing aura as a hero, subordinates would come running over to worship him.

Perhaps only after he had lead Ronald to begin taking action against Marquis Louis, would he be able to obtain true loyalty from him. Only once he had destroyed Marquis Louis would Ronald be willing to die for him.

‘However, having this sort of effect at the beginning is already good!’

“Very well, from now on you will be a sailor on the Scarlet Tiger ship. Ronald, you are my second officer!” Since there were many available positions now, he needed to fill the gaps quickly.

“Haha... This fellow, welcome to the family! Boss, bring the rum!” Giant firmly slapped Ronald’s back, making him stumble.

“No problem!” The boss who had previously hid under the counter immediately stretched out his hand, a cunning expression on his face,

“Only... Shouldn’t you clear your bar tab before you continue drinking? Since you’ve already been hired by someone, doesn’t that mean you’ll have money very soon? Poor old Fade can’t stay afloat any longer...”

After he finished, he even winked at Leylin several times and squeezed out a few drops of crocodile tears.

After he heard this, Ronald and the others bowed their heads, and their faces flushed in shame.

‘It looks like these people all didn’t have enough to pay their bill, and were locked up here last night,’ Leylin grudgingly sighed.

“Tell me! How much money do they owe you?”

After walking out of the bar, the group of men behind Leylin’s back still looked rather ashamed.

“I’ve given you the criteria of the men I’d like to recruit, so now it’s up to you to recruit people. I need 100 men!” Leylin said to Hulk, after they had walked for a while.

“Don’t worry, my lord!” As a guard of the Faulen family, Hulk’s loyalty towards Leylin was very strong.

“Mm, go and attend to your business. There’s no need to follow me,” Leylin waved his hand to dismiss the others behind him.

“Master!” Karen followed behind Leylin with a worried expression on her face.

“Don’t worry, once I make a promise, there is no way that it won’t be fulfilled,” Leylin said in a gentle voice, but Karen involuntarily trembled.

“Alright. Please be careful, Pirates’ Cove is extremely chaotic...”

“Mm, I know,” Leylin nodded, disappeared into an alley on the side of the street.

Pirates’ Cove had a complex labyrinth of back alleys, and each one could allow only one person to pass. It was obviously crowded and chaotic and the floor was filled with slop and filthy things, making it smell absolutely awful.

However, Leylin's gaze was fixed on a unique symbol in a corner of the alleyway. It was a symbol of two crossed daggers, which faintly pointed towards a certain direction.

"The Thieves' Guild!" Leylin smiled, and immediately walked in the direction that the daggers were pointing to.

In the World of Gods, more and more people were able to advance into a profession. However, the one's that attracted the most attention and had endured the longest were the three guilds-the Thieves' Guild, the Warriors' Guild and Wizards' Guild!

These three guilds would frequently issue missions, which would bring great benefits to adventurer groups.

In the World of Gods, the number of shrines and whether the three major guilds were hosted there, was a major indicator of the prosperity of a city.

Pirates' Cove naturally did not host the Wizards' Guild, but Leylin had seen the Warriors' Guild as their symbol had been very striking.

The Thieves' Guild was an enormous organisation which had been secretly hidden in the dark, and their missions tended towards secrecy. Most of them were requests for assassinations or theft.

However, it was this dark network that seemed to permeate the entire continent, and rumour had it that they had the blessings of many gods.

Yes, the three great guilds each had the backing of more than one god!



# Chapter 832: Underground

As he walked in the direction that the daggers pointed, his surroundings became increasingly remote. The liveliness of Pirates' Cove was gradually left behind, and Leylin began to feel a pervasive sense of eeriness and desolation.

This feeling grew even more obvious after he walked down a flight of stone stairs. The terrifying senses of wizards allowed him to notice that there were three pairs of eyes spying on him in the shadows.

"It really feels like I'm walking down to hell!" Leylin chuckled. The sun was covered by vast dark clouds, projecting tremendous shadows.

He pressed his palm onto a gray rock covered in moss, and a gap immediately appeared in a wall nearby. He did not hesitate as he quickly ducked into the gap, simultaneously feeling many astonished gazes directed at him.

There was a very short path behind the wall, and at its end was a wooden door with an iron ring.

Thump! Thump! Leylin used the ring to knock loudly on the door, and it let out a distant sound.

The door creaked open slightly, revealing the face of an old man holding an oil lamp. He had practically no facial muscles anymore, looking like a withered corpse under the flickering light of the lamp. His two eyes looked dazed, the eyeballs completely motionless.

"The night is always lonely," The old man said in a hoarse voice, as if he had not spoken for a long time.

"For those who are seeking brightness and hope!" Leylin smiled slightly, a dagger flying into his hand and beginning to dance through the air as elaborately as a butterfly.

The old man gave Leylin a probing look and opened the wooden door, "Come in, brother from the Underdark!"

With the light from his oil lamp, Leylin could see a deep and pitch-black

passageway that seemed to go all the way to the core of the earth. A distant sound increased in volume as he made his way across it, until it turned into what seemed like a market bustling with life.

Pak! Two enormous gates opened, revealing an even more expansive underground world.

What entered his sights was a hall formed from a deep cave, with sinkholes in the floor and underground streams trailing off to numerous others. People from all walks of life populated this area, most strangely covering their faces with shrouds. Only pairs of vigilant eyes were revealed.

In the distance were a few wooden constructions and a large announcement board towering ahead. Below were many masked people gesticulating at it. While they tried to lower their volume, the sounds of discussion from the whole crowd joined to form a buzz.

“Welcome to the Thieves’ Guild! Is this your first time, kid?” A slender and tall person like a bamboo stick closed in, trying his best to create a stiff smile, “Need a guide? I...”

“No!” Leylin rejected resolutely.

This was the dark world of Pirates’ Cove. How could there be good people here? Even if one looked to hire people, just showing the slightest of weaknesses would cause these people to pounce on you like wild wolves, dividing everything amongst themselves after murdering you.

“Mister... I...”

“Scram!” Leylin glared at him, and the murderous aura born of indiscriminate slaughter forced the man several steps back.

Having killed people meant nothing. Everyone here had the blood of at least one or two people on their hands themselves, but Leylin’s own murderous aura was far more powerful than that. It was that of someone who’s truly honed themselves on a bloody battlefield, not someone to be trifled with.

An important part of being a thief was knowing oneself well. The

slender bamboo stick of a man laughed awkwardly and disappeared into the darkness. He had a feeling that if he were to continue staying here, what happened next would be something he would regret.

“Is this darkness...” Feeling the blood and violence lingering in the air, as well as the pure malicious intent, Leylin revealed a nostalgic look. He was originally a dark Magus after all.

He ran his eyes over his surroundings casually, and began to head towards the large announcement board. The thing seemed to grow bigger the closer he got, until it was the size of a small hill.

Numerous enchanted words flickered on it; just maintaining this effect would require at least tens of gold coins everyday. The extravagance caused Leylin to nod to himself.

‘Mission: Track down whereabouts of a batch of silk cloth!’

‘Mission: Investigate reason and happenings for the fall of the Half Merfolk Island!’

‘Mission: Assassinate Viscount Lorraine’s wife!’

‘Selling information: The recent shipping route of the cargo ships of the Heigel chamber of commerce!’

‘Selling recipe for poison: Tears of Molin! Interested parties must come for a face-to-face meeting!’

All sorts of information and news flickered on the announcement board. The missions for investigation and assassination caused Leylin to let out an involuntary sound of surprise, ‘I didn’t expect news of Half Merfolk Island to travel here so quickly, and... Missions for the assassination of nobility put out here in public...’

The only impression that Leylin got was that as long as money was involved, these assassins could do anything. He gazed steadily at the board as the A.I. Chip rapidly scanned everything, collating the information on all these missions into one system.

While it was only the names of the mission, Leylin grew to understand

the outer seas better from it.

‘Crimes and chaos... I like it...’ Though he only saw a corner of this dark world, Leylin knew that things were definitely not all quiet and tranquil in the region.

Many rebellious powers lay low in the shadows, preparing to deal Marquis Louis a fatal blow at any time. This would completely destroy the market dominance that the Baltic archipelago enjoyed, allowing them to plunder the riches and resources there!

Once the A.I. Chip showed a prompt that it had recorded all the information, Leylin walked straight to the wooden house at the back.

Many roads immediately showed up like a dense cobweb. Some fellows with dangerous auras occasionally appeared in Leylin’s senses, but there was only a very fuzzy image of them there.

‘This feeling... Is it a protective layer due to some divine force? In addition, this seems to be from a god I know well...’ Leylin snickered and strode inside.

Pila! The void was torn open at this moment, and an icy glint of steel was aimed straight at Leylin’s neck like a poisonous snake’s tongue.

The rank of this assassin seemed to be rather high, and he had almost escaped Leylin’s senses. It was only at the moment of the other party’s attack, that instant when their murderous intent surged out, that Leylin located them.

‘Mage Armour! Fragile Barrier!’ Two layers of protective spells immediately appeared with a thought.

But at the same time, he saw an icy look in the assassin’s eyes. The rays of light from a divine spell shone out.

Dispel Magic! Under the glittering light, Leylin’s protective spells instantly crumbled, revealing his astonished gaze. The dagger in the assassin’s hand ruthlessly swiped at his neck, and he evidently would not stop until it was all over.

Most wizards would need a period of time to recover their senses and contact the Weave after being hit with Dispel Magic. This slight moment would be enough for the assassin to carve Leylin into multiple pieces. After all, a wizard that had lost all ability to cast spells was just a regular human.

[Beep! Host affected by divine spell, suffering a temporary loss of ability to sense level 2 and 3 Weave. Countdown: 5 seconds!] The A.I. Chip's prompt arrived in that instant, but strangely enough, there was no mention of the level 0 and 1 Weave. Leylin could sense that his ability to use that still existed.

'I see. So after I complete the analysis of the Weave, I'm immune to isolating skills?' Leylin could now cast rank 0 and 1 spells in an instant, drowning this assassin. However, he immediately gave this idea up.

An ability that was too unexpected would give rise to suspicions, which was not beneficial to him at the moment.

'Since it can seal the magic abilities I have, then...' A magic scroll instantly appeared in his hands, emitting terrifying light.

"A rank 4 spell!" The assassin produced a sharp cry. Meanwhile, he could feel his dagger piercing into what seemed to be the most solid granite, unable to penetrate through it even by an inch.

"Rank 4 magic, Stone Skin! You despicable maggot, you even made me use such a precious scroll!" Leylin feigned fury as he was completely covered by a layer of stone skin, as if he now wore armour of stone. This was Stone Skin, a rank 4 spell. Its defensive power was outstanding even among other spells of its kind.

This scroll was something that Ernest had given Leylin while he had still been in the manor just in case. He hadn't used it during the previous times of danger, but he'd done so now.

This was a rank 4 magic scroll! Even if its value wasn't enough to equal that of a city, it was very precious, and the fury on Leylin's face was understandable.

“You should not have come here!” The assassin’s voice was hoarse as he hurriedly retreated.

“Trying to leave now?” Leylin’s expression was filled with fury as he swung his fist.

Thud! The tip of the dagger was broken off by the stone fist, but it did not stop there. It crashed into the assassin’s body with great power.

Crack! A layer of his defence was destroyed, and the assassin’s body was sent flying backwards, the imprint of a fist clear on his chest.

“Never... Never has someone been able to treat me this way. I will kill you...” The assassin pulled his mask down, revealing a sullen face, with blood trickling from the corner of his mouth.

“Let’s see who dies first!” Leylin strode closer, a murderous aura apparent on his face.

“Esteemed guest, please forgive him!” At some point, a figure dressed entirely in a black robe came to the centre, a streak of divine force flying to the assassin’s body.

Under the light, the assassin’s wounds healed at a startling rate.

“Cure Serious Wounds! A rank 3 divine spell!” Leylin’s eyes narrowed as he saw the emblem on the other party’s chest.

# Chapter 833: Conference

“A priest of Cyric?” Leylin stepped backwards, “Since this is what the God of Murder’s pries wants, then I’ll forget it...” He had no plans of killing people here, he was in their territory after all.

“Lord Priest, please let me...” At this moment, the assassin on the ground began to crawl, eyes full of hatred for Leylin.

“Enough, fall back!” The voice yelled at the assassin without favouritism, causing him to freeze.

“You just wait!” The assassin glared at Leylin, drawing a finger across his neck before disappearing into thin air.

“Hehe... Little Cly was far too reckless and impulsive. Esteemed guest, please come with me!” The priest politely gestured at Leylin to move on. Leylin rubbed his nose and walked with him.

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Leylin left a long while later, having acquired what he needed. This priest then turned here and there in the underground world, and finally left the Thieves’ Guild and arrived in a secret room.

The flames around them flickered sinisterly. At the very centre of the place was a shrine to the God of Murder.

In front of the figure was an old man with wrinkles all over his face, praying as powerful divine force rippled forth from his body.

“Lord Bishop!” The priest from before bowed respectfully.

“Is that person gone already?” The old bishop opened his hazy eyes. They somehow held a lustre that could see through one’s intentions.

“Yes, he has already left. He bought a lot information regarding Marquis Louis!” The priest did not dare conceal anything, and stated all of Leylin’s activities.

“I saw it. He will be the source of chaos in the future. His many murders and the chaos he brings will definitely bring joy to our master!” The

bishop muttered.

“Then what should we do? Help him?” The priest asked, confused.

“There’s no need for that... Keke... Just be neutral. If required, he will definitely seek our help...” Lord Bishop snickered, “In addition, gift the news of him coming here to the Barbarians. Also, warn Cly not to interfere with the Master’s great work just because of a brother’s death, or I will put him on trial...”

The God of Murder’s punishment was notoriously brutal, and even this priest began to tremble in fear once it was mentioned.

“I understand! Our Master’s glory will definitely spread across the lands!” The priest said a prayer, and then left respectfully...

‘The God of Murder? How interesting!’ Leylin evidently realised that today’s incident had to do with the wave of assassins he’d faced before.

However, assassins were people who worked for money. Mahnke might have sided with Marquis Louis at the beginning or had been hired by him, but he had already been turned into a pile of bones. Leylin could not be bothered with him. Rather, a high-ranked assassin like Cly was a threat he could not ignore.

“Seems like this Thieves’ Guild is neutral. It’s under the rule of the Barbarians, but also has connections with Marquis Louis...” Leylin smiled grimly.

Churches always saw things from their own point of view, the conflicts of mortals transient like fleeting clouds. As long as their own rule wasn’t affected, they didn’t care about the king. It was so with the church of knowledge, as well with the church of murder.

‘The exploration of the sea started recently, but the place has already entered the sights of the gods. I need to step up my plans...’ Leylin’s expression could not help but darken, but after he returned to the inn he had calmed down, not revealing any hint of what he’d felt before.

“Boss!” Giant and Hulk stood up in the inn’s main hall, accompanied by the tens of pirates they’d brought. Ronald was also there amongst them.



“Mm!” Leylin’s eyes swept through this group of pirates. All who met his gaze felt a piercing feeling in their eye, and had no choice but to lower their heads.

“Tell them that I’ll get the bill for the roasted meat and rum over these few days!” It had to be said that Leylin had a pretty good impression of these people. At the very least, these pirates were more ferocious than the rest.

Of course, that was the extent of it. It wasn’t easy to recruit Professionals at or above the middle grades.

“Master, Madam Tillen has invited you to the back!” Karen noiselessly appeared behind Leylin, her footsteps incredibly light like those of a seasoned thief. She no longer showed any signs of her previous weakness.

“Has the poison from your body been removed?” Blue light flashed as Leylin asked in surprise. He only needed a bit of effort to obtain a cure for Karen’s poison, but Madam Tillen had already taken care of it. It showed her favourable attitude.

After all, she had the Barbarians backing her. It was currently the only organisation that could contend against Marquis Louis in the outer seas.

“Yes! She’s already removed my slave contract. Henceforth, I serve under you, Master!” Karen had already removed that maid uniform that gave rise to wild thoughts. She was now clad in black leather attire, a black leather holster for her dagger on her thighs that were as thick as ivory. It made her seem even more gallant.

“Good. Lead me there!” Leylin knew that Madam Tillen had already reported everything about him to the Barbarians, she was a part of them after all. They were now looking for him to lay all their cards on the table.

It was the same room as it had been in the morning, though there was now another giant in there.

This was a barbarian with green skin, sitting on the large sofa nonchalantly and with a great aura to him. The floorboards beneath him had slightly sunken under his heavy weight. He wore a cow-horn helmet

made of wrought iron, and revealed a fine and solid upper body. His fierce looks were coupled with a pair of shrewd eyes.

At his right hand was an exotic saber[1] at a position from which it could be brandished most easily. Its sharp edge held a magic glow to it, evidently a result of it being enchanted by an alchemist.

“Hehe... the young master of the Faulen Family!” Madam Tillen now sat on the thigh of the barbarian, beaming up at Leylin.

Her fiery-red tail brushed against the barbarian from time to time, giving off an untameable feeling that was very tempting.

The two sat together, and Leylin suddenly had a bizarre feeling that this was rather similar to ‘Beauty and the Beast’, but Madam Tillen did not seem to think so. Her eyes were full of love as she stared into his eyes.

“Hehe... I never thought that young master Leylin, the heir of a Baron, would become a pirate!” Madam Tillen now sized Leylin up and down, eyes emanating a beautiful luster, “That’s not all. I’ve heard about young master’s talent in magic that even makes your mentor feel ashamed of himself. How extraordinary...”

In just a few sentences, she’d revealed that she now had all the information regarding the current Leylin.

“And so? Nobles will never admit it, and I obviously won’t!” Leylin chuckled and sat on the sofa on the opposite side. Karen stood behind him, her body involuntarily trembling as if it had evoked some past trauma.

The Barbarians would’ve been too stupid to hold influence over the outer seas if they couldn’t find information on him given his name and the fact that he was a wizard. The sincerity was a requirement of an alliance.

“Nice! Young master Leylin’s words are completely different from those dignified nobles,” Madam Tillen’s tone seemed to conceal some hatred, “They appear to be openhearted and benevolent, but in reality they’re worse than beasts...”

The barbarian warrior did not utter a single word all this time, but the

pressure he gave off made him seem like a mountain, constantly attacking Leylin.

“This is...?” Leylin asked Madam Tillen bluntly.

“Oh, look at me!” Madam Tillen patted at her bright forehead and gave him a flirty look, “Let me introduce. This is Ogde Battlehammer, my lover! He’s also the captain of the Barbarians!”

As she introduced him, Leylin’s eyes flickered. The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded, and part of the information was projected before him.

[Name: Ogde Battlehammer. Race: Barbarian. Strength: 15+. Agility: 10. Vitality: 10. Spirit: 9. A warrior above rank 15, extremely dangerous!] Beside the numbers was a 3D image of him, including the magic saber. Just from the image, Leylin could tell that he had numerous magic items on him.

‘A high-ranked warrior above rank 15, with a bonus in strength as a barbarian! Even on the continent, this strength would bring him fame. Even if it’s the Marquis, with help from the barbarian race, Ogde should not be on the losing end in a battle against the Marquis.’

Leylin found that he had to recalculate the strength Marquis Louis had. In the World of Gods, Professionals between ranks 5 and 10 were elites. Those above rank 10 were great in their own right, and as for rank 15s and above, they were respected throughout the kingdoms and treated very well.

However, even a high-ranked warrior like that, with the power of his whole race on his side, was on the losing end against Marquis Louis. How powerful was the noble? At this moment, Leylin felt lucky that he’d left immediately after taking care of Half Merfolk Island.

As these thoughts flashed past, Leylin nodded at this high-ranked barbarian captain, “Nice to meet you, revered exemplary!”

Comprehend Languages flashed, allowing Leylin to understand what the Barbarian meant.

1. A single long broad blade, and a long handle suitable for two-handed use. Dating from Emperor Cheng of Han, made to slice through horse's legs (hence the literal translation of the term, Horse Beheading Sword).

# Chapter 834: Alliance

“Foreign wizard! I can sense an aura emitting from you, that only clan priests possess!” The high-level barbarian warrior, Odge, had his eyes fixated on Leylin’s hands, “In addition, you’re also a soldier worth respecting!”

His astonishing sharpness allowed him to sense Leylin’s accomplishments as a warrior.

“Then... Speak your purpose in coming here!” After Odge spoke, the fox lady Madam Tillen immediately stood obediently as the side, as though she was a maid showing respect.

Leylin took a deep breath, then said his request, “I would like to join forces with the Barbarians’ to attack the Baltic archipelago!”

“Are you crazy, young lad?” Even the fox woman couldn’t listen to such a fantastical plan. She stood up as her chest heaved violently, “Do you know how many Professionals Marquis Louis has under him? You actually want to rope us in as his enemy? Don’t think we’ll think highly of you because you exterminated the Black Tigers and Half Merfolk Island. Wait till you’ve gotten rid of the Black Skeletons or Tigershark Pirates, before saying that again!”

“But... you’re ALREADY enemies with the Marquis. I’m just offering a helping hand, am I not?” Leylin shrugged his shoulders and said with a smile.

“Good lord! To think that I actually know a chap like you who doesn’t understand the complexity of the situation...” Madam Tillen was so furious that her entire body started to tremble, and she was close to chasing him away immediately.

But at this very moment, an enormously powerful pair of hands stopped Tillen from taking action. “Let him continue!”

“Odge... You...” The fox lady turned around and saw the interested expression in the barbarian’s eyes.

“The enemy of our enemy is our friend!” Leylin smiled and spoke frankly with assurance. “Not only can the Faulens offer you support as a noble family, I am also a wizard, with a formidable tutor as my backing.”

The power of magic was the eternal sorrow of these barbarians. Odge’s expression changed greatly in response. Even though there were a few barbarian priests who had inherited magical abilities, they were always at a disadvantage compared to human wizards.

Upon seeing this, Leylin became more confident. “I presume... that you also know how powerful magic can be, right?”

“Yes, we will require the assistance of formidable magical power to aid us in defeating Boruj!” The Barbarian Warlock nodded.

“Boruj... Is that the chief wizard of Louis’ family?” Leylin quickly recalled the information he had purchased at the Thieves’ Guild.

“That’s right! I can tell you for definite that he’s a high level wizard above rank 15! Without him, if they relied only on Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates, I’d have ripped those two pirate crews into shreds a long time ago...”

“A wizard above rank 15!” Leylin exhaled deeply. Such high level wizards often had great mastery over powerful plane transmission spells and life spells, which made killing them exceptionally difficult.

“Such wizards are probably few and far between even in the Dambrath Kingdom, right? Why would he agree to work under Marquis Louis?”

If it was him that was the marquis of the empire, there would still be a possibility of attracting a high-level wizard to work for him. But Marquis Louis evidently didn’t have this qualification. In the entire Dambrath Kingdom, the only person who had the ability to recruit a high-level wizard would only be His Majesty.

“As a matter of fact, I know a little about this...” Seeing that Odge didn’t reject the alliance, and even appeared to admire Leylin, Madam Tillen took a deep breath, no longer looking down on Leylin.

“According to my intelligence reports, that marquis apparently promised

to build him a wizard tower, and used this to pay for the wizard's assistance..."

"We absolutely must not let him successfully build a wizard tower!" Without waiting for Madam Tillen complete her sentence, Leylin had already made up his mind. Even it was a wizard tower of the lowest standards, the amount of wealth required was astronomical. Two million gold coins was the most basic requirement, and they had to be kronas.

With such a huge temptation, it was no wonder that Boruj would cast himself as one of Marquis Louis' subordinates. It was also not surprising that his table manners were exceptionally unsightly[1], as he was a person who wanted any kind of benefits.

But the more it was so, the more Leylin wanted to destroy their alliance.

No one else understood the terror of a wizard tower more clearly than a wizard himself. A low-ranking wizard tower was equivalent to a rank 15 wizard, the sort that did not need to rest day or night, with boundless energy. Once he successfully constructed his wizard tower, the entire Baltic archipelago would be so sturdy that it would be impenetrable under Boruj's supervision.

With the wizard tower, not only would Boruj take a step forwards to advancement, it also meant that he could groom a steady flow of wizard apprentices!

It only took a few reminders from Leylin before Odge's eyes shone with resolution.

"But... According to our intelligence reports, Marquis Louis is already secretly buying mithril and refined gold in bulk, and they even increased the intensity of their slavers' fleet. He even sent people to the mainland to acquire high-grade construction blueprints..."

"The more he moves forward, the more we cannot let them succeed, or else his will be the only voice in the outer sea in the future!" Leylin's expression was serious, "I'll incessantly raid his shipping routes from now, I'll need your cooperation for intelligence reports and to fence stolen goods."

Hearing Leylin's simple yet crude plan, Madam Tillen had a rather thoughtful expression on her face. What he offered was something the Barbarians themselves could not do.

Were they to do such a thing, it would mean the start of a war! The Marquis' powerful fleet of ships would arrive at Pirates' Cove in the blink of an eye, but it was different for Leylin. He was executing this in private, but still had the identity of a noble on the surface.

Even Marquis Louis would not dare to commit the heinous crime of attacking another noble family's territory without any evidence. Besides, only a wizard like himself would be able to avoid the detection and predictive spells of the wizard working under Louis.

As for dispatching pirates and the like, did he think the other nobles were fools? There was a church on Faulen Island as well.

As long as the high-level wizard Boruj was not around, Leylin dared to join up with the Barbarians, and make sure that Boruj would walk the path of no return.

Many thoughts passed through the barbarian's mind. One should not be baffled by his appearance; although he was a barbarian, his ability to hold the throne of leadership showed that he was no simple character.

Moreover, no matter how he looked at it, the one taking the risk would be Leylin and his family. There wouldn't be any gains or losses on his part. This was what Leylin had planned long ago, and it would soon bring sorrow to his weaker opponents.

"Madam!" At this instant, there was a light knock on the door.

"What's the matter? Didn't I say before that you can't approach the lord if there isn't anything important?" Madam Tillen scowled, but continued to swing her hips as she opened the door by a small crack.

"Madam!" A maid with extremely clever eyes lowered her head and secretly scanned her surroundings, before whispering something in Madam Tillen's ear.

After closing the door, Madam Tillen returned to her seat. She looked at



Leylin oddly. Her facial expression changed a few times, before she leaned forward on Odge's shoulder and said a few words to him.

"You're good!" Odge gave Leylin a profound look. He then whispered urgently and hastily in Madam Tillen's ear.

A high-ranking warrior of Odge's level could already manifest their qi into the external environment. Isolating an area from detection was simply a piece of cake for him, and even Leylin couldn't hear anything they were discussing.

"Alright! Our chief has agreed to form an alliance with you, and even share our intelligence reports and the channel where we dispose our stolen goods with you!"

Madam Tillen grudgingly shot a bitter glance at Leylin, as though he had gotten some huge advantage, "However, we want half of the benefits of your profits every round!"

"Ten percent at most, or else I will not be able to pay my subordinates!"

Once they were back to this matter, Madam Tillen seemed to have returned to being that shrewd wife. Leylin couldn't give them his benefits just based on a few sentences she uttered, and they settled on the criterion of thirty percent in the end.

Since the leaders of both parties had already confirmed their inclination towards a collaboration, the rest of the matters could be settled by their subordinates. Odge stood up, causing a slight tremor in the process.

"Nobleman from the outer seas, wizard Leylin! Are you my friend?"

"Of course. May our friendship last for a long time, and even carry over to our descendants!" Leylin solemnly made a promise.

Thump! Two fists, one large and one small, collided, producing a light crack. This was a contract of their alliance and a pledge between men.

Of course, how long this would be maintained was a question that Leylin found hard to confront. However, before the fall of Marquis Louis' influence, their relationship as allies would be relatively solid.

After Odge left, the fox lady moved next to Leylin. Her petite frame which could light up a fire in most men was almost completely leaning against his body as she said in a feminine voice in his ear, “Hehe... Odge seems to like you very much?”

“My apologies, Madam! It’s about time for me to leave!” Leylin pushed her away courteously and got up to take his leave.

Hearing his words, a trace of disappointment flashed across her eyes, although it wasn’t clear if it was genuine or false. “Your behaviour really does deeply wound me! However, elder sister still has two gifts for you!”

“Karen! You belong to Mr Leylin from now on. You need to satisfy all of his demands, understand?”

“Understood, Madam!” Karen agreed like it was a conditioned reflex, before a hint of shame and fury flashed across her face, as though she had come to a realisation.

Although he was fully aware that Madam Tillen was being generous, at least she had gotten the approval of the barbarian, or else she definitely wouldn’t have dared to free Karen of her imprisonment. Leylin thanked her anyway.

\*

1. Acting tastelessly and greedily.

# Chapter 835: Establishing Might

“And the other gift?” Leylin looked at the appealing fox lady in front of him. There was a glimmer of anticipation on his face like that of a little boy-next-door.

Such an attitude made Madam Tillen blush instantly, and her heart almost could not take it, “Although I know perfectly well that you’re just putting on an act, I still was nearly captivated by you...”

Tillen swayed her hips. Her fiery-red fox tail drifting gently with the wind, “The second one is an intelligence report. It’s about the God of Murder’s church.”

Leylin’s expression turned solemn as he listened carefully.

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After several days, the Scarlet Tiger had been repaired at the pier of Pirates’ Cove. The blood-red flag with the skull and dagger motif fluttered in the wind.

The damage to the ship’s hull had been completely mended, the bottom of the ship polished, and even the bow of the ship had been replaced. The entire ship seemed to have been given new life, making Leylin feel deeply moved and feeling that his gold coins had been well-spent.

Now, Leylin was standing at the front of the deck with his hands behind his back, looking down at more than a hundred pirates.

These men were all recruited at Pirates’ Cove, and would make up the members in his future pirate crew.

Although Hulk and Giant had diligently attended to the matter, Leylin still had a glimmer of dissatisfaction due to the short period of time they had.

It could not be said that he was discontented with these pirates below him. It would be a wonder if these stubborn and unruly pirates submitted immediately upon discovering that their boss was a youngster. Thus, Leylin was not upset about that. What made him unhappy was how weak

these pirates were.

The number of Professionals were so low that it could be counted with his fingers, and not a single one was above rank 5. Ronaldo's group was already considered the cream of the crop, but they had at least seen bloodshed before, so they wouldn't be lenient during a battle.

Furthermore, the few who had pretty decent strength seemed to be up to no good. They didn't even have the inclination to lay low for a while, which made Leylin shake his head inwardly.

'Forget it, an elite pirate crew isn't made in one or two days. Hulk and Giant have done quite well.'

Leylin sighed secretly, then stood in front of everyone, "I am the captain of the Scarlet Tiger and will be your captain in the future. Does anyone have anything to say?"

He roared loudly all of a sudden, and his voice even made the pirates' eardrums hurt, "I know many among you are unwilling to obey me."

Leylin slowly ran his eyes through the crowd, seemingly able to read every single pirate's heart, "Some of you have your eyes on the handsome pay. Others are here purely to have some fun. Furthermore, some of you, perhaps, simply harbor prohibited thoughts and wish to kill me and seize control of the boat at sea."

An uproar came from the pirates below, but Leylin's voice was loud enough to repress it.

"But it doesn't matter, I can put all that aside. However, if you disobey my orders on the ship, or are unable to complete even my most basic requests, I will wring your brain out and stuff it up your anus. Do you understand?"

This arrogant threat immediately created a commotion among many of the pirates. Even Ronaldo was slightly displeased.

"Ya tender white swine! How dare ye speak to adults like that! Be a good lil' boy and run back to yer mommy's bosom to drink her milk!"

A jarring voice sounded from the crowd and hoots of laughter instantly erupted.

“Stop hidin’, Damphair Aeron. I can see ye. Get out here!” Giant and Hulk were rather furious.

“Hey! Hey! Mateys! Are we gin’ let a mischievous imp climb over our heads?” The crowd parted. A pirate with a fake eye and yellowing teeth walked out with more than a dozen men behind him.

“Browntooth Torworld, Pinchface Jon Myre, Red Oarsman Lucas Codd, Quellon Humble...” Giant’s expression grew worse as these names were called out one by one.

These were all famous pirates. Most of them worked alone, but they still were forces to be reckoned with.

Moreover, they had great popularity among the various pirates. Even Cyclops felt that this wouldn’t be easy to settle.

“Finally, you appear.” Leylin shook his head, “Then what do you plan on doing? Don’t forget we are still at the pier.”

Leylin was speechless regarding how those few had appeared all of a sudden. Even if they were just being compliant on the surface, but were secretly conspiring to seize control of the authority, Leylin could still use them temporarily for a period of time. It was better than disposing of them immediately.

“Nothin’, respectable young master!” Aeron snarled, making his yellowing teeth even more conspicuous, “I’m just hopin’ that young master can appoint me and these mateys as assistants onboard. This way, we’ll be able to pass on a portion of the benefits to ye. A person with such honorable status like yourself can refrain from headin’ out to sea and takin’ risks. Ain’t that reasonable?”

“Is this what all of you think too?” Leylin looked down at the newly recruited pirates.

At this point, even Giant, the most slow-witted of them all, understood that they were plotting to seize control. He immediately stood behind

Leylin, along with Cyclops and the other older pirates. Their gazes were filled with pity.

Based on what they knew of Leylin, they instantly predicted that this was the beginning of a show of force and massacre.

The majority of the pirates lowered their heads, but a few jeered rowdily. The crowd still showed tacit approval on the whole.

The loyalty of pirates was as chaste as prostitutes.

“Aeron! You’re too much!” Ronald stood apart together with his brothers, drawing the boundaries with him.

“A silent majority, and a handful of rebellious people?” Leylin laughed while looking at Aeron, who seemed to be at a loss of what to do. His eyes were filled with panic.

Upon seeing Ronald step out, he evidently understood that the situation had escalated to a point where it would be difficult to tell what would happen.

At first, they had more than a dozen brothers that were not inferior to Leylin’s men. While the remaining newly recruited pirates wouldn’t have helped an outsider.

But now, the tables had turned. Since Ronald decided to defect while bringing some people along, the tides turned immediately. The number of people in Leylin’s team rapidly increased, which intimidated majority of the remaining pirates.

Aeron deeply understood that, with his reputation, it was possible to get some of these pirates to fight for him. However, it would be impossible for Ronald to fight for Aeron as if his life depended on it.

“Damn it Ronald, ye made me lose such a huge juicy sheep! Watch out!” Aeron cursed and moved to leave with his subordinates. Death, however, was already knocking on his door. A nimble black silhouette suddenly appeared out of thin air.

“Shadow Stealth!” The figure that had appeared was an assassin. Her

dagger slashed an elegant arc across his neck.

Assassin skill— Cutthroat!

A great amount of fresh blood splurged out. Aeron covered his throat with both hands, and struggled as he collapsed on the floor. His death was quick.

“Anyone with the audacity to offend my master, will die.” Karen stood behind Leylin, wielding the dagger.

After the poison was expelled from her body, Karen finally returned to her original strength as a rank 5 assassin, which immediately intimidated a few people.

Now, she faced these pirates with the blade of vengeance.

“A rank 5 assassin! Mateys, charge! Avenge Aeron!” A red-haired pirate, who had been standing behind Aeron, immediately yelled out as a layer of qi burst forth from his body.

“Don’t move, all of you!” Leylin raised his hands and stopped his subordinates from causing trouble.

“Perhaps you once heard how the captain of the Scarlet Tiger was a powerful wizard but, upon seeing me, you instantly thought it was only a rumour,” Leylin strolled in front of those traitors. What he said made their expression change drastically and, at this point, many of them were already secretly regretting their actions.

“But let me tell you that, unfortunately, your guesses are wrong.” A refined and courteous smile was plastered on Leylin’s face. What he did next, however, wasn’t so civilized.

“Fireball!” Two balls of fire shot out, and the red-haired pirate was instantly torched.

The powerful force of the spell immediately made numerous pirates retreat one by one, a look of respect emerging on their faces.

“Animate Rope!” Leylin pointed his finger. The once useless cable suddenly started moving about, as if it had a life of its own. It nimbly

bound the rebellious pirates together, and hung them upside-down on the deck.

The numerous ropes resembled the tentacles of a formidable monster as they danced around continuously, while Leylin looked like the powerful wizard who tamed the monsters of the sea only found in legends. Many pirates couldn't help but kneel down.

"Ah! Release me! Release me! This is the Pirates' Cove, ye can't do this! The Barbarian Pirates crew ain't gonna let ye off!"

A few pirates were still putting up their final struggle. Their high-pitched voices pierced the air, attracting a team of barbarian guards.

There was a glimmer of hope on the faces of the captive whey they saw the guards. However, it was unfortunate that their hopes were immediately smashed to smithereens.

Upon seeing the flag of the Scarlet Tiger, these barbarians left immediately, not even bothering about the tragedy that was taking place.

"This treatment! It means there's an alliance with the Barbarian Pirates crew! Boss has already made an alliance with the Barbarians!" The numerous pirates immediately began to heartily surrender. With the assistance of the prestigious Barbarian Pirates and his own formidable strength, Leylin knew that he had finally established a definite amount of trust with these newly recruited pirates, at least for the time being.

"Boss! Please spare us!" "Respectable and powerful Lord Wizard! Red Oarsman Lucas Codd is willin' to pledge loyalty to ye!"

At this point, the pirates hanging upside-down sank into despair, and many began begging for forgiveness.

"Traitors must be dealt with strictly and severely. That way, the others can witness how high a price one must pay for betraying me!" Leylin's indifferent tone sent a chill through the hearts of the other pirates.

Following his orders, the cable ropes suddenly tightened, forcing out copious amounts of blood.



Thump! Thump! Thump!

Splashes of blood burst out. The gazes of the other pirates were filled with fear; right now, Leylin looked like the king of all devils.

# Chapter 836: Reward

“Master! Your beautiful strength is like a resplendent jewel, brimming with a dazzling brilliance!” Karen, who was standing beside Leylin, immediately complimented him. As a half-drow, she seemed to have regained her natural instincts after being liberated. She was gradually recovering her darkness and thirst for blood, which was characteristic of the drow.

“Alright, get up.”

Cyclops and the other pirates who had long pledged their loyalty were already aware of the outcome, thus they didn't appear to be flabbergasted. The new pirates, on the other hand, were all frightened out of their wits, especially Ronald and his group.

“So, what do you think? Does anyone else have any objections?”

Leylin ran his eyes over the crowd. The other pirates didn't dare meet his gaze, yet their eyes were brimming with reverence.

“Excellent! I like the respectful look in your eyes.” Leylin nodded. His subordinates immediately pulled out two trunks of silver kronas and copper coins.

This was the only payment he had obtained from selling the majority of goods he had on hand. Madam Tillen had ruthlessly cut the prices, probably in an attempt to vent her anger.

However, this much was sufficient to maintain the pirate crew for a few months. As for the months after that? Why would he still worry about providing for his men after getting a hold of the riches of the entire sea?

“The pay I promised earlier will not be reduced.” Leylin opened the chest. The twinkling radiance of the silver kronas blinded the eyes of numerous pirates.

“Each buccaneer of the Scarlet Tiger will obtain a fixed salary every month, in addition to the loot plundered,” Leylin announced loudly. This policy was quite different from the usual pirate way, and it instantly

received cheers from the pirates.

Although it was akin to opening a huge hole in the finance department, Leylin needed to create a strong pirate crew as fast as possible, and he couldn't care less about anything else.

After all, immense pressure and death threats were insufficient to govern a huge group. A system that gave encouragement through incentives had to be established. Otherwise, why would they join a crew with a temperamental captain like Leylin, when there are so many other pirate crews?

As soon as news of this spread, no matter how savage Leylin would be rumoured to be, he probably would still have enough manpower sources. Perhaps he could even attract a few Professionals, which would be incredibly amusing.

'As expected, these pirates don't have a single bit of loyalty.'

After giving out the money, the newly recruited pirates were immediately in high spirits. They looked as if they had completely forgotten what had happened earlier. Leylin secretly shook his head.

However, this was the objective truth, and there was absolutely nothing that could change that. Leylin could only take a laissez-faire approach.

After all, the control that any pirate captain had over his men was always the same. Unless authority was rooted deeply after long periods of time together, and trust was established through continuous victories, this was all it would amount to.

If it was not like this, Leylin wouldn't have been able to subdue the Black Tiger crew previously, and set up a new crew with them as the first few subordinates.

'These incentives... It seems like it is still not enough.'

There was a flash in Leylin's eyes as he stood on the platform, "Giant!"

"I'm here, boss!" Giant immediately half knelt on the floor. His body resembled a small-scale mountain.

“You killed more than ten enemies when you accompanied me last time. You’re also the Professional with the highest rank among all my men. I want to reward you.”

Leylin waved his hands and a piece of leather armor, that resembled a singlet, flew in front of Giant. There was an armor plating in the most crucial body parts, offering better protection.

Giant put on his sleeveless leather armour. His face, however, changed when a magical brilliance burst from his armour. He couldn’t help but shout in surprise, “This is magical armour!”

“What? Magical armour?” This immediately attracted envious looks from the other pirates.

Even though it was the cheapest of all magical goods, it had to be supported by primary smelting spells, and was worth hundreds of gold coins. Furthermore, a life-saving item such as this one was priceless.

“Yes. It has been reinforced by the “Hardness Spell” three times. Even a heavy hammer would be unable to break through your defense with a single blow.”

Actually, the raw material of this leather armour had been looted from the captain of the Merfolk Pirates after the battle. Leylin had found it to be beneath him, thus he decided to modify it for his men to equip.

Giant didn’t know what else to say and could only scratch his head as he smiled foolishly, while attracting a few jealous looks.

“Also, Ronald!” Leylin turned his gaze to Ronald.

“Young master! You called for me?” Ronald knelt on the floor with one knee, with a strange feeling in his heart.

“Yes! Your earlier actions attest to your loyalty! This rapid explosion ring is yours!”

This had also been a contribution made by those unlucky Merfolk Pirates. Leylin did not feel a tad bit embarrassed.

“Many thanks!” Ronald felt as though he had been struck in the chest by

a heavy hammer/

While knowing that he had only coincidentally been there when Leylin needed to point out role models amongst the new pirates, he was still elated.

This was indeed a magical item! It was so valuable that it could be a family heirloom for commoners, knights and lords.

"I will always be loyal to you!" Ronald kissed the ring on his finger, and solemnly accepted this precious treasure into his embrace, also attracting many envious stares. Mainly, many of the new pirates had flushed faces. They gazed at Leylin as though they were looking at a god.

As long as they worked hard, there would be hope. As long as they put in the effort, there would be reward.

More often than not, the people of the lower classes only hoped for so much, yet the upper classes cruelly deprived them of even this slight hope.

But now, Leylin showed them hope of being able to completely change their fates. This alone was sufficient to arouse their enthusiasm and will to fight.

"Raise the flag! Set sail!" Seeing their boosted morales, Leylin loudly announced his command.

"Aye! Aye!" The multitude of pirates immediately started to get busy. Under the directions of Cyclops, Hulk and the others, the Scarlet Tiger was quickly driven out of the dock.

At this moment, the bishop and priest from the God of Murder were silently observing the situation from the shadows, until the ship departed.

The bishop spoke after a long silence, "What do you think?"

"He's firm when dealing with issues, determined and unscrupulous. It's hard to believe that he is only fifteen!" The priest seemed unwilling to admit it, but eventually admitted.

"But even so, we don't have to tell him about 'that', right?"

The bishop replied with a cold snort, "Cly has already violated the

teachings of our master, and is bent on avenging his brother who betrayed the church long ago. He must be punished for such conduct.”

However, these were just excuses, The pivotal point was that Cly was a hindrance to his own plan.

For a person with great influence, disposing of a small pawn was nothing in the face of the bigger picture.

As long as the glory of the God of Murder continued shining across the seas for eternity, what was the worth of a few highly-ranked assassins?

“I’m looking forward to what will happen to him” The bishop smiled as his silhouette slowly faded into the darkness.

The priest’s eyes were filled with shock. As the bishop left, he started understanding that the bishop actually placed great importance on that young nobleman.

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The Scarlet Tiger sailed on under the azure skies, although it appeared to be moving slowly, it was travelling at high speeds.

“Five hundred metres ahead! I spotted an unknown ship without a pirate flag!” The mariner on the observation deck called out.

“Boss!” Giant immediately appeared behind Leylin, donned in his newly-attained leather armour.

Cyclops also appeared next to Leylin and reported softly, “I asked around beforehand. A bunch of scurvy dogs are coveting our booty and ship.”

“Organisations that have been blinded by greed?” Leylin suddenly raised his brows, “Their vessel doesn’t look too shabby. We are still lacking a few buccaneers and slaves, aren’t we?”

After hearing Leylin’s words, Giant and the rest were already dedicating a moment of silence in mourning for the pirates on the other ship. They would never know what a terrifying chap they had provoked.

“Prepare for battle. I want to check out the strength of these men,” Leylin instructed Ronald, who was standing behind him.

“On it, young master! You will see it!” Ronald retreated respectfully.

With such a formidable wizard on board, he couldn't see the slightest possibility of them being defeated.

The two ships came into contact. Without the slightest bit of hesitation or shouting, they both launched their attacks.

After the whistling of the harpoons and numerous rounds of feathered arrows flying back and forth, they immediately jumped aboard each other's ships and descended into a chaotic battle.

Giant laughed maniacally as he brandished the enormous claw hammer in his hand. He was covered in the enemy's blood and resembled a fiend emerging from the abyss as he charged forth in the frontline.

Behind him, Ronald commanded the new pirates, and assembled them into a few simple formations, obtaining favourable results. He felt as if he possessed an irresistible force, especially with the weapon infused with poison that Leylin had provided.

Seeing his fluent commanding skills, Leylin couldn't help but be fond of him, ‘Who would have thought that Ronald would be a military genius?’

“You guys attack them as well. I'm going to meet with an old friend.” Leylin waved his hands and flew out of his ship, landing onto the opponent's deck.

Ray of Frost! Fireball!

A hell made of fire and ice spread across the ship, along with the ghoulish wails and painful howls of numerous pirates.

“He's a wizard!”

The powerful force generated by the spells instantly dealt a huge blow to the morale of his opponents. The situation seemed to be tipped in favour of Leylin and his party.

At this moment, however, several secret conscripts with the intent to kill approached from the darkness. Their keen aura had the characteristic of highly-ranked assassins.

“It’s indeed you guys!” The corners of Leylin’s lips curled into a gentle smile as he tore open the magic scroll in his hands right away.

“Ice Storm!” The snow attack covered an even larger area, and had the powerful might of a rank 4 spell. Leylin’s surroundings instantly turned into a land of ice and snow.



# Chapter 837: Return Home

Plunk! A few figures were forced out of stealthy advancement, and their bodies bore the traces of having been frozen.

“How did you find us?” Cly’s face was now filled with disbelief.

“Dead men don’t need to know anything!” The blood-red Devilblood Dagger appeared in Leylin’s hand, making him look more evil.

Whoosh! He turned into a phantom, pouncing towards these few assassins.

“Damn it...” Feeling sluggish from the frost, Cly’s expression was incredibly sinister. Somehow, he already knew who had sold him out.

In the end, all he saw was a dazzling blood-red.

Pu! Pu! Pu! Making use of the hindrance from the ice storm and the poor visibility, Leylin took care of the assassins in an instant. The many enemies with immense injuries caused by the ice storm finally lifted their white flag to surrender.

However, Leylin was disinclined to bother with matters like his subordinates looting and taking prisoners. He looked at the prompt his A.I. Chip gave him.

[Beep! Host has been enhanced by the Devilblood Dagger. Agility has increased by 0.3!] ‘0.3? Not bad. If that’s changed into spiritual force, that might be even less than 0.0001!’

Leylin was very satisfied with this. He had far too much spiritual force, and slight increases like this meant nothing to him. Hence, he focused on his shortcomings.

Making use of the ability of the Devilblood Dagger, he was confident that he could develop his stats in an all-rounded way to become the perfect existence!

Though that was only for perfection below rank 10.

His stats had turned into: [Leylin Farlier. Race: Human. Rank 8 Wizard.

Strength: 3.5. Agility: 3.3. Vitality: 4.5. Spiritual force: 8. State: Healthy. Talents: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 3(2). Rank 2(4). Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] At this moment, Karen came beside Leylin. “Master, all the remaining people who resist us have been purged!”

“Good! Send news to the Church of Murder to say that I have already received their goodwill!” Leylin now had a satisfied grin on his face.

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Faulen Island, in the temporary camp that Leylin had first built.

Jacob, who was patrolling the area, suddenly heard his subordinate reporting to him in panic. “My lord, there’s an unknown fleet nearing us!”

“What? Are they pirates? Be on the alert!”

Jacob’s expression was solemn. On the outer seas, pirates would never go extinct. They were like a pack of ravenous wolves, attacking any ships or ports that would bring them wealth.

A bell rang urgently, and with the soldiers urging them on, the slaves hid within wooden houses. The rest of the soldiers took their weapons and watched the sail in the distance.

However, even Jacob involuntarily gaped, unable to say a word.

Large. It was much too large! There were three huge ships with densely packed human figures atop them, causing Jacob to say bitterly, “These numbers are probably enough to attack the whole Faulen Island. Could this be the three legendary large-scale pirate groups?”

“It’s the time to show your loyalty to the family till the end!” Jacob gripped the weapon in his hand tightly and yelled.

“Long live Faulen!” “Long live!” Many soldiers yelled together, but their voices were filled with immense fear. A few soldiers were already looking out for escape routes. Not everyone could view death with equanimity. Under the threat of death, too many things could happen.

The three huge ships did not hesitate as they drew closer. However, there were no pirate flags at the top. Could this instead be three large

merchant ships?

Merchant ships? How was that possible? Jacob was completely confused.

At this moment, a figure flew like an eagle from the ship, heading in his direction.

“That’s Fly! It’s a mid-rank wizard spell, could it be...” Jacob’s expression changed, eventually turning into one of anticipation and elation, “It’s young master! Young master is back!”

As the streams of air dissipated, Leylin’s figure stopped in front of Jacob, “You did well with the camp!”

He’d taken a quick look at this camp from the skies and found that Jacob had completed everything according to his plans. It already was in a good state, able to take in a new population and slaves, which would help him with his trading plans.

“Many thanks for your praise! It’s actually thanks to the slaves. They work diligently everyday, but it’s a pity there are too few of them...” Jacob placed his right hand on his chest, bowing respectfully.

“You don’t have to worry about the slaves. I brought a lot... and there are other surprises as well! Prepare to dispatch people to take them.” Leylin had a trace of a smile on his expression. A huge flame flew from his hand, forming an obvious signal.

The three ships began to move slowly, releasing countless little boats that rowed in their direction like ants.

“Three ships...” Jacob’s eyes widened.

“Hehe... These are ships of the Rhodes Merchant group. I made a deal with them and bought large numbers of slaves and coarse sugar...” Leylin watched the many little boats, frowning slightly.

“Here!” He pointed to a coastal area, “We’ll need to build a new dock. Of course, there were far too few people before, but this won’t be a problem now...”

Seeing the unending stream of slaves and baskets of coarse sugar, as well as other construction materials unceasingly being sent ashore, Jacob clenched his fists. His face flushed.

While he had no idea how this mysterious young master had gotten a hold of this, that had nothing to do with him, did it? As a subordinate, all he needed to do was carry out his superior's orders. That was enough! Just seeing how much Leylin had spent, it was obvious that he was planning to go big.

"Jacob! Make arrangements for the slaves being shipped over. Males and females are to be separated and watched. Don't let them get up to anything funny!"

Leylin's blueprint had been very large, and he had even especially left out blank spaces in it. Hence, it was not an issue to take in hundreds of slaves.

Besides the unskilled labourers, there were many confused faces. The sickly slaves who were chased into a camp barricaded with pointy wooden fences.

There, Nunooker, whom Leylin had appointed as head of the slaves, had already commanded the older ones to bring out pots of mashed fish soup to share with the newcomers. He then darted to Leylin upon catching sight of him, kissing the soil under his feet, "Respected master, Nunooker expresses his reverence for you!"

"I heard you managed the slaves well. Good job!" Leylin nodded. Nunooker had already put on linen clothing and looked somewhat like a commoner now. There was even a lash hung at his waist that seemed rather worn out, making it look well-used. His clothes and whip all showed the rise in his authority and status.

"Do it well. After this, I'll remove your contract as a slave and free you. I'll even give you some land!" Leylin was never stingy with those who sided with him, and this would also set an example for others.

"Oh, great master, I praise you! Your benevolence is as vast as the ocean!" Nunooker knelt down once more.

A manager clad in silk clothing with gold threads on his cuffs came beside Leylin, “My lord, the goods have all been received. There are a total of 275 slaves and 5000kg of coarse sugar! There are also other goods as well. This is the bill for your account...”

“Mm, the numbers are right!” Leylin took a glance at him, knowing that he had not done anything fishy with them. The manager wouldn’t dare to anyway, since Leylin was a channel to dispose of stolen groups belonging to the Barbarians.

It was understandable why he feared Leylin. In addition, even if they were to practice fraud, this would not be able to trick Leylin. Hence, Leylin quickly signed his name after looking at the bill, then stamped it with a special ring of his.

This was a dagger and skull, the mark of the Scarlet Tigers! This ruby ring could be opened at the top, and it held Leylin’s pirate imprint inside. This was also proof that he had dealings with the Barbarians.

“Alright, you have already paid for the goods before. The deal has been completed successfully. Thank you for your cooperation!” After seeing Leylin sign his name, the manager sighed in relief and then revealed a genuine smile.

“Thank you for your cooperation!” Leylin’s eyes moved swiftly away, thoughts already on other matters.

Once he had left from Pirates’ Cove, Leylin had wiped out a few pirate groups who had wanted to take advantage of them. Once he had established his reputation and secured his status, he met up with Isabel and the rest at a place they had previously arranged.

Due to the many battles and prisoners, Leylin’s pirate group had already changed greatly by the time he met up with his cousin and the others. He now had a tremendous organisation, with three battleships and over two hundred pirates under him!

Though they seemed like nothing more than a mob, it wasn’t as if there weren’t any talents amongst them. If Leylin was counted as well, this new crew was the strongest one out of the big three. He even had the capital to

challenge the larger pirate groups!

What happened next was obvious. With information from the Thieves' Guild and Barbarians, Leylin brought his subordinates and plundered countless merchant ships that belonged to the Louis Family, killing all of the passengers. The goods were naturally mostly sold to the Rhodes Merchant group using the Barbarian Pirates' connections, and in return he earned many slaves and resources.

Following that, the pirates that had endured countless battles needed to rest and reorganise. Leylin seized this opportunity to let his cousin Isabel take over, announcing her the acting captain with Hulk, Cyclops, Giant, Karen and Ronald assisting her. Meanwhile, he returned to his own family's territory.

# Chapter 838: Sugar Cubes

There were a few special little families in this batch of slaves, those of the Black Tiger pirates who were no more. Leylin planned to integrate them into his people to fill up the population here. At the same time, they could be treated like hostages; any pirate that pledged his life to him at the start would no longer need to be doubted.

Without any major changes, the possibility of their betrayal was at their lowest.

‘When it comes to the accumulation of resources, plundering is truly the fastest method!’

Of all the resources this time, there was a special batch that was the spoils of war that Leylin would keep for himself. This included the crude sugar obtained on Half Merfolk Island, as well as items that were difficult to dispose of.

After all this privateering, it could be said that the basic conditions to build the production lines were already in place. The next step was to attempt to produce the items themselves. Had he used the normal method of having his family invest capital into the project, he would have to slowly buy slaves and make attempts to produce the product. He would have suffered difficulties even in the beginning!

“No matter what kind of production it is, privateering is the key part...”

Leylin sighed, “It’s a pity that after Marquis Louis’ organisation dispersed, I can’t go on being a pirate. After all, then I would be viewed as an enemy by many, and there would even be people who have formed grudges against me...”

Destruction and plunder easily gave rise to hatred. At the same time, it had the quickest results, which was why people could not give it up so easily. Leylin being able to make this decision showed his foresight and wisdom.

The pirates would not give up, and that led to the entire region of the sea

being abandoned by merchants. Only massive growth of trade would serve as a source of wealth, which was why Leylin wanted to create a sugar and fish floss trade.

Of course, this did not mean that Leylin would disband the pirate group.

In reality, he had already thought of the alternate route for the Scarlet Tigers in the future. They would no longer engage in piracy, instead they would share their ill-gotten gains from collecting protection fees and naval escort services, for instance.

In essence, they would be taken from exploiting others openly, to exploiting them from the shadows.

Leylin was very ambitious! To do this, he had to first become the king of the outer seas, or at the very least, the king of the dark world and possess the power to draw up rules and regulations!

That would also be the rise of his power over the seas! If all went well, he might even be able to create a powerful country based on this sea!

Leylin would not reject the chance to gain power in the secular world. Rather, that was what he was working hard and making preparations for.

As the gods of this world needed the faith of mortals, especially for the newly-advanced gods, having a stable foundation for faith as well as their own territory was far too important. This was what could be relied on to protect and prevent the fall of their divine nation.

The gods were far-sighted. Leylin could not steal the followers of the old gods, because that would only result in a terrifying battle with a god!

His way would be to develop a new territory of his own, and expand the population to gain faith.

Any issues when it came to the time it would take was never a problem for gods.

Three ships steered away from the port under Jacob and the others' watchful eyes. Leylin clapped his eyes, smiling at Jacob, "Alright! What happens next is our responsibility. How are things on your side?"



Jacob looked startled, "Please come with me!"

Leylin opened the wooden door to one of the little storehouses in the camp and was met with the smell of sea salt and fishiness.

There were rows of wooden frames inside, where a large quantity of fish floss were tightly sealed well in porcelain jars.

"Based on the method Young Master taught us, the fish floss we created can be kept for over a month. If we use this method of storing it, it can last for over half a year..."

Jacob sounded excited, "With this shelf life, we'll be able to sell the fish floss to the continent..."

"Mm! The key now is to have a small profit but rapid turnover!" Leylin nodded.

Techniques to create fish floss were not all that meticulous. What was important now was upscaling and industrialising it, which would reduce costs.

Even so, there were a limited number of consumers. At the very least, Leylin could not place his hopes on the farmers and tenants in villages. All they could squeeze out of them was meagre, and they'd be happy if they just got to eat black bread.

Leylin's target market lay in the larger cities. There were handicraft workers, free citizens, many adventurers and mercenaries, who Leylin were counting on.

The villages in the World of Gods were never places where wealth gathered. The cities were the only places with the greatest profits.

He didn't need much. As long as he could break into a few cities near the shore, the profits alone would make Leylin smile brilliantly even in his dreams.

"As for the sugar refinery, due to the lack of acid and activated carbon that Young Master spoke of, we have only stockpiled a batch of raw materials in storage..."

Jacob brought Leylin to another warehouse. Sealed under dry conditions, the sugar was piled together, with some yellow and even black inside.

This was coarse sugar that was even slightly bitter. However, the bit of sweetness within was already a pretty good luxury for the nobles.

However, as this was the outer seas, the moisture in the air caused the white sugar to show signs of coagulating into clumps despite methods that attempted to rectify it.

“It doesn’t matter for now, since there will still be another process. The fine white sugar created after that will need even more attention though!”

This was the greatest wealth that Leylin had gotten for himself.

Fish floss would garner small profits but a rapid turnover and thus expand production. However, methods to refine white sugar would have to be kept a secret. This way, he had control over both high and low-end markets, and if he was lucky, this might be able to keep the Faulen Family rich for centuries!

Leylin was rather ambitious about this.

In his plans, this place would become the Faulen Island’s most important port, and even the core of the island!

Of course, before either of these two were developed, Leylin would keep all these plans deep inside his heart.

Though it looked more convenient and safer to plunder another island, Leylin was unperturbed.

The problem here was the feudal fiefdom!

In theory, the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom naturally belonged to the king. Once unclaimed lands were occupied, that would imply losing protection from the kingdom and would stir up hostility!

What would it imply, for the outer seas without land held by nobility, with no shrines, churches or priests?

Terrifying diseases could not be healed with divine spells, and could only be endured. People also had to deal with the ferocious natives and terrible

climate.

In the deep seas, there were also numerous terrifying monsters, with some able to massacre a whole island!

Every year, the number of people who died while trying to break into the outer seas was a number that would cause one to tremble in fear.

Hence, as the Faulen Island had been cleared and cultivated, with a great port, people and church as foundations, it was inevitable that Viscount Tim coveted it.

However, Leylin had long since treated Faulen Island as his own, which determined the pitiful fate of the poor Viscount.

“Jacob, send down the order to give the slaves another meal tonight. We begin training tomorrow, where we are going to prepare the selected outstanding artisans to take part in the production. The rest of the slaves will extend the camp. Whatever it is, we can’t have them idle!”

The method to create fish floss was extremely simple, but the method to refining sugar was something Leylin was planning to keep a secret for a few years. While he would be left with no choice but to hand over the techniques later, the immense profits before that happen were going to be terrifying.

Leylin was already planning to sternly exercise control over the artisans, and even set out individual residential areas that would be monitored.

Leylin was the worthy master of this land. Once he made a decision like this, it would be enforced without question.

When Baron Jonas arrived, what he saw was an area buzzing with activity.

“Such a huge camp with so many slaves, wouldn’t that cost thousands of gold coins?”

Baron Jonas walked along the streets in disbelief, carefully sizing up the camp. The ground was tidy, and there were spaces at both sides meant for shops, blacksmith stores and tailor stores. It was clear that Leylin had

planned this out very carefully, and had built this place up like a little town.

“Yes, master! To create this camp and purchase the slaves, it would be possibly only if we invest months of profit from our entire port...”

Leon’s eyes betrayed his shock, especially after he saw the many slaves being managed by Leylin in such a clear and orderly fashion. His eyes flashed and he looked on speechlessly.

Only he, as the main housekeeper, knew how difficult it was to tame so many natives!

The young master, who was able to do this, was truly the treasured child of the gods!

At this thought, Leon could not help but to say a prayer.

But this was just the start. After seeing the completed product that Leylin spoke of, Baron Jonas and Leon were even more shocked.

“Is this... truly cane sugar?”

Eyeing the snow white sparkling cubes that were reflective like mirrors, Baron Jonas picked up a cube in disbelief.

Such a translucent luster was mind-blowing to him, “It’s too-too beautiful! It’s like a crystal. This is a work of art!”

Baron Jonas mumbled as he tossed it into his mouth, and a sweetness then exploded in his mouth.

Such a sweet taste caused Baron Jonas to be so moved that he could not even speak.

“I can tell you for sure...” After a long while, Baron Jonas huffed out, “The sugar cubes will definitely be a luxury that the nobility long for. Without it, those extravagant banquets will lose much splendour...”

“You are right, Father!” Standing at the side, Leylin revealed a smile.

# Chapter 839: Venus

Leylin put down the plate that contained the sugar in his hand and looked at Baron Jonas, “Father, how much do you think I can sell these refined sugar cubes for?”

Baron Jonas closed his eyes for a moment and answered with certainty, “It should be at least ten times the price of coarse sugar! If we weren’t afraid of someone backstabbing us or coveting this, we could perhaps sell it at even twenty times.”

Leylin smiled and nodded. “Then I’ll leave the avenues of selling it to Father!”

The moment the method to create such refined sugar cubes entered the market, it would have a huge effect. How could Leylin match up to Baron Jonas in behaving appropriately, finding backers, transferring profits, and building profitable partnerships and the like? His father was a very experienced trader.

“I’ve just seen the fish floss jars, and they’re not bad!” Baron Jonas looked at his son, his eyes full of indescribable emotion, “Sigh... You’ve really created a difficult problem for your father! Such immense profits...”

While he was sighing, the Baron still could not conceal his smile. Leylin always seemed to be able to surpass his expectations in unimaginable ways.

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With enough manpower and physical resources, the fish floss and sugar trade that Leylin was anticipating finally began to take shape. Baron Jonas knew full well that such immense profits were something that his family could not handle alone, so he made use of the two items to rope in a few other noble families that had their lands in the outer seas. He also got in touch with the local forces, and gave them a large portion of the profits. This way, there were a lot of people he could drag into deep waters to bear the brunt of the backlash with him.

The moment Faulen Island's refined white sugar entered the market, the effect even surpassed the baron's imagination.

Its pure taste was as sweet as heaven, and immediately conquered many nobles. They rushed to find this luxury item like they'd been driven insane. Just the profits from the first month reached a startling 2000 gold coins!

The fish floss was not as popular, but the market's reaction was not bad. Its characteristic of being convenient food as well as the benefit of being able to store it for a long period of time made it popular among mercenaries and adventurers. Even the military of the kingdom expressed their interest.

The profits of this becoming military rations... was there more to be said?

Making use of these two items earnt them tons of wealth, the Faulen Family began to grow at a rapid rate. Leylin had to even open up a few production lines in order to match the insane market demand!

Of course, this couldn't have been done without the Scarlet Tiger pirates investing a lot of funds. With Leylin controlling everything from the shadows and the aid from the Barbarians, the Scarlet Tiger Pirates had gone all out, attacking numerous ships that belonged to Marquis Louis under Isabel's lead.

Leylin waited on Faulen Island, like nothing had to do with him. The Barbarians were also exceptionally quiet, making the marquis unable to find any evidence. He could only grit his teeth in the shadows, preparing to exact revenge.

Nearly a year passed in the blink of an eye. The camp that Leylin had constructed had now turned into a bustling harbour with limestone floors and tiled houses. There was an imposing aura in the area, and the port was arranged very logically. Security was very good, and there was not a trace of trash on the ground.

When compared to other ports, this was unimaginable. They were nasty and filthy, and usually the sources of diseases and epidemics. Leylin obviously would not tolerate this. Furthermore, a clean, tidy, and orderly

port was unimaginably attractive for sea merchants.

With the fish floss and the refined sugar cubes dominating the markets, the port was now a money-making area. A lot of ships stopped at the pier every day, loading up completely on goods before leaving. Even at night, the labourers would still work with much clamour; the place looked prosperous.

Leylin named the place Port Venus, an allegory for a rising star. And indeed, once it was constructed it attracted many merchants into frequenting Faulen Island, and it silently became another trading hub of the outer seas.

Originally, The Baltic archipelago and Pirates' Cove which belonged to two different powers dominated the scene, but Port Venus marked the rise of a third power. Such a huge change obviously attracted the attention of intelligent people.

"My lord, here's the latest news!" A middle-rank warrior in exquisite chainmail armour respectfully passed a letter sealed in wax to Jacob.

Jacob hastily opened it up, and after skimming through a few lines his expression changed, "This is... I'll tell young master myself!"

Once they left the room, two rows of elite warriors followed behind him, all of them with a strong and bloody aura. Their eyes even seemed to glint, they were naturally elite warriors who had activated their qi.

After walking out of the city hall, Jacob mounted a handsome black stallion. While he could use a horse carriage as a public security officer, his fighter habits made it such that he preferred to ride horses himself.

Glancing at the luxurious and imposing city hall at his back, the many middle-ranked warriors behind him, and the eyes of people on the roads looking to curry favour with him, Jacob was slightly absent-minded.

'Everything has really changed!' Jacob sighed. When they came into their wealth, Leylin and Baron Jonas did not hoard their gold like greedy dragons. On the contrary, other than to construct more production lines and Port Venus itself, Baron Jonas had the great vision to take out almost

all his savings to increase the power of the Faulen Family.

Exquisite chainmail and stainless steel longswords replaced the leather armour, metal forks and wooden pikes from before on a large scale. He even recruited huge batches of Professionals. While it wasn't quite possible to get high-ranked ones at rank 15 and above, the middle-ranked ones and especially close combat warriors just could not reject the conditions the Baron had offered.

After serving here for a long time, many of these with professions fell in love with the atmosphere and brought their families here, becoming free citizens of Port Venus. Leylin was extremely welcome to the idea, and was generous in his treatment and the promotions. This formed a virtuous cycle, which helped his subordinates get even stronger.

Jacob knew that there were already Professionals over rank 10 siding with Leylin. If not for him following the Baron around since childhood and working hard for the family, his own position would long since have been filled with someone else.

Even so, the sense of danger kept lingering in his mind.

'I need to train even more. I have a feeling that the bottleneck that's been bothering me for years should be able to be broken this time!' With the rise of the Faulen Family's income, Jacob and those of his batch naturally benefitted.

Their salaries rose sky high, and Jacob felt that he was not deserving of this. Not only did he use this money for lessons from scholars, but he also sought powerful warriors for their advice. He had now reached the peak of rank 7, and was a step away from rank 8.

The new wheat farms met him outside the port, the green wheat filled with vitality freshening up the air. Jacob couldn't help but take in several deep breaths.

Those farming here were the farmers who had migrated over from Faulen Island, and there were also slaves that had been released and the families of pirates.



Leylin especially made it a law that as long as slaves worked hard, they would regain their status as free people after a certain number of years, and would acquire 0.6 hectares of land. After paying three years of taxes, they could go to the city hall and apply to redeem it at a low price and become farmers of their own plots of land. The promise of becoming free men motivated the slaves to work with all their might.

Leylin knew that no matter how human society changed, a hierarchy would always remain. Allowing mobility between the levels would give those at the bottom hope, and was the only method that would ensure the vitality of both the organisation and government.

Past the wheat fields were even more guards. Jacob could sense knight-errants, thieves and even assassins spying from the shadows as the farms gave way to an industrial zone. This was where the fish floss and sugar were produced.

Ever since his first trade profits made their way into his hands, Leylin had shifted his production line to the area to give the port more space. It was also convenient to supervise it and ensure the secrecy of the place.

With the expansion of the profits from trade, the issue of security became increasingly serious. It was at the point that Leylin and his master Ernest came here personally to take charge of it. Most of the Faulen Family's elite forces were here, which frightened off numerous spies. However, as long as there were huge profits, the spying would never end.

Leylin's villa was next to the factories. He was never one to mistreat himself, and the villa took up a lot of space. He had even brought over his servants from the manor, including the housekeepers. Of course, Clara and Claire came as well.

Jacob only saw Leylin after two rank 10 warrior patrols. His sixteenth birthday had passed, and Leylin now seemed more mature. His curly blonde hair was like the sunlight, and his blue eyes like the sea. Every inch of his musculature was perfect, which made one feel that his proportions were in perfect harmony. Rather, with his current appearance he seemed like the ideal lover for a noble princess.

The sisters' eyes showed how intoxicated they were by him; they hadn't even noticed Jacob's entrance.

# Chapter 840: Closer

“Young master, we’ve received news that a Gold Priest of the church of wealth would like to meet you. He’ll reach Venus Port in the next few days.”

Claire and Clara blushing brought Jacob a goblet of mixed fruit juice after waking up from their reverie. This was a drink of the elves that Leylin found delightful.

“Gold Priest? Just having a Silver Priest coming over would already be enough...” Leylin half-reclined on the elven rattan chair, looking languid, comfortable, and not ruffled at all.

Waukeen’s priests were divided into a few ranks, the highest of which was the current Patriarch. The rest of them were arranged according to currency, copper being the lowest and gold the highest.

A Gold Priest was equivalent to an archbishop, a status that greatly exceeded that of Bishop Tapris from the church of knowledge. Even if Tapris was converted by Waukeen, he would only be a Silver Priest.

The church of wealth sending out a Gold Priest showed that Faulen Island’s trade volumes had reached a terrifying level. It was to the point that it even attracted some attention from the Goddess of Wealth!

“Understood. Tell them to give him VIP treatment!”

While this was important, Jacob felt relaxed after hearing Leylin’s instructions. It was like he believed that as long as he did as Leylin said, things would go well!

This was the prestige that Leylin amassed over time, and at times, had the ability to reverse the trend of events.

After watching Jacob leave, Leylin pursed his lips and took a drink of fruit juice, a strange grin emerging on his face, “The Goddess of Wealth? Not bad...”

Port Venus was like Leylin’s personal fiefdom. While it belonged to Baron Jonas in name, Leylin held the real power here, and had tight

control of the management of the port. He had not constructed any churches here, much to Bishop Tapris' chagrin.

But neither Leylin nor Baron Jonas wanted the church of knowledge to solely occupy Faulen Island. And besides the God of Suffering, the Goddess of Wealth was the god that was most worshipped by nobility.

The nobles held the most faith in their own benefits and power. Of course this led to them believing in the Goddess of Wealth. After all, who could resist those adorable and dazzling bundles of gold?

Baron Jonas had long hoped to be able to attract the church of wealth into building a shrine to their goddess here. However, the Faulen Family had been too poor before, and the church of knowledge had obstructed it. However, this was now a request from the church of wealth themselves, and with a Gold Priest being sent over it was obvious how serious they were.

Leylin welcomed the church of wealth's presence here. The benefits it would bring to the region's development were obvious.

The priests of wealth were amazing at making profit. They didn't limit themselves to business; even with their gamut of profitable ventures there was nothing they did not do. From storing precious items, to remitting gold, to converting money between the different metals, they even provided high interest loans— as long as it was profitable, there was nothing they wouldn't dare do.

However, it could not be denied that with the church of wealth would partially take over the role of a bank, and there would only be advantages in trade and economic development.

Since this was a request from the other side, how could Leylin let go of such a great chance to rip somebody off? He could also take this opportunity to take revenge on what they had done in the past.

At this thought, Leylin's smile widened. He took a look at his stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 16. Race: Human, Rank 9 Wizard. Strength: 4.5. Agility: 5. Vitality: 6. Spirit: 9. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell

Slots: Rank 4(1), Rank 3(3), Rank 2(5), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Progress of analysis of the Weave: Rank 0: 100%. Rank 1: 100%. Rank 2: 25.17%. Rank 3: 8.89%. Rank 4: 0.001%.] This past year, Leylin had secretly worked to help the Scarlet Tigers eliminate their enemies. Isabel now had the nickname of the 'Scarlet Witch' and was notorious in the outer seas. Half of that was thanks to Leylin.

The Devilblood Dagger also took this opportunity to drink the fresh blood of enemies, pushing Leylin to rank 9.

A rank 9 wizard was an existence that could make contact with fourth level of the Weave! At this point, Leylin had basically graduated from his study under Ernest. If not for Leylin's continuous motivation, Ernest would've been embarrassed to see his disciple. He had spent a lot of effort and broken through all the way to rank 10.

"Now that I can cast rank 4 spells, master Ernest has nothing to teach me anymore..." Leylin sighed. He could now cast rank 4 spells, and due to his specialisation, Ernest rarely learnt spells out of Abjuration and Evocation. Leylin felt like it was a great pity.

He now spent most of his time in self-study. Of course, with the Faulen Family's current wealth, buying some foundational spell models and scholarly volumes was no problem. However, what vexed Leylin was that the kingdom's wizard guilds were useful for low-ranked wizards, but spell models at rank 4 and above, including research, were kept a tight secret and not sold publicly.

As for information for high-ranking wizards, or even about Legends, it was the most taboo of all and was protected quite well. There was no way for Leylin to see it.

"Master Ernest has already given me a letter of recommendation. With this, I might be able to get the qualifications to get into a wizarding guild in the Dambrath capital..." Leylin's eyes were half-closed, and his brain continued to ponder different ideas.

"It's a pity that the outer seas cannot operate without me. Marquis Louis' patience must be at its limit, and his attacks of vengeance can come

at any moment. And then there's also the partnership with the Barbarian Pirates..."

After a long while, Leylin sighed deeply. He obviously could not leave now. At the very least, he had to give Louis' family a firm push, but the day was near for that. Leylin's eyes blazed...

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"Trash! You're trash!" The ink, quill pen, parchment and all the miscellaneous items on the table were flung onto Viscount Tim's body.

"A year has passed! A whole year has passed, but what have you done? Not only have the few ships you have been sunk by him, he's taken most of our trade! How did I get a son like you?" Marquis Louis exclaimed, the veins bursting out on his forehead in his fury.

"Father! My investigations show that there's a large possibility that Leylin, the son of Baron Faulen, is the person behind the Scarlet Tigers. We can ask for a trial from the kingdom and catch him on charge of being a pirate... And then there's the Barbarians. As long as we amass all our strength and attack Pirates' Cove..."

Tim lowered his head, concealing the icy glint in his eyes and trying his best to persuade his father.

He hated Leylin and the Scarlet Pirates to the bone. Leylin seemed to have become his nemesis. Ever since the incident with the Black Tiger Pirates, the few shipping routes in his control had been fiercely attacked, and his few attempts at revenge were seen through when he was trying to implement them. He had metaphorically been slapped in the face, and the organisations under his control had all been mostly or completely lost.

He had lost the favour of his father, and even the servants began to treat him with less importance. Of course, there was also his most hated big brother, who ruthlessly poured salt on his wounds and took the opportunity to take over much of the businesses he had possessed. His brother was even brazenly recruiting his men!

Boom! A black crystal ink bottle was thrown at Tim's head. Ink flowed

down Tim's forehead, mixing with blood and leaving him frozen.

"Are you stupid? Guilty of being a pirate? Do you have any evidence, or do you want to implicate us too?"

Marquis Louis' yells were even louder, "And attacking Pirates' Cove? That's the biggest joke I've heard all year! That's the place where all the dark organisations in the outer seas gather. Even if we attack, what good is it for us? We'll even have to take on their counterattack..."

"Father!" At this moment, a gentle voice could be heard from behind the door. Marquis Louis immediately regained his calm, and the light in Tim's eyes dimmed.

The door pulled open. His brother, who seemed to have been blessed by the gods from birth and possessed all the fortunes of the world, walked in.

"William!" Seeing the son of his first wife walk in, Marquis revealed a rare smile.

"My men have already found traces of the Scarlet Tigers, but they seem to be very alert and don't stay on an island for long..." William smiled while he announced this, and Tim who was nearby felt like his face was burning.

"That's normal. They have a powerful wizard who even escaped Boruj's scrying and probes," Marquis Louis muttered to himself, "It's rumoured that Baron Jonas' son, Leylin Faulen, has a wizard behind him. I suspect that the wizard could be part of the pirates!"

"Father, please give me control over the Black Skeletons. I am confident I'll be able to destroy the Scarlet Tigers in 3 months!" William bowed, dealing Tim the final blow.

"Don't underestimate them," Marquis Louis regained his previous expression of a scheming man with deep foresight after his moment of rage had calmed.

# Chapter 841: Goddess of Wealth

“We are all nobility, and can only follow the rules of the game between nobles...” Marquis Louis spoke slowly, “The Faulen Family was very weak before and had no real backing, which was originally a very good opportunity for us, but...”

Having said this, he glared at Tim, resulting in Tim lowering his head further.

The Faulen Family used to be like duckweed floating through the air[1], but even then Marquis Louis did not dare to deal with them out in the open. He'd only sent out pirates in secret.

Furthermore, if those pirates had succeeded, the family would be annihilated!

But things could no longer be played that way. The Faulen Family now had more connections in the region, as well as backers. The strength they possessed was rapidly increasing. If he did not use all the strength he had at his disposal, Marquis Louis was not confident that he could wipe them out.

But was this possible? Even as a marquis of the kingdom, he could not attack the territory of another noble for no reason.

When it came to pirates, even with both the Black Skeletons and Tigersharks working together, Marquis Louis was still not confident, especially since the opponent had a church on their island.

With such a large-scale pirate invasion. It would be hard to avoid confronting the church.

Furthermore, for those on the outer seas, who did not know that these were the two most powerful pirate groups under Marquis Louis? His goal was far too obvious.

“The timing's gone! We've already lost the best time to attack...” Marquis Louis sighed, “The profits from these two goods, sugar and fish floss, really do measure up to the slave market...”



“Don’t worry, father! I’ll definitely get those two techniques!” William spoke with confidence, “The current situation is that we have many ships and shipping routes out in the open, but the Scarlet Tigers hide in the darkness where they have freedom. They can be the eyes and ears of the Faulen Family. On the surface neither side can make a move, and only rely on battling it out in the shadows. I’ll definitely annihilate the Scarlet Tigers and break off the opponent’s eyes and claws that exist in the darkness!”

Such profound insight immediately had Marquis Louis nodding.

“Very good. I’m relieved that you thought of that! Besides the Black Skeletons, I will order the Tigersharks to listen to you as well. The military fleet will await your orders at any time. You must destroy our enemies!”

At this moment, Marquis Louis’ ruthlessness in staking everything on this was shown.

“Understood, father!” William’s voice trembled slightly. To be able to have so much support made it clear that his status as the successor was unshakeable, and this was already the beginning of the shift of power.

“Also, the opponent has a powerful wizard. We can’t ignore that! Wizard Boruj!”

“Lord Marquis!” An old man wearing grey wizard robes walked out from the shadows, eyes glinting with wisdom. The magic rays around him made those around him feel suffocated.

William and Tim hastily bowed towards the chief wizard of their family. Even Marquis Louis did not dare treat him with disrespect, “We will have to trouble you for this matter!”

“No problem!” Boruj’s voice was hoarse, with the trace of a foreign and exotic accent, “I’ve long since wished to have a duel with that old rival whom I have yet to meet...”

“Henceforth, Wizard Boruj will accompany you until the Scarlet Tigers have been annihilated!” Marquis Louis stated.

“U-Understood!” This abrupt but pleasant surprise made William feel

dizzy, and even his voice slightly trembled.

“Good! The future of our family will lie with you. Don’t disappoint me...”

Tim was standing at the side. Seeing the pretty picture of the father and son together made him feel like an outsider. He was roaring inside crazily, but could only put on a calm expression, not daring to show any of his resentment on his face.

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A giant golden ship slowly sailed to the dock of Port Venus.

This large ship had extremely extravagant decorations, and there was even a layer of metal that emitted golden luster. From afar, it looked like a ship made entirely of pure gold.

At the ship’s bow was a large emblem made of pure gold that shone with dazzling light. This was a symbol of the Goddess of Wealth, taking the form of a huge gold coin.

‘They’re truly nouveau riche! It would be a disservice for them if they didn’t ruthlessly spend this money.’ Although he thought this, Leylin didn’t dare show anything on his face. On the contrary, he had no choice but to put on his friendliest smile and welcome them.

There were others beside him. Baron Jonas, Madam Sarah, housekeeper Leon... Basically all the respected people here showed up. It was obvious how mind-blowing it was for them to see a Gold Priest.

“Welcome to Port Venus. We hope you like it here, beautiful madam!” Against Leylin’s expectations, the Gold Priest who had arrived was a female!

She looked to be about 17 or 18, and her eyes seemed to be shining brightly. They held hints of the shrewdness unique to merchants, and her skin was as exquisite as ivory. She had a tender and splendid smile about her lips that made her look like the little girl next door. Her appearance made it difficult to associate her with the profession of a priest.

However, her brilliant high-ranking priest robe with vibrant colours as

well as her powerful divine light, made her status clear.

“Hello, Sire Leylin! My name is Xena. This is a port brimming with hope. I sense the flow of a great origin of wealth...”

As was expected of the priest of the Goddess of Wealth, this was the first thing she mentioned.

“Haha... It’s great that Mistress Priest likes this place!” As the successor of the Faulen Family, as well as the delegate to represent her, Leylin elegantly extended his right hand helped her down.

“Powerful! Is this the power of a high-ranked priest?”

The instant their skin made contact, Leylin seemed to see a body brimming with godly luster. All sorts of power from divine spells converged to form a high-pressure electrical network that kept her safe within it, giving off a sense of danger. This was the path of a priest. High-ranked priests prayed devoutly and borrowed the strength of gods to purify their souls, achieving the effect of existing in harmony with god. There was even the possibility of becoming a holy spirit!

Even the A.I. Chip was unable to scan her exact stats, and could only give the conclusion that she was extremely dangerous.

‘Rank 15! She’s definitely a high-ranked priest who’s at least rank 15!’ Leylin went on his guard. Meanwhile, she seemed to have noticed him spying and shot him a dark look.

“Oh, my apologies!” It was only at this point that Leylin realised he was holding on to her hand. This was rather impolite. However, as someone who had gone through various worlds, he could adapt quickly and immediately took care of the awkwardness.

After the banquet, Baron Jonas returned to the manor, which left Leylin alone to entertain the Gold Priest.

“It’s rumoured that Baron Jonas thinks highly of his first son and has been giving him more authority lately. Seems like it’s true!” Xena, who was on a mission set by the church, watched Leylin sitting opposite her, her eyes flashing with interest.

He seemed to have a unique temperament and a lot of confidence. The fact that a mere 16 year old could have such a presence astonished her. Of course, he seemed to be a decent wizard, though it wasn't much in Xena's eyes.

For the rich and overbearing church, cultivating a few spellcasters was no issue. In the Goddess of Wealth's church, there was no lack of legendary wizards.

After all, for the wizards who readily spent gold coins at every turn, there was nothing more comfortable than being able to embrace the church of wealth's golden thighs.

"This porcelain is very high quality!" Xena looked at the cup in her hands. It had many complicated and intricate flower patterns, showing the exquisite craft of the elves.

"How about trying the cocoa from the eastern archipelago? It's said that this marvelous plant has the amazing effect of perking one up without harming the body..." Leylin smiled while pouring her a steaming hot cup of cocoa.

Xena had naturally seen this drink before. The production of cocoa beans was meagre, and on the continent it was sold at an astronomical price. Of course, what shocked her even more was Leylin's capability.

'Does that mean... he's already built up a connection with the eastern pirates?' Xena's eyes shone, and she then put down the beautiful porcelain cup in her hands.

"Mister Leylin, I'm sure you know my intentions in coming here. May I know what you think of establishing a church on the port?"

"I'm definitely not opposed to you joining in, but there's actually a plan already for the Port Venus. Every plot of land has its own function... of course, it's not a problem to squeeze out a section, but..." Leylin had a standard smile on his face.

"The Goddess of Wealth will not mistreat any follower of hers!" Xena placed a golden card on the table, "This is a proof for the withdrawal of

money. With it, you can exchange 10 000 kronas from any church of wealth. Treat it as the capital for buying this land!”

Rich and overbearing, Leylin now knew what rich and overbearing truly meant! The church of the Goddess of Wealth was truly rich, unlike the stingy Tapris who probably wasn’t even willing to pay rent.

Of course, this was a problem left behind from Baron Jonas’ time. This would not happen again with Leylin in charge.

“Then there aren’t any other problems. The city hall will mark out the land tomorrow!” Leylin smiled gently, a hand taking and keeping the golden card on the table without batting an eyelid.

The Goddess of Wealth generously contributed her own divine realm, providing currency storage services. With her divine force as a mark against fraud, trying to trick anyone in this was just shooting oneself in the foot.

However, with this, there were fees to pay if people wanted to store their money with her. Then again, this was to be expected from a goddess even greedier than a dragon.

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1. Uncertain, no good foundation.

# Chapter 842: Agreement

“Apart from the issue with the church, there is also another matter which is related to why I came...” Xena’s gaze pierced straight into Leylin.

‘Finally, here it comes,’ He thought inwardly. He had long felt that as his profits from his two avenues of trade grew greater and greater, he would eventually attract the attention of larger organisations.

As this moment had come, his earlier alliances to protect his profits were no longer of any use. In reality, Leylin had already planned in his heart to exchange his techniques with them. He’d long since understood the rules of the game in this world, and that he could no longer maintain a monopoly by virtue of his own strength.

He was already surprised that he was able to gobble up a year’s worth of profiteering. Now, he would need to find a sufficiently powerful backer to sell his techniques to. From this point of view, the church of wealth was evidently a rather good option.

“Is it the fish floss and white sugar?” Leylin directly pointed it out.

“Yes, as well as you!” Xena’s eyes were filled with humour, “Compared to those two techniques, the person who invented them is much more worthy of our consideration. You have Midas’ touch!”

“Me!” Leylin pointed at himself, feeling a little ridiculous. Secretly, however, he was constantly on guard and a little apprehensive. It looked like he had been acting too conspicuously recently.

For now, Xena was only interested in his mind, but what if she discovered more things about him?

As he thought about it, Leylin suddenly made up his mind. After he resolved the issue with Marquis Louis, he had to disappear for a while. Otherwise, once he received the attention of even more deities, his troubles would certainly grow.

“These two techniques came about due to luck. I have always loved reading books, and discovered the invention from the writings of the

ancients by chance. I'm also very thankful to my father as well, as he allowed my nonsense and even specially bought some craftsmen slaves for me..."

Leylin felt a magic undulation sweep across him, clearly trying to find out whether he was lying. Although Xena's action was performed in secret, how could he possibly not notice it? He raged in his heart, but on the surface he did not make a single sound.

His expression made Xena rather suspicious, and as she felt the feedback from her divine spell, she grew even more confused.

'It can't be, he's telling me the truth?' Xena felt a little disappointed, but did not continue to discuss the matter of the two trades with Leylin. No matter how one looked at it, the profits from the fish floss and white sugar were absolutely mind boggling. If she could not stick her hand in these two trade rivers which were overflowing with gold, she was sure to lose Waukeen's favour, and would be replaced with other priests of gold.

Leylin's nature and the A.I. Chip's adjustments were more than enough to hide information from a high-ranking priest. Looking at Xena's crestfallen face, Leylin inwardly smiled to himself, but his expression was still as serious as ever.

"Then, let's discuss the issue of the the two trades."

"Say it! How many gold coins do you want to give me the techniques?" Xena said with a rich and powerful air, suppressing her emotions completely.

"The entire curing process of fish floss, as well as the can sealing method and even the skilled craftsmen can all be given to you for 100,000 gold pieces!"

For Leylin, it was necessary to mass produce things like fish floss. The greater the volume he was able to sell, the more lucrative it would be. The capital and investment necessary was enormous, and the technique was not particularly sophisticated. After a few years it was sure to be imitated, so it was better to sell it off in one go.

“100,000 gold pieces?!” Xena bit her lip.

From her view, this price was on the high side. However if skilled craftsmen and the sealing technique were included, then it was much more worth it.

The crucial point was the sealing technique that Leylin used. Xena could immediately see the advantage in using the sealing jar to preserve food for a long time. Even if it wasn't used for fish floss, it was enough for her to make a profit.

So what if this industry needed a lot of initial investment? For the church of wealth who threw money at all their problems, that would never become an issue.

“This price is really far too high, unless you include the technique used to refine white sugar as well...” Although she had already inwardly agreed to the deal, she had a forced smile on her face, and on the surface she looked like she was moments away from throwing a tantrum.

“The white sugar purification technique?” Leylin muttered to himself. This was a different technique to the fish floss, and he was secretive about it as there were several key steps to making it.

Additionally, it did not require a big production line or much investment, and it was a business that he could continue in the long-term.

The white sugar trade brought in over half of the Faulen Family's income, and was like an inexhaustible gold mine! As their profits grew, naturally the number of sharks that were attracted by it also grew. This was something that Leylin understood very well.

“Well?” Xena clearly seemed to understand the difference between the two techniques, and her eyes flashed in anticipation.

“This is...” Leylin's expression looked as if he was mired in difficulty, and his fingers began to involuntarily drum on the table. Xena's heart seemed to also throb along to the rhythmic tapping sounds.

‘Why... Why did I do that?’ Xena's face seemed to flush red as she inwardly chastised herself.



However, Leylin looked at her softly. “The purification technique for white sugar cannot be sold to you. However, can we discuss the matters of the church of wealth?”

“The church of wealth?”

“Yes! For example, how many priests you will dispatch here, how many paladins, and other matters like that...” Leylin smiled like a crafty fox, leaving Xena feeling as if she had met the most unreasonable devil in her career.

After a while, Xena bid farewell and left, looking as if she had been driven to distraction.

“I’ll need to carefully consider your proposal!” were the words she left behind.

As he watched many priests and paladins escorting the figure below him, Leylin’s lips slowly curved into a smile.

As a matter of fact, his proposal was not complicated. It was only to allow the church of wealth to become a partner in the business, and gradually pass on the technique over three years, enough time for the Faulens to fill their own coffers.

Leylin had additionally emphasised a clause in their agreement— If Faulen Island came under attack, the church of wealth would have to send out priests and paladins to fight alongside his guards.

This was practically a request for the church’s protection. Even if they only sent out a low-ranking priest, it would be enough. After all, even Marquis Louis would not dare to declare war on the church of wealth unless he was tired of living.

Leylin had also heard several rumors which made it necessary for him to protect his own lair. Binding the church of wealth to his chariot of war was undoubtedly the safest thing for him to do.

Naturally, he would not have unrealistic expectations of the church protecting the Scarlet Tigers as well. Even if Marquis Louis wanted a truce, Leylin was not willing to agree. Without enough enemies and flesh, how

could he fulfil the Devilblood Dagger's needs and quickly advance?

'The clause is not too harsh, and I believe that in the end, this Gold Priest won't be able to withstand the temptation...' Leylin's eyes continued to flash, 'Once the church of wealth puts down their roots here, perhaps my plans can begin...'

After returning to his villa, Leylin waved his hand at Claire and her sister, who had faces full of anticipation, "I won't need you here for now, leave first!"

"Y-yes, young master!" The sisters had a secretly bitter expression on their faces but did not dare to say much as they meekly left the room.

"Come out!" Leylin looked towards the window sill. For a moment, it seemed as if no one was there and the window was tightly shut, without even a small crack.

However, a shadow slowly emerged from the darkness, and the outline of a curvy body could be seen. The owner of this body was a half-drow, who wore the tight-fitting clothes of an assassin and a thief. "Master!" she immediately knelt down.

"I'm afraid that your stealth is no worse off than some middle-ranking assassins!" In the World of Gods, a middle-ranked class was a formidable Professional of over rank 10. Such an assessment coming from Leylin was indeed high praise. Perhaps this half-drow had practised like she was mad after shedding her past humiliating identity, and made great progress.

Karen currently had the heavy responsibility of communicating between Leylin and the Scarlet Tigers.

"Master, we looted two more merchant ships from the Baltic archipelago this month, the estimated profits are about 5000 gold pieces. Additionally, Miss Isabel has acted according to your plan and begun to intentionally leak our whereabouts..." Karen reported respectfully.

"What about the Barbarians?"

"I have already notified them and they have promised to act when the agreed time comes." How could Leylin not take advantage of the

assistance the Barbarians could offer to recklessly fight Marquis Louis?

“Mm, even so, we would increase our success rate if we could plant a high-ranking spy in their camp...” Leylin said, seemingly with a sigh.

“Master! This humble servant deserves death. The thieves and spies that were previously sent to the Baltic archipelago in the past all seemed to have been uprooted, and the ones that are left can only divulge ordinary information...” Karen immediately begged for forgiveness. Only after working for Leylin for so long did she realise how deeply terrifying he was.

Compared to this master, those pure-blooded drows in the Underdark seemed extremely kind-hearted!

“The reason I said that was not to blame you,” Leylin shook his head, thinking that his servant’s cowardice was not a good thing at all.

# Chapter 843: Mouthpiece

“Set out immediately towards the Baltic archipelago, and find someone for me,” Leylin could not help but to get Karen’s attention, as he saw the bewildered expression on her face.

“Who?” Karen was surprised. Could it be that the master had made other preparations over there? Did this mean that he had lost trust in her? Once she thought of the consequences of being abandoned, Karen involuntarily began to tremble.

That display made Leylin inwardly laugh to himself.

“Go and find Viscount Tim, and tell him the truth about who you are. In addition, tell him that I am willing to form an alliance with him and help him become a marquis!” Leylin laughed coldly, as if he were the devil.

“Viscount Tim?” Karen was shocked, and couldn’t help but to lift her head up. She had heard many times about the Faulen family’s affairs after joining Leylin’s troops, and she certainly knew that Viscount Tim had been the main ringleader in coveting the Faulen Island’s territory.

This viscount was also the Scarlet Tigers’ biggest enemy right from the start, so how could they suddenly shake hands and talk of peace?

“Carry out the order,” Leylin waved his hand. Karen respectfully bowed, disappearing into the darkness.

“That’s politics for you... The enemy of my enemy is a friend, and no matter how one fought to the death against the other the previous day, to the point of wanting to directly kill each other, one must join hands against the common enemy all the same...”

Although the ambushed spies in the Baltic archipelago could only divulge the most basic of information, Leylin could still see a lot of things in them. For example, the discord between Marquis Louis and Viscount Tim, as well as the eldest son William’s outstanding performance.

According to Leylin’s understanding of human nature, he had over a 50% chance of success to rope in Viscount Tim., a chance great enough

for him to try and grab.

Even if he failed, he would not suffer any losses, right?

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A few days later, The Gold Priest Xena eventually accepted Leylin's conditions and signed the agreement. She received the sugar refining technique under the condition that they would protect the Faulen family for 3 years.

Both sides were very satisfied with their deal, and perhaps it would take a long time for both their profits and losses to come to light.

When all of these matters had been accomplished, a resplendent church had been erected at Port Venus.

As she had money, Xena, that prodigious bitch, seemed to simply use gold coins to accelerate the progress. Naturally, it had shockingly good results. The main body was up within ten days, several times faster than Leylin's construction of the city hall.

Naturally, this could not have happened with the efforts of the priests. As they could recover their divine skills just by praying every day, they were not afraid of generously using their skills to support the construction. Leylin could only look on in envy.

On the day that the construction was complete, Xena personally prayed and brought down the divine grace of the Goddess of Wealth.

Although the goddess herself did not appear, just being able to give all her followers in the port some additional luck and eloquence, as well as quick calculation abilities, was enough for those fellows to earn enough to fill their coffers in the future.

Naturally, the divine grace which was as boundless as the sea, and the imposing divine might, left a deep impression on Leylin.

The Goddess of Wealth was just a mid-ranked god, and shared the same status as a rank 8 of the Magus World. However, the feeling she gave Leylin was far more terrifying than many rank 8 entities.

Perhaps this was because it was her home turf, but it still gave Leylin an enormous shock. The powerful qualitative change that occurred when the power of faith was united with the body's power of laws greatly inspired him.

There were still a few discordant voices in the crowd.

The priests of the God of Suffering did not say much; his believers were of the lower classes, such as slaves and labourers, as well as others like farmers. They simply did not care about a goddess of merchants, because in reality the total of their belongings did not even add up to a single gold piece!

However, for the Bishop of the God of Knowledge, Tapris, having priests of the Goddess of Wealth stationed here was a great challenge. Although he still sent people over to congratulate them, he turned a cold shoulder to Baron Jonas.

Leylin and Baron Jonas completely ignored his attitude. As a representative of the nonreligious royalty, there were some essential benefits that they would never relinquish, and would even defend to the death.

Leylin stayed there for a while, until the transaction involving the fish floss technique had been completed and Port Venus was back on track. Only then did he retreat back into his laboratory.

The azure sea sprayed stinging salt and a soothing sea breeze at the same time. A black shadow whizzed past, leaving ripples on the sea surface behind it on its way.

An enormous fleet of pirate ships was quietly moored on the horizon, a terrifying skull and dagger flag the colour of blood on their flagpoles. The Scarlet Tigers had made a name for themselves in the nearby region, and their strength began to approach that of the three great pirate crews.

It was rumoured that the captain of that pirate crew, the Scarlet Witch, was from the abyss of evil, and even enjoyed bathing in the fresh blood of her enemies. Just the mention of her name could make small children cry fearfully at night.

However, the rumoured Scarlet Witch, Leylin's cousin Isabel, stood with the other high-ranking pirates on the deck, as if waiting for their true captain to appear.

"You've worked hard!" Leylin's figure slowly descended in the howling wind. He first nodded at his pirate crew, then turned to face his own cousin. Afterwards, his brow slowly furrowed.

As she had sacrificed a great deal of blood and flesh, Isabel's power had improved very quickly, and she was now almost a rank 15 high-ranking Professional. She was the number one combatant under him.

At the same time however, Isabel's demonisation had also grown even more serious.

Although her appearance was still human, occasionally she emitted an extremely demonic and icy aura, which was terrifyingly evil. It was enough for weaker people to fall into a dead faint if they got too close to her.

As a result, even the most ferocious pirates did not dare to get close to Isabel.

"Our people have all been set up according to your plan," Isabel had no interest in the fearful gazes from the others, and arrived at Leylin's side.

"You've done very well," Leylin captured Isabel's small hand. Although it was as cold as ice, there was a touch of warmth to it that still belonged to the living.

"Ronald, come to the captain's room. I need to hear your latest report," Leylin looked towards Ronald, who immediately bowed and obeyed his order.

Of all the mates, he was the one with the best foundation. He even had some ability at leadership, something that had caught Leylin's attention. His current position had slowly been elevated above that of Cyclops, and he had become Leylin's top talent apart from Isabel.

Naturally, Leylin did not treat his old subordinates badly, and had given them a ship and 10 pirates. They were promoted to middle-ranked leaders and had awe-inspiring prestige, but now that their status had been

upgraded, their thoughts also seemed to change a little.

After the pirates on the deck all left after reading the mood, Leylin spoke in a low voice to Isabel, "If you make the decision, then I still have ways to get rid of the demonic transformation of your body. However if you really wait until the transformation is complete, then I fear you will directly descend into the abyss, and your soul will never receive salvation..."

Isabel played with her long hair. Only in front of Leylin would she do these little feminine actions.

"After I give up my power, how do I get revenge on my enemies? I made a vow, that every day I live I will seek the deaths of my enemy to comfort the souls of my family..." Listening to what Isabel said, Leylin could only fall into a gloomy mood. His cousin's character was so strong that it could give him a headache.

"Alright, since we have nothing left to do after this battle, we can take our time to consider how to resolve it. I only hope that we aren't too late..." Leylin looked towards the sky where clouds were slowly gathering, heralding the arrival of a storm.

"My sword has long been thirsting for blood..." His cousin stood next to him just like a valkyrie.

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"Damn! Damn! Damn!" Viscount Tim cursed as he slammed the bedroom door handle, holding an bottle of empty bottle of rum.

Those serving maids? He had long roared at them to leave.

"One day! One day, I'll make all of you who despise and insult me pay the price!" Thinking back to those looks of contempt he had received recently, Viscount Tim's mood became even worse.

"Mm? Who is it? Didn't I say before, to all get out of my sight..."

Viscount Tim's voice stopped, because the person he had discovered standing in his bedroom was not a maid, but a thief.

"The Scarlet Tiger pirate crew gives you our greetings!" This thief had a



sweet voice that was pleasant to the ears, and her figure was very good.

Viscount Tim looked at her from head to toe, and his expression changed completely. He even looked like he had woken up from his drunken stupor. Scarlet Tiger? Were they not his enemies?

“Haha... Are you here to take my life?” Tim took a few steps back, and his dark heart was filled with hate. If it was his father and William’s place, that thief would be chopped to pieces before she could get this close to them. Only here in this neglected second son’s house could an assassin easily step through.

However, if he could fight for a little more time, the guards would notice something was amiss and immediately rush through.

“No, we’re here to help you! You, do you wish to become a Marquis?” The temptation of a devil poured out from Karen’s lips.

“Marquis?” Tim’s expression changed greatly, and he immediately shut his bedroom door with a dark expression.

# Chapter 844: Pirates Tide

“Go on! You were sent by William, weren’t you. What are you plotting?” Tim immediately sat down to one side.

“Haha... I’m afraid that your brother can’t order me around. If you want to confirm my identity, how about this?” Karen lifted her hand, and a scroll covered in the Scarlet Tiger’s skull and dagger seal flew directly to Tim.

“It really is you people...” Tim touched the unique imprint on the parchment in disbelief, his eyes slowly growing as round as saucers.

“What do you want?” Without quite knowing why, Tim’s heart began to beat wildly.

“Didn’t I say before? We’re going to help you become the marquis, my lord,” Karen smiled.

“What sort of joke is this, William is still here, and apart from him there’s still...” Tim mumbled.

“Then just let them all die,” Karen’s words were filled with venom.

“Let them all die!” Tim bonelessly flopped onto his chair as he heard her speak his mind, but his eyes actually shone brightly.

“You want me to work undercover and sell out my own family?” He asked slowly.

“That depends on your decision. What do you want, a broken family? Or the glory and power that your brother William currently holds?”

Karen could tell that Tim never really had a choice.

The night wind blew through the window, and the curtains continued to wave in the breeze. However, there was someone missing from their earlier position in front of the window. After a long time sitting uneasily in his chair, Tim felt dizzy and confused. However, an idea had seeded itself deep within his mind.

‘That’s right. If I can’t have it, you can’t either! I’ll destroy everything,

this entire Baltic archipelago should belong to me!’ Under the moonlight, Tim’s back seemed to have twisted demonically.

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“Master, everything went smoothly. Tim also gave us the route maps of the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates.” Tim had completely revealed Marquis Louis’ plan to them; the forces he was mobilising, William’s route, even the news of the wizard Boruj’s return.

“Ah, is this Tim crazy?” Isabel stood next to Leylin, looking at the final part of the parchment which held the map of the entire Baltic archipelago. He had completely betrayed his family and even given them the defenses of the marquis’ house.

“Desperate and crazy people can be unreasonable like this. He clearly knows that his family is the only thing left that he can rely on, but he willingly wants to destroy it. It’s really too funny...” Karen knelt down even lower, and did not dare to look Leylin in the eye.

Although she had a rather intimate relationship with this master of hers, she realised that she couldn’t even begin to understand Leylin yet. For the sake of benefits, even his enemies became his allies, and the ability to accurately grasp someone’s heart made him seem like a demon wearing human skin.

Indeed, a demon! In Karen’s heart, perhaps only the Archdevil of the 9th level of hell would have such a cold and cruel mentality.

“What, are you afraid of me?” Even this light thought was discovered by Leylin, and his casual way of asking made Karen tremble all over.

“No! No, your servant was just concerned that Viscount Tim would go back on his word. After all, nobles are not to be trusted. Even if we succeed, I fear that he will act as a witness against us...” Karen immediately replied.

“Before William dies, the likelihood of Tim going back to their side is very small,” Leylin did not get angry after discovering his servant’s fearful state of mind, it was a very normal reaction.

Only in front of the Scarlet Tigers did Leylin abandon his aristocratic airs, showing his true self to the crowd. Because of it, he had earned the other pirates' genuine awe and fear. Were Isabel not slowly transforming into a demon in body and mind, perhaps even she would feel fearful and alienated by him.

"After we succeed, whether Tim will ask for help from the Dambrath Kingdom or testify against us..." Leylin laughed gently, "Did I let you leave behind any evidence or information that points towards me?"

"No," Karen dimly began to realise.

"So from beginning to the end, this entire matter is only related to the Scarlet Tigers and Tim. Is Tim willing to gamble away his future and be hanged for the crime, just to testify against a bunch of pirates?"

"Master is wise!" Karen only understood at this moment how deeply Leylin had thought about everything.

"Not only that... Louis and William are the marquis and the marquis' heir, even containing royal blood. The Baltic archipelago is the marquis' fiefdom, do you really think we can go swaggering in after disposing of them both and take it over?"

"If that happened, the king would lose his mind and attack us!"

"That's right, so we should at least support a puppet agent on the surface, and Tim is rather suitable, is he not?" Leylin folded his hands, "With him there, then we can cover up the whole matter as a fight between a noble family's sons, and isn't this sort of thing common in the Kingdom?"

"This would let his majesty and the royal family save face, and although they will continue to resent us, the possibility of them wasting manpower and resources to exterminate us will be very low."

"Your servant understands..." Karen's face was still rather shocked as she respectfully withdrew. It was clear that Leylin's view extended further into the future than she had realised.

'Don't tell me that all humans are as full of convoluted schemes and

foresight as him? The extent of this plot, perhaps even those Matriarchs of the Underdark...' Karen left with a heavy heart.

Leylin was comforting his cousin, "I know your family's debt of blood includes Tim's. Don't worry, when the time is ripe he WILL pay the price..."

"There isn't a trace of doubt in my mind," Isabel looked deeply into Leylin's eyes, "Additionally, I would like to finish him off myself..."

"No problem, I can leave William to you," Leylin's eyes flashed coldly, "Notify the Barbarians as well, this time we will eliminate their naval force in one fell swoop!"

A grey falcon with a scroll tied to its leg disappeared into the sky, as quickly as a flash of grey lightning. With this sort of raptor-like speed and flight, it would only take half a night to reach Pirates' Cove.

A strong breeze flowed past, lifting the heavy curtains.

"What an adorable little fellow, haha..." Madam Tillen caressed its ash-grey beak, and retrieved the message tied to its feet. After glancing through the message, she turned to the Barbarians' captain in her room, "The operation can begin!"

Several loud grunting sounds could be heard. An enormous hand attached to an arm the size of an entire baby was grasping a huge goblet filled to the brim with golden spirits.

Odge's throat was gulping down the drink, and occasionally some liquor would leak out from the corners of his mouth and flow down his prickly beard.

"Boruj, Boruj, Boruj! I'll turn your skull into a wine glass!" Odge growled, snatching up the enormous saber. A powerful spell glinted on the swordpoint.

"Send the order, we act now!" Odge roared, and the two barbarian warriors outside immediately flew out.

Pirates' Cove immediately burst into a flurry of activity. Under the

command of their captain, teams of barbarian warriors boarded their ships in an orderly manner, amongst them shamans who wore colourful feathers and had painted faces.

They were the rare spellcasters of the barbarian tribe, and one could tell Odge's resolve and caution from how all of them had been dispatched.

"The Pirates' Tide! It's similar to the last Pirates' Tide that happened decades ago..." The barbarian pirate crew did not consist solely of barbarians. As the head of the Dark Alliance in the outer seas, they had many pirates under them of other races which were all currently taking action with them. Several thousand ships sailed out from Pirates' Cove, which gave off a rather chilling feeling.

"I smell killing, and the plot is afoot... This festival will please our lord greatly!" In a dark corner, the Cyric priest murmured to himself, next to him the bent figure of the bishop from before.

"Prepare your men to assassinate the leaders of both sides, and let the chaos grow even more turbulent!" After this reshuffling of the pirate organisations, the situation in the outer sea would change greatly. However, this bishop's purpose was greater than that.

All he asked was for there to be chaos! After the chaotic battle, no matter who rose to the top, they would represent order. However, this would clearly displease the God of Murder, as he only wanted an endlessly chaotic outer sea, full of all kinds of murder and conspiracies.

Murder and plots were Cyric's most favourite things. If they could accomplish this, then he was bound to receive the grace of his god. He would advance by 1 or 2 ranks as a priest at the very least, and even receive other advantages. Compared to that, how could allowing the entire outer sea wither even compare?

"As you command!" The priest now understood the tip of the bishop's plot. Neither their past neutrality nor the current assassinations mattered, all that was left was a sacrifice of chaos and death!

These sorts of methods obviously brought great pleasure and excitement to him. With high spirits, the priest's body slowly melded into the

shadows, leaving behind the bishop who watched the sails alone.

# Chapter 845: Dawn of Battle

“Young master! We’ve received word that those Barbarians at Pirates’ Cove are acting strangely!” It was very unlikely for such a large-scale shift in manpower to be hidden from other organisations. William got a report quite quickly.

“The Barbarians? Get me a map of the sea!” William put down the copper telescope. The feeling of possessing so much power left him in a marvellous mood.

Under him was a huge three-masted ship that was over 300m long, able to displace 500 metric tons of water when sailing. The terrifying battleship, its deck and hull coated in magic armour, was a symbol of invincibility and tyranny in the outer seas.

A flag with a sinister black skull on it flapped around in the wind, the mark of the Black Skeletons. This was one of the three great pirate crews of the outer seas of Dambrath, with over 300 elites and ten large battleships. Their flagship had been remodelled with magic!

At this moment, a young pirate walked over, opening up an intricate map next to William.

“You’ve worked hard, Captain Crowe!” William nodded politely.

Captain Crowe had translucent fair skin and a tall forehead, the bridge of his nose long and straight as a snowy mountain. His eyes were long and narrow, as were his proportionate eyebrows, and he had a delicate yet seductive aura.

However, William did not dare underestimate him. Crowe was a high-ranked Professional exceeding rank 15, his outer appearance only the effect of his bloodline.

Indeed, this was someone with a bloodline. His powers stemmed not only from his Profession, but also his innate constitution. The power he inherited from his bloodline allowed him to possess greater vitality than the average human, and the bloodline itself would awaken spell-like



abilities as he grew.

However, bloodlines had limitations as well. He could only cast from a limited pool of spells, and there was a limit to the number of uses.

However, even the simplest rank 0 spell was useful for high-ranked warriors. On top of that, his bloodline allowed him to cast spells so quickly that defending against them was pointless.

It caused many to describe bloodline holders as lucky people who possessed gifts from their ancestors. Crowe himself had a high grade of bloodline, but he was also a knight that was over rank 15. Still, the influence of his ancestor's bloodline naturally lent to a savagery and violence that was in his very genes. He was like a devil king in the outer seas.

However, the Black Skeletons were subservient to Marquis Louis, and Crowe had a great attitude towards William. It could have to do with the high-ranking wizard by his side.

While similarly ranked as Professionals, a wizard far exceeded knights and bloodline holders in power. Perhaps, given time to prepare, a high-ranked wizard could contend against several enemies of their rank.

As a nobility of the seas, William knew these basic things well. After using a vernier caliper and making marks, he stowed the map away. "They set off from Pirates' Cove just yesterday. Based on the distance, it'll take them at least two days to reach the battlefield. We should be able to exterminate the Scarlet Tigers in that time..."

"When the time comes, please leave the Scarlet Witch to me!" Crowe bowed elegantly, seeming like a refined noble. It was impossible to connect him to piracy on the seas.

"No problem!" William frowned, but quickly smoothed out his expression. He stood on deck, watching the over 30 battleships behind him, "Send down the command that we are to increase our speed, we should strive to annihilate the Scarlet Tigers within a day!"

The flag bearer immediately got up to the observation deck and sent

down the order. The vessels sped up, creating a spectacular sight. Most of the ships belonged to the Black Skeletons, and only a few were marked with the symbol of the Tigershark Pirates.

However, William would not underestimate them because of that, There were many white lines next to the fleet, the dorsal fins of many tigersharks. They looked like innumerable fish scales that emitted a dark luster in the sunlight.

This was a group of tamed tigersharks, the main force of the Tigershark Pirates! A formation of them spelled disaster in the deep seas, easily able to flip ships over and rip the flesh off their enemies from the waters.

“Keke... seems like Citamo’s little darlings are already impatient, or am I wrong?” Crowe coquettishly greeted a sharkman behind him.

“I want to rip off every bone of the body of that Leylin, inch by inch. I’ll then let my children share every drop of flesh and blood on his body...” Citamo was a hybrid between a shark and a human. His outer skin was like the solid cartilage of a shark, and his smile revealed a row of sawtooth-like teeth. The corners of his lips extended all the way to his ears.

Such a huge mouth could easily swallow a full-grown man.

William gulped, “It’s rumoured that the Tigershark Pirates and Merfolk Pirates have connections. After the Merfolk Pirates were annihilated, Citamo even tried to cause trouble for the Scarlet Tigers, but the opponent fled...”

“The captain of the Merfolk Pirates was a bastard of yours, no? Don’t worry, the enemy won’t be able to run!” Crowe’s eyes had a bloody glint in them as he ruthlessly revealed the secret.

“Crowe! Once the battle’s over, I’ll wring your head off!” Citamo widened his mouth, revealing a terrifying tongue with sharp barbed tips on them, “I’ve long since wanted to taste a bloodline holder...”

“Enough!” An aged voice sounded just as William furrowed his brows and was about to stop the fight. Boruj slowly strolled to the deck, leaning

on a slender magic staff.

While he looked like a shrivelled old man who already had a foot in the coffin, and there was only a little bit of light in his eyes, Crowe and Citamo both did not dare underestimate him. This was a high-ranked wizard, a spellcaster who possessed immense strength! No matter where he went, he would be greeted with reverence.

“Master Boruj, you’re just in time!” With Boruj’s arrival, William was more confident.

“I hope you can use Sending to inform the naval commander that he doesn’t need to come over here. He’ll just have to carry on stalling that trash at Pirates’ Cove for a while...” William’s eyes now held rays of wisdom, “Though they definitely won’t be able to make it to the battle, I still feel uneasy...”

Sending was only a communication spell that high-ranked wizards used. The distance it allowed and its convenience far surpassed old methods. Of course, Leylin was still unable to use this as he was still too low-ranked.

“Don’t worry,” Boruj looked hard at the two pirate captains and headed back to the hold of the ship.

“I still have some thoughts on the upcoming massacre, I invite the two of you to discuss this together...” As if not seeing the dark look in their eyes, William put on his sincerest smile and called for Crowe and Citamo.

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As they were planning for the battle, Leylin’s various channels gave him an unceasing stream of intel.

“Mm. William’s main force is two large pirate groups. He’s protected by the high-ranked wizard, Boruj, and they’ve already reached the Strait of Storms?” Leylin looked at the gigantic map on the wall and stuck a few flags on it.

“Yes. Marquis Louis’ slaving fleet has already shifted towards the Hygar Islands, blocking the path that the Barbarians are sure to pass by. It’ll take a long time for victory to be decided between them...”

Only Isabel and Ronald were beside Leylin, even Karen had been sent out. Evidently, this was a military meet for those of high rank..

“Good. As we expected, they sent out their last resort...” Leylin clapped his hands, “Is that stuff prepared yet?”

“We’ve already made contact with the people there. They delivered all the goods right away once we paid them their gold. We’re currently storing it here...” Ronald’s voice trembled slightly as he said this. While he had talent as a commander, he was still shocked by Leylin’s risky actions.

“Act based on the plan. Remember to keep it a secret! Let’s go out and see the leader of the other pirates...” Leylin clapped his hands and decided the fate of many people, and then walked out as if it was nothing at all.

“With a wave of his hand, he can take the lives of tens of thousands at one go and even show no remorse. Is this the way the truly powerful behave?” Ronald muttered to himself as he followed Leylin.

Lights illuminated the hall atop the Scarlet Tiger. Numerous pirate leaders stood at the two sides of the long table, with the elites and trusted aides behind them.

“Boss!” Boss!” After having brought Isabel and Ronald inside, Leylin occupied the host’s seat as he took a quick look around. The Scarlet Tigers had grown to over 500 men strong in the past year, even if they didn’t have many elites. Many familiar and unfamiliar faces appeared in front of him.

“I’ve gathered you here today because we are going to deal with the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates!” Leylin’s voice was low as he announced his objective.

The moment the words came out, there was a slight commotion below. One-eyed Dragon, Hawk, and the rest that Leylin was more familiar with merely whispered, while the rest of the pirates grew noisy.

# Chapter 846: Barren Island

“Boss, why do we have to go against the Black Skeletons and Tigersharks? Marquis Louis and the Baltic archipelago are behind them, and we’re no match for THEM... Isn’t it better to stay out of the way like we did in the past? The sea is so vast. They can’t find us...” A pirate who looked kind stood out.

“Are you questioning my decision, Stalker?” Leylin’s voice was low, immediately causing the hall to turn chilly.

This was the disadvantage of staying at Port Venus and avoiding trouble. Since he controlled the pirates from the shadows most of the time, he still didn’t have enough of a grasp on them. This was especially true of those like Stalker who’d just joined. He’d originally commanded a few ships himself, and had never experienced how brutal and callous Leylin could be. There were things he did not understand.

Stalker froze, but still mumbled everything out anyway, “I obviously wouldn’t want to do that, but we have to worry about our brothers...”

“Wouldn’t want to? So that means you’ll still do it?” Leylin chuckled, a flash of lightning shooting out of his hands.

With his strength as a rank 9 wizard, plentiful battle experiences, and excellent techniques, taking care of a Professional merely about rank 10 could be done in an instant.

Crackle! Amidst the fierce electric currents, Stalker turned into a few portions of charred ash.

“Ah... Head!” “What are you doing?”

The trusted aide standing behind Stalker brought out his curved knife in his grief, but was immediately drowned out by Ronald’s underlings.

Leylin played with the electric currents that struck fear into the hearts of the pirates, leaving them trembling in their fright. He then ordered in leisure from his seat, “Ronald, go and take over their ship!”

“Understood, Captain!” Ronald immediately brought his men and left,

leaving behind a group of pirate leaders quivering at their seats. It was only at this point that they remembered the Scarlet Tigers had been established with the captain's ruthlessness and cruelty.

They had to carry out his orders with determination. The only other option was being purged callously!

Shouts could be heard, and there was some chaos in the distance but Leylin didn't care. Sensing the wordless communication amongst his subordinates, He snickered inside, 'As expected, the truly troublesome ones aren't hot-blooded. There are more of those who only pay lip service...'

After a year of work, the batch of people under Leylin had all grown rich, gaining control over certain sections. They were now smalltime leaders themselves.

Due to a shortage of manpower, Isabel and Ronald had no choice but to hand over some power to others, which then led to a few other hidden leaders amongst the pirates. Leylin kept them under control by pressuring them with his power. While this made sure that they wouldn't dare rebel, the hatred in their hearts increased by the day.

After the fools who had the guts to speak out all died, the only resistance was left hidden in the shadows. It was alright if they only paid lip service, but how many out of these people had contact with Marquis Louis and betrayed him, turning into spies?

Leylin sneered on the inside. On the surface, the opponent's strength far exceeded his, even in terms of his noble status.

This was the loneliness at the top of the pyramid. Worldly matters were like water that would wash away the people beside him, the mere thought of like-minded companions from the past difficult to remember.

'But even if you work from the shadows, you can't stop me.' Leylin was unfeeling and merciless.

"Captain! Stalker's ship has been cleaned out!" At this moment, Ronald pushed the door open and walked in hurriedly, bloodstains still on his

body. “We found some assassins from the church of murder on it, and this too!” A few noble emblems with blood on them were flung to the long table.

“This... It’s the family emblem of Marquis Louis!” Someone who recognised it yelled.

“Hang all the assassins. Kill all of Stalker’s assistants. Let them know what the punishment for treachery is!” Leylin instructed calmly, deciding the life and death of tens of people in an instant.

“Now, do you have any other opinions?” Being glanced at by Leylin’s lightning-like eyes, the many leaders immediately lowered their heads, having no courage to meet his gaze.

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After the meeting was adjourned, Leylin might have used his might to forcefully allocate tasks, but the undercurrents still flowed. A few suspicious figures sneakily met up at the bottom of a ship’s hold in the deep night.

“Nondetection” An expensive scroll was torn, and once the rays of light from the spell filled the area, the people finally heaved a sigh of relief.

“Is this place safe?” One of them asked with a rough voice.

“I spend a lot of money to get this magic scroll. Even a high-ranked wizard might not be able to find us!” Another voice sounded exasperated.

“Fine, stop quarrelling!” An old and hoarse voice sounded, immediately suppressing the dispute, “I believe Liberty—”

“Didn’t I tell you not to call me by my name? Not even my nickname!” The voice from before sounded again immediately.

“Fine, sorry.” The elderly voice halted, and then continued, “There are now tens of ships. We have people keeping watch over the Scarlet Tiger, and there’s the power of magic involved. He definitely won’t discover us, so we can discuss at ease...”

“The captain’s been getting more ruthless lately. Stalker merely said a

word and was killed by him just like that. Even his underlings weren't spared..." A voice of indignance could be heard.

"Did he discover something?" This was the worried person.

"The reason us brothers are banding together is for our own benefits, but now the captain wants to go to war on those two huge pirate groups. Tell me, what are our chances of winning?"

The elderly voice replied, "Actually, if the captain's still like before and lets us loot and plunder as we like, while he's in charge of disposing of the stolen goods and distributing profits, I have no issues with that. The issue is that things are different now. He wants us to risk our lives! Even if we get rid of the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates, they still have the Marquis and Baltic archipelago as their backing and can quickly regain their strength. What about us? On top of that, they have a tremendous slaving fleet..."

At the end of that, the elderly voice suddenly grew louder.

"Then what do we do?" The reason they had gathered was not because they truly had plans to start a rebellion, but were merely agreeing on an alliance in order to protect their own interests.

"We're pirates. How valuable could trust be? If put in a spot, we can just rebel against him and side with the other pirate groups. Whether it's Marquis Louis or the Barbarians, anything can be considered..." The aged voice held hints of resentment.

Eyes full of wit shone in the dark room like a pack of wolves.

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"Reporting! Traces of the Scarlet Pirates have been found!" A pirate respectfully reported.

"Follow them, follow them! Keep a tight hold of them!" William's eyes brightened.

The huge ships pulled at the sails, and they formed a huge arc in the strong wind. The entire fleet began to sail at a terrifying speed.



‘This is all thanks to master Boruj!’ Experiencing the strong winds in his face, William could not help but take a look at the high-ranked wizard next to him in admiration. The Breeze spell he’d cast had raised the fleet’s speed more than twofold.

Wizards could adapt to all sorts of complex environments. With the numerous types of spells they could cast, they were useful in all sorts of abrupt situations. In his opinion, the Scarlet Tigers would not be able to escape.

“An island has been discovered up ahead, and there are ships anchored there!” At this moment, the sailor at the observation deck exclaimed.

“What?” William immediately darted to the railings, using the telescope to observe. A huge barren island appeared in his line of sight. There was a series of pirate ships anchored at the side, the flag of the Scarlet Tigers extremely obvious on them.

“They’ve abandoned their ships and landed? Have they gone mad?” While still in disbelief, William gritted his teeth, “Go! Sink them!”

Whatever it was, he needed to sink the opponent’s ships. This way, they would be completely trapped. The offensive went smoothly. Not many had been left on watch, and Crowe and Citamo hadn’t even needed to act. Their first and second mates had taken along some people and seized the thirty pirate ships.

All the pirate ships that Leylin had spent a year seizing with his own pirate crew now fell into William’s hands. The process was so smooth-sailing that it was difficult to believe. The merfolk’s ship, and even the Scarlet Tiger with its blood red flag were at his disposal.

“His ships were all very clean and had no traps. Based on the information from the slaves, this is a temporary stopping point for them, and they’ve built a few simple defenses...”

Crowe fiddled with the black curved knife in his hands, “So? Should we sail them away?” Such a huge fleet was worth at least tens of thousands of hold, an impressive amount of wealth. Even large pirate groups would go green in envy at it.

William muttered to himself, and then gritted his teeth. “No. Sink them all! Even if they’ve done anything to the ships, it shouldn’t affect us.”

After all, there were a few terrifying toxins and curses that could be hidden from the senses of magic, and even divine force. He had come out to obtain a beautiful victory to secure his position as the successor. Nothing could go wrong.

“Master Boruj, what do you think?” William did not forget to ask for Boruj’s opinion at this point.

“Alright!” The wizard nodded, causing Crowe and Citamo to curse inside. As expected, wizards were all spendthrifts!

# Chapter 847: Attack And Defence

Chaotic sounds rang out, and the bulk of the ships sank down into the sea one by one. William, however, had a blank expression on his face while he watched the Scarlet Tiger sinking. The largest ship of them all was being swallowed by the merciless waves.

“Is this... victory?” This presented him with an even greater enigma, which was whether to proceed with ground warfare or not.

“What should we do now?” William turned to look at Boruj rather awkwardly.

“I can feel a huge amount of life energy on the island. If I’m not wrong, he should still be there. But I can’t probe further into the details, and there are also disturbances deterring my predictions. After all, they have a wizard with them too...” The radiance of spells shone over Boruk as he shook his head with a bitter smile.

“Why would we attack? We can just patiently surround the island here, it’ll be impossible for anyone there who isn’t of a high rank to survive the loss of the ships...” Crowe’s expression was specific to the craftiness of a pirate.

“That’s a pretty good idea, but there’s another thing we have to consider. They might be trying to stall us here, I’m worried about the other fleet...” As loyal as the bribed pirates could be, they were nothing compared to the dogs they raised. William was aware of that.

Moreover, loyalty and trust weren’t words in the pirates’ dictionaries anyway. They were merely instinctive loonies that sought refuge from the strong!

The sudden blinking of a communication spell cause Boruj’s face to drop.

“I’ve just received news that Pirates’ Cove is immensely determined this time, and they even sent out the Pirates’ Tide. The slaves’ fleet has suffered great losses, and a few high-ranking captains were even

murdered. We suspect that the God of Murder's organisation is behind it..."

"The God of Murder? Damn it!" Nobody who heard the name of this crazy deity would be too happy. William was about to implode. At the same time, he felt some sort of change in the eyes of the two bulky captains beside him.

The main reason why the Louis' family could terrorise these pirates was because of their enormous military fleets. If they lost too much power now, even without the Scarlet Tiger keeping them in check it was possible that these pirates would mutiny. Common countermeasures were useless against the pirates if they were set on betrayal.

"My Lord! The pirates that we've sent out have come back!" A subordinate announced as he led in a rogue dressed in black skintight clothes.

"My Lord, this is the information from 'Night Owl!'" The rogue presented a letter to them. William slightly jerked his head to the side, signaling for his grey-haired butler to receive the letter and put it through a thorough check.

"No anomalies," the butler reported after scrutinising it. He then passed the letter to William, who took his time to absorb the information.

His expression grew progressively better, "I've decided! We're gonna land immediately and ambush the Scarlet Tigers!"

"Has he had a spy among the Scarlet Tigers for a while?" Crowe watched everything quietly, but something flashed across his eye.

William looked at Crowe. "They have around 500 pirates, if we were to face them head on, do you have the confidence to defeat them all, Captain Crowe?"

"Without any confirmed numbers of professionals over there, they are just merely just 500 midgets to me! My subordinates can finish all of them by themselves!" A sinister smile flashed past Crowe's face.

The look of bloodlust induced some fear inside of William, 'It's been

rumoured that most bloodline holders are nuts, and are easily aggravated or have extreme bloodlust; seems like it's true!

"It's decided then! Captain Crowe will bring some men alongside me to the land and Citamo will guard this place!" William commanded. Most of Citamo's main power was still within the tigersharks, so only a small number of people could help on land.

'I need some deeds to prove myself. As long as Master Boruj is here, everything should be alright!' William glanced at the expressionless wizard at the side and cheered himself on.

Very quickly, an elite team led mostly by the Black Skeletons with some of William's guards and the Tigershark Pirates reached the island.

The team had a manpower of around four to five hundred, but in terms of skills they were far better than whoever Leylin had under him.

"They've built a simple campsite here and stored a minimal amount of water and food, enough for more than two months. Also, they've also set up many traps, a majority of which are venomous snakes, in the canyon."

William's informant seemed to have given him more than enough intelligence, and he even provided a rough map.

"We'll be fine as long as we have this!" Crowe's bloodlust-filled smile widened, and it was indeed intimidating.

With the informant's report and their own pirate scouts, they successfully passed the trap-filled canyon and arrived at the pirate campsite. The wooden fence was sharp, and in front of it were some ugly pagodas. Many were looking at these, secretly letting out fearful gasps every now and then.

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Isabel walked into the center of the campsite, "The enemies have made it past the venomous snake canyon, I was right about them having a mole in us. And the spy is at least a middle-ranked one, god damn it!"

"This is nothing out of the ordinary. You can leave for now." Leylin

waved his arm, and a dispirited pirate leader walked out.

“You used Dominate Person?” Isabel asked. Although the pirate leader didn’t look like he was in his best condition, it didn’t look like he was controlled either.

“Nope, just a simple psychological hint. And with those kinds of spells, even if spell slots weren’t taken into account I don’t have enough power and spirit to control so many intelligent creatures right now.” Leylin shook his head. “Survival is the first instinct of all creatures, and to be able to leave a spiritual imprint on this base nature is very difficult. On the other hand, it’s easy to give them a lasting hint, furthermore...”

“My Lord!” Ronald came in on time, and knelt down respectfully, “All the preparations are done!”

“Great! Let us go welcome them, or else they wouldn’t launch the attack at all.” Leylin stood on top of the fort with Isabel and Ronald by his side, directly looking into the eye of a young aristocrat in the opposite force.

“Is that Leylin Faulen? The son of the the Baron?” William was looking at them too.

“Yes, I’ve checked! It isn’t any illusionary spell or camouflage. The Scarlet Witch is there as well.” Boruj confirmed.

“The rest is up to you, Captain Crowe!” William looked at Crowe beside him, the man’s eyes already filled with killing intent. Blood vessels were popping up on the man’s eyes.

“No problem, but that Scarlet Witch is mine!” Crowe growled, “Black Skeletons, follow me!”

“Animate Dead!” “Strengthen Undead!” “Skeleton Call!”

An array of spells launched from Crowe’s body, forming a bone armour around his body first of all. It caged him securely. The ground then bulged, small bones jutting out as skeletons crawled their way out. They seemed to come from hell, holding rusty axes and broken swords as they rushed towards the campsite.

“Undead creatures!” “It’s the undead!” The pirates in the campsite were in chaos. If it weren’t for Leylin’s early preparations, it might have sparked a rebellion.

“It has been rumoured that the Black Skeletons’ captain is a bloodline holder, and is able to call upon the dead, looks like the rumours are real!” Even though low-ranked skeletons like this would not cause much trouble, it was a huge blow to his men’s confidence. Leylin furrowed his brows, sending out a few spells.

“Berserk!” “Blizzard!” “Resist Energy!”

Under the influence of Berserk, many low-ranked pirates started yelling as if their bodies were filled with immense strength. Bows were continuously in action, the arrows they shot out turning the skeletons to dust.

“These spells, we can already confirm it’s him.” William nodded his head as he watched, feeling a little upset. Even though his opponent had a good affinity for spells, to waste his slots from the start made him no different from those stupid and rash bloodline holders.

‘Alright. We can end the war if we capture him, but on top of that we can even blackmail Baron Jonas for the refined sugar and fish floss techniques.’ William was extremely jealous of these two money-makers and started growling, “I will bestow 1000 coins upon anyone who’s able to capture that wizard. You can also do whatever you wish to the captured women!”

All the pirates got excited at the great rewards, and started charging madly towards the fences.

“Our low-ranked pirates are of such inferior quality, they couldn’t improve much even with the enhancement of the spells. And my spells are limited in time and scope.” Leylin laughed bitterly to Isabel as he looked at the pirates who were starting to give way. Both of them retreated from the frontline and came to the hall.

“Prepare to leave!” Leylin signalled with his hand, and Ronald started moving away the obstacles to reveal a passageway in the corner of the

hall. This was a passageway that Leylin had made when he built the campsite back then, its existence was known to only about 3 people. Ronald had only found out about it today.



# Chapter 848: Explosion

“Brothers, we can’t risk our lives for that wizard who fled and left us all behind!” An unexpected figure stood out in the front line.

Cyclops growled, “If we surrender, they’ll overlook all the sins we committed against them. He’s a viscount, mateys! What are you sproggs still waiting for?” This pirate, one of Leylin’s first subordinates, betrayed him in the blink of an eye. Cyclops had even established contact with William some time before.

As they realised that Leylin was indeed absent, the morale of the other pirates was greatly affected. They were shaken by the suggestions of their leader, and many decided to throw down their weapons and surrender.

The door of the campsite was thrown open, and Cyclops stood aside respectfully to let Crowe and his gang in. Even if they still had any last remnants of resistance, it was of no use in this current situation.

“You’ve done well, I will put in a good word for you to my father!” William patted Cyclops’ shoulder contentedly, which made the pirate looked very touched.

“Where are Leylin and the rest?”

“Don’t worry, we’ve already sent our men to block off their paths, they won’t be able to escape!” Cyclops proceeded to welcome William into the meeting chamber, while the summoned skeletons were disposing of a handful of pirates that were still putting up a fight.

“What’s going on? What happened to all of you? I thought we had come to an agreement!” Cyclops raised his attention as he saw a few of the pirate leaders who had conspired with him grouping together.

“Be careful! I felt uneasy the moment I stepped in here.” Boruj whispered to William as he cast some spells.

“Mage Armour II!” “Detect Danger!” “Eagle Eye!”

Soon after, his expression grew dark. “Shit! Run!” A teleportation gate appeared and Boruj pulled William with him as he threw himself into its

depths.

“Come and see the fireworks.” Outside the campsite, Leylin and Isabel stood next to each other and watched the camp near them.

Boom!

Dazzling sparks of flame emerged from all around the campsite, and immediately encircled the pirates within.

Cyclops was at a loss. Before he could even figure out the situation, an immense force ripped his body apart.

Terrifying explosions sounded, and a mushroom cloud soared into the sky. The resulting shockwaves were so strong that even the trees near Leylin were uprooted. Earthquakes ensued, the ground seeming to let out a deafening lament as it split wide open.

“With the money from the fish floss as well as some money borrowed from the church of wealth, I bought goblin explosives. What a scene!” Leylin commented as he observed the scene unfolding itself from afar.

Ronald stood behind Leylin, shock was written all over his face. Only his psychotic leader could think of a plan as crazy as filling the campsite with dynamite to send both his enemies and his own men to hell, hand in hand.

“But, even though we used a big amount of dynamite, this impact is just too big. This is as powerful as a rank 9 area of effect spell. Actually, it might even be equivalent to a legendary spell!” Ronald muttered, without noticing he had just voiced his opinion out loud.

Leylin smirked. In reality, the credits weren’t solely to the dynamite. He had added his own techniques and the A.I. Chip’s processing, enhancing the explosives and increasing their damage.

Furthermore, Leylin made meticulous preparations, using many concealing spells to avoid the enemies’ suspicion.

Well, at the very least, the Black Skeletons became history. This plan ended up creating a huge hole in his wallet and exhausting him to the bones, but the results were satisfying. As for Boruj, Leylin did not plan on

keeping the wizard around.

A bad thing about high-ranked wizards was that it got increasingly difficult to eliminate them once they grew familiar with teleportation.

But the rest of the people on the campsite were not so lucky.

“Be prepared, our men will soon catch up to us.” There were still around a hundred elite pirates under Leylin’s control.

These were Leylin’s true subordinates, the loyal ones that he chose through many bloody battles. Even their families had been sent to the Faulen Island to be supervised.

“Kill everyone in the campsite. No exceptions,” Leylin commanded icily at the crucial moment. He could not spare any time to care about collateral damage.

He knew that, even if it was stunning, this enhanced explosion’s damage was still limited.

After all, at least the rank 15 Professional Crowe would be able to run a few hundred meters away before the explosion, leaving the area with highest damage. However, he would still be severely injured. In addition, Professionals at or above rank 10 would still have a high survival rate. The deciding factor would be their injuries.

Others, however, would have no chance to live. Leylin had added some special elements to increase the damage, contaminating the campsite with large amounts of neurotoxins. With the explosion, the toxic gas would finish off any remaining people.

This was Leylin’s niche, so he was obviously confident about it. As for his current subordinates, they had already received their doses of antidote, so there was no need to worry. These trained pirates charged into the hellish campsite and started attacking every person and creature in sight.

Every Black Skeleton survivor was severely injured, and was no match for these guys. Thus, there was no way of resisting their fate. On the other hand, Leylin and Isabel were able to locate Crowe through their spiritual force and stop him from going any further.

“Captain Crowe, please be on your way soon. I’m extremely busy today.” Leylin spoke politely while he scanned the severely injured Crowe. He meant what he said. After all, once Crowe was dead, Leylin would have access to a huge number of ships.

The deaths of those stupid pirates meant nothing. As long as his 100 elites remained, he could have as many men as he needed. Of course, if the Black Skeletons’ magic battleship was included, then that would be a perfect ending.

However, Crowe suddenly did something out of the blue.

“My young lord Leylin! Please let me off! I promise you my loyalty and all of the Black Skeletons’ fortunes!” He got onto his knees with a thump and buried his head in the mud. This arrogant pirate had actually surrendered.

‘Really?’ Leylin looked at him with an undecipherable expression. Crowe’s condition was obviously not at its peak, but Leylin could feel that he still had the power of qi.

“This comes from the bottom of my heart! Furthermore, the ships are still being watched by the sharkman Citamo, I can kill all of them for you, my precious Lord!”

“It’s unbelievable that our cruel and merciless Black Skeleton Pirate captain still had this side to him!” Leylin smiled, “But I won’t be fazed by this little bloodline trick. You can stop your performance right there.”

‘He noticed!’ Crowe raised his head, while spell power glowing on his body.

But Leylin was faster. A crimson shadow flashed, and the Devilblood Dagger was pinned onto Crowe’s head in no time.

Crowe’s expression was weird as his body slowly fell. All the spell rays on his body broke into pieces. This brutal bloodline pirate, and high-ranked knight, ended up dead.

Loud gurgling noises could be heard. The Devilblood Dagger was glistening with blood, numerous blood vessels emerging and coiling around Crowe. Everything was sucked from him, causing the demonic

skull to emit an excited growl.

After all, it had never encountered a creature of this strength. An immense power spread from the dagger, and Leylin felt a little uneasy.

[Beep! Host body enhanced by Devilblood Dagger! Strength+0.7, Agility+1.5, Vitality+0.3] The A.I. Chip's alerts made Leylin realise his stats had updated once more.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 16 Race: Rank 9 Human Wizard. Strength: 5.2. Agility: 6.5. Vitality: 6.3. Spirit: 9 Condition: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 4(1), Rank 3(3), Rank 2(5), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] "You really live up to the fame of a high-ranked Professional. Look at the extent of this enhancement." Leylin smiled with satisfaction as he felt his limbs become more nimble and light.

Crowe's high rank was no joke. The enhancement he brought upon Leylin was great. He wasn't interested in spirit enhancement from the man, given that everything he had would only raise it by 0.2, but there were better candidates to harvest spiritual force from anyway.

The A.I Chip flashed another prompt. [Beep! Target hods the 'Wolf Skeleton' bloodline, 12.19% compatible with host's body. Begin absorption?] "No, extract the bloodline instead!" Following Leylin's command, a dark drop of blood appeared from Crowe's forehead, seating itself inside a black bottle that Leylin was holding.

Leylin had no interest in this sort of bloodline power, but it would be useful to give to his subordinates so he could create a few bloodline holders.

# Chapter 849: Two-Legged Wyverns

“Is that the item you made a deal with the devil for?” Once everything was over, Isabel walked in slowly, eyes focused on the bloody knife in Leylin’s hand.

She’d known something was off about her cousin from the start, and that he was evidently hiding something. In addition, Leylin hadn’t tried to hide anything from her just now. Hence, Isabel knew that Leylin’s quick rise in strength definitely had to do with a devil. However, even if she found out, she had no plans to divulge it.

Part of it was because of their relationship from childhood. On the other hand, they were all in the same boat. Although demons and devils shared a completely antagonistic relationship and were two opposing forces, there weren’t many differences in terms of their followers.

Isabel was rather worried, because making deals with devils usually meant giving up one’s soul. On top of that, devils liked to use all sorts of plots in order to nibble away at the contractor’s soul, causing them to completely become depraved.

It could be said that for those who were experienced, devils were far worse than demons. Of course, due to devils keeping to their side of the deal even more strictly, there were even more believers praying to devils than demons in the World of Gods.

After seeing Isabel’s gaze, Leylin could tell what she was thinking.

“Don’t worry. I didn’t deal with my soul!” Leylin launched a fireball from his hands, burning the withered corpses on the ground to ashes. Though there was nothing much to hide from his cousin, it was still better to keep some things secret from his underlings.

“Be careful. The devils’ cunning is famous even in the vast multiverse.” Isabel went silent after the warning, her eyes now filled with some sort of determination. Once they were back to the camp, Ronald and Robin Hood, who had not been seen for a long time, welcomed them.

“My lord, the whole camp has been purged!” Robin Hood reported respectfully. It had originally seemed like he’d been demoted, and few paid attention to him. The truth was that he’d been hidden in the shadows, helping Leylin manage the true elites in his forces.

“Good! Let’s go to the fleet. Things should be lively there...” Leylin’s face lit up with a smile.

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A while earlier. At the seaside, on the Black Skeletons’ ship.

A teleportation gate burst into existence, and Boruj and William stumbled out pathetically.

Without high-ranked Mage Armour, William had been affected despite having escaped quickly. A large portion of his handsome hair had already been burnt off, and it was now like a bird’s nest. There were burns all over his body.

“What’s going on? What’s that?” Terrifying explosions could be seen even on the shore. William grabbed onto the railings looking dazed, crying out maniacally. The feeling of having a brush with death left fear in his heart.

“It should be the explosions, but the power has increased by quite a bit! My men are going to be annihilated!” Boruj was completely fine, but his brows furrowed while looking doubtful, “Why didn’t I find anything? Is this some sort of new concealment technique, or the effects of a large-scaled spell formation?”

“Something’s off.” All of a sudden, Boruj’s expression changed, and a ring on his hand exploded, producing a powerful magic barrier.

Mage’s Sword! A magic sword appeared, colliding with a huge metallic flying hatchet. A huge crash could be heard in the air, the resulting undulations causing several huge pits to appear on the deck.

“An enemy! Who is it? Where’s Citamo? Show yourself!” William had noticed something was off too. The large explosion from before had attracted their attention, but he had not found anything strange in his

surroundings.

It was far too quiet on the deck, and all the pirates who had stayed behind to guard it had disappeared.

“Are you looking for this?” A huge shark head was tossed to the ground. This was the head of a sharkman, and one that William was very familiar with.

Citamo looked to have suffered before death. The area under his neck still had blood dripping unceasingly, and it looked like his neck had been squeezed off him while he was alive.

A huge barbarian appeared in William’s line of sight, his footsteps thudding on the ship’s deck. He raised a huge saber, the bloody injuries on his body already healing quickly in demonstration of his astounding life force.

‘It’s Ogde, the captain of the Barbarians! He sneak attacked the guards who stayed behind!’ William immediately guessed at something.

“It turns out that Hygar Island was just a facade. You’d already left... Everything was a trap!” It would take two days to rush here from the battlefield, but if there was a batch of elites that had set off earlier, this would be easy to conceal from others.

William’s lips quirked bitterly. Most of his family’s power was destroyed, and he might even be in huge danger. This would also be a huge blow to his status.

‘Without our men coordinating with them, this plan would never have worked. Who was it?’ William roared inside.

“Be careful! I might not be able to protect you in a bit!” Boruj’s voice rang, causing William to look even more bitter.

“Hehe... Young master of the Baltic archipelago, we finally meet!” An alluring fox lady walked out from behind Ogde, with tens of barbarian warriors above rank 5 with her.

“What about those Tigersharks? Why did they come here so easily?”



William was in denial that the whole Tigershark Pirates had been wiped out. After all, it was a large-scaled group comparable with the Black Skeletons, and even had a huge group of Tigersharks. In the seas, they would definitely be the king.

“You mean those little fish? I’m afraid they’ve sunk to the bottom of the sea. Someone provided Tears of Tigersharks to us, and the effects are pretty good!” Madam Tillen produced an exquisite crystal bottle and shook it, looking innocent and flirtatious like a little girl who had gotten a beloved toy.

William stared at her blankly, beginning to lose focus in his eyes.

“Be careful! This is a bewitching spell by a bloodline holder!”

Calm! A huge sound boomed by William’s ear, allowing him to regain his senses, no longer daring to take another look at the fox lady.

“Boruj, high-ranked wizard Boruj. I will chop off your head and use it as a wine cup!” The leader of the Barbarians huffed roughly, eyes turning red as if he had seen a foe.

As Marquis Louis’ leading wizard, Boruj had worked hard when expanding in the outer seas. The number of Barbarian Pirates who had died at his hand were innumerable, and the relationship between them was completely irreconcilable.

Ogde snarled, his saber emitting sparks that flew for a few meters. Looking nonchalant, he slashed at Boruj.

As the light burst out, even the deck that had been remodelled and covered with a layer of magic seemed to be plowed through by something ruthlessly, revealing huge ‘bruises’.

Boruj looked solemn and serious after witnessing the terrifying offence by the Barbarian, the spell slot in his memories breaking out.

Arcane Hand! A huge magical palm reached out, clashing with the blade to form a terrifying explosion.

Once the undulations had passed, the sharp saber light cut the huge

palm into several fragments, its own radiance dimming. However, it still proceeded towards Boruj.

Boruj frowned and pointed towards the ground. “Wall of Iron!” A thick, metallic wall appeared, blocking the blade. Still, there were now terrifying streaks of injuries on him.

“This can’t go on!” Boruj watched the elite barbarian warriors surrounding him, especially with Tillen who could use magic and a few barbarian priests, already having thoughts of retreating.

With a shake of his sleeve, an intricate spell scroll fell to his hand. Gazing at it, a rare expression of heartache appeared, but he still tore at it.

Bang! A dark green mist spread above the deck, and the barbarian warriors who were affected immediately collapsed, bodies still twisting unconsciously.

“Be careful, this is a Death Cloud spell!” Madam Tillen’s voice sounded. Afterwards, a few roars could be heard from within the mist, bringing a horror with them.

Roar! A few huge dark green monsters pounced from the mist. They looked like giant lizards that had meaty wings on their backs. Their bodies were covered by a layer of scales and they spat out bundles of corrosive fluids.

High-grade Monster Summon! Just as these few two-legged wyverns began to trouble Ogde, another even more enormous two-legged wyvern spread its wings and flew away with two people in tow.

“Ah...” Seeing the two-legged wyvern agilely avoiding the long-distance attacks by the archers, Ogde thundered, breaking the neck of a wyvern in front of him.

“Master, why aren’t we teleporting away?” While on the expansive back of the two-legged wyvern, William grabbed onto a scale and made an enquiry.

“I only memorised one teleportation spell. After that, I’ll need to use scrolls...”

Boruj had a wry smile, "I'm not sure if the enemy will still chase us, so we need to conserve our strength!"

"Damn it! Damn it!" Thinking back to the failure this time, William's facial muscles began to contort.

"That Leylin and the Barbarians! One day... one day... All the humiliation I have suffered will be returned to you!"

"I'm afraid you won't get that opportunity!"

# Chapter 850: Destruction

Purplish black light glinted off a blade that brought demonic strength with it as it descended from the sky in an instant.

The source was a nimble body that emitted the terrifying aura of a high-ranked Professional, the long sword in its hands beamed with the bright radiance of qi.

The sharp longsword broke through the two-legged wyvern's scales, carving down in a perfect curve.

Boom!

First there was a sea of blood, then the creature's gigantic head came crashing down from the horizon, like a meteor.

"There's an enemy!" A teleportation scroll appeared in Boruj's hand, ready to be used.

[Dimensional Anchor]!

At this moment, a flying black figure dove down like a falcon. The rays of light in its hands interrupted Boruj's teleportation spell with perfect timing.

"A rank 4 spell! He's already a rank 9 wizard!"

The shadow belonged to the high-ranked fighter from before, and a youthful, handsome face was revealed. It was Leylin.

Isabel's arm was covered in demonic scales. Making use of Leylin's power, she struck out with another attack in midair.

Purplish black qi slashed through Boruj's high-grade Mage Armour, resulting in a horrifying wound.

Splash! Splash! Boruj let out a blood-curdling screech as he fell into the icy-cold seawater together with William.

Following them into the sea, Leylin and Isabel looked like two nimble fish, easily swimming their way towards their target.

The wizard Boruj, who had always lived the pampered life of a prince, began struggling as large amounts of cold seawater entered his nose and mouth, and intense pain afflicted his chest.

Especially after he caught sight of a shadow of a soul out of the corner of his eye, their fight intensified.

Crimson rays surged out from the seabed. With frightening sharpness, the Devilblood Dagger broke through the multiple temporarily activated layers of magic defense, piercing into Boruj's shoulder.

Feeling the immense life and spiritual forces gushing out as if a dam had just been opened, Boruj could only smile wryly as he observed the calm expression on the young wizard's face.

A 16 year old rank 9 wizard with such meticulous strategies and absolute calm in battle. Marquis Louis had gotten himself a terrifying enemy.

While he desperately wanted to escape and warn his master, all his spiritual force was sealed the moment he was stabbed by the Devilblood Dagger. His limbs could only flail instinctively.

Large amounts of energy coursed through the dagger and entered Leylin's body. Its smooth and unhindered flow made him want to shout at the top of his lungs.

However, he forcefully suppressed the desire. He did not relax his grip on the dagger until Boruj turned into a withered corpse.

As a high-ranked wizard, Boruj's highest attribute was his spirit. Based on Leylin's calculations, his spirit stat should be above 15, and Leylin was conveniently getting all of it without much effort.

Pure spiritual energy was transformed by the Devilblood Dagger and greedily absorbed by Leylin. With his experience of the law of devouring in his main body, Leylin had proficiently grasped this conversion process.

Soon enough, a prompt came from the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Host has gone through enhancement by Devilblood Dagger. Spirit +1.] In Leylin's stats, it could be seen that his spiritual force attribute had

finally reached 10. As soon as that threshold was broken through, Leylin experienced a strange transformation.

His soul ascended without limits, and it was as if he could see an even more terrifying layer of the Weave. However, his spiritual force had not reached the requirements yet, and thus he could only shrink back helplessly.

‘Level 5 of the Weave? It’s a pity, but I can’t go in yet!’ Leylin sighed.

[Beep! Host’s spiritual force has broken through to 10 points. Analysis of the Weave is now faster.] The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded, as it continuously refreshed.

[Beep! Host’s spiritual force has broken through. Wizard ranking has increased. Now a rank 10 wizard.] [Beep! Host has advanced to rank 10 wizard. Rank 4 spell slots increased by 1, rank 3 spell slots increased by 1, rank 2 spell slots increased by 1.] [Beep! Change in host’s stats. Recalculating.] Soon enough, Leylin’s stats were being recalculated.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 16. Race: Human, Rank 10 Wizard. Strength: 5.2. Agility: 6.5. Vitality: 6.3. Spiritual force: 10. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 4(2), Rank 3(4), Rank 2(6), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Progress of analysis of the Weave: Level 0 Weave at 100%! Level 1 Weave at 100%! Level 2 Weave at 36.29%! Level 3 Weave at 15.50%! Level 4 Weave at 1.96%!] ‘As expected, a wizard’s rise in rank is useful for the analysis of the Weave.’ Leylin studied his new stats and the progress of the analysis of the Weave, as a look of satisfaction appeared on his face.

[Beep! Detected that host’s spiritual force stats reached threshold. Triggered reaction. Devilblood Dagger’s enhancement to increase of spiritual force is now weakened!] ‘So the day has finally arrived.’ Leylin looked at the A.I. Chip’s last prompt and could not help but sigh.

10 points of spiritual force was really the threshold. From hereon, the dagger would be less effective.

Killing a high-ranked wizard had allowed him to raise his spiritual force by 1 point. Next time, however, it might not even be enough to raise it by 0.1.

‘This is just a passing phase, so I cannot rely on the dagger too much. However, I can still use it to raise all other stats to 10. I have a feeling that if I’m able to get everything to the threshold, something incredible might happen.’

Leylin had always believed in his premonitions.

On the enemy’s corpse, there were a few items that were sparkling with a magic lustre. A high-ranked wizard’s equipment was invaluable, and also very suitable for Leylin. His eyes shone.

After Boruj was almost completely skinned, Leylin destroyed the corpse and floated up quickly.

‘Even with the power of magic, I’m no divine being. I still need oxygen.’ Leylin flung off the beads of water on his hair and looked towards Isabel, who had also resurfaced.

“How is it? Everything’s taken care of?”

“It’s just noble trash. How hard can it be?” Isabel had a dazzling smile on her face. This expression of hers was rare after she’d demonised. After exacting revenge, at least in part, something that had been binding her down seemed to have disappeared.

“Good. William, Boruj, Crowe, and Citamo are all done for. I’m actually interested in Marquis Louis’ expression after hearing this.”

“That old fool won’t have long to live!” Isabel declared his death.

“Exactly. What’s pressing us right now is the meet up with the Barbarian Pirates and the destruction of the slaving fleet to completely destroy Louis’ influence on the sea.”

Leylin grabbed Isabel’s hand and, as rays of a flight spell flickered, the two of them soared into the sky.

Once they were back on the Black Skeleton Ship, Ronald and Robin Hood hurried over just in time, along with Leylin’s subordinates. They separated out into an entirely different group from the Barbarians.

“Hehe, we meet again, young master Leylin!” Mistress Tillen whipped

her fiery-red tail, smiling as she greeted him. The previously stiff atmosphere immediately turned warm.

“I really need to thank you for the Tigershark’s Tears! I never thought this kind of poison has such great effect on the schools of Tigersharks.” Tillen’s beautiful eyes sized him up, as if wanting to pry into his heart.

“This is a potion my master made. He has great knowledge in poisonous concoctions and alchemy.” Leylin spouted lies with a straight face, intentionally or otherwise raising the status of his master.

In reality, Ernest only dipped slightly into alchemy. It would be a dream to be able to brew such high-grade poisons. Leylin, however, didn’t mind labelling and giving him a more terrifying fame.

As expected, after hearing Leylin’s mentor was a terrifying master of poisons, the other elite barbarian fighters had a sombre look in their eyes.

They had witnessed the scene before. Just using a Tigershark as bait made the entire group go berserk, and they even began to kill each other. Their blood also turned into a frightening poison that infected the others.

If a poison like this, that targeted species, was used against barbarians... Just the thought of it caused a chill to run down Tillen’s spine.

“Based on our agreement, the Black Skeletons belong to me and the Tigersharks go to you. Any objections?” Leylin focused on the captain of the Barbarians, Odge.

Currently, Odge had less than 50 men, and there were many casualties. Leylin’s 100 elite members were completely fine.

However, Odge’s higher-grade military power was intact. Therefore, both sides were evenly matched.

“You are... great!” Odge glanced at Leylin, voice sounding like metal rubbing against metal.

“Let’s go!” Odge’s gigantic figure left first, followed by the other Barbarian fighters.

“Handsome little young master, don’t forget we still have another



agreement!" Mistress Tillen was the last to leave, prompting Leylin with meaning.

"Don't worry, I would never forget." Leylin watched them as they left the Black Skeleton Ship. From then on, this huge, magic-modified warship belonged to him. That was not all. The other large warships that Crowe had built with his blood and sweat were now Leylin's as well.

# Chapter 851: Loot

The flag representing the black skeletons was slowly lowered from the battleship's mast, replaced with the bright red flag of the Scarlet Tigers.

"The old Scarlet Tiger is already at the bottom of the sea, but the crew shall now give it a new life. The Black Skeleton shall henceforth be called the Scarlet Tiger!" Leylin announced this decision as he stood on the deck, which immediately attracted cheers from his men.

Compared to the previous Scarlet Tiger which had been built on top of the Black Tiger, this ship was deserving of being Crowe's flagship. Not only was it fully covered in a layer of magical armour, giving it a shocking defence, just the size of the vessel and the water it displaced far exceeded his former ship's.

However, Leylin had benefitted at his opponent's expense. All of this was now his. "Robin Hood, allocate some of the men to start up the battleships behind as well!"

"Aye, boss!" Robin Hood rubbed his hands together excitedly. The fleet of ships under the Black Skeletons was extremely luxurious. There were more than ten large battleships, and none of them was inferior to the previous Scarlet Tiger. The Scarlet Tiger pirate crew could truly eat their fill this time.

"Drive the ships off first, then we'll replenish our manpower and depart for Hygar Island to take part in the naval battle!" After destroying two large pirate crews in one go, the remaining slaving fleet armed with military equipment was the only force that Marquis Louis was left with. How could Leylin let them off?

However, he was now facing a severe lack of manpower. After barely being able to start up the vessels, there were few people left to participate in battle.

Such a situation made Leylin laugh bitterly.

'I'm afraid that these large-scale warships have to be kept safe for a

period of time. The number of men I'm bringing with me to the naval battle this time round might not take up more than five large boats...' He clearly had such huge ships, yet didn't have enough manpower. This was the predicament that Leylin was currently facing.

He even wanted to let his family's bodyguards disguise themselves as pirates, but quickly gave up that idea. After all, his adversaries this time round were different from pirates. They were a military fleet under an influential nobleman, whose name would not be revealed for purposes of secrecy. The bodyguards of his own family perhaps might not dare to take action.

It was needless to mention the effects of bringing them here. Leylin didn't want to lose them. Hence, he could only bring his own men to engage in war, but unfortunately, the majority of his subordinates had sacrificed their lives during the previous explosion.

But these were all trivial matters. When news of the Scarlet Tiger destroying the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates spread, there would be plenty of pirates pleading to join him. The two fleets started to part ways, while Leylin hid in the captain's room and looked through his gains.

Crowe's cabin was very spacious, and had all kinds of vibrant oil paintings and other artworks on the walls. They were evidently accumulated over his long life as a pirate.

"Crowe's private treasury is just a small matter. After all, most of his riches are on the magical battleship under my feet. What's truly valuable is the wizard's equipment!" Leylin unabashedly occupied the golden seat embedded with precious jewels that once belonged to Crowe. He sized up several items on the table with bright eyes.

The first thing that came into his line of sight was an old-fashioned leather pouch.

"A Bag of Holding!" Leylin's eyes brightened. He had been envious of this legendary piece of equipment that was standard for high level wizards. It was a pity that it was hard to purchase one even with the Faulens' current financial resources.

But now, Boruj had actually taken the initiative to deliver it to him. A personal Bag of Holding would definitely have curses and other mechanisms on it, but they could not hide from the A.I. Chip's scans. Leylin easily broke them.

The Bag of Holding was close to ten cubic metres in size, which pleasantly surprised Leylin. In a corner of the space was a messy heap of gold coins and gems that he estimated to be worth tens of thousands of gold kronas, but it was actually the pile with the lowest value.

"So many... So many high level spell-casting materials... and wizardry books..." Leylin's smile became wider. These were all items that couldn't be bought with money. When his eyes paused upon a few ancient-looking scrolls, his smile was the brightest it could ever be.

These scrolls were adorned with complex designs, and the scrolls themselves were made using leather from some sort of animal. There were even traces of its scales on the surface. As Leylin gently caressed the scrolls, he could sense a subtle layer of mental deterrence.

'This is the power of a dragon! Dragon skin was used to make these few scrolls!' Leylin's eyes glistened as he slowly opened the scrolls.

[Beep! Spiritual energy data detected, initialising scan.] The scrolls contained a multitude of magic circuits and strangely-shaped writing. This was a way of storing information that allowed a huge amount of characters and resources to be stored within the relatively small scroll. Although there were still other kinds of encryption on it, Leylin felt that they were not worth mentioning.

The A.I. Chip immediately prompted. [Decryption complete. Transmitting to memory...] Following the A.I. Chip's voice, Leylin first saw a row of words: "Re: Structure of the magic circuit within the low-level wizard tower..."

'As expected, are these the materials that Boruj prepared for his own wizard tower?' Leylin scanned through the next few scrolls. Apart from techniques to construct a wizard tower, there was also information about defensive golems and methods of manufacturing their bodies.

‘Who would’ve thought that Boruj was also a master of golems? But what a pity... Everything he had prepared now belongs to me.’ Leylin was full of ambition. As a wizard, the benefits he could reap from the assistance of a wizard tower on his path of advancement would be unimaginable.

‘Speaking of which, there still seem to be large quantities of raw materials on the Baltic archipelago that Marquis Louis had prepared for the wizard tower, especially mithril and pure gold. It’s practically priceless!’

Leylin secretly made a decision. He quickly stowed the Bag of Holding away, and looked over a few other items. The radiance of the Identify spell kept flickering on Leylin’s palm.

‘A magical staff that stores enchanted missiles, and an anti-detection cloak? Not bad...’ Leylin evaluated the items one by one, and his gaze finally fell on a black ring.

After the Identify spell flashed, the relevant information was revealed and digitalized by the A.I. Chip before being presented in front of Leylin’s eyes.

[Name of item: Wizard Ring. Weight: 11 grams. Materials: Obsidian, wizard alloy, dragon blood. Effects: Addition of one spell slot allocated to all spell slots below rank 5 (exclusive to wizards). Description: This is a ring that possesses formidable magic powers, and will likely be coveted by other beings. A brilliant smelter could possibly strengthen the material.]  
“This ring might just be Boruj’s best piece of equipment!” Leylin sighed. “It’s definitely a far cry from the legendary Lich Ring, which allows a single addition to all of the wizard’s spell slots, but it’s still a godly tool for a lower-ranked wizard!”

Leylin estimated a high price of five hundred thousand gold coins for just Boruj’s equipment. It showed how affluent wizards were, especially the high-ranked ones. Any of their equipment chosen at random could be sold at a sky-high price!

‘This ring!’ Leylin gently stroked the surface of the black ring. He could

feel faint traces of spiritual energy from it.

“Dragon blood was added to this ring when it was forged, but it seems to be mixed with something else as well...” Leylin muttered to himself. “If matched with other precious materials, it does indeed have room for improvement. However, my current wizard rank is inadequate...”

After a few rounds of scanning and verification, Leylin wore the Wizard Ring on his left hand. At that instant, his statistics changed. [Leylin Faulen. Age: 16. Race: Rank 10 human wizard. Strength: 5.2. Agility: 6.5. Vitality: 6.3. Spirit: 10. State: Healthy. Innate skills possessed: Robust, erudite and multi-talented. Spell slots owned: Rank 4 spell slots (3), rank 3 spell slots (5), rank 2 spell slots (7), rank 1 spell slots (???), rank 0 spell slots (???)] To a wizard, every increase in spell slots meant a significant upgrade in terms of strength. Leylin could imagine the trouble he would face if the existence of this ring was discovered by other wizards.

“Perhaps I should add a form of concealment to it. It can’t emit such a strong halo of magic light at least, it’s practically asking to be a target...”

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The setting sun was painted blood red.

Numerous tattered and fragmented remains of a ship were drifting across the surface of the sea in the vicinity of Hygar Island.

Dozens of floating corpses belonging to the mariners of Baltic archipelago were strewn everywhere. Some of the dead bodies had been immersed in the seawater for so long that they had inflated, and appeared extremely terrifying.

A flag that represented Marquis Louis’ influence was slowly bobbing up and down in the water, and a big part of it seemed to have been burnt off at the edges.

After taking a while to rest and reorganise themselves, Leylin and Odge had brought their men, taking their main battleships to fight the military fleet.

Dealing with the Pirates’ Tide had already been a problem, but with the

addition of Leylin and Ode the situation on the battlefield changed drastically. Under attack from both sides, the military fleet was instantly defeated. Even the commander-in-chief was hit by an artillery shell, and he died on the spot.

Numerous ships were attacked and they sank one by one. Countless mariners of the Baltic archipelago were either dead or injured.

The two pirate crews raised their flags bit by bit in the afterglow of the setting sun, and left the battlefield one after the other. Next, they would pillage the territories and harbours belonging to Marquis Louis separately. They could make up for their losses this round, and conveniently strike it rich.

“Our honeymoon period with the Barbarians has already passed...” Leylin exhaled deeply as he stood on the deck, watching them leave.

# Chapter 852: Storm and Capture

Following the complete fall of Marquis Louis' men at sea, remarkable changes immediately occurred to the situation offshore.

Leylin and the Barbarians originally had no choice but to ally in their fight against Marquis Louis' oppression. However, with the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates destroyed, that pressure had completely vanished with the sinking of the military fleet he'd painstakingly built. Now, a rivalry formed between the two crews.

As there was still a gigantic cash cow right in front of their eyes, the conflict between both sides certainly hadn't escalated to a great extent. Still, it was already impossible to prevent future fights.

Leylin had long prepared for this.

"Set sail! Let's go to the Baltic Harbour, straight into the base camp of that old fox!" Leylin's order was accompanied by cheers from his pirates. They started up the Scarlet Tiger, which was like a gigantic creature of the sea as they headed towards the Baltic Archipelago.

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Thump! Shatter! The sharp and clear sounds of glass and chinaware falling onto the ground could be heard, occasionally interspersed with bellows of rage.

The maids and subordinates in the marquis' residence did not even dare to breathe heavily, fearful of becoming the target of his fury. Ever since news of William's death had made its way here, Louis had sunken into a state of complete hysterical. Several servants had been dragged out and beaten to death, including a few personal female servants that Louis once favoured greatly.

Under such circumstances, it was understandable that the servants were being silent out of fear. For some reason, Tim was secretly very elated upon seeing the situation. He was even filled with the rejuvenating pleasure of someone having taken his revenge.



‘Has that damn William been completely fed to the fishes?’ Tim laughed maniacally inside, yet did not dare to show it. ‘If that old fellow knows about this intelligence report, will he get so angry that he’ll breathe his last?’

“Father! We have the latest news of our family’s fleet!” Tim’s voice was a mix of unease and apprehension, as though he was a criminal waiting to be executed.

“Come in!” Marquis Louis’ voice came from the within the room as he tried to repress his anger. Tim sneered secretly, and entered.

The marquis’ study was currently very messy. Shattered glass and porcelain shards were strewn across the floor. On the desk lay a dead body, totally void of life.

It was a young and beautiful female servant. Her eyes seemed to show a longing for survival, and her body was covered with traces of abuse, particularly the bruises on her neck, which were the main culprits that led to her death.

“Someone, tidy up this place!” Marquis Louis adjusted his shirt collar. With his order, an expressionless butler entered with a few maids, and they quickly cleared up the entire study room.

When the door closed, only Tim and Marquis Louis were left. Seeing that the marquis had seemingly regained peace after venting his anger, Tim suddenly felt a chill in his heart for some reason.

“Father...” Tim tried his best to make his voice appear more sorrowful.

“Speak... Have those bunch of morons been completely wiped out?” Marquis Louis sat on his soft armchair, his expression without a hint of grief or delight.

“Yes. Our family’s military fleet was besieged by the Scarlet Tigers and the Barbarians, and has confirmed to have been totally defeated near the Baltic archipelago.”

What Tim did not expect was that Marquis Louis’ expression did not change much after hearing such earth-shattering news, as though he had

long predicted it.

“I know... After the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates were destroyed, our family’s fleet walked down the same road as well? Heh heh... From today onwards, the Gold Thornblossoms’ authority over the Dambrath seas will be thoroughly destroyed...”

The marquis’ eyes seemed unusually bloodshot. It was the pain and insanity of having his life’s work ruined.

However, Tim actually felt more at ease after witnessing this. He would be assured only if the marquis was in such a state.

“Give instructions to prepare to leave this place!” Marquis Louis said to Tim.

“Leave? To where?” Tim seemed rather puzzled.

“Return to the mainland, the Dambrath capital. It’s no longer safe here with the great loss we’ve suffered in our strength. Those pirates will frantically pounce on us like starving dogs. We must leave as soon as possible while their mind is still on the other ports and wealth.”

Marquis Louis explained indifferently as he gazed at Tim with a gentle look in his eyes. “Tim, you’re now my only adult son. As long as we live, the kingdom will not let the Baltic archipelago have a change of ownership.”

The delayed trust made Tim feel as though there were two hot streams crashing into his eyes. He pouted, but said nothing in the end.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Muffled cannon blasts sounded in the study, interspersed with the whistles of pirates. No matter how good the sound-proofing was, the noise could not be blocked out.

“What’s going on?” Marquis Louis ran to the window and opened it. The sounds became clearer, and he could see many clouds of black smoke. There were even silhouettes of hordes of pirates.

“How could they intrude so quickly? What about the fort and sentinel points that the team of guards had set up? Why aren’t they of any use?

Could it be..."

Marquis Louis could finally smell conspiracy. Although he had lost his soul after his beloved son died in battle and after his maritime fleet was entirely wiped out, the marquis who had endured the test of battle immediately reacted at this critical juncture, but it was all too late.

He suddenly turned around, and immediately met with a pair of eyes resembling a wolf's!

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"Kill!" "Heh heh... Charge!"

Numerous pirates roared wildly. After destroying the battery and several guard assembly points, the other pirates spread themselves out like maniacs. They charged towards the refined stores and enormous mansions like wild dogs.

Smashing sounds could be heard everywhere, and lone pirates with luxurious silk hung around their necks and their pockets stuffed with huge amounts of jewelry and gold coins could be seen scuttling across the streets from time to time.

Of course, there were bound to be massacres and death, and even little children could not run from their fate. Women were being disgraced in many dim corners, as they let out sorrowful cries.

Restraining the pirates like they were a military troop would be a joke. These pirates were excited by the tremendous amount of wealth here after they had abruptly broken into the place. They were like rats that had fallen into a rice vat, and had exposed the most despicable side of humanity.

In order to cause the greatest amount of wreckage, Leylin had even lowered his standards. He'd recruited a huge bunch of inferior pirate vassals, and brought them here. These were the scum of all scum, and they instantly displayed their powerful destructive abilities.

One could see that the entire harbour wouldn't regain its popularity in the next few years after this ended.

On the largest battleship equipped with magical armor—the Scarlet Tiger – Leylin put down the telescope in his hands as he revealed a satisfied expression.

“Excellent. That’s right, kill them all, rob them all, burn them all! When we depart, all I need is to see a wasteland!” Leylin was now wearing a silver mask, and so was Isabel.

They were still noblemen after all, and naturally had to be mindful. Otherwise, they would meet with trouble in the kingdom if they left some magical image behind. Even though the mask covered his expression, Leylin was now like a respected devil of the underworld. His aura made other pirates retreat one by one, their faces filled with panic and fear.

The Baltic archipelago was the feudal land of the kingdom after all, and Leylin could not brazenly occupy this place openly. Thus, he wanted to completely destroy everything here, and turn this beautiful and wealthy archipelago into a purgatory. It would never be able to contest for the spot of an offshore trading centre with Faulen Island henceforth!

“You will see it!” Isabel’s eyes were rather bloodshot. Her aura once again began to rise sharply.

Such slaughter and chaos were evidently a demon’s favourite. If she was able to conduct a ritual before they pillaged the place, perhaps they would reap even greater profits.

But Leylin wouldn’t let her do that, of course. Once devils and demons were involved in something, it would definitely attract the attention of the church. He was still unable to contend against those colossal beings.

“Tim’s map of the port’s defences shows that there are still some forts, and also the residences of several people in authority and their strength. It can’t get any easier to raze this port to ruin.” A harbour was completely different with intel on it than without. Tim had an extremely high status, which was of huge benefit to Leylin as a spy.

At this moment, Robin Hood came forward to report to Leylin. “Boss! The troops stationed here have already been completely wiped out. Ronald is currently bringing our men to attack Marquis Louis’s mansion.” His

body was covered with many bloodstains, and there were even pieces of meat and other items hanging from the blade of his sword.

“Marquis Louis must die here! The others don’t matter.”

Marquis Louis was an old fox after all. If he escaped, there might be other troubles that would ensue. Leylin wasn’t that idle to fool around with him.

“That Tim...” Robin Hood seemed like he wanted to say something but stopped himself.

“Depends on his luck. Marquis Louis has a few other children who are not of age yet anyway. We just need someone to succeed the Gold Thornblossom family, so that their feudal land will not be confiscated by the kingdom.”

Leylin waved his hands. “Come with me, there are even more important things to do!”

To Leylin, two places here were the most important sources of wealth. One was the official residence of the marquis, and the other was naturally where Boruj gathered the materials for his wizard tower.

# Chapter 853: Assassination

Boruj was a high-level wizard who led a luxurious life and had a respectable position across the entire Dambrath Kingdom. The only reason he was following Louis in developing the outer seas was because the marquis had promised to construct a wizard tower for him.

This was a wizard tower, something all high-level wizards needed to conduct more profound research into other planes. It was how they raised their ranks. High-level wizards with the protection of a tower were miles ahead of vagrants with nothing to their name.

Given the many advantages, there was no doubt that the construction of a wizard tower was just as horrifying in its expense. Even the cheapest one costed more than two million gold coins.

Leylin was sure that Marquis Louis had invested close to half of his trade profits into this wizard tower which was still under construction. For him, this was equivalent to a gift from heaven. If he could completely plunder these supplies, it would be much easier for him to build a wizard tower for himself in the future.

Leylin had already found the construction blueprint unique to the wizard tower in Boruj's bag of holding, but the base materials were also very precious. Marquis Louis had spent an endless amount of money and manpower to transport them from remote parts of the distant mainland.

He brought his men to the designated location for the wizard tower by following Tim's map. There were already several camps here, and a simple foundation for the tower had already been laid.

"If we really had let him build his wizard tower, we absolutely wouldn't have been able to break through the port's defence today. It's even possible that we'd have suffered a total defeat," Leylin said with a lingering fear to the people next to him, as he saw that the project had just begun.

However, the camp was now in chaos. Many corpses were strewn messily across the place, and it was filled with pirates in a killing frenzy as

they dashed from one room to another.

“Stop them!” Leylin waved his hands. He didn’t have a twinge of mercy for those random pirates who went crazy with bloodlust and lacked discipline.

Robin Hood brought his men over and started hacking frantically at the other pirates right away. When several of the pirates who were roaring away were beheaded, the remaining few finally came to their senses.

“Put down the things you robbed, or you will die here.” Leylin spoke indifferently, looking as terrifying as a devil to them.

Under the threat of death, most of the pirates obediently threw out the items in their hands, and rushed towards the port. There was also an endless amount of wealth there, and giving up their lives here was not worth it at all.

However, there were still a minority of the pirates who coveted and could not let go of the riches in their hands. With a wave of Leylin’s hand, Robin Hood and his men immediately went towards those stubborn pig heads.

“Open the storehouse!” Once they were done purging the entire area, Robin Hood grabbed a person who seemed to be in charge. Using his blade that was covered in fresh blood, he forced him to open all the storehouses one by one.

In that split second, Leylin’s men were immediately dazzled by a colourful radiance.

“Diamonds, ironwood, the core for configuring puppets, and so many wizarding alloys... Not bad, not bad, these are all goods that aren’t available overseas, and are necessary to build a wizard tower.”

On top of that, Leylin had even found a tiny warehouse after cracking a tiny mechanism, which stored copious amounts of mithril and pure gold. These two metals could absorb magic very well, and were precious materials required in many wizarding items.

‘These are probably only a part of it!’ Leylin sighed sorrowfully. “Slave

trading is indeed the most profitable business!"

This was undoubtedly the reason why his family didn't engage in the trade of refined sugar and fish floss for long, or else they would have been able to accumulate an unimaginable sum of wealth.

"Organize the men. Move all of this onto the Scarlet Tiger, and specially assign people to guard it!" Leylin instructed Robin Hood. Then, he brought Isabel and the others next to the marquis' residence which had already been besieged.

Ronald was now launching a violent attack with his men, but the people inside were resisting tenaciously. What Marquis Louis had accumulated over the decades wouldn't be destroyed so easily. Even if they had already gotten rid of most of his men at sea, there would still be faithful officials appearing at times like this.

However, their pointless resistance dissolved into nothing after Leylin appeared. With just a few fireball spells, the entrance to the marquis' mansion was completely blasted open, revealing the interior of the building in all its dazzling and glorious splendor.

Isabel dashed in like a valkyrie, her black magical longsword taking in its fill of hot blood. She didn't have any mercy whatsoever towards these foes who had caused her family to perish.

Leylin called Ronald over and gave him a grim order, "Ronald, tell those pirates that the entire marquis' mansion and a few of the other important storehouses are ours. Anyone who dares to covet them will be killed right away!"

He wasn't some kind of saint; he had gathered all these miscellaneous pirates here only to strengthen his influence. He was already kind enough to let them plunder the place wilfully, how could he give them the greatest benefits?

"Yes, young master!" Ronald was brimming with enthusiasm and vigour. He, too, had a burning hatred towards Marquis Louis' family. Now that he had gotten his revenge, he was full of so much admiration towards Leylin that he would kneel at his feet.



The entire process was going rather smoothly. While Ronald was directing his men to empty the stores, Leylin had already obtained a battle report from Isabel.

“The entire mansion has crumbled completely. Other than Tim and a few others, the rest have been arrested, and even Marquis Louis was found dead in his study, is that alright?”

“It’s enough, let’s go!” Leylin sneered as he scanned the city centre. A few places were still rather tranquil, and were even radiating light—that was the location of the church!

Even a bishop would be unable to obstruct the tsunami of pirates, and could only passively rely on the powers of the god in their church to strengthen their defense.

Leylin certainly wouldn’t be so foolish as to let his men attack the church. As for the other miscellaneous pirates who had already lost their minds, he naturally didn’t have to bother about them anymore.

Moreover, Leylin’s attack this time was achieved by catching the marquis off guard. If the other churches reacted and even colluded with each other, it would be very troublesome for him.

“Yes, young master! The other pirates?” Ronald saluted with his right hand on his chest.

“They came for wealth, and will now die here because of wealth. Isn’t it perfectly normal?” Under the influence of a crazed atmosphere, there would only be a handful of pirates who would eventually discover danger, promptly wrap up their business here, and leave. Besides, if they could achieve this, then they would naturally have the right to continue living.

The Scarlet Tiger and a few battleships departed the harbour, which had already degraded into a living hell. They even lit up a few large fires, yet it did not attract the attention of many pirates. Those soaking in madness and slaughter would always have a relatively slow reaction towards the outside world.

A few rays of holy light obstinately shot out from the flames, even

protecting the surrounding civilians. It was just that there seemed to be a few shadows within the rays of light emitting from the church.

“Heh heh... The church of the God of Murder? We will settle our debts one day...” Leylin smiled sarcastically. The look in his eyes was serene, yet it seemed to contain a devilish glint.

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“Respected bishop, all the pathfinders have assembled, and are ready to set off any moment!” A young female priest looked across the refugees in the plaza of the church, her face flushed red with indignance and her gaze filled with pity.

“Those damn pirates! The light of our God will purify them completely one day!” The young female priest said, aggrieved.

The elderly bishop’s eyes seemed to contain the entire world, yet they were also brimming with a soft luster. He slowly started to pray to the sculpture of Ilmater in the centre of the church.

“Dear god, take pity on the common people! Alice, you have to understand that our forces are unable to contend against all those pirates outside. We must wait for a suitable opportunity...” The bishop’s voice was aged but resolute, yet seemed to have some sort of calming powers that allowed the young female priest to attain peace within her heart.

At this moment, a figure hurriedly ran in. “Sir! A priest of the church of Lathander is requesting to meet you!”

“Very well, invite him in quickly!” There was a glimmer of joy on the bishop’s face.

Lathander the Morninglord was a deity with a formidable occult force. He bore an intense hatred towards all kinds of evil and sordid behaviour, and his priests were unyielding towards cracking down on dark forces. With the assistance of his pathfinders in quelling the entire harbour, there would be hope in restoring peace!

“Respected bishop!” A priest with lustrous golden hair, clothed in a Morninglord priest gown entered with quick steps, an extremely resentful

expression on his face. “Our church will dispatch all the forces we have on hand to attack those vicious people. I hope we will be able to receive your help!”

“But of course, we will not shirk our duty. I-Eek!” The bishop turned to look at his chest, stunned. A black dagger had been thrust into it, the blood like a blooming rose as it spread under it unceasingly.

A malicious curse immediately invaded the wound, one that even a divine spell couldn’t dispel.

“You... You’re not a Morninglord priest...” The bishop slowly collapsed. In the final moments of his life, he saw the priest’s face change weirdly, and it eventually became the face of a sinister person. He started slaughtering everyone around him as he laughed maniacally, and the young priest Alice fell into a pool of blood.

“Shadow Jump!” After assassinating the bishop, the assassin who was above rank 15 immediately mobilized a high-level technique and vanished into thin air. With the convenience of the shadow plane, he had arrived somewhere else when he reappeared.

# Chapter 854: Change in Events

“My lord, Ilmater’s bishop has fallen!” The high-ranked assassin respectfully reported to the people next to him.

“You did well!” Beside him was evidently the bishop of the God of Murder at Pirates’ Cove. At some point in time, he had come to the Baltic archipelago and hidden himself in the shadows, killing the regional bishop of the God of Suffering.

“Master, please accept this offering from your humble servant!” Seeing a broken ray of light amidst the sea of fire, the bishop of the God of Murder flushed as he knelt and began to pray. This light belonged to the church of suffering.

A pair of powerful eyes focused on this area, strong enough for even the high-ranked assassin to sense. This was the strength of the god that he believed in, of Cyric the God of Murder!

His eyes filled with elation, and the radiance of divine force flickered into existence.

‘Grace of the Gods! It’s the grace that will raise his ranking permanently!’ The high-ranked assassin saw the light shining on the bishop’s body, as well as the increase in his aura. The bishop’s eyes burnt with more fervour as he began to pray silently, “Dear master Cyrik, you are...”

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The unrestrained acts of the pirates continued for several days. The Scarlet Tigers and Barbarians acted separately, conducting surprise attacks on all of the Baltic archipelago’s ports and cities. There were also other ‘fake’ pirates mixed in, following their bosses as they wreaked havoc while robbing all that was in front of their eyes. This was a feast for pirates!

Cyric’s priests seemed to be acting from the shadows in these outrageous events, apparently with the God of Murder’s divine force mixed in. It made it seem like there really was a conspiracy afoot.

It was even said that the chaos and massacre here had attracted the attention of demons and devils from the abyss. Someone had personally witnessed their marks on the ruined corpses from the calamity.

This immediately caused concern in the Dambrath Kingdom. An investigation team formed of elite priests and paladins of the God of Justice Tyr swore to find the main culprit and punish them.

Accompanying the investigative team was a special envoy sent by the king, responsible to confirm the survival of the descendants of the Together with this investigative team was a special envoy sent down by the king. He was responsible for confirming the survival of the descendants of the Golden Thornblossom family, as well as the cause of Marquis Louis' death. Of course, that was all a front. What truly attracted one's attention was the Baltic archipelago, and the fertile territories on the seas.

It was a pity that they were destined to be disappointed. After the pirate attack, the Baltic archipelago had lost over 50% of its population and much of its amassed wealth. The other ports and cities were burnt to nothing, turning into dead regions no merchants were willing to go to.

Trading in the outer seas had begun to shift towards other noble families' islands. The Faulen Island obviously got the most out of it, and began to develop rapidly. It even began to try taking over the spaces that Marquis Louis had left behind, laying its hands on the slave trade.

Leylin had now assembled his subordinates on the Scarlet Tiger ship, announcing a decision.

"I plan to leave for a while, I plan to travel the continent." Leylin looked solemn as he saw his trusted aides in the captain's room. This was a decision he had made after careful deliberations.

There was no way around it. He had gone too far this time, and it was necessary that he hide it out for a while. In addition, the outer seas were now gaining even more attention from even the gods. It was truly an unsuitable area for him to continue keeping a low profile.

"After I leave, the Scarlet Pirates will be under Isabel's command. You

must listen to her as you do me, is that understood?" After all the members left, Leylin made Isabel stay behind.

"Are you really leaving?" Isabel gazed at Leylin's handsome face, looking reluctant.

"I've no choice! While everything might seem great with us now, we still need to be cautious!" Leylin's eyes were on Isabel as he began to instruct her, "I've already completely broken off relations between the Scarlet Tiger pirates and the family. I've even killed off all the disloyal ones, so it should be fine for you to take over. As long as neither of us are caught, it's impossible to get real evidence!"

The only connection between the Faulen Family and the Scarlet Tigers was Leylin. Without him there, the investigators could only watch helplessly. The churches and the kingdom naturally still needed evidence to act openly.

"And though the Barbarians have parted ways with us, I'm not worried about them. We have power on the surface!"

"Power on the surface?" Isabel looked doubtful.

"Yes. After I get back, I'll suggest that Father build a military fleet of our own. This is something pirates will never be able to do." Leylin's eyes flickered with extraordinary intelligence.

"There are only two sides of the outer sea, the light and the dark. In the dark, there's the Scarlet Tiger pirates contending with them, but they can't do anything against us in broad daylight. After all, commerce will never be able to match up to the power of nobility! With this advantage, we'll definitely be able to suppress them, turning into the next Marquis Louis and gaining supremacy in the outer seas!"

Leylin shared his complete development strategy, "Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"We just have to make our foundations stable?" Isabel was intelligent.

"Yes, it's all about stability! Once we completely take over the outer seas, the churches won't be able to do anything even if they know about our

actions.”

“What do you mean?” Isabel was astonished.

“It’s power!” Leylin waved his hands, “As long as the outer seas are under our control, the churches can’t put us on trial even if they know we’ve sinned. They have to spread their own faith as well.”

With his abundant life experience, what could Leylin not see through?

“Look. Even if Marquis Louis was involved in the sinful slave trade, with his hands dipped in blood, he had control over the profits in the outer seas and had close relations with the kingdom. Even a priest of the God of Justice couldn’t put him on trial!”

Leylin’s eyes blazed with ambition, “As long as we’re superior on the outer seas, those churches will only be able to lower their heads to us!”

Obviously, Leylin had failed to mention something. At the beginning, they could learn to do what Marquis Louis had, but after that, there had to be changes. He already had a plan for that.

In order to control the outer seas, his own strength was also vital. He believed they needed a Legend in charge at the minimum, but if everything went according to plan it was still feasible. By the time his family had gotten to that point, he’d have become a Legend himself.

This was the realm of Legends, people who had a say in the entire World of Gods! After all, the gods couldn’t descend to the prime material plane in their own bodies, only able to do so through incarnations that weren’t much stronger than high-ranked Legends.

Of course, Leylin only had the guts to do this in the outer seas, where the gods’ organisations were frail. Otherwise, he would just be seeking his death!

“With those pirates in the middle being scapegoats for us, the churches won’t go after us right away. Our Scarlet Tiger pirates must be aware of this!” Leylin estimated that the Barbarians would not grow hostile to them right away. Instead, they would absorb the surrounding pirates and increase their strength.

For this reason, however, they would attract even more attention, and unknowingly take the brunt of it from the Scarlet Tigers. Meanwhile, the Scarlet Tigers would keep a low profile and amass more power, waiting for an opportunity to rise.

Only after his plans were completely explained did Leylin leave, feeling at ease. Seeing Leylin's figure flying in the horizon and turning into a black spot that eventually disappeared, Isabel turned with an icy look on her face.

"Gather all the leaders. We are to hide in the deep seas for a period of time!"

"Understood!" Ronald shrank back. He had a feeling that after the head left, the "Scarlet Witch" that struck the outer seas with terror would return.

Ronald was aware that she would not make allowances for anyone else, destroying anyone she caught. He did not dare complain and jogged away from the deck.

With Isabel pressurising them, the Scarlet Tigers pirates carried out Leylin's plans exceedingly well, hiding in the deep sea.

Dambrath only held a small portion of the outer seas, and the further out one went the more dangerous it was. It was rumoured that there was a country of aboriginals at the depths of the sea, protected by the gods. Of course, this was just a rumour.

The Scarlet Tigers' actions wisely allowed them to evade a round of unrest. The organisations of the outer sea and the enraged nobles of the Dambrath Kingdom combined forces with the church, beginning a new round of purging the outer sea pirates. Even the navy was employed.

The priests and paladins of the God of Justice could be seen roaming around at this point. The pirates that had just started to get arrogant were put in a tough spot as they were stabilising themselves. Many were exterminated, and even the Barbarians suffered huge losses with no choice but to do things on the sly.



Whatever it was, the sea was vast. The Dambrath Kingdom had no way to maintain the huge expenses of the navy, and this could only terrorise the region for a while. After the navy left, this would still be the pirates' territory!

The reshuffling from this new round continued. The Faulen Family would make use of their status as nobility, trading their two profitable goods into becoming the hub of the outer seas. Of course, that was all in the future.

# Chapter 855: Emon City

Emon was a port city along the coast of the Dambrath Kingdom. It relied on the flourishing trade of the outer seas to develop, and at one point had over ten thousand free citizens making up its society. The lights never went out at night, and it created the image of prosperity.

However, the Pirates' Tide in the outer seas, especially after the ransacking of the Baltic archipelago, stopped the sea trade for a while. Many small merchants had even committed suicide in the sea out of bankruptcy, leading to a further decline in prosperity.

This was all until one day, when a young man in grey robes came to the city gates.

"Entry fee is a copper coin!" As they had been standing guard here for a long time, the two guards had developed great insight. Noticing that this young man was not to be messed with, they did not create much trouble. After handing over the fee, the young man entered Emon City.

The city's roads were desolate, with guards patrolling everywhere. Since this was a port on the sea, there was a theoretical chance of pirate attacks, and those timid aristocrats and nobles were scared stupid by the Pirates' Tide, increasing the city's security. Most of them had probably hidden themselves further inside the mainland by now.

"I'll probably need to go the Mercenary Guild later!" After finding an inn, the young man slipped his hood off, revealing curly hair that was as dazzling as gold and a handsome face.

This was obviously Leylin. After taking care of all the matters and handing over all sorts of materials to Ernest, causing him to go giddy in his ecstasy and begin construction of a wizard's tower, Leylin openly left Faulen Island, taking a ship to the continent.

Of course, this was in the name of travel and learning, something that was a matter of course for wizards. He currently held a recommendation letter from Ernest in his lap, something that would allow him to train in the capital's Wizards' Guild for a while.

Leylin had intended this trip for a while, there was nothing that Ernest could teach him anymore. And with Boruj's bag of holding, he could now move about with more ease. 10 cubic metres of space was huge, and he could put his tent, rations, and essentials inside it, making things less difficult for him.

After getting on the coast, Leylin was like a drop of water that disappeared into the river of people. Things were rather sensitive right now, and he did not want to cause any trouble.

Travelling at this point was a very troublesome matter. If he lacked proof of free citizenship from the city hall or some other documents like that, he'd be treated like a runaway slave or indentured farmer. The rest of his life would be spent in jail or bankruptcy.

Of course, if he showed his proof of nobility, all cities would leave their doors wide open for him. But he wasn't foolish enough to do that.

If he became a mercenary, he would be able to move about with no obstruction in most areas, though the guards would roll their eyes at him. Mercenaries who broke order were one of the most headache-inducing issues for security officials.

The Mercenary Guild was located by the Warriors' Guild, one of their requirements was that one was a Professional.

Of course, this wasn't too hard. If he trained for many years, could use a few weapons proficiently and had a certain amount of experience, he could easily be certified as a rank 1 fighter.

Leylin entered the Warriors' Guild that was guarded by two burly warriors, in the distance seeing shrines to the gods of warriors and war. There were even a few resident priests in the guild, overseeing everything. They were in charge of healing injuries, even though it obviously came with a price.

Behind the Warriors' Guild were a few bigshots. Without their support both on the surface and in the shadows, it would have had no chance to spread throughout the continent. Since warriors were the most common Professionals amongst the many races, becoming one did not require

much talent.

“Is this Mister’s first time here?” After seeing Leylin’s entrance, a maid welcomed him while watching him with a strange look.

After all, most warriors were muscled, and it was rare to see people like Leylin.

“Yes. I would like to apply for the fighter test!” Though the Wizards’ Guild was more suitable for him, and being a wizard would gain him more respect, Leylin was here to stay out of trouble. He naturally wouldn’t do that. He was not even planning to use the recommendation letter Ernest had given him.

“Please come with me!” The maid brought Leylin to the second level of the guild. There were many little rings here, where warriors were fighting hand-to-hand or battling it out. While they were using wooden swords, people would still get injured.

At this moment, a priest that had been waiting at the side would be useful.

“Please register first. May I know which rank would you like to take the test for?”

As if afraid that Leylin did not understand well and because of his face, the maid explained to him enthusiastically, “Our tests here are conducted based on varying levels of strength. You’ll need to fight against a similarly-ranked or two lower-ranked opponents for a period of time to be able to pass the test, and there are often casualties...”

“Thank you for your good intentions. I’ll do what I can!” Leylin came to a counter and put in his particulars, filling up the form.

“Let’s see. Your name is Ley, you’re 18, and you want to take the test for a rank 5 warrior?” Sitting at the counter was a withered old man. He lifted his glasses and looked at Leylin, who was outside, “Young man, don’t try to push yourself too far. A rank 5 warrior can already use their qi, and some have even grasped battle techniques. You could maybe try rank 3...”

“What? You’re choosing the rank 5 test?” The maid looked astonished,

her sharp voice causing surrounding people to gather around and watch.

“Why didn’t you listen to me?” The maid stamped her feet, pretty flushes appearing on her cheeks.

“I’ve already made up my mind, I’ll do this!” Leylin furrowed his brows. While he had lied about his age, this was still shocking.

Of course, it wasn’t that bad. It was much better than being a 16 year old rank 10 wizard, and he then nodded, “Please accept this application.”

“The application fee is 10 copper coins!” After Leylin paid up, the old man sighed helplessly, “Teenagers these days...”

“Interesting! I haven’t seen such an interesting kid for a long time! Let me be his opponent!” A forthright voice sounded out, and immediately after a burly man who was two heads taller than average pushed the crowd away as he walked over. His upper body was naked, the muscles solid like granite. There were several scabs from blades on his face, emanating red light that made him seem more menacing.

“It’s the Bone Shatterer, Fafnir. This guy’s in for it!”

“It’s rumoured that he’s a savage person who likes to pinch and shatter his opponent’s bones. Why’s he suddenly causing trouble for a kid?”

“It should be for a woman, right? He’s been interested in Nina for a long time!” This immediately caused the maid to blush beet red, “Fafnir, what are you doing?”

“Nothing much. I’m a rank 5 warrior anyway, so isn’t it normal for me to be an examiner? Am I wrong?” Fafnir watched Leylin, a malicious smile on his face.

“What about it?” He looked at the old man at the counter.

“You can give up on this test and come back tomorrow,” The old man sighed. He probably did not want to see a young man like Leylin having such a great setback.

Leylin was speechless inside. He hadn’t expected to meet such a vulgar person.

“It’s fine, he’ll do.” Wait till tomorrow? He didn’t have that much time to waste.

“I won’t worry about you anymore!” This nonchalant attitude resulted in Nina leaving while fuming in anger. Meanwhile, a crisp explosion could be heard produced from Fafnir’s hands.

“Kid, you’re dead meat. I want to pinch and shatter all the bones in your body bit by bit. Hope that you won’t hurt bad enough to call for your mother...” While brushing past him, Fafnir looked at Leylin and made a gesture as if slitting his throat.

“Don’t worry. Isn’t there a priest? I actually hope you brought enough money...” Leylin rolled his shoulders and picked up the long sword used for the testing.

As it was wooden, the handle was very light. However, there was a layer of metal on the blade that made it seem more durable.

The two slowly walked into the ring, and the judge then waved his right arm downwards. “Ready? Begin!”

“Destroy him, Bone Shatterer!”

“I’m supporting you, kid. Hang on!” The other bored warriors immediately began to jeer, and a few got the bets going, on how many moves Leylin could take from Fafnir.

Nina reappeared in the audience, watching the centre of the site anxiously.

“Kid, repent in hell!” Fafnir yelled as he charged.

This speed and technique was far from what Jacob had at the beginning, and Leylin could only shake his head inside. However, he did need to conceal his strength too, and he only dodged ‘by a hair’s breadth’, sword swinging onto his opponent’s shoulder.

“Stop wasting time! I’ve things to do!” A faint layer of qi emanated from Leylin’s body.

“It’s qi! This guy’s already activated qi!!” The onlookers exclaimed.

“This kid’s not bad!” Fafnir immediately began to get serious, and he wrapped himself up in these rays as well. An opponent who had already activated qi was not so easily defeated.

“Battle technique: Shatter Bones!” He accelerated, charging towards Leylin.

# Chapter 856: Mercenary

“Fafnir actually used a battle technique!” The audience all exclaimed.

“How boring!” Leylin slipped past the opponent’s slashing while his wooden sword pierced forward.

“Battle technique: Charge!” An immense force struck Fafnir, causing his huge body to fly like a sandbag. However, Leylin’s attack hadn’t ended yet. He seemed to turn into a gust of wind, sticking close to the hulking man who was in mid-air.

Crack! Crash! Terrifying sounds of bones shattering were heard. When Fafnir fell, his arms and legs were all twisted at strange angles, and he even fainted.

“How is it? Did I pass?” Leylin looked at the judge, who seemed dazed.

“Oh. I announce that Ley has passed this test!” He finally said, as if he’d woken from a dream. The surrounding crowd began to make a ruckus.

Leylin cared little about this, and he went to the counter. This time the crowd opened up a path automatically, respecting the strong.

The old man chuckled as he asked, “Hehe... I don’t often make mistakes! Kid, any interest in learning here for a period of time?”

“No thanks. I still have something urgent to do!” Leylin had seen that this old man was about rank 10 as a warrior. This was pretty good, but he’d almost killed a dozen high-ranked warriors himself on the outer seas.

“Alright! Sigh, young people these days...” The old man lethargically flung a copper badge to Leylin, as well as a piece of parchment, “Take it. This is your warrior badge and verification. That’ll be two silver kronas.”

This was slightly too expensive and seemed to be on purpose. However, since he was very efficient, Leylin paid the bill and quickly left.

After walking out of the warrior guild, Leylin went to the Mercenary Guild next door. The gold behind the counter revealed a professional smile, “Welcome. May I know if you are here to issue a mission or to apply



for remuneration?”

“I’m here to apply to be a mercenary!” Leylin stated his purpose.

“Please go to counter number 3!” Applying to become a mercenary was very simple, and only required proof of one’s Profession. After seeing Leylin’s rank 5 fighter badge, the person in charge of counter 3 happily helped him with the proof of being one.

As a newbie, Leylin had no choice but to become a copper-grade mercenary, which was the lowest rank. Only after completing multiple missions could he advance. However, being verified as a mercenary and Professional. He would be able to enter the large cities in the future.

For Leylin, who looked towards becoming a god, focusing on raising his mercenary ranking was a joke.

‘Since my path is now decided, next is go to the Dambrath Kingdom and study at the Wizards’ Guild... Or should I go to another country... It’s said that Moonlight City in the north has a whole set of information on magic. The city owner might even be someone chosen by the Goddess of the Weave, and many of their advanced wizard spells can be compared with the elves. I can consider training there for a while...’

Information on high-ranked spells in this world was highly confidential, and if Leylin wanted to gain this knowledge he would have to enter some large organisations to be acknowledged.

Of course, he could also ignore that and focus on raising his wizard ranking first. However, his battle might would then be pitiful. If a high-ranked wizard only grasped a few spells, that would be a disgrace to all of the same rank as him.

‘Come to think of it, I wonder if the spell models of varying ranks in the Magus World can be modified to be used in the World of Gods? But the amount of time required for that would be too terrifying...’

Leylin had a tentative plan to make the path of Magi available to the World of Gods. It was an all-inclusive path that centered around the truth, and of all the paths to power it was very flexible and adaptable.

It was plausible to conduct research into producing Magi in the World of Gods, people who could cast spells without the Weave. However, that would require a great deal of processing power. Most of the A.I. Chip's resources were focused on the analysis of the Weave, and in a situation where it had no spare time to run simulations in this area he could only shelve his plans for now.

'Research on casting spells without the Weave is definitely a huge taboo in the World of Gods. I'm afraid I'll only be able to do something in that field after I become a Legend.'

Leylin stroked his chin, 'But if I'm able to get information on this, even if incomplete, the A.I. Chip's rate of analysis will be increased by a great amount... I'm sure there were many Magi participating in the Ancient War who had the same thoughts as I do now...'

While thinking this, Leylin entered the mission hall in the Mercenary Guild. Numerous large fireplaces were blazing in the place, making the hall seem cozy. The many mercenaries were split into their own cliques. Some were drinking and making merry, while others were gazing at the huge mission board at the centre of the hall, discussing things amongst themselves occasionally.

The aroma of strong rum, coupled with that of roasted meat and bread, lingered in Leylin's nose.

"High-grade mission: Purging ogres! Only mercenary groups that are gold-ranked and above may take this on." This mission was on the top of the board, written in huge bold font. The great rewards caused many mercenaries to drool at the sight, but few dared to go forward.

"Yeah! I heard that a bunch of ogres migrated towards one of the main paths to the capital. They've already attacked numerous caravans and passersby, it's no wonder that the rewards are so plentiful!"

Hearing the surrounding mercenaries whispering amongst themselves, Leylin had a better understanding of the mission.

'An ogre tribe? No wonder it's a high-ranked mission!' Leylin nodded inside. The classification of mercenaries was very simple. The lowest was

copper, followed by silver and gold. Gold mercenaries were already high-grade and possessed immense experience, and were usually powerful Professionals.

Above gold-rank, was said to be Mithril and Platinum. However, in general, they would not be in such people a small city like Emon City.

Gold-ranked mercenary groups were powerful troops with numerous gold-ranked mercenaries. Only this level of strength would be effective against an ogre tribe.

Leylin looked at the bottom of the mission board. There were many missions to clear ogres out here and there, from the lowest ranked to powerful ogre shamans. All that one was required to do was bring back their ears as proof, and the difficulty was lower. Once in a while, a few mercenaries would go over to discuss before taking on the missions.

“A large-scale ogre tribe has more than 200 ogres. The shamans will have bloodlines, with abilities similar to magic. On top of that, the ogres themselves are resistant to magic...” Leylin muttered to himself.

“I won’t be able to handle this myself unless I take the long route. However, that’ll consume a lot of time, and I’ll need to pass through a few dangerous regions, and the danger isn’t all that different from the ogre tribes. There are even drake tribes there...”

“Seems like I’ll have to wait for some large-scaled mercenary groups to complete missions or join some caravan...” Leylin mumbled to himself. He was preparing to go the capital, and even without Ernest’s recommendation letter, he had enough power to enter the Wizards’ Guild. Over there, he would be able to obtain the newest intel and the like.

“On top of that, even if I were to prepare to travel to the north to train, I’ll definitely need to pass through the Dambrath Kingdom...” Leylin sighed. He went to the front desk counter near him belonging to the guild, “Give me cider. Are there any missions soon that will take me to the capital? The best would be those with large groups. I want something safe!”

As he said this, a silver krona appeared in his hand, emitting a tempting

light in the air.

“Do you have urgent matters to attend to in the capital? That’s no problem at all. A large caravan is going there soon, and they’re recruiting people because of those wretched ogres!” Seeing the light in Leylin’s hands, the attendant gulped and then responded. A tyrant like Leylin obviously gained more abundant and specific details.

After setting a time with the attendant, Leylin headed to the entrance of the Mercenary Guild. The streets of Emon City were very desolate, probably having to do with the double blow with the sea trade and the ogres.

Seeing the many stores that were closed, Leylin was about to return to meditate in his inn when a grey-robed person blocked his way.

“Mister, please whip me ruthlessly!” In front of Leylin was a young female in grey robes. She was pretty and was clad in coarse sackcloth clothing, and there were also many scars at her neck and cuffs.

Currently, she was standing in front of him with a look of anticipation, two hands holding a thorny whip. The numerous tiny thorns looked extremely sinister on it.

She looked pure and holy, ready to die for a just cause, and had a resoluteness that only belonged to crazed followers. There was even a hint of anticipation.

“What’s with this... a trap?” Leylin’s eyes went past the crazy woman and landed on a little girl next to her. She was holding a donation box of the church, and after noticing his attention was on her, she especially shook the box such that the coins inside made sharp and crisp noises.

Leylin saw a strange holy emblem at the little girl’s chest.

“So you’re a priest of the Mistress of the Whip!” Thankfully, Leylin had seen much in the world and recognised her identity.

“Yes! Please help with our praying ritual and allow my soul to obtain redemption through suffering!” The female answered seriously, and then thrust the whip into his hands.

“I... I... I...” Leylin was completely speechless now. He wanted to escape, but the passersby thought nothing of it. Some even looked over with knowing smiles.

# Chapter 857: Misunderstanding

The Goddess of Weeping, also known as Mistress of the Whip, was called Amyter. She was a kind-hearted goddess, and her teachings included having her followers redeem their souls through suffering.

It was like when a forest was larger, birds were all the same. In the World of Gods, a few exotic gods existed, and this crying female was one of them.

The God of Suffering, Ilmater, taught his followers to suffer and endure the pain, but Amyter was different. She even requested that her priests and followers abuse themselves and obtain redemption through suffering!

Oh Gods! Even if Ilmater requested his followers to endure, he never wanted them to actively abuse themselves!

Hence, in simpler terms, Amyter's followers were a bunch of insane people who abused themselves, especially the priests.

Whenever there was a huge celebration, Amyter's priests and followers would gather, using lashes, wooden cangues and even red hot brands to 'pray'. This would earn themselves favour from the goddess, and amongst the divine spells the goddess granted were some that raised one's endurance of pain.

Gods like these had no market amongst regular commoners and were rarely seen. Leylin had almost not recognised her at the beginning, though she seemed to be welcomed by some exceptional enthusiasts.

This priestess of the goddess walked along the streets, praying for passersby to bestow pain on her to gain donations. This was an event that their church retained.

"I apologise, but I believe in the God of Knowledge, Oghma... This is just..." Leylin knew he was no pervert and immediately used an excuse.

"The goddess taught us not to mind the identity of the person inflicting pain on us, because they give us the redemption that is in suffering. We need to be grateful towards them... Please help me with my prayer!" The

priestess looked resolute.

“I...” Leylin was rendered speechless. In addition, an increasing number of people were gathering, and he wanted to escape as soon as possible.

Just as Leylin tossed a gold coin to the little girl’s donation box and raised the whip, as if preparing to finish it in one go, he suddenly felt his hair stand on end. It was like he was being stared at by some terrifying beast.

Knowing something was off, he dodged, evading a frightening qi slash.

Crash! The powerful qi blade of light swept the area Leylin had stood at and smashed the limestone behind him to smithereens, revealing the strength of the person who had launched the sneak attack.

Along with this attack came the dainty call from a young girl, “Ah... Such despicable behaviour of bullying women is just an insult to my way as a knight. I, Rafiniya, won’t let you off!”

“Which moron is it?”

Leylin turned back furiously. It was bad enough being requested to abuse someone by their request, but he was now being treated as a thug who was bullying the weak. Even with his thick skin, he was beginning to get ashamed.

“You dare do this but not admit to it? Everyone on the streets saw your violent behaviour, you despicable bastard!”

The person who had attacked him was a young and beautiful female knight, her wine-red long hair tied into a ponytail. Her pretty cheeks were now flushed in her anger, eyes fixed on Leylin and shooting out hatred. It was as if she could not wait to bite off a piece of flesh from Leylin.

“A high-ranked knight? Have you even made sense of the situation yet?” Leylin looked at the way this knight was dressed and the tall warhorse behind her, rather surprised.

Though they were still a physical Profession, knights were far removed from warriors. Not only was their armour extremely expensive, but a

warhorse that one could ride into battle was not so easily obtained.

A warhorse was worth over ten times as much as a regular one, and on top of that it needed a specialised groomer and other service Professionals in charge of it. In exchange, it allowed a knight's destructive power to be far ahead of a warrior's.

In addition, high-ranked ones could, after affirming their faith, turn into knights of gods, learning to cast spells. Such Professionals were the ideal prince charming in the hearts of many young girls.

'To be able to become a high-ranked Professional at such a young age, this doll must have a pretty good background. She should be nobility...' Leylin sized her up. Through the attack just now, he could estimate that she should be at or above rank 10 as a knight.

'A.I. Chip, scan!' He commanded on the inside.

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan...] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out his instructions, and soon enough, a passage of information was relayed.

[Name: Rafiniya. Gender: Female. Strength: 10 Agility: 6 Vitality: 7 Spirit: 5(Estimate). Rank 10 Knight. Abilities: 1. Abilities increase from 11-19% in power when mounted. 2. Armour: Full body knight armour has increased physical defence, but led to a similar decrease in resistance towards magic.] 'As expected of a high-ranked Professional, She even has a boost from her mount!' Leylin nodded inside. However, brazenly sizing her up was only making her more angry.

"What's wrong with this city? How can these hoodlums commit such evil in broad daylight? Has this place turned into a city praying to the devils and demons?"

The female knight's chest bounced up and down. The teasing gazes of the passersby only made her more infuriated.

"Please withdraw your unfair allegations!" At this moment, the priestess of Amyter stood out. "Our Lady Amyter, opposes all evil! In addition, you need to apologise for interrupting my prayer ceremony, else you'll be



profaning our Lady!”

“Huh! What? W-Why?” Rafiniya’s mouth widened slowly, and she looked stunned.

Following that, a patrol guard separated the crowd and came up to them, staring at the female knight with malicious intent, “You’ve destroyed the appearance of the city. Based on city hall law number 329, you must pay a fine of 10 gold kronas, or else we’ll have to place you in prison...”

.....

“Oh God of Justice! This actually happens? There’s no such person at my old place...” After the ruckus, the surrounding crowd, patrolling soldiers and the priestess quickly left, leaving Leylin and the female knight Rafiniya behind.

However, her face was like a huge red apple. This was her shame. However, at the mention of the goddess’s name, the girl immediately halted. No matter how preposterous and strange this goddess’ style was, she was still a goddess! She needed to show respect at least on the surface, or she’d risk being put on trial by the other churches.

“You must be from another area, right? This goddess really doesn’t have a great reputation, but it’s best to find out about stuff like this before leaving on travels. The consequences of doing something taboo will be dire...” Leylin gravely reprimanded her, controlling his urge to laugh.

After the fine had been paid, the priestess of Amyter had requested a very strange compensation of Rafiniya— she wanted the knight to whip her ruthlessly!

Leylin ‘kindly’ handed his share of this matter over to the girl, getting her to do it as an apology. It was obviously humiliating for this knight who seemed noble and refined to lash a weak person like a scoundrel.

Thankfully, everything was soon over, or else Leylin reckoned Rafiniya would probably commit suicide.

“I understand!” She went over to the side of her war horse, showing her back to Leylin to hide her embarrassment, “I apologise for what happened

just now. I shouldn't have treated you that way before making sense of the situation!"

As a knight, Rafiniya still did as should be based on the code of honour. At the very least, she had done well upholding justice, and was willing to change after learning that she was in the wrong.

"My name is Rafiniya, and I'm a travelling knight. Nice to meet you!"

"Mm. My name is Ley; I'm a mercenary." Leylin scratched his head.

A travelling knight? That was practically a joke! It was well-known that knights had huge requirements when it came to logistics. Without a professional groom and someone maintaining armour as well as weapons, a knight was useless.

Leylin looked at the warhorse behind her sympathetically. As expected, it was already looking dispirited and showed signs of malnutrition.

'It's already strange that a noble lady is training to be a knight. She's even travelling alone. How open is her family? Or is this perhaps one of those people who are escaping marriage?'

Being eyed by Leylin, Rafiniya lowered her head, slightly ashamed. She abruptly got onto her war horse, elegant and speedy, showing the results of bitter training, "Though there was a misunderstanding in our meeting, things thankfully ended well. May I know the way to the Mercenary Guild?"

"Head east, and you'll find it quickly!" Leylin was speechless at this young girl, who looked like she'd been brainwashed by stories of knights.

"Thank you very much! Someday, under the guidance of fate, we'll meet again!" She naturally urged her handsome horse forward, and the mount snorted as it darted away.

"But that's the west. You're going in the wrong direction..." Leylin watched the direction in which she had left, but she had already disappeared.

"High-ranked knights who are directionally challenged are really quite rare. She didn't prepare much and is adventuring. Hopefully, she won't get

attacked by ogres or gnomes and become jerky...” Leylin silently prayed for her and then returned to his inn.

For him, all that had happened today was merely a fun event in the long journey that was life. It was not worthy to ruminate over.

# Chapter 858: Employer

The gates opened, and a huge large group of merchants left Emon City. All sorts of flags flew, with over five middle-scale groups and tens of other small ones in the caravan. There were also too many independent merchants to count.

The group was like a museum for the races of the World of Gods. Humans, dwarves, gnomes, halflings, half-elves, and many other half-bloods mingled, leaving Leylin's mind blown.

There were a lot of Professionals amongst the mercenaries, but there wasn't a single leading commander so everything looked chaotic with all sorts of people mixed in. Leylin saw a few dwarves riding wild boars running past him while hiccuping. He was rendered speechless.

'There are even more races than the types of pirates I'm in charge of... The Professionals are all a mess...' These mercenaries allowed Leylin to have a better understand of the Professions in the World of Gods.

From the most common warriors, thieves, squires, and assassins to the higher-grade knights, gunmen and archers, Leylin could also see some low-ranked bloodline holders as well as druids. They were attached to those large mercenary groups and were employed by the medium-ranked merchant groups.

As for the weak group that Leylin was a part of, they were employed by a small merchant group with no other choice. With their route interrupted, not being able to drop their goods off was one thing, but the terrifying fines of violating contracts was enough to render their families bankrupt.

In this world with deities, those protected by the gods could have their church dispatch priests and paladins to demand payment, and even the king would not dare renege on a debt. Waukeen loved doing this with her wealthy church, and of course the fee was very high.

Hence, under the threat of going bankrupt, these merchants had no choice but to force themselves onto a path blocked by ogres.

However, they were no fools. They issued a few large missions, and recruited enough mercenaries and helpers to form a huge caravan. This gave them enough strength to protect themselves.

However, Leylin had his doubts about the strength of these low-ranked Professionals. They were destined to be cannon fodder!

“Everyone of the Night Halls, I entrust the fates of me and my sister to you!” Before they left, their employers had come to see them personally. It was a pair of noblewomen who seemed like sisters.

“Haha... Don’t worry, hic ... With Old Pam around, those darned ogres will die as they come!” The leader of this little group, at least in name, made his promise while patting his chest. This hiccuping dwarf with a red brandy nose was called Pam. He was a rare gunslinger, though the butt of the gun at his waist was already filled with rust. Leylin felt like the firearm was just scrap metal at this point, only useful as a hammer in close combat.

Leylin hadn’t even remembered all his ‘teammates’ here yet.

‘Besides that inferior dwarf gunman Pam, there’s a halfling thief, a human archer and me, a warrior. This is really the worst of the worst. We only met yesterday through the attendant at the Mercenary Guild... These sisters were obviously made a fool of by that attendant...’

Leylin never expected for there to be fraud organisations like this in the World of Gods, established temporarily to trick customers. Still, he had no intentions of changing anything.

‘Though they tried to swindle people, the bit of commission you paid got you a rank 10 wizard. You’ve really made a huge profit!’ he thought inside.

At this moment, the noble lady in the horse carriage sighed, knowing that she had dug a hole for herself.

“Everyone...” The hanging curtain in the carriage was pulled to reveal the corner of a beautiful face. She looked to be about 25 or 26, more mature than most young women. However, one could see sorrow from her furrowed brows, as if she had some doubts.

“In order to ensure the safety on this trip, I’ve especially invited an adventurer! She is a high-ranked knight, and I’m sure she’ll get along well with everyone!” The noblewoman looked apologetic, but the person who paid money was the leader here. Pam, knowing how much weight the Night Halls carried, only mumbled a little but agreed.

“A new adventurer? And a high-ranked knight at that. It’s... her?” Leylin suddenly had a bad feeling.

“Sorry that I’m late, Sister Hera!” A black warhorse streaked through the gates of the city like lightning, and the tender voice of a female could be heard from the knight on her mount.

“Rafiniya!” Hera, who was inside the horse carriage, revealed a tender smile that caused Old Pam and the rest to look dazed.

The knight quickly arrived at the carriage and flipped over to get off the horse, revealing a face that Leylin was exceptionally familiar with.

“Sister Hera!” Rafiniya first pulled at Hera’s hand enthusiastically, and then looked at the mercenaries nearby.

“Hello, everyone! I’m Rafiniya, and we’re going to adventure together—huh...”

Halfway through introducing herself, Rafiniya abruptly stopped, eyes widening. “Ley, you bastard, you actually cheated me!”

The tender voice of a young girl, as well as her appearance, made it easy for people to have misconceptions. The dwarf Pam discreetly gave Leylin a look of approval, while the human archer seemed envious.

“I didn’t, you’re just a person with a poor sense of direction!” Leylin touched his nose and rolled his eyes, not feeling like speaking to this girl who was directionally challenged.

“Who did you say has a poor sense of direction?” Rafiniya was immediately like a kitten who’d had her tail stepped on. She burst out in anger.

“Do you know each other? That’s even better! Come here, Rafiniya. Tell

me about what happened yesterday...” Hera came to mediate, and it was evident that she was very tactful.

“But...” Leylin focused on Hera’s hands. They were rough, and there even calluses at the side. They were much like the hands of the maids in Leylin’s manor, and her clothes were rather simple. The edges were slightly whitened. It was obvious that she did not have a good family background, but had employed Leylin and the others in the name of a noble.

‘A noble born of a commoner? Or does she have a more troublesome identity? Did she get Rafiniya because she seemed to have a great status? She’s quite shrewd...’ Leylin watched Rafiniya enter the carriage, and the sounds of laughter could be heard once in a while. He shook his head inside.

He did not discriminate against Hera. All methods were valid when one’s survival was at stake. As long as it didn’t affect him, he wouldn’t bother unveiling her plot.

“Tsk! Ley, look at that warhorse! It’s even taller than the two of us. I’ll bet you that this horse has a value of at least 200 Gold kronas!”

Old Pam was now demoted to a horsekeeper and was gloomy. He temporarily took care of Rafiniya’s horse on her behalf. The sight of a dwarf leading a tall horse was rather amusing, though the man himself did not realise this. His hands kept caressing the black horse while muttering, “A pity... What a pity... Look at how she’s abused this good horse! This colour of the coat and the abrasions would make those horse peddlers reduce their prices...”

“Please, she’s a lady of a noble family and didn’t even bring a horsekeeper when she came out. It’s already good enough that she didn’t starve it to death...” Leylin laughed as he patted Pam’s shoulders, which gained the man’s approval.

“Mm, mm,” Pam kept nodding, “I’m not bragging, but my father’s father was once a horsekeeper for the city owner. He was able to raise even the best warhorses with heavenly bloodlines till they were plump and

healthy...”

“That doesn’t seem right...” Leylin was speechless as he shook his head. Dwarves usually liked to brag, not to mention those that had taken alcohol.

At this moment, a gold krona was thrown from the window and hit Pam’s head.

“Take care of this horse and it’s yours!” Golden rays shone in Pam’s eyes, and he didn’t even get mad, “No problem at all! Old Pam will help you take care of this treasure, esteemed lady!”

‘Inexperienced.’ This was Leylin’s evaluation of Rafiniya. There had been many eyes fixed on her horse, and after seeing the gold krona she had casually tossed away, those gazes turned to greed and malice.

Even the halfling thief and the human archers had changed expressions now, they were up to no good.

They were all mercenaries who’d banded together for now. Why would they trust each other? On dangerous roads, they could easily become robbers and bandits.

‘Even if Rafiniya’s a rank 10 knight, she won’t be able to evade the plots against her.’ Leylin could practically predict the fates of these three noble ladies.

‘Ogres are the best cover. As long as someone’s careful, they can push the blame to the devils. After all, would they actually contend with those ogres?’ Leylin took a look at his surroundings. The merchant groups had mostly gathered, though the people in charge of a few medium-sized groups had no intentions of leaving, as if waiting for some important people.

‘Could they have banded together and recruited a high-ranked Professional?’ Just as Leylin was wondering, an elite team appeared from Emon City. The leader was a middle-aged man wearing shining armour, a resolute expression on his face. Under his thick eyebrows were a pair of radiant eyes.



Behind him, a pale eagle flag fluttered in the wind.

# Chapter 859: Ashen Hawks

“It’s Lord Siegfried of the Ashen Hawks!”

“With him around, Old Pam’s at ease now!” The dwarf Pam exclaimed excitedly.

‘Powerful’ was Leylin’s first impression of the man. Siegfried was at or above rank 15, and there were even energy traces from magic items on his person. That wasn’t all; the members behind him were the cream of the crop as well, and Leylin even spotted a wizard among them.

While she was clad in black wizard robes, that unique spiritual temperament could not deceive Leylin. However, she did not seem to have a high rank and had only made contact with the third level of the Weave.

Seeing the mercenary group of the Ashen Hawks meet with the medium-scaled merchant groups, as well as the subsequent signal they set off, Leylin asked by Pam’s side, “Is that Siegfried very powerful?”

“But of course. Lord Siegfried is the only mithril mercenary in Emon City! Mithril, you know? On top of that, he’s a high-ranked warrior who’s gone through numerous battles. Our city hall even invited him to take charge of the garrison, but he rejected them...” At the very mention of Siegfried, Old Pam talked non-stop, as if he himself was a member of the Ashen Hawks.

The Hawks had a huge reputation, and it resulted in an uproar amongst the large merchant groups. Be it the mercenaries or merchants, all of them had delighted looks on their face, as if just having them around meant their safety was guaranteed.

‘Yet another bunch of tragic people who place their safety in the hands of others...’ Seeing this, Leylin sighed inside, ‘No matter how powerful he is, he’ll definitely be protecting the few medium-sized merchant groups that hired him first and foremost. How could he stay by your side like Pam would? There are over a hundred ogres...’

While some were still immersed in their fantasies, the mixed bag of

people set off.

‘How boring...’ Leylin was now dressed like a fighter, armoured in moderately new leather. At his waist was a longsword made of steel, the grip wound with coarse rope that allowed him to unsheath it smoothly at any time.

The large caravan moved very slowly. Apart from the leadership problems, food, water, and camping at night were huge issues for them. Even proper legions couldn’t manage such a thing well, forget this ragtag group. Sometimes they didn’t even make it past a few kilometres a day.

Leylin had already expected this, and he stayed in his group while at ease. With so many people present, he would only be used as cannon fodder to bait the ogres out if they ended up meeting. That would allow him to escape successfully.

He’d already made up his mind. Once he passed the danger of the ogres, he’d immediately leave this large group and proceed on his own. As for the matter of the commission and trust, would he even care?

Leylin thus had nothing going on for now. He’d made a deal with a merchant for one silver, and was allowed on one of the carriages. Besides his requisite patrolling duties, the only things he did were resting, meditation, and secret research.

‘A.I. Chip, show me my current stats!’ Leylin commanded.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 16. Race: Human, Rank 10 Wizard. Strength: 5.2. Agility: 6.5. Vitality: 6.3. Spirit: 10. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Spell Slots: Rank 4(3), Rank 3(5), Rank 2(7), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]  
[Analysis of the Weave: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 37.31%, Level 3 16.78%, Level 4 2.01%.] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out his orders.

‘My spiritual force is greatly disproportionate to the time I’ve spent meditating. With the reduced effect of the Devilblood Dagger, I can’t advance so easily anymore. I can only try to raise my other stats to 10 points...’

In Leylin’s view, raising of his other stats was a process of perfecting his

own genes. Once they all broke past a certain limit, they could give him a pleasant surprise.

Leylin took a quick look at his stats and shifted his attention to the Weave's analysis, his most important work.

'Slow as ever...' Leylin could do nothing about this. The Weave was under Mystra's control, and she was a powerful goddess. The A.I. Chip analysing the Weave already went against the will of the gods. He couldn't do much without alerting her.

'The speed's decreased after it started on level 2. It would be unnoticeable if not for my increase in rank... Perhaps I should use another method...' Just as Leylin was pondering over what he should do, an unwelcome guest opened the door of the truck.

"Sister Hera has already explained everything to me. I'm sorry!" Just from the voice, Leylin could tell that this was Rafiniya and he opened his eyes. Even in the darkness of the truck, he could see her flushed face.

"I accept your apology. Are we done now?" Leylin gestured for her to leave.

"How can you do this?" Rafiniya's embarrassed face reddened further, but this time in fury, "I'm here to apologise to you, yet you're acting so rudely? Besides... Pam and the others are..."

"I've done my tasks for the day. Pam and the others are just unwilling to put in the effort... Also..." Leylin stood up. Just the natural elegance in his movements caused the knight to shrink backwards in retreat, as if she'd her own father in his fury.

"Also... who is it that keeps staying in the employer's carriage? And who keeps evading patrol duty?" Leylin's eyes rested on Rafiniya, causing the knight to lower her head. At this moment, she realised that this Leylin indeed was doing his duty unlike her.

"That- That's different! I'm a girl!" Rafiniya stomped her foot, "Who knew travelling was so tedious? There's grime everywhere, and nowhere to even walk on. It's even harder to find a washroom..."

Her subconscious thoughts were poured out in front of Leylin. Noticing his half-smile, she couldn't help but go beet red and lower her head.

“So now you know the hardships of travelling? Don't be fooled by the glamour of heroes on the surface. In truth, they could be suffering more than you... Go home, little lady!” Leylin rarely showed kindness such as this. He only did it because all it required was for him to speak a bit.

“You sound like you know a lot, but do you really?” Rafiniya turned and left, as if she had gotten used to and annoyed by these lectures. Leylin only sighed, “Rebellious children...”

The days passed, and the ragtag group got closer to the region rumoured to have ogres around. They hadn't met trouble before this, their numbers enough to scare off vagrants and those with malicious intent. Within the group however, the bandit Professionals had bad luck. No matter where they went, they were watched vigilantly.

When it came time to camp, they did it on a flat field. Numerous mercenaries constructed lofty tents and lit bonfires. Hot water was then poured into pots; with the addition of their rations, some wild vegetables that a few older mercenaries found outside the camp, and jerky, it was cooked into a savoury stew.

Pam hugged his rum bottle while salivating at the pot, occasionally taking a drink.

“Everyone's worked hard today!” Hera and Rafiniya got off the horse carriage, and the mercenaries of the Night Halls sat around the bonfire.

After spending some time together, Leylin now had another opinion regarding Hera. While she was a slight schemer, it was because of her living conditions. She did not regard herself to be much better than those mercenaries who were working hard.

With his experience, Leylin could naturally tell if she was sincere or putting on a front. Her younger sister seemed to be called Yalani, and was protected well by her sister. She spent most of her time on the carriage, and even Leylin had only seen her a few times before. That meant Hera was aware of the dangers outside.

After Hera brought the dinner that had just been made back to the carriage, Old Pam impatiently drank his rum and began to chatter on.

However, in the long chilly night, there was little to while the time away. Hence, the other members approved of it tacitly. Rafiniya especially seemed to have fun, and probably even took Old Pam's stories to be true.

"Hello. May I know if this is Lady Hera's carriage?" At this moment, a person in charge of one of the merchant groups walked over.

"What is it? Please tell me!" Rafiniya blocked the way. Days before, there were a few guys who were lusting over the beauty of the sisters. She'd kicked them out, but she was now on her guard.

The person in charge who had been rejected frowned, but then put on a smile, "Well, we're reaching the dangerous regions where the ogres appear. Lord Siegfried told me to come inform everyone to remain vigilant at night. Remember to send people to patrol the area..."

# Chapter 860: Lorent

Once they sent the man away, the mercenaries all had imposing expressions on their faces. Only Rafiniya was cheerful as she took out her sword with an eager look on her face, “We finally get to fight?”

This expression of hers immediately attracted displeasure from her comrades. “In that case, you can be the first to go on patrol tonight!” Leylin unceremoniously dealt her a blow, damping her energy. Old Pam didn’t dare to say anything, but he secretly gave Leylin a big thumbs up.

Seeing Rafiniya huffing angrily and ducking back into the carriage, Leylin and the others smiled in a carefree manner. Only, Leylin’s smile was rather dark as he turned back to look at where Rafiniya had gone to.

‘This... It feels like something might have happened...’

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At the moment, another special group entered Emon City. Their leader was a paladin in bright silver armour, the piercing light of which caused the city guards at the gate to inch away from them. Their faces were filled with reverence and awe as they looked at the divine light on the paladin’s chest.

“Our intel says that they vanished without a trace once they went ashore.” His badge was based on a blue shield, with a warhammer balanced on top of a scale as the insignia. A holy light lingered about it.

“A paladin of the God of Justice!” Someone would call out in a low voice from time to time, and the street thugs and hooligans all completely disappeared without a trace.

The divine light that this paladin possessed was of course that of the God of Judgment, Tyr. That god possessed powerful divine force and was committed to his cause of fighting against evil. The zealous paladins under his command were the greatest nightmare of all evil organisations.

“Leylin Faulen... This insignificant little noble must be in cahoots with that earlier Pirates’ Tide. He can’t run from us!” The paladin had a resolute

expression on his face, “Under the divine glory of our lord, all evil must be punished!”

“Paladin Lorent! Do not forget the teachings of our God. Without a trial, that person still has the status of an aristocrat, so please watch your words and manners!” An old priest warned from behind the paladin.

The God of Justice’s priests were serious about punishing evil as well, but unlike the radical paladins they knew that the world wasn’t black and white. They had learnt to compromise, which was the only reason that Tyr’s church had survived to this point. This priest’s eyes were filled with sorrow, but they were soon flooded with determination.

“Only... The lives of thousands of civilians on the outer seas, as well as the disappearance of tens of thousands of innocents must be answered for. He must cooperate with our investigation. The God of Justice will never let an evil man off, and neither will he misjudge an innocent person!”

“Praise the Lord!” Several high-ranking members of the church began to pray from behind the priest.

This was an investigation team that’d been sent by Tyr to the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom. There were several high-ranking paladins and priests in their numbers, and once they reached the outer seas they were shocked by the atrocities committed by those evil pirates.

When the Pirates’ Tide spread its sails, it almost destroyed the entire Baltic archipelago. Only a few small noble fiefs managed to escape the purge unharmed. Since the pirates took no prisoners and left none alive, it had been very difficult to gather evidence.

After passing through many obstacles, just when they had finally almost pinned their culprit as the Pirate Cove and Scarlet Tiger pirate crew, they discovered a small noble family who seemed to have played a very important role.

The unstoppable investigation team immediately arrived at Faulen Island, only to be told the news that Leylin had long since left.



In desperation, the investigation team could only divide into two groups and continue to investigate the outer seas. They proclaimed the doctrine of the God of Justice, and the group immediately went back to the continent to apparently request Leylin to cooperate with their investigation.

In reality, once they were within the grasp of these paladins, even the most cunning of nobles could not live for more than a day! The priests of Tyr did not lack in divine torture spells that could force their target to surrender. Sometimes, even a simple 'Detect Alignment' was able to solve many problems.

In the presence of powerful gods, the minor nobles who were caught with evidence did not have any power to resist. In turn, if there was no evidence, even high-ranking bishops could not directly put a noble on trial.

Leylin had long broken off the relationship between Faulen Island and the Scarlet Tigers, so unless they could catch him the investigation team could not take any measures against Baron Jonas and their fief. He'd taken care of this before deciding to travel abroad.

"Damn... These nobles ignore the suffering of so many civilians, and instigate one disaster after the other..." A female priest said resentfully.

"Be cautious!" Although the paladin thought the same thing, on the surface he still restrained his female companion's actions.

The spread of faith in the prime material plane did not curb the power of secular loyalty. It caused the churches a lot of frustration.

"We cannot completely cleanse the world of all its filth, but we can continue to judge every sin we see. Ultimately the world will be purified" The paladin Lorent said strongly, "Raphael, notify the town hall that we need their help, as well as those left behind..."

After several days, Lorent and his party were able to find several of Leylin's suspected identities.

"This one can also be ruled out!" Within a splendid and opulent

mansion, many guards were left sprawled in confusion on the ground, including several strong Professionals. The paladin Lorent regretfully put down a pale-faced young noble who was trembling all over in fear.

“However, he has also committed numerous crimes. He’s promoted imprisonment, murder, corruption, and countless other things. Hand him over and have the town hall dispose of him!” The female priest. Raphael, glared with disgust at the trembling young noble, as if she had seen a maggot. Allowing this maggot to continue living was almost like an insult to her god.

Although she dearly wanted to directly kill the noble, she managed to endure it.

“Those mercenaries are so mobile that it is very difficult to distinguish between them in such a short period of time even with our capabilities. However, the larger merchant groups in recent times are very suspicious!”

“I was thinking the same thing.” Lorent turned and left, leaving behind a scene of disorder, “We have already tarried here for far too long, we must speed up...”

After a short while, the newly gathered investigation group strolled out of the gate of Emon City. The rest of the city officials and nobles watched them from far away as they breathed a sigh of relief, wry smiles on their faces.

The investigation group left, but they’d swept up a lord, two nights, and an extremely unlucky noble by pure coincidence during their stay. Even the various gangs had been exterminated. Emon City had been cleansed, and was now much more safe. However, they had left behind a huge mess.

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‘Is this feeling of being chased because of that investigation group from the God of Justice? Looking at the time, they should have arrived at Emon City by now...’ His keen perception and meticulous way of thinking let Leylin guess the truth in just a moment.

‘Tyr... Haha, in the eyes of many nobles, this powerful god is not at all

inferior to the God of Plague...' Leylin laughed coldly to himself, 'However, if I do not become a high-ranking wizard and build a wizard's tower, I fear I won't be able to return to Faulen Island.'

The situation was more dire this time. If Leylin's father was like the Marquis, or even a noble of the kingdom, he wouldn't be suppressed like this. However, the Faulen Family pitifully didn't have such a background. As a result, were they to be caught by the investigative team it would spell disaster for them. The paladins of the God of Justice were not harmless vegetarians.

Naturally, even the God of Justice's most resolute paladins had to learn to compromise, and once Leylin displayed his greater power and strength, showing that their reward was not worth the efforts, it would not be impossible to erase this matter.

'No! I just need to let Dambrath Kingdom's officials handle it, then this entire matter will not concern me,' Leylin's eyes shone brightly, 'Even the God of Justice's priests need to pay attention to evidence. It looks there are still many more things for me to do in the kingdom...'

Of course all of this was based on the fact that Leylin would remain a noble wizard, and his crimes wouldn't be exposed. If he was thought of as an invader from another world, or a believer in devils, then he would be endlessly pursued by all the gods, and all the kingdoms on the continent would unite against him.

'Interesting, it really is interesting!' Leylin's original plan was to leave Faulen Island to train after his work there had been completed, rapidly advancing in rank until he became a god, and finally linking up with his original body.

He was still following that plan, and the Faulen Family was developing rapidly. Although the investigative group was troublesome, he could still resolve that issue.

"Be careful! The footprints of an ogre have been discovered ahead!" At this moment, news came from the carriage in front of them, stirring up the entire merchant group.

After they had entered the region, Leylin could not continue to hide and be lazy. He had to fulfill his duty as a mercenary, accompanying his employer's carriage to protect it. Through the carriage's gauzy curtain, he could see two similarly frightened pretty faces.

# Chapter 861: Ogre

“It’s alright, the mercenaries will protect us!” Hera kissed her sister’s forehead, which helped Yalani calm down.

“I’ll go and take a look!” Rafaniya had already gotten off the carriage and put on her knight’s armour and steel gloves. The warhorse she sat on let out a snarl, rushing to the front of the group.

The horse had showered Pam’s head and face with dust, and he hadn’t managed to dodge in time. Even his beard had been filled with pebbles, the comedic performance causing the girls in the carriage to laugh quietly. Hera’s stern eyes seemed to have softened.

“These little bitches are really... Phooey...” Old Pam spat out the sand in his mouth, his hand going to his gun case. He’d polished most of the rust off, and it now smelt of gunpowder. Leylin still believed that it wouldn’t be as useful as a hammer in melee, though.

Leylin was sceptical as to whether this dwarf, who had not even reached rank 5, was brave enough to fight against a high-ranking knight with his life. Although dirtying their beard was a very serious insult for some dwarves, Old Pam seemed to have assimilated into human society, and become crafty and sly.

Or perhaps it could be said that after working with humans extensively, he had learnt to be cowardly and picked up a few bad habits. Naturally, the dwarf would perhaps not agree with this assessment.

Leylin could not detect the slightest trace of a dwarf’s stubborn and tenacious temper from Old Pam. When Rafaniya flew back like the wind, he was already eagerly leading her warhorse along for her and even received a silver krona as a tip.

It must be said that Old Pam could indeed look after warhorses well. Over the past few days, Rafaniya’s originally malnourished mount now looked very energetic. The noblewoman had already expressed the desire to hire the dwarf as her personal horsekeeper, and Old Pam looked rather satisfied with this arrangement.

“What’s happening up ahead?” Leylin did not particularly care about Old Pam’s future career, and immediately asked about the state of affairs in front of them.

“A few scouts and thieves have reported that they’ve discovered the footprints of an ogre. The imprints are fairly fresh, and it looks like it was just half an hourglass ago. We should be ready to get into a fight at any time...”

After hearing Rafiniya’s statement, all the mercenaries immediately grew nervous. The halfling thief and the human archer couldn’t help but grip their weapons more tightly.

Pam involuntarily began to inch closer to Rafiniya’s side. On the whole, this young lady was the most powerful deterrence in their entire group. Since danger had befallen them, she could adapt the fastest and had the highest chance of escaping.

“Well, Rafiniya, you will protect me, won’t you?” Old Pam looked at Rafiniya hopefully.

“Are you not a mercenary?” The young lady had always been completely disdainful towards soft-boned cowards like him.

“Heavens... Do it for Nick’s sake, you can’t treat your horsekeeper like this. Pitiful Old Pam will be torn to pieces by the ogre, and who would look after your Nick then?” Old Pam’s tears were about to overflow from his eyes, and he clung to Rafiniya’s legs with all his might.

Nick was the name that Old Pam had given to Rafiniya’s warhorse in passing.

“Very well, very well! It’s a knight’s duty to protect the weak!” Rafiniya was rather scared of the expression on his face.

“Oh! I admire you, great knight...” Pam immediately started to babble without stopping.

“However, your pay as my horsekeeper will be cut in half!” Rafiniya had learnt a lot after travelling with them, and could even haggle over prices now.

“Out of the question, the most is 10%!”

“40%! You think I can’t find any other horsekeepers? My family has a dozen!”

“30%! You can’t lower it by any more, otherwise Old Pam can’t even afford to drink watered-down rum!”

“Deal!” The lady knight was still rather young and inexperienced when all was said and done. She had retreated in defeat under the dwarf’s pitiful tactics, and Leylin could not help but find it funny.

Just at this moment, a dismal cry came from the front. “Ogre! The ogre is here!”

“Stay alert!” “Stand guard!” Leylin took out his steel sword in a flash, his vigilant eyes attentively watching the uproar in front of him.

Aside from the cacophony of human voices, the sounds of strange roars and clashing weapons now sounded out.

“The ogres have really appeared!” The halfling in the squad immediately took out his dagger and hid in the shadowy corners of the carriage. The human archer climbed on top of the carriage to find somewhere suitable for himself, and his wooden bow that he usually carried on his back was now grasped in his hand.

“Ogres? I’ve been waiting for you for a long time!” Rafiniya excitedly got up and reined in her horse, immediately changing direction.

“Wait, I’ll come with you!” She heard a man’s voice come from behind her and her eyes widened in response. “When did you come?”

No one knew when Leylin had mounted the warhorse and sat behind Rafiniya. To this high-ranked knight, this was completely unimaginable.

A knight and her horse were meant to be one entity, and being approached like this without even noticing was very dangerous if the man had malicious intent. Rafiniya’s heart turned icy, and the attitude of the man seated behind her back made it difficult for her to bear.

“Perhaps you should be a thief instead! Get down immediately, Nick

won't like this at all!" At this point, the closeness of their bodies was rather strange, and Rafiniya began to lightly blush in response.

"Be a good girl, let's go!"

"I'm not a child!" Rafiniya protested weakly, but Nick bolted out like a black whirlwind beneath them.

At this moment, Rafiniya revealed her superb horsemanship. Even in the situation where she had someone riding behind her back, she passed through the chaotic troops and obstacles to make her way to the front of the caravan.

Many carriages were in retreat, and several mercenary groups were already brandishing their swords and bows in a semicircle.

Standing across the defensive troops were a group of enormous monsters, with fewer than 20 amongst their numbers.

"Are these ogres? This is the first time I'm seeing them!" Rafiniya curiously peered at the monsters in front of them.

The very first ogre was nearly 3 metres tall, with the torso of a man. It looked like an obese fatty, with dark-grey skin, a thick neck, greasy matted hair and vile sarcomas all over its body. There was a wide and flat nose under its beast-like eyes and it had exposed its jutting black teeth, making it look as malevolent as a devil.

The one standing at the very front was the chief of this group of ogres. It wore simple tanned animal skin around its waist. The other ogres were completely in the nude, everything flopping about.

"It smells awful!" Just over a dozen metres away, a putrid stench directly assaulted her nostrils, making Rafiniya involuntarily cover her nose.

"Not bad! It looks very similar to the image in the illustrated handbook of ogres, only we haven't seen its different variations such as the two-headed ogre and the ogre shaman..." Leylin now sized up the ogres opposite him, his blue eyes shining brightly for reasons that an ordinary person would find difficult to accept.



‘A.I. Chip, scan the ogre’s stats!’

[Beep! Initiating mission, beginning scan... Data is being collected, generating graphics!] The A.I. Chip loyally executed Leylin’s command.

In a short space of time, a hologram of an ogre was projected before Leylin, along with detailed information about its stats.

[Name: Unknown, Race: Ogre, Gender: Male, Strength: 7, Agility: 3, Vitality: 10, Spirit: 1. Feats: Regeneration: Ogres possess extraordinary regenerative abilities, and can survive for a very long period of time even if they have their heads cut off. 2. Armour Skin: The grease on an ogre’s skin mixes with dirt to become a separate layer of natural defense, its effects are comparable to normal leather armour, with no resistance to magic.] ‘These stats are comparable to an average rank 7 or rank 8 fighter, and it’s only an ordinary ogre...’

‘In addition, these ogres have powerful constitutions, and terrifying regenerative capabilities. The cells in their body must be much more active than in ordinary people, and if the Devilblood Dagger can absorb it, then perhaps it could raise my vitality by 2 or 3 points, reaching the 10 point bottleneck!’ Leylin was now looking at these ogres like they were an enormous treasure chest.

Even by the most conservative estimates, this ogre tribe could raise his vitality by 1 or 2 points; it was equivalent to being blessed by the grace of a low-ranking god.

However, Leylin simply did not dare to provoke such a huge group of ogres by himself. He even needed to rely on the others for protection before he was certain he could pass through this region safely.

However, the large caravan group was currently pit against the ogres, and Leylin saw his chance.

“It’s just a scattered group of ogres, no need to worry!” At this moment, members of the Ashen Hawks rushed over, led by the impressive high-ranking fighter Siegfried who Leylin had previously met.

Seeing that there were fewer than 20 ogres against them, Siegfried’s

expression relaxed.

“There aren’t any shamans. There’s few enough that the other mercenaries and carriages can gain experience from it. It won’t be as frightening in our next encounter then...” Siegfried was fully aware that if the strengths of their large caravan group could be united, then it would not be a problem at all for them to pass through this region.

However, humans were often knocked down by their fear of the unknown, especially when these ogres had such a frightening reputation in the rumours. It made it much easier to trigger collective panic, and that would be even more devastating to them than a tsunami!

As a result, it was very important to let these cowardly merchants know about these ogres in advance.

# Chapter 862: First Fight

“The Ashen Hawks will keep everything under control in the rear. The rest of you, advance!” Siegfried reined in his horse and allowed his members to form a defensive line behind him.

“The reward for beheading them and the contributions and monetary reward from the mercenary guild will all be yours!” Siegfried was deeply aware of the weak points of humanity, and was shrewd and ruthless enough to immediately throw out more bait to entice the others.

Several medium sized mercenary groups immediately began to desire it, but before they could discuss their decision more, the ogres across from them could not wait any longer.

“Ow ow!” The ogre who stood at the very front threw its ferocious mouth wide open like a beast and let out a terrifying roar, the unknown animal bone it gripped in its hand becoming a huge club that swept across like a fierce gale.

Bang! The bone club pounded at the shields of the Shield Fighters at the very front, and a dull sound could be heard. Several mercenaries immediately collapsed, their arms snapping loudly.

The general strength of an ogre was around 5 or 7 points, equal to the strength of an elite rank 5 fighter. It was something that ordinary mercenaries simply could not contend against.

As if responding to their chieftain’s roar, the ogres behind him brandished their enormous clubs and hammers, or even raised their bare fists to throw themselves at the mercenaries. Several medium sized mercenary groups had their frontlines collapse immediately, and their leaders shouted commands to no avail. Everyone could tell that Siegfried’s expression grew dark.

‘The data and attributes of this world do not exactly follow the superposition principle. The sum of two actions does not necessarily equal the effect of each of the actions performed alone...’ Leylin watched the scene, but began to ponder other matters.

After experiencing so much in the World of Gods, he finally realised that the attribute data was different in this world.

‘Although ordinary people have an average level of 1, it seems more difficult to advance further on. Even breaking through the bottleneck of 1 for all my stats was very difficult in the beginning, and I spent quite a lot of effort to do so. After raising my stats to 5, every time I raised my stats by 1 level, it became several times more difficult to do so again. After I reach 10 points, the disparity will become even more obvious...’

Leylin had a premonition that after his average attributes reached 10 points, every time it was raised by 1 would perhaps be equivalent to the sum effects of his previous advancements. His overall strength would increase and he would grow considerably. This sort of exponential increase was different to what he was used to.

Whoosh! A strong gale blew across the region, and Leylin subconsciously noticed a shattered armour fragment on the floor, with mottle bloodstains all over it. This shifted his attention directly to the battlefield.

“Kill those dark-skinned bastards!” A medium sized mercenary group’s leader bellowed, radiating a tremendous force of qi.

These ogres were few in number, and did not even have a tenth of a medium sized mercenary group’s number. After the medium-ranked Professionals went to stall the ogres, the superiority in numbers became clear.

“Ha! Kill!”

Ten low-ranked mercenaries grasped their pikes and grouped together in a simple formation, tightly trapping an ogre in their circle. Even these simple group attacks could not be deciphered by the ogre’s brains, and along with the captain’s command, ten pikes stabbed through one like vipers.

“Ow ow...” The ogre raged, and although it had caught the head of two pikes, many more pikes pierced through its body. Great quantities of fresh blood flowed forth, and the ogre struggled continuously but was firmly

trapped by the prison of steel pikes.

The alliance of ten low-ranking Professionals had the power to seriously hurt an ogre. The pikes used by these mercenaries seemed to have been remodelled, with the spearhead containing bloody grooves and barbs. Once one pierced a target, it would undoubtedly spread the wound and cause a hemorrhage.

Blood spurted out like a torrential fountain, and although ogres were proud of their shocking regenerative ability, it could not save the life of this one.

The ogre's roars grew fainter, and the light in its eyes also began to dim. Its enormous corpse finally thudded onto the floor, mixing fresh blood with dirt to form a strange mottled pattern.

"Ow ow! Ow ow!" No matter how stupid a brain the ogre chieftain had, watching many of its clansmen being surrounded and cut down made it begin to roar, shattering the arm of an unlucky mercenary in its hands.

The sound of its cry had changed from its earlier frenzied state, and seemed very curt. The other ogres who heard the sound began to fall back, and some even turned their backs and paid the price of being struck by the mercenaries to flee the battlefield.

"Hey! Don't even think of running away, cowards!" At this moment, Leylin felt the black warhorse beneath him immediately gallop off, advancing towards the ogre chieftain.

The other mercenaries were astonished when they saw a black warhorse carrying a slender knight, directly leaping over the crowd to arrive at the frontline. There was even a fighter seated behind her who seemed like he did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Knight Battle Skill— Charge! Knight Battle Skill— Braveheart Knight Battle Skill— Sharp Qi!

A powerful glowing flame burst out from Rafiniya's lance, and many mercenaries cried out "High-ranked knight!" in astonishment. The warhorse had been reinforced by many battle skills began to gallop even

faster, and overtook the ogre chieftain in a flash.

“Ha!” Rafiniya thrust her lance with great force, and as it had been reinforced by Sharp Qi it immediately shattered the ogre chieftain’s defences. The lance pierced through its chest and exited through its back, and sblood suddenly began to rain down.

As a rank 10 knight with a noble steed, armour and a lance, if Rafiniya could not take down an ogre who was merely equivalent to a rank 7 or rank 8 fighter her master would probably throw himself into a lake.

“Good! Who is that?” Siegfried had watched the battle from the side, and his eyes landed on the high ranking knight. This was a powerful Professional, and it often represented a good background. Not everyone could afford to raise a master knight.

“They’re not from the medium-sized mercenary groups, perhaps they’re wandering mercenaries!” A wizard clad entirely in black robes replied from his side, her eyes flashing.

“A wandering mercenary? It looks like there’s still a lot of talent at the bottom of the barrel. Send some men over to speak to them!” Siegfried stroked his chin, feeling rather curious about the knight’s identity. At this point, the wizard nodded indifferently.

“Haha... So the rumoured ogres are only at this level?” Rafiniya strung up the ogre chieftain’s corpse on a pole, a playful voice coming from within her armour. Leylin could tell that there was some uneasiness hidden in her slightly shaky voice.

“Hey hey... Shouldn’t you let me down first?”

“Ah! How are you still here?” As expected, Rafiniya had already forgotten all about Leylin during her earlier charge, and only recalled that there was still someone seated behind her now.

At the same time, Leylin heard her mutter to herself, “Awful, how awful, it’s so dirty... I don’t want this lance anymore...”

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Although Rafiniya had intervened at the very end, the fight had spread towards the caravans, and after she had finally charged towards the ogre chieftain, the rest of the ogres ran even quicker. In the blink of an eye, they seemed to have disappeared into the dense shrubs by the road, which made the mercenaries who wanted the reward money feel crestfallen.

Rafiniya had won the credit, and seemed to be in a trance-like state. She did not even respond to the men sent over by the Ashen Hawks, and finally Leylin had to present himself and chat with them.

Only after returning to their own carriage did Rafiniya reap the reverent gazes of the others, and usually this little lass would have been so happy that if she had a tail, it would be rapidly wagging.

However, the girl seemed most preoccupied with throwing away her steel lance which was covered in the ogre's blood and stench. She went alone into the sisters' carriage, and a faint sound of retching was heard. Leylin reckoned that she still needed some time to adapt.

Old Pam once again had picked up scraps, and collected the lance that Rafiniya no longer wanted. He put it away carefully as if it was some treasured object.

After hearing that Rafiniya had abandoned the ogre's ears as she was afraid of how dirty it was, Old Pam threw a huge tantrum and stomped his feet. He even scolded Leylin loudly for being a wastrel.

The level of his greed made Leylin wonder if Old Pam descended from the blood of a hoarding dragon.

"Haha... If those ogres come again, Old Pam will let them taste the power of my gun... HURR..." Old Pam was gripping a bottle of rum in both hands, and belched from time to time, his face completely flushed with excitement.

After fighting the ogres, the entire merchant group began to continue on their journey. However, they had all calmed down and were no longer as afraid as they were before. After passing through their first trial, they had realised that ogres were not up to their level. Although the ogres were very strong, they would still get injured and bleed, and they even took the head

of the chieftain as a souvenir.

After the fear had passed, all of their thoughts grew lively again. Even Hera and her sister seemed to smile more.

‘Really...’ Leylin looked down at the scene and inwardly shook his head, a trace of suspicion in his eyes.

‘Why do I feel that there was something off about these bunch of ogres? It seemed like they were using... A plan against the soldiers? What a joke! Even if they had the mental capacity, how could they come up with that idea? Perhaps it was just a coincidence... No, the rumoured two-headed ogres or ogre shamans would perhaps have this sort of intelligence...’

‘If it’s true, then things will become interesting...’ Leylin’s lips curved into a meaningful smile.



# Chapter 863: Trap

The events proceeded according to Leylin's expectations. Several ogres came up to challenge them once in a while, from five or six to over a dozen at a time. Obviously unable to harm their large group, they would run away with their tails tucked between their legs, sometimes leaving numerous corpses behind.

Many mercenaries were terrified at the beginning, but as time went on, they would lie on their fronts on the carriage roofs and watch the pathetic ways the ogres fled while bursting out in laughter.

This relaxed attitude even infected the Ashen Hawks. Leylin found that besides Siegfried and that wizard, the other members seemed to overestimate their enemies.

"There are two more days till we get out of this region. It's the easiest mission Old Pam has ever done!" As the group proceeded, the dwarf, Pam, clung to his bottle of alcohol as if it was precious, and his brandy nose shone brilliantly.

"I never want to see those disgusting vermin again..." Rafiniya's resentment was obvious. Ever since the time she had tried to show off, she had not participated in the attacks on the ogres. It seemed that this little lady had been scared stupid by the painful experience.

Awoo... At this moment, the terrible cries of the ogres sounded ahead of the group. Old Pam contentedly hiccupped, not the least bit affected by the sounds.

"Hic... again, again! The ones giving us money for free are back... I wonder who'll be lucky enough to get the ears of the ogres. The rewards are very good..."

"Things aren't going to be so easy..." Leylin unsheathed his own longsword, looking grim.

"What do you mean?" Pam had some suspicions, but his expression quickly changed. Continuous cries sounded from all directions, concealing

a terrifying intent that even caused the warhorse Nick to neigh in distress.

“Damn it, there are so many of them!” Old Pam’s bottle fell to the ground, creating a crunching sound. However, he had no time to feel sorry for his treasure, and instead immediately whipped out the firearm at his waist.

Tak tak! Tak tak! Ahead of the group now was pure chaos. Many merchants abandoned their goods and fled for their lives the way they’d come, creating an even larger uproar. There were many casualties among the mercenaries, and a huge number of tall figures could be seen in the distance.

“It’s a trap! We’ve been surrounded!”

“Help! There are over 200 ogres!”

“Damn it, where are the Ashen Hawks? Where’s Siegfried? Could he have already died by the hands of the ogre shamans?” Many voices mixed together, and everyone next to Leylin instantly paled.

They were then drowned out in a chaotic stream of people, forced along with the crowd. Helpless as leaves in a typhoon, they had to flee for their lives.

“Sister Hera!” Rafiniya yelled, jumping onto the horse carriage and taking over the job of the horsekeeper who had disappeared, holding tightly onto the reins. The halfling thief looked like he wanted to help but was incapable enough to, and disappeared into the masses.

As for the human archer? That fellow had gotten onto Rafiniya’s precious horse, Nick, and galloped off quickly when the chaos had started. Rafiniya had needed to control the horse carriage and had no time to care about this, which allowed the archer to successfully steal the horse.

Wails and shrieks could be heard again and again, and the roars and cries from the ogres behind them were the strongest catalysts. The entire large caravan group completely fell apart.

The crowd pushed and squeezed their way through. In order to get on their way, they did not mind pointing their weapons at their own people.

With such a huge confusion, Leylin quickly disappeared along with the carriage. Of course, this was his intention.

‘So this actually was a trap! Though it’s just a pocket formation[1], I didn’t expect that that these ogres were so intelligent... I really can’t look down on them anymore.’

At the moment, the cumbersome horse carriage was like a broken sailboat in a tsunami, on the verge of being destroyed at any moment. The dwarf Pam from before had already disappeared. Based on his physique, Leylin could only pray that Pam was not trampled to death in the chaos.

‘It’s my chance!’ Leylin’s figure nimbly danced through the crowd, heading in the opposite direction. The cries of the ogres were even more clear there, and the horrifying sounds of tearing flesh rang out.

‘The main forces of the ogres should be here. I can take perfect advantage of this chaos, furthermore...’ Leylin’s eyes glinted coldly.

The ogres did not hold a numbers advantage over the mercenary group. They could try to defeat them heads on, but it would come at a terrible cost. Instead, they’d set up an ambush, even leaving an escape route at the back.

This wasn’t out of goodwill. Their goal was to further incite chaos among the group— when there was still a chance of escape, not everyone would be courageous enough to look forward and risk their lives. In order to have a chance at survival, how many would not hesitate to strike at their own companions?

More importantly, pursuing scattered soldiers was a battle that practically could not be lost.

‘Only the two-headed leaders or ogre shamans could come up with such a plan...’ Leylin’s eyes glinted, ‘So the only way to survive is to head in the opposite direction and break through this formation. Their main forces are here, and there’ll be many scattered soldiers and prisoners. There’ll be little chance of people pursuing me. As long as I get a quick horse and sprint for a while, I’ll be able to get out of this ogre-filled region...’

Those who could see this path and take it were truly determined, and held perseverance. It was a pity that Leylin could see practically nobody who'd come to the same decision as himself.

Perhaps, there were a few intelligent merchants would have been able to understand this, but their panic had lowered their ability to think by a great amount. Or perhaps they were aware but lacked the strength to do this, and could only go along with the crowd and pray to the Goddess of Luck to aid in their escape.

'Furthermore... If I don't go to the frontlines, where will I get high-ranked ogres to absorb strength from?' Leylin burst into an empty large horse carriage.

He was no longer dressed in leather armour, and the steel longsword that he usually used was tossed aside. He'd dressed himself in black form-fitting clothing, using the same to hide half his face like a common thief.

The ring of wizardry glimmered faintly from his left hand on occasion, and there was a cold bloody light that flickered in the cuffs of his right hand, like the tongue of a poisonous snake.

The further he got, the lesser people there were. Flags, carriages, armour and weapons were abandoned everywhere. Blood flowed without end, forming dark red puddles on the ground.

A few ogres occasionally munched at incomplete corpses, just the sight alone enough to terrify someone. There were a few mercenary groups still immersed in battle. At the heart of it, the Ashen Hawks' flag stood tall.

"Captain, our brothers can't hold on for long!" The wizard waved her arm, and Inspirational Boost and several similar spells were cast unceasingly. It allowed the mercenaries nearby to perk up.

The Ashen Hawks and a few other midscale mercenary groups had previously held back a large portion of the ogres, allowing the merchant groups a chance to escape. An unending stream of ogres still surrounded, even outnumbering them at this point.

"We bought them the time to escape, we've done our jobs! Prepare

the spells; the entire team will scatter and leave. Let's meet up again at the Giant Rock Town we passed by earlier!" Siegfried now had surging qi twining around his body. His armour emitted a slight luster, and surprisingly enough it was a magic artifact that had a high grade.

His giant silver-white blade was now stained with the blood of the ogres.

Heaven Breaker! The terrifying might of the battle technique of a high-ranked fighter was much more powerful than Rafiniya's. Qi burst out like an arrow, instantly resulting in massive casualties amongst the ogres. There were even some cracks in the encirclement.

"Break out!" Siegfried urged his horse on madly, but while passing by the wizard, he spoke in a low voice, "Let's break out through the front and meet at the largest city ahead!"

As a veteran captain of a team, Siegfried was not as righteous and great as he appeared to be. In reality, good people never made it for long as mercenaries. As long as he and the wizard lived, the Ashen Hawks could be rebuilt at any point.

'Just from the perspective of a mercenary, he's done very well. He shouldn't be reprimanded for what he said at the last bit...' At the sidelines of the battlefield, Leylin hid in the shadows and hugged his arms while evaluating Siegfried, 'But.. The ogres this time aren't quite so simple...'

He looked past the encirclement right in front of him. At the back, he saw a hint of intent to kill.

Chain Lightning! The black-robed wizard tore a scroll, and silver-white lightning chains exploded, leaping through the group of ogres. Those who were struck collapsed with a cry, a charred smell transmitting and opening a path for the wizard.

Upon seeing this, the wizard was delighted. However, before she could do anything else, a powerful magic undulation was transmitted from afar.

"Crap!" The wizard's expression quickly changed.

1. Military tactic, enemies lured into narrow enclosed 'pocket' area, their entrance/exit is surrounded by soldiers to seal up the 'pocket', isolating the enemy.

# Chapter 864: Two-headed Ogres

These new ogres were more than two metres tall. They were dwarves given the ogre standard, but they had tattooed bodies and barbaric runes with unknown purposes.

“Ogre shamans!” The black-robed wizard exclaimed to herself. Shamans were the ogres who held bloodlines, ones who would awaken abilities similar to magic with age. They were the decision makers of ogre tribes. It was surprising that they lay in wait here.

The black-robed wizard suddenly had a premonition of a great catastrophe.

“Roar...” The ogre shamans gave the black-robed wizard no time to think. The tattoos and runes on their bodies shone layer by layer amidst their roars, their innate abilities as bloodline holders allowing them to cast such spells without learning or memorising anything. However, they still had the support and usage of the Weave.

Magical power gathered together, and numerous huge fireballs glowed orange as they tore apart the wizard’s frail armour. The wizard was burnt to ashes along with the horse she rode.

“Lena!” Siegfried’s eyes turned red, and he turned back despite having broken out of the siege, charging straight for the shamans.

While he might cold and selfish, Siegfried still prioritised his true friend and lover. The death of Lena immediately made him hot-headed, filled with the desire and impulse for revenge.

Clang! A silver-white longsword was smashed mid-air by a large black claw hammer, producing a dull and loud sound.

The terrifying recoil allowed Siegfried to somehow regain his composure and take a proper look at his opponent. This was a two-headed ogre who was over four metres tall, its skin a frightening blood-red with scales on it. One of its two fierce-looking heads was larger than the other, disgusting saliva dripping from the canine teeth. The thing rode a deformed earth

lizard with a similar number of heads, although one of those was just a huge tumour with vague features.

Roar... The two-headed ogre exclaimed, brandishing a giant, black claw hammer that had come out of nowhere, charging towards Siegfried.

The horrifying strength from its astounding physique caused Siegfried to retreat. While his warhorse was fierce, it was no match for the ogreish beast. It was already spewing white froth, evidently unable to continue.

After the appearance of the two-headed ogre, the rest of the shamans and ordinary ogres seemed to have found a pillar to rely on, and began to pursue and kill the other mercenaries.

With the help of the shamans, the casualties of the mercenaries were immense. Only a few successfully broke out, and none of them dared take a look back and fled.

“There’s even the two-headed ogre commander and ogre shamans!” Leylin exclaimed, eyes constantly flickering as he called up their stats.

[Name Unknown. Race: Ogre (Mutated) Gender: Male. Strength: 16, Agility: 7, Vitality: 15, Spirit: 6. Description: Two-headed ogres are mutants that occasionally appear in ogre tribes. Their two brains often leave them stuck between being wise or confused. Of course, there are exceptions where the intelligence of the ogres evolves. After evolution, the two-headed ogres are more powerful than ordinary ones. They, who have advanced in their wisdom, usually become the commanders of the ogre tribes.] [Name Unknown. Race: Ogre (Shaman). Gender: Male. Strength: 5, Agility: 4, Vitality: 9, Spirit: 10. Feats: 1. Regeneration. Ogres have extraordinary regeneration abilities, and even if the head is detached, they can still survive for a long period of time. 2. Bloodline Holder: The ogres who have activated the bloodline of primordial spellcasters possess abilities similar to magic. However, the type of spells and number of times spells can be cast depends on how far the bloodline has been awakened.] ‘Pretty good stats. If I can devour all of them, things will be more perfect...’ The Devilblood Dagger silently appeared in Leylin’s hands. The devilish head hummed, as if speaking to its thirst for flesh and blood.



“Now!” When Leylin stepped out of stealth, the dagger had already pierced the throat of an ordinary ogre.

Terrifying devouring force exploded, causing the other party to instantly turn into a withered corpse. A hot stream of energy flowed into his hands from the dagger and rose along his arm, followed by a prompt from the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Host has gone through a one-time amplification from the Devilblood Dagger. Strength +0.1, Vitality +0.05.] ‘As expected of the ogres, they have very dense life energy!’ Leylin sighed in praise, feet still moving. It was like a death god had begun to dance, the dagger glinting with blood.

Afterwards, he jumped onto a masterless warhorse, riding away in a cloud of dust. The mercenaries had no idea what was happening beside them, nor did the simple-minded ogres. All they saw was a vile human jumping out and killing a number of their people.

Roar! Amidst the furious roars, an ogre shaman brought a few elite ogre warriors and gave chase.

The two-headed ogre who was their commander was still contending with Siegfried. He was a high-ranked human warrior and not so easily defeated, and it could only let out a few cries that nobody could understand. A few ogres quickened their movements.

A handsome brown horse sped through the path, followed by a few boosted ogres. This strange group of a human and his pursuers soon covered a long distance.

There was a limit to the duration of a strength buff. Just as the shaman began to despair, it was was delighted to see that the human in front of it had stopped.

“Just one ogre shaman? What a disappointment.” Leylin reined in the warhorse, seeing the little team that had pursued him while looking disappointed.

However, the simple-minded ogres did not care for what kind of expression Leylin had on his face. In reality, if not for the lead of the two-

headed ogre, they might not even know how to set up the simplest traps. Hence, after seeing their foe, all of them charged forward.

Tattoos lit up on the shaman's body, turning into countless small fireballs.

Flight of the Dragon! The rays from a spell flashed at Leylin's side, and immediately after he elegantly soared from the back of the horse rapidly.

This advanced version of Fly allowed wizards to change directions quickly, and for those with great control like Leylin it only served to make them stronger.

Rumble! The warhorse that had been struck by the flames didn't even have the time to produce a miserable cry before it turned into a pile of ash. Leylin's figure, on the other hand, was like an eagle as he swooped down from the sky.

Roar! Leylin easily dodged a few fireballs, and a blood red light glimmered as he pierced through an ogre's throat.

With these quick attacks, the enraged shaman's spells had been emptied, and it had turned into someone even weaker than a normal ogre.

"Even if you can use magic, you're too simple-minded to use it well." A crimson tornado blew past, and the ogres that now had no defence became prime targets for the airborne Leylin. After a few pass-bys, the ogres collapsed one by one. At the end, the bloody dagger struck the shaman's forehead.

[Beep! Host has gone through a one-time amplification from the Devilblood Dagger! Vitality +0.2. Agility +0.1. Strength +0.2.] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded.

Ogres had strong muscles and flesh, and were comparable to middle-ranked warriors. They weren't easily found in such great numbers. However, Leylin's spirit state stayed constant, which was a pity.

After hitting the threshold that of 10 points, the Devilblood Dagger had become much less effective. If not, the once-Sovereign King of Gluttony, Beelzebub, could use just the Devilblood Dagger to establish a terrifying

army that would get stronger the more it fought. He'd be able to take over the prime material plane.

'Since I've confirmed his location...' Leylin thought about it, and then flung dust behind.

"Dust of Disappearance! Spell of Invisibility!" Once the spells were cast, his body grew transparent and slowly disappeared into thin air.

As a wizard, Leylin naturally had considered using a flying spell and passing through this region, but he'd then abandoned this thought. The ogre-infested region was vast, and it was impossible for him to identify Beelzebub's location. There were also limitations when it came to flying spells. If the place he landed was where Beelzebub moved about, or if he caught the attention of ogres and was attacked with magic or crossbow attacks... Leylin was not willing to take on the consequences.

As he was right now, it was impossible for him to win against the two-headed ogre commander, much less the joint attack from numerous huge ogres.

Now though, with a general understanding of where the ogres were located and with their attention focused on the human merchant organisations as well as the mercenaries, Leylin was confident in being able to sneak back.

After all, an opportunity to see so many ogres was rare. Leylin also wanted to raise his abilities all the way to 10 points.

With the help of an invisibility spell, Leylin successfully returned to the battlefield, the ordinary ogres unable to discover him at all. Unless a shaman had awakened a detection spell and used it at the right time, he was safe.

The battle was already reaching its end. Many mercenary bodies were strewn everywhere, turning into the ogres' rations. Only the central battlefield still had sounds of a fight.

# Chapter 865: Another Meeting

At the centre of the battlefield were the high-ranked warrior Siegfried and the two-headed ogre commander.

Siegfried's body was now soaked in blood, and his warhorse had long since disappeared. There was a massive wound on his thigh now, and he could only use the silver-white longsword as a crutch to stay upright.

Opposite him, the two-headed ogre only seemed a little ruffled, but had no large injuries. Just from its heaving chest, it was obvious that much of its energy had been exhausted, and it might even have suffered internal injuries.

The few shamans nearby surrounded the two along with the regular warriors. Evidently, the victor had already been decided. Unless he got some assistance or pulled out a powerful magic scroll, the future of this high-ranked warrior would be bleak.

"Huff, huff... So I'm finally going to die?" Everything in front of Siegfried was a blur. Watching the two-headed ogre closing in, his limbs were like lead, with no strength in them whatsoever.

"Lena, I'm coming to keep you company!" The various scenes from his life appeared in Siegfried's mind, finally stopping on the instant that the black-robed female wizard smiled.

Afterwards, he watched the large claw hammer strike down, the target obviously being his brain. If nothing went wrong, his head would have burst apart like a pumpkin.

However, the lady luck seemed to favour him at that moment. The huge claw hammer stopped still in mid-air, and the two-headed ogre's expression was filled with fury and shock. A crimson dagger appeared through its chest.

"What's going on?" A hint of doubt flashed on Siegfried's face, and his body began to involuntarily rise.

A young man with a draconic expression had grabbed hold of his arm

and was flying speedily, the winds that struck Siegfried's face were so strong that he could feel pain. At his back were the enraged howls of the ogres, as well as a few useless fireballs or lightning arrows.

'Hold Person! As well as Flight of the Dragon! Have I been rescued by a passing wizard?' Siegfried suddenly felt a hope for survival.

At this moment, he saw the wizard doing a pretty turn in mid-air, evading the attacks of the shamans on the ground. He pointed downwards with his right hand, and terrifying black corrosive clouds descended and blocked the views of many ogres.

Cloudkill! Leylin, who now had nothing to worry about, flapped his wings and carried Siegfried away from the battlefield.

Feeling his head spin as he flew, Siegfried crumpled to the ground, the smell of soil and crisp grass having him involuntarily take a few greedy breaths. It was only at this moment that he could size up the wizard that had saved his life.

'Very young, but his magic abilities far exceed Lena...'

Siegfried respectfully lowered his head. He knew that there were many spells that could help maintain one's youth. The wizard who looked young in front of him might very well be an old freak with mood swings.

'But he looks rather familiar... Wait!' Siegfried struggled to get up, "Are you the fighter who was accompanying that high-ranked female knight, Ley?"

"You actually remember me?"

"Whatever it is, thank you for saving me!" Siegfried thanked him sincerely, and tacitly did not ask questions regarding Leylin.

"Don't worry about it. I just couldn't bear to let this go to waste!"

"Couldn't bear to let what go to waste?" At that moment, Siegfried felt an unprecedented sense of danger, but he who was grievously injured had no way to resist. At the moment of his death, all he saw was a blood-red dagger piercing his throat.

‘If he was going to kill me... why save me?’ Siegfried closed his eyes with this question inside his head, while Leylin felt the immense power gained from the Devilblood Dagger.

A two-headed ogre commander and a high-ranked warrior on top of that; it made him feel slightly full.

At this moment, the prompt of the A.I. Chip sounded in Leylin’s mind. [Beep! Host has gone through a two-time boost from the Devilblood Dagger. Strength+2.5, Agility+1, Vitality+2.65, Spirit+0.001.] A hot stream flowed from the dagger to all parts of his body, and was greedily absorbed by his cells. Leylin lifted his right arm, the slender palm holding within it strength that was now not lacking when compared to the ogres. On top of that, there were even constant after-images from it.

‘I’m quite close to having all my attributes at 10 points, reaching the fundamental first step of perfecting my genes...” Leylin mumbled, looking at his stats. There were already changes.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 16. Race: Human, Rank 10 Wizard. Strength: 8. Agility: 7.6. Vitality: 9.2. Spirit: 10. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite. Possessed Spell Slots: Rank 4 spell slot (3), Rank 3 spell slot (5), Rank 2 spell slot (7), Rank 1 spell slot (???), Rank 0 spell slot (???)] “Vitality is already very close to the bottleneck. Besides, a stronger body is more suitable for my spiritual force...” Regular wizards commonly had powerful spiritual force but weak bodies. Leylin, however, was entirely different. Alongwith powerful spiritual force, he also had a terrifying vitality and strength comparable to holy warriors!

“Things will only be perfected when my vitality matches my spirit. Strength and agility are both important as well... Are these the laws governing the World of Gods?” Leylin sighed, and his hands then began to search the high-ranked knight’s body in a practiced manner. As a high-ranked fighter and the captain of the large mercenary group, the Ashen Hawks, he should have some good items on his body. Leylin never let chances like these pass by, but was left disappointed.

“Besides the magical armour and weapons, he doesn’t even have a bag of

holding? Does that mean all mercenaries are poor, and even a first class captain is the same?” Leylin only managed to find a few magic artifacts and a coin pouch from Siegfried’s corpse. There were tens of gold kronas inside, as well as a few cards from the church of wealth, which would come up to around ten thousand kronas.

It was a pity that these cards were bound to the user and had to be authenticated to use. After his death, nobody could take out that money unless they could deceive the verification methods of divine force, as well as deal with the rage of the Goddess of Wealth. When it came to those who vied for coins with her, the Goddess of Wealth would probably become even more crazed than an enraged dinosaur!

For regular bandits, such a profit was a great wealth enough to squander away for half a lifetime, even though the crystal cards could not be converted. However, Leylin cared little for this.

‘Something’s off! To take care of such a large mercenary group, the Ashen Hawks as well as wizard, he should have more wealth than that. Could there be other hiding places? In that case...’ Leylin quickly peeled off Siegfried’s clothes and checked everything inch by inch.

Finally, he found something. At an area near his chest on the shirt, there was a difference in terms of texture as compared to the surrounding regions. If one did not look closely, it was impossible to identify.

This method of concealment immediately aroused Leylin’s interest. He quickly cut out this material and began to unravel this riddle.

‘Mercenaries use potions of invisibility at most. With the A.I. Chip’s simulation tests, they’re easily found, but with a wizard by his side, it might be necessary to use magic...’ Such intricate decryption work obviously was not a huge issue for Leylin. Soon enough, after being soaked in a solution, the fabric of the shirt was dyed a light yellow.

Reveal All! Appraisal! Rays from a series of spells appeared, and light red lines appeared on the parchment to form a map.

“A treasure map? Interesting!” Leylin memorised the map in an instant. Upon seeing the name of the region in the corner, the sides of his lips

quirked slightly.

“So it’s in the Dambrath Capital? I should take a look then...” After hastily tidying up the traces here, Leylin then left the area.

“I took care of the two-headed ogre, and without a leader, there will probably be unrest amongst them. There’ll even be power struggles for the new commander position; they likely won’t have the energy to pursue me. The merchant group have walked quite a distance, and I’ll be able to reach Gloomwood Castle a short distance away. That’s an important checkpoint into the kingdom. After that, I’ll enter the central plains, where I won’t be threatened by the ogres...”

Leylin found his way and began to hasten towards Gloomwood Castle.

“Sigh... I should have kept the warhorse. I’m going to have to walk there with my own two feet. I hope I’ll find a few lost warhorses. Even if they’re worn out, I’ll still take them...” Just as Leylin was mumbling, his expression suddenly changed, “What the hell, there really is one!”

His expression abruptly showed delight as he turned to the right. A couple hundred metres ahead there was a black dot eventually turned larger, and the regular sounds of trotting were heard. After that, a figure being carried on the back of the horse entered Leylin’s sights.

However, after he got closer, Leylin’s smile widened.

“Hey, we meet again!” Leylin took the initiative to draw close and greet him, while the other party looked as if he had seen a ghost.

“Damn it– No, I mean... Ley! Why are you here?” In front of Leylin was that human archer who had stolen Rafiniya’s warhorse amidst the chaos. As for his name? Leylin had never taken notice of that.

He had actually dared break out of the siege by fleeing in the opposite direction and succeeded! His luck and guts were not to be underestimated. However, he did not seem to be in the best condition now. Not only did he have injuries, the large wooden bow that was always by his side had disappeared.



# Chapter 866: Coincidence

“I don’t care what you’re thinking right now. Give me that warhorse!” Leylin watched him, his eyes full of ridicule.

“He... hehe... I’m only borrowing it from Rafiniya. I was going to...” The archer had a forced smile on his face, but then his expression suddenly changed, “Look there!”

Without waiting for Leylin to turn, he raised his arms and shot three spring-loaded arrows towards Leylin’s face.

“Go!” After shooting those arrows, the archer did not even give Leylin another look. Instead, he whipped the horse he was mounted on, wanting to leave as soon as possible.

He could tell that Leylin had no injuries at all and was in a much better state than he was. To be able to break out of the encirclement of the ogres without injury meant that Leylin was not someone he could contend with at this point. Hence, the archer firmly chose to flee.

“A great decision, though it’s a pity that it’s pointless...” A magic missile flew from Leylin’s hands. With a strange trajectory, it sent the arrows flying, and without losing power struck the archer’s back.

Pak! The archer suddenly flew from the horse, a terrifying sunken wound on his back.

“You– You’re a wizard!” The archer struggled, eyes full of longing as he reached towards the skies fiercely with fingers like chicken claws. His body thrashed around wildly as if he was in the throes of death. Seconds later, he stopped moving.

Having lost its new master, Nick stopped galloping. The warhorse whinnied as it began to leisurely nibble at the grass on the side.

“I’m your master now.” Leylin moved forward and grabbed Nick’s reins, swinging onto its back without hesitation as he announced his ownership.

Nick had no objection whatsoever to his actions, as expected of a warhorse with no integrity. Or perhaps, it had a one-track mind and had

no ability understand something so profound. As Leylin squeezed his thighs against the horse, the black warhorse immediately seemed to turn into a streak of lightning and began to speed ahead on the ground.

As a knight's mount, it was obviously more spirited than other horses, and Leylin found it wonderful.

He wasn't too far from their previous battlefield, and there was the occasional luck, or perhaps unfortunate, person who had escaped the ogres' pursuit. Leylin chose to pay no attention to their cries for help.

Even if those merchants showed off their sparkling gold kronas, they meant nothing to him. After all, the added wealth of all these little merchants might not even be enough to make up the amount of gold krona that he used in a single experiment. Why would he bother with this?

However, after passing by a small forest, something unexpected happened. Nick, who had been tame all this while, suddenly went mad and dashed into the bushes.

"Why is it doing this? Don't tell me..." While he could forcefully control the horse, Leylin only pulled at the reins for a bit and then gave up.

In his opinion, there was no harm in doing something if it was convenient for him, and he could even save his own party without putting in a lot of extra effort. He had no idea how effective his help would be, though.

After passing through the thick layer of black brambles, a desperate scene appeared in front of him.

A carriage that had lost its mount had collapsed to the side, whereat Hera and her sister were embracing each other and shivering. Numerous terrifying ogres surrounded them, eyes full of unconcealed greed.

Rafiniya was holding her sword with both hands, her armour full of holes. There were traces of ground flesh and blood on it, and it was clear she had experienced countless bitter battles.

The female knight now had a deep wound on her thigh, where one could

even somewhat see the bones. This made the girl grit her teeth, crystalline tears appearing at the corners of her eyes. Despite it all, she maintained the determination on her face. Without her protection, Hera and her sister would long since have become rations for the ogres.

Putting two and two together, Leylin had a general idea of what had happened. After being separated in the streams of people, they had run wildly all over the place. With Rafiniya's help, they took care of many enemies and had finally arrived here.

"However, if they chose this direction purposely instead if accidentally, Hera is more wise than I previously assumed..." The three ogres that were attacking them were normal warriors, and there were no shamans present. They may be huge threats to the heavily injured Rafiniya, but they were nothing at all to Leylin.

"Hey, beautiful ladies. Good morning!" Leylin seemed to arrive like an unexpected guest, leisurely greeting everyone as if he had coincidentally and naturally bumped into them on his afternoon stroll.

"Nick!" Rafiniya saw her black warhorse, eyes blazing, "And Ley! You darned thief! If not for my companion being stolen, how would I have..."

Leylin was completely immune to the words of this female knight. Upon hearing her words, he merely rolled his eyes, automatically tuning her out.

Growl... After seeing Leylin's appearance, the few ogres with simple minds had no other thoughts as they pounced forward.

"My longsword was discarded just now. What a pity..." Leylin patted at his warhorse, and Nick was able to leap in a way it was unable to usually. It jumped over the ogre's head and came to Rafiniya's side.

"Give me that sword." Rafiniya initially looked ready to refuse, but for some reason she felt a sense of terror as she looked at Leylin's calm face. She obediently handed it over.

'Strange... why did I...' Before she had the time to ponder this, however, her little mouth opened in shock and amazement.

"Not bad!" Leylin shook the knight sword in his hands. As a high-ranked

knight, Rafiniya's equipment was all of a high grade. Whether it was her horse or her sword, they were much better than what he had before.

The glaring brilliance of qi burst forth from Leylin's hands.

Battle technique: Qi Strengthening! Battle technique: Charge! Battle technique: Cross Slash!

Leylin's figure instantly turned into a streak of black, and the longsword was enveloped in the luster of qi as he began his assault on the three barbaric beings.

Cross-shaped light-rays flashed ahead, and three malicious heads flew off. Even after the corpses of the giant ogres crumpled to the ground, Rafiniya still seemed to be in disbelief.

'On top of being able to activate Qi, his advanced battle techniques and his proficient battle techniques are even better than my teacher's...'  
Rafiniya looked absent minded, not even able to catch her longsword properly when Leylin tossed it back.

The battle techniques Leylin had just shown were not inferior to the most powerful person she'd ever seen, and that was a high-ranked paladin!

"Thank you." At this moment, Hera hugged her little sister as they stood up, eyes full of gratitude aimed at Leylin. If not for Rafiniya and Leylin, she and her sister would long since have turned into jerky for the ogres to stockpile. There was no way to even escape.

As for Leylin's sudden 'disappearance', this lady rationally chose not to pursue this. Things were very dangerous now, and in a situation where Rafiniya was gravely injured, they were in need of Leylin's protection. Leylin did not even need to harbour malicious intent. As long as he abandoned the three girls, they were in deep trouble.

She immediately spoke out, "Thank you Mister Ley. I'll increase the commission once we reach the town, I'm sure it will satisfy you."

She had especially lowered her own status while speaking, and Leylin nodded on the inside.

“Wait... If you’re going to talk about raising the commission, then poor Old Pam should have a part of it too!” At this moment, the carriage at the side completely fell apart, and a dwarf with a broken leg rolled out like a ball.

“Things were completely chaotic when we were surrounded. Thankfully, we had Rafiniya protecting us, and we also bumped into Mister Pam after that...” Hera smiled forcefully as she explained the situation to Leylin. He merely rolled his shoulders, speechless at the dwarf’s luck in keeping his life. Or perhaps, he was really blessed by the Goddess of Luck?

Leylin and the group set out immediately after some rest and reorganisation. This was still a danger zone, after all.

However, the horse carriage from before was now useless. Leylin had no choice but to modify the remains of the carriage to a handcart, allowing Hera, her sister and Rafiniya to squeeze together. They had to bring the dwarf Pam along as well. The warhorse, Nick, was regrettably demoted to a worn-out old horse, exerting all its strength to pull the cart forward slowly.

“You didn’t see it, but three ogres pounced towards Old Pam! Each of their mouths were as large as my head...” From atop the cart came Old Pam’s bragging with gusto. Rafiniya squeezed forward, looking at Leylin.

“When are you returning Nick to me?”

“Give me a ransom in exchange. Don’t forget, this warhorse is something I got from winning against the archer. This is a place is protected by the laws of the kingdom. If you want the horse, go look for the archer...”

Sitting atop Nick, Leylin spoke seriously. This was much like the thinking of a bandit.

“Damn it, that archer’s corpse should have already entered the stomachs of the ogres!” Rafiniya mumbled to herself, occasionally muttering words like ‘thief’. At the end, she unwillingly tossed a gold card at Leylin.

“These are all my savings. I have nothing more...”

“That’s not bad...” Taking a look at the numbers, Leylin then began to

whistle contentedly, “Deal! It’s yours!”

Rafiniya then gloomily found out that she was unable to ride Nick due to her injuries. Everything seemed to stay the same as before.

# Chapter 867: Gloomwood Castle

“Thank you, Ley!” Rafiniya’s voice sounded after a while.

The female knight was no fool. She knew that without Leylin, they really would have died at the hands of the ogres, disappearing into their mouths. She obviously didn’t want to die like that, and just the thought of it already left her in fear.

All those adventure books were scams! There were no romantic heroes and beautiful princesses. Rather, there were thieves and bandits, as well as ogres who ate people alive!

“So... Now that your fantasies have been destroyed, will you still continue adventuring?” Leylin asked in curiosity.

“Of course. This is my path as a knight!” The female knight’s voice was filled with resolution. “As long as I can endure, evil will be destroyed by my hands one day. With my work, the world will regain its beauty!”

“...” Leylin rolled his eyes speechlessly. This directionally-challenged moron seemed to show no signs of waking up to reality.

“What kind of expression is that?”

“No, I was just thinking that you’re very suited to becoming a paladin of the God of Justice. Really!”

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Thankfully, the Goddess of Luck finally showed mercy on them, allowing their little group to leave the region where the ogres had wreaked havoc.

If not, once Leylin was surrounded by the ogres, he would probably abandon everyone and make a path for himself to escape. Besides him, everyone, including the warhorse Nick, would become rations and jerky for the ogres.

“Are they all confused because of the commander’s death?” On the way, he bumped into a few members of the merchant groups who had been separated, and even a few thieves and the like.

It was a pity for them that even Rafiniya had learnt to steel her resolve. The high-ranked female knight who had regained a portion of her strength did not need much energy to take care of these people.

All that had continued until this day, when a small city with a black wall appeared in front of Leylin.

“We’re here, this is Gloomwood Castle. After this place, we will reach the central plains of the Dambrath Kingdom, the territories there managed by people directly subordinate to the king.” After seeing this city, Rafiniya screamed in joy. Hera and Yalani smiled, looking as if a weight had been lifted from their shoulders.

They were only halfway through their long trip, but the exhaustion and terror was more than enough to leave them in fear.

“Halt! Stop the vehicle for an inspection!” At the city gate, Leylin’s group of strangely-dressed adventures were immediately stopped by the guards.

‘Oh? These soldiers seem pretty strong... And they’re Professionals who have seen blood already.’ Leylin saw Hera going up ahead to negotiate with them, his brows furrowing slightly. With his experience, he could obviously see that the guards were stronger than usual. They could even be people in charge of Professional groups, incomparable to the previous party.

He could sense tens of elite archers aiming their weapons at this area from the shadows, leaving him with a sense of danger.

‘To even give me a sense of danger... These archers should have equipment like the Spellslayer Arrow. How wealthy...’ Leylin shot a glance towards the top of the city wall discreetly, and then maintained a nonchalant face as he looked at Hera and the rest.

After checking the proof that they were mercenaries and nobles, the middle-aged soldier who seemed to be the leader headed over to them.

“Terrible events have occurred at Gloomwood Castle lately. Don’t stay long if you don’t have business here.”

“Thank you for kind intentions. Officer, is this about the ogres?” A hint



of curiosity showed in Hera's eyes.

"The ogres? They're far from real devils..." The middle-aged soldier sneered, but did not elaborate. Only when he passed by Leylin and the other mercenaries did he warn them, "Don't stir up trouble inside, or else..."

His threatening words immediately angered Rafiniya. Leylin and Old Pam, on the other hand, had met such situations before. They rolled their shoulders back in answer, though it was not obvious whether they truly took heed of the advice.

"Hmph..." The leader did not argue about this with Hera, looking disappointed. He waved his hand, "Go on!"

"The strength of this legion doesn't lose out to the ogre tribes..." Leylin hung his head, eyes flickering with wit.

'Seems like the kingdom's power and soldiers are the true trump cards of the human race in the World of Gods. Those inferior mercenary groups can't be compared at all...' Leylin could finally see the aura of a nation's soldiers, with as many sharp swords as there were trees in the forest and as many pikes as there were thorns in a bush. They might even have the support of wizards and priests. The mid-ranked officer just now had an aura very similar to a high-ranked warrior, and he had evidently gone through numerous battles. The aura of someone who had seen blood in battle was something most mercenaries could not match.

'With how he spoke, something definitely happened here...' The desolate streets and the tight security in the city left Leylin frowning.

"We plan to rest here for a while. We might also need to buy a carriage and recruit a few more mercenaries..." Hera said once they found an inn, looking tired as she spoke to Leylin and the rest.

"Mm, we do need a new carriage." Rafiniya was obviously approved of this plan. They had finally made it to a human city with great difficulty, and she could not wait to get some good rest. For a lady of nobility, there was nothing harder to endure than filth and grime. It was a pity that there was no lack of these on the journey, especially for mercenaries. That the

poor girl hadn't already gone insane showed the resolve she'd gained from her knight training.

Pam approved of this well. He was already itching to exchange the ogre ears for the commission, as well as buy a new batch of rum.

"Alright, we'll meet here three days from now."

Leylin nodded without much care. He was now slightly curious about the events in Gloomwood Castle.

"Wait, Ley! Your friend is in need of your help! My injuries need healing from a priest..." When the time to part came, Old Pam grasped Leylin firmly, eyes gleaming with tears.

Looking at the state he was in, Leylin had no choice but to roll his shoulders back and bring Old Pam, with his broken leg, along. The dwarf worshipped the God of Warriors anyway, and the church wasn't too far off from the Mercenary Guild.

"Divine spell— Cure Moderate Wounds!" Holy light shone from the priest's hands at the church of warriors, and the injury on Pam's thigh quickly recovered. A new layer of tender flesh grew out.

"The fee is 5 kronas!" The priest looked pious, but did not lower the fees at all. Most churches functioned by getting money for healing the wounds of their followers.

The gods needed money themselves to construct their extravagant churches. More importantly, they needed to lure in worshippers with more generous conditions. Old Pam, who was usually miserly, paid up happily and did not dare take advantage of this at all. Only after he left the church did he look regretful.

"If not for our employer wanting to leave in the next few days, Old Pam would rather look for a doctor or potioneer. Damn it, 5 kronas! How many bottles of rum would that get me... Oh, mighty God, Old Pam did not say that on purpose..."

Old Pam continued to mumble, "No! This should be included in the fees we get from our employer. You'll back me up, right, Ley?"

Leylin pretended not to hear anything, walking to the entrance of the Mercenary Guild with the dwarf. Old Pam impatiently exchanged the ogre ears to make up for his losses, while Leylin went to the mission hall.

The hall was much smaller than the one in Emon City. A few mercenaries were seated there, and whether in terms of quality or quantity they seemed to be lacking.

This strange atmosphere was explained after Leylin looked at the mission board.

“High grade mission: Track down traces of devil followers. This mission is extremely dangerous. Please think over it carefully before choosing it.”

“High grade mission: Investigate the evil god ceremony in the home of Lord Wokdo.”

“High grade mission: Investigate cause of death of Baron Faylen.”

Numerous high grade missions were hung up in a row, looking marvellous. It was a pity that few mercenaries dared take them on.

‘Interesting. A devil?’ A smile rose about Leylin’s lips all of a sudden. As he recalled the unusual mobilisation of the troops, as well as the worried look on the mid-ranked officer’s face, everything grew clear.

Gloomwood Castle was in a strange state because of the activities of devil worshippers. These high-difficulty missions were usually left to the churches and nation’s troops. It was no wonder that the mercenaries were not interested.

However, them having no interest did not mean that Leylin was the same. He’d always been curious about hell and the devils in this world. Beelzebub’s memories had ensured that he knew as much about them as an Archduke, but theory and reality were two separate things.

‘Based on his memories, there are nine levels of hell here. Each have their own rulers governing them, as well as a few public regions... To be able to break through the restrictions of the dimension and arrive at the prime material world to spread belief... This is something that only a ruler of the same rank as him could accomplish...’

At his most powerful, the Sovereign King of Gluttony, Beelzebub, was as strong as a Magus who'd comprehended laws. At the very least, he was stronger than the lesser gods here.

It was no wonder then that the traces of devils had set the city on high alert.

The scene that the soul seed had projected at the beginning appeared before his eyes once again. 'I wonder how that little guy Tiff is doing now? He received the power of the soul seed from my main body. If he managed to adapt to it, he should be rather strong now...'

# Chapter 868: One After Another

When their souls had first battled for control of the body, Leylin had managed to help Tiff out, bestowing formidable powers on him. It was intended to be an experiment; not only would a surviving Tiff be of huge aid to him, but it would also give him some rare results.

How could he not have left himself a counter against the powers he had originally bestowed? Furthermore, who could compare to the ancient Magi with regards to the control over the soul force.

‘My soul force wasn’t originally accustomed to the laws of the World of Gods, and couldn’t help but diminish continually. But Tiff was a native. Hence, there was still a possibility that he could be sustained by absorbing the powers that I left him. In view of that, his stats would...’ Something flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

It made sense for soul force from other worlds to be unable to survive in the World of Gods. But the strength that Leylin left for Tiff was like a seed, and it changed him completely. Furthermore, as long as the foundation was there, no matter how far Tiff advanced in the future, he would not be able to resist the influence Leylin held over him.

If Leylin exploited him correctly, Tiff would be an advantageous pawn for him.

‘I was staying overseas back then, and did not care much about the mainland. Thus, I also didn’t ask about Tiff, but it’s an entirely different matter now. The time is ripe,’ Leylin decided.

“Greetings, copper-ranked mercenary, sir! Can I help you?” The maid behind the counter asked in a professional but mechanical tone after she saw the identify proof Leylin handed over. It was all she’d do for a copper-ranked mercenary.

“Show me the details of the top 3 missions!” Leylin wasn’t bothered at all about it.

“The missions of those devil worshippers?” The girl raised her head, and

scanned at Leylin with a look of derision. “Superior missions could only be accepted by a mercenary ranked gold and above, so please work on raising your grade!”

“I was not thinking of taking it, I just wanted to catch a glimpse of the report. I remember all mercenaries have the authority to do this, am I not right?” Leylin furrowed his brows.

“That-That’s right...” The maid unwillingly replied. It was probably her first time encountering someone like Leylin, “But details are only free for those at the silver grade and above, you have to pay 10 coppers!”

“That’s no problem at all!” Under her contemptuous gaze, Leylin threw 10 coppers on the table and grabbed the documents from her hands, before heading towards the corner seat to look into them. Being able to obtain information for such a price was already a profit for him.

But after reading the first few sentences, Leylin’s expression darkened. Surprise, astonishment and all sorts of other expressions flashed across his face before it landed on a sinister smile, “Old friend...”

He dropped his eyes to one of the sentences,

“...the victim’s carcass was badly damaged and parts of the flesh were missing...”

“...when the Baron was found, he was kneeling on the ground in a bizarre manner, pouring blood. His tongue was severed and forced down his throat...”

“...the soldiers launched surprise attacks on a few dangerous locations but gained nothing in return. The thieves found pentagrams used to commune with other dimensions in the flooring of the house, and determined it to be the coordinates to the ninth level of hell...”

‘A sacred emblem with the image of a twisted fang... Only devotees of Beelzebub would adopt such a method of murder...’ Leylin smiled as he read on. If he had to choose a devil to face, he’d definitely choose this one whom he’d fooled previously.

‘The fellow should still be asleep. The region of hell that he was

occupying will soon be overturned. Furthermore, he is unable to receive prayers nor provide spells for his followers, their faith might be challenged...' Leylin's eyes shone, he's found the perfect prey.

'If you piece all these reports together, it's the prelude to a big bloody sacrificial ceremony, and the target is that Beelzebub...' Leylin's rich experiences along with Beelzebub's memories allowed him to see everything clearly within seconds.

'I'm afraid this is those worshippers' last resort, given that they haven't been able to communicate with him for a long time.' Leylin's expression wasn't looking too great. Big, bloody sacrificial ceremonies would affect the whole city, and the death toll would number greater than a thousand.

But of course, all this was useless. No matter how much they sacrificed, Beelzebub would not regain consciousness. Instead, this would attract hostility from the gods. Most importantly, Leylin would be dragged into this whole mess!

'Well, I guess I'll gladly receive Beelzebub's followers.' This empty church had lost the protection of its god, and was also compatible with the law of devouring he had grasped. To Leylin, this hollow shell was a big present.

Though most of the members were the cruelest dregs of society, or even unusual beings and demonic creatures, its sheer size was enough to make Leylin jealous. He had to accumulate all of this himself to become a god in the future.

As for Beelzebub, he was long out of Leylin's consideration. He walked out happily with his gains, and turned into a dark alley...

Once he made sure nobody was around, Leylin's aura transformed into that of a god. "My follower, Tiff!" he made a solemn call, and a strange energy dispersed.

Moments later, Leylin opened his eyes, his expression looking weird, 'With such a short distance, is he in the Dambrath Kingdom?'

A dark shadow was moving at great speeds through the broad plains. It

stopped all of a sudden, revealing a pale, aged face.

He looked emotional, and was even tearing up. He immediately knelt on the ground as he managed to choke out his next words, “My great lord, Kukulkan! Have you finally heard me?”

This man looked a lot like Tiff, but it wasn’t the boy from back then anymore. A large amount of energy circulated around his body.

“My God...” Tiff looked staunch after his prayer. Ever since Eldath’s church had destroyed everything he had, he’d set himself on the path of rebellion. This was why he was a wanted criminal throughout the World of Gods.

Thankfully, the power Leylin left him back then helped him through the toughest period of his life. As a result, the bogus about Kukulkan that Leylin had once made up had warped into his absolute faith.

“I can’t believe I felt the power of you as I went out to keep an eye on the devil worshippers, my Lord...” Tiff’s body compressed into a stream of shadows, and sped towards Gloomwood Castle. He was even faster than a rank 15 Professional.

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At the same time, in the campsite of the ogres.

Roar! Roar! The ogre warriors waved the large warhammers in their hands in they fought, using magic as an aid every now and then. It was a pity that all of their efforts were nothing but a joke to the paladins.

‘Smite Evil!’ ‘Divine Punishment!’ Piercing holy light shot out from Lorent’s sword, and broke an ogre’s warhammer in a split second with its immense strength before slicing his head off. On the other hand, the clerics who had mastered divine spells from the God of Justice were also killing off the ogre shamans with no issues.

“How dare you see humans as food! The sins of this ogre tribe are unforgivable!” Lorent wiped his sword on the skin of one of the ogres beside him, and flashed a face of disgust. Flesh started showing.



“The vile ogres only deserve death!” The ogres in the campsite fell into chaos, merely ants to the high-ranked paladins and priests.

A ear-piercing growl sounded from the other side before low gasps and silence ensued. It was unsettling.

“Managed to get anything out of them?” Lorent looked at their team’s interrogation officer as he walked out, hands still freshly dyed in the ogres’ blood.

“They don’t have the biggest brains, and what they do have is reserved for fighting and eating. Even if I tried my best, the only information I got was that their leader was killed by a human wizard who then escaped...” The officer looked mildly disappointed, “If only we could use A memory extracting spell... But that would be trespassing into the domain of evil...”

Lorent was discontented with the officer’s attitude and mindset, but he did not want to create any conflicts at this point in time. “That is enough... At the very least, the possibility of the wizard being Leylin is high...”

“It was probably this ogre tribe that attacked them first, forcing them to retaliate...” he said as he nodded.

“Then what are we waiting for now, let’s chase after them! My tools are getting impatient...” The officer licked his lip, his disgusting and sinister expression making Lorent look away. He wondered how someone like this managed to sneak into the investigative team.

The team continued their journey after sweeping the ogre site clean and headed towards Gloomwood castle.

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“I’m afraid I can’t stay for long...”

Leylin was changing his disguise at the moment. Things that could expose his identity, like the Ring of Wizardry, could absolutely not be worn. He even had to alter his hair colour and change his face’s shape.

‘But, judging by the God of Justice’s hatred for devils, if his followers find out that there are devil worshippers within this castle, would he still put in

so much effort and look for me?' Leylin smiled sinisterly.

# Chapter 869: Act

Leylin looked at himself in the mirror, and was satisfied with his new appearance. He originally looked like a westerner in the World of Gods, with bright golden blonde hair and clear blue eyes. However, his locks were now dyed black, and his eyes were a rich dark with blood-red sclera. His new appearance Exuded a never-ending aura of evil.

“With this extent, I don’t think anyone will associate me with the young master of the Faulen Family.” Leylin wore a sinister looking silver mask over his face and disappeared into the darkness.

Obviously, a change in appearance wouldn’t be enough. Thus, when Leylin reappeared his whole body seemed to have undergone an even greater and more terrifying transformation. He looked as if he were someone wrapped in mysteries, sinister energy encircling his body with a charming trace of the power of laws.

Once all the brilliant energy had fused into his body, Leylin completely resembled a devil who had ascended from hell, and even the aura of his soul had changed. A sense of power and danger emanated from his body in waves, and the surrounding space seemed to fold in on itself, as if everything was being devoured.

This was divinity! Only a divine power could accomplish this! Leylin had now become a divine being who grasped some power in the domain of devouring!

‘This imitation isn’t bad at all.’ Leylin looked at his new self and nodded in approval. His understanding of the law of devouring had already reached a peak. Only after he acquired Beelzebub’s divine force and divinity could he advance to become a rank 7 Magus. In the World of Gods, this would be considered as having achieved godhood.

His understanding of the law would not disappear with reincarnation. Though it was tough to create and draw out divinity from nothing, it was still an effortless task for the A.I. Chip to imitate the aura and appearance of a divine being with the power of devouring.

‘I definitely cannot ascend to godhood solely in the domain of devouring. Even if I do that, I’m afraid I’ll be sent straight to hell. Even if I’m going to go there in the end, I can’t be thrown down so passively...’

There was also another advantage of being in his current form. Divine beings were practically immune to scrying spells, and Leylin, an otherworldly guest, was obviously immune too. It would be an absolute joke if anyone tried to gain more information on him through scrying.

“The show has begun,” Leylin turned his gaze to the bright moon before his silhouette suddenly blurred and disappeared into the darkness.

Most of Beelzebub’s truesoul and divinity had been devoured by Leylin, along with a hundred thousand years of his memories as a devil. Thus, all of his followers were nothing but tragic beings in front of Leylin.

Everything was stored in his A.I. Chip, included Beelzebub’s methods to communicate with them, or his habits and disposition and even the list of bishops and demons in different regions of the prime material plane.

Beelzebub’s followers were unable to hide from Leylin, and thus Leylin had already made his plans after strolling about the castle.

Leylin’s deified incarnation arrived in front of a vast building. Two guards there were loyally carrying out their responsibilities, making sure the entrance was secure.

‘Even security officers fell to the attacks, no wonder they could carry out the blood sacrifice of an entire city so brazenly...’ Leylin put both his hands behind his back and swaggered into the mansion.

The moment he stepped into the vicinity, he couldn’t help but take a deep breath at the aura of evil within. He would have been completely unable to sense the soul undulations so precisely without the divinity that his current body possessed. Evil forces continued to circulate in Leylin’s surroundings, making the glow of his imitated godhood even brighter. It seemed as if it was turning his pretense into reality.

‘Eye of the Divine!’ Through his imitated divine powers, Leylin was able to use something like magic to make himself invisible to the tight security.

Once he passed through, he followed his instinct to a descending passageway behind a rock garden that was obviously concealed.

“The stench of human blood... and the aura of low-ranked devils...” Leylin sniffed, but did not plan on making his way further.

“Who’s that?” His movement had alerted a nearby watchman, but he deliberately lowered his voice, seeming like he didn’t want to blow the matter up.

But in the darkness, a handful of otherworldly beings have already felt their way towards Leylin, obviously with the intention of mounting a sneak attack. However, when he saw these creatures up close, he didn’t know whether to laugh or to cry at the sight of them. “Are these what you are relying on? Devil priests like these? Is this an insult?”

Through his night vision, he had already seen who his attacker was—an amalgamation of badly damaged human carcass parts and heads. It looked like a massive ball of flesh. This inferior devil was of the lowest grade, and it was also the most common cannon fodder in the ninth level of hell.

The A.I. chip sent over the creature’s data to him.

[Inferior devil. Strength: 3 Agility: 1 Vitality: 5 Spirit: 0.1 Description: This is a common magical creature found in hell, usually a reincarnation of deceitful humans. Its IQ equates to that of a retarded human, and it is easily controlled by high-ranked devils. Feats: 1. Fire Immunity, Poison Immunity. 2. Cold Resistance. 3. Acid Attack] “Scram, you lowly ants!” Leylin said icily, using the language of the devils of hell.

Instantly, those poor devils were rendered completely defenceless under Leylin, someone who was as good as a near Archdevil. They immediately fell under his control.

The watchmen were left in shock, “W-Who are you exactly?”

“You aren’t qualified to know that.”

They did not dare to retaliate even as Leylin walked further in. Naturally, that was perhaps because they felt the intrinsic quality of a devil within him. Once he pushed through a door covered in fresh blood curses, a

room that looked like a dining hall appeared in front of Leylin.

Fresh, steaming flesh was laid on the long dining table, and many worshippers raised their heads to look at Leylin who was an unwanted and unexpected guests. In their shock, they forgot to even wipe off the remnant blood from the side of their lips.

“What’s going on? Sybar, why did you let an outsider in?” The plump noble seated right in the centre sounded unhappy, and put on an resentful expression.

‘The bloody banquet. Isn’t this another one of Beelzebub’s favourite ceremonies?’ Leylin recognised the ceremony being conducted.

“All you maggots, can’t you tell?” Leylin’s voice was low but powerful, exploding with the dignity of divinity.

“This-This is the divine force of our Lord!” A devil priest yelped out of surprise, and the whole room suddenly followed him as they knelt down before Leylin.

“My Lord, you haven’t made contact with your followers for 20 years...” Tears filled the eyes of the priest.

“I have received the gift of our Lord and have become his Chosen and his substitute to lead you! Any objections?” Leylin announced bluntly.

Pretending to be Beelzebub’s Chosen and a divine being would allow Leylin to take control of all his followers as well as his priest network in the prime material world.

This was Leylin’s goal. He’d grown jealous of what was formed by a hundred thousand years of operations by an Archdevil. Moreover, he already had the Manderhawke Plate.

“None at all!” The priest was the first to surrender his loyalty to Leylin, dropping to his knees and kissing Leylin’s boots.

“Hold up, even if he has the favour of our Lord and and has gained divinity, what give him the rights to take control of us completely?” A royal raised up his opinion from the crowd, feeling like his interests were

breached.

But he was silenced shortly after. A crimson blade was pinned into his throat in a split second, and the terrifying power of devouring had sucked him dry in no time.

Many took in sharp breaths and others cried out in surprise, “The Devilblood Dagger!”

“Any more objections?” The blade returned to Leylin’s hand as the carcass of the royal turned to ash, and in return Leylin gained the respectful gazes of almost everyone in the room. As Beelzebub’s worshippers, they definitely knew what the Devilblood Dagger could do.

One had to have sacrificed the flesh of more than ten thousand humans and high-ranked priests to receive such a terrifying weapon. One needed to prove their strength to complete the sacrificial ceremony and survive for so long, and the Devilblood Dagger confirmed Leylin’s.

“Great Lord, we pledge our loyalty to you!” Many followers chanted.

“Very well! Our Lord is currently injured and needs time to recover. My mission is to act on behalf of his conscient, and bring together all the churches in the prime material world to restore our Lord’s health with enough faith and followers.” Leylin said halfheartedly.

“I see...” Most of them had already guessed that Beelzebub was hurt, but at this point in time it was too late for them to turn their backs on Leylin.

“Now, I’ll give out the first mission. A team of paladins is heading towards us, I’ll need your help.” With his divinity, he was a Chosen of the church. He could sometimes even override the church head’s authority!

After confirming his identity, Leylin deployed every follower with specific roles and ordered them to stall those paladins. These people were no match for them, but they were proficient at plots to stall time, as well as scheming and intrigue.

# Chapter 870: False God

“In addition, stop performing large-scale blood sacrifices. There’s no need for such obstructive activity before you hear further from me, especially something that’ll attract the attention of the churches,” Leylin reminded them again before leaving.

“Of course, Chosen of our Lord!” The devil priest answered without hesitation, not that he had any authority to go against Leylin’s words. Moreover, the reason for their enormous blood sacrifices was to attract Beelzebub’s attention. Now that he had already sent a substitute, there was no need for that anymore.

“Lord’s substitute, please grant us your name!” The aged devil priest plucked up his courage to ask right before Leylin left.

“My name?” Leylin smirked beneath his mask. “My name is Kukulkan!”

The power of faith essentially came from fear and obedience, respect and admiration, or from one’s soul force. Godhood originated from that as well. With a specific name, great power, and falsely assuming the identity of Beelzebub’s Chosen, he could win the reverence of these devil worshippers. He could even disseminate and spread Beelzebub’s faith before usurping everything.

However, this was the only mature organisation of Beelzebub’s that Leylin found somewhat acceptable. When he would build his own church in the future, these people would not be of much help. After all, Leylin would not want his own church to be a gathering point for devil worshippers.

The next step was to cancel certain blood sacrifices and evil rituals that violated his core values. This was the domain of a benevolent god, and also an essential step for a divine being to gain extensive approval in the prime material plane.

“Lord Kukulkan, we will do as you wish and prepare for the recovery of our Lord!” Leylin was startled from his reverie as he watched the devil followers shouting his name loudly. A special energy akin to soul force



enveloped him within the zealous ambience.

The false divine power of devouring almost went out of control and wanted to swallow this energy to transform completely, but Leylin resisted it.

‘The power of faith?’ Leylin signed internally before disappearing into a private room.

“You heard the Lord’s orders!” The devil priest straightened his back and looked at all of the followers, especially directing his gaze at the nobles. Having lost the powers that the devil bestowed upon him, the arrival of this divine being allowed him to regain some confidence.

“Get the tasks done quickly so that we can welcome those paladins of the God of Justice!” There was no room for reconciliation between devil worshippers and paladins. If they met, it would be a fight to the death.

While one paladin was more than enough to slaughter an entire room of devil worshippers, strategy, allocation of manpower, and hidden actions would make things difficult for them.

“Of course!” A few of the nobles laughed sinisterly, the shadows they cast on the wall behind them looking like terrifying demons themselves.

.....

‘I can’t believe I have to play to dress up as god and play the devil twice in a day...’ Leylin had currently arrived outside the city.

He looked around vigilantly. His appearance of a powerful divine being was but a pretense, and he himself was only a rank 10 wizard. Had the devil worshippers just now rebelled against him, he was not sure that he’d have been able to suppress them. However, as he’d borrowed the superior aura of a high-ranked devil, he was certain he wouldn’t lose out.

However, him pretending to be a divine being, on top of his possession of the Devilblood Dagger, was enough to scare the hell out of those followers. Moreover, those who had offered sacrifices to the devils already had shackles on their souls. If they did not wish to be tortured even after death, they had to act according to Leylin’s wishes.

‘Compared to dealing with those low-ranked followers, this needs more attention...’ Leylin pulled himself together with a slight sigh, and a thread of flames appeared on his figure, taking the shape of a flame-winged serpent. The small blaze lit up the Gloomwood, giving off a demonic feeling.

‘He’s here!’ Leylin turned quickly. A black spirit was running towards him so quickly that it couldn’t be followed by the naked eye.

‘Advanced Barrier!’ ‘Advanced Protection!’ ‘Advanced Invisibility!’ A few enormous spell barriers were erected, separating the area from the outside world completely.

‘A high-ranked Professional? No, he’s even stronger than Odge and Boruj, almost a Legend...’ Leylin inwardly assessed as the person he was thinking of arrived in front of him.

“Tiff!” Formidable divine power circulated around the area, making Leylin seem like a god as he called out to Tiff. At the same time, the aura of his original form also rolled off his body.

“You’re not my God, but you have his power!” Tiff was indeed standing in front of Leylin, but he did not look like his previous self. His hair was now greying at the temples, and his vigilant eyes glared unwaveringly at Leylin.

Leylin felt several different probing spells targeted at him immediately, and if not for the fact that he was the original body and had the A.I. Chip’s help in concealing his abilities, it would have been difficult to deal with the fellow.

Brilliant divine power floated above Leylin’s head as he stared Tiff in the eye, “So, do you still have any suspicions?”

“I wouldn’t dare! You are the favoured one of my Lord!” Tiff pressed his right hand to his chest as a form of respect and bowed, showing his acknowledgement of Leylin’s identity.

Strong beings like this were not easily subdued. Honestly, if Tiff were to make any moves, he would have found out that Leylin was only a

pretentious false god. Once he figured that out, taking care of Leylin would be as easy as popping a bubble.

“Since you’ve summoned me, what can I help you with?” Tiff still looked suspicious about the whole situation.

“Our Lord has already defeated the Archdevil Beelzebub and I’ve received orders to take over everything Beelzebub has in the prime material plane!” He kept to the truth. Tiff was the one person Leylin trusted the most here, even if he seemed doubtful of everything right now.

Even if the boy decided to go against him, Leylin could use the power he’d formerly left with Tiff to make him turn back.

‘However, he was able to use the energy I left behind as a foundation to receive magical powers and become similar to a bloodline holder... Or should I say half-chosen? He’s somewhat talented...’ Leylin seemed to have already seen beyond Tiff’s facade.

“You’ve defeated the Archdevil? The Sovereign King of Gluttony?” Tiff’s voice involuntarily cracked. He had obviously heard about this earth-shaking rumour. The loyalty of these worshippers, who’d already lost the magic abilities bestowed by the devil, had long been shaken. Some information had spread out.

Worshippers in the prime material plane were shallow. If Leylin had waited to make his move a couple of decades later, Beelzebub’s people would have almost completely disappeared. Thankfully, that was not the case.

“Mm. I’ll need your help, how much manpower do you have in the Dambrath Kingdom?” Leylin asked. Unless his background wasn’t optimal, a near-legend like Tiff would have a certain amount of influence.

“I’ve created an organisation with faith in our Lord. There are fewer than 300 followers right now, and the highest ranked among them is a Baron...” Tiff clenched his teeth, and told Leylin unwillingly. The familiar soul suppression was too strong on him, and he had no choice but to speak the truth.

‘An organisation in worship of me?’ Leylin was pretty taken aback. ‘To sustain a miniature organisation without the support of divine power... He has a lot of potential...’

The difference between true and false gods was that one could grant their priests divine spells and other powers, ranging in ranks from rank 1 to rank 9. With the great power separating their planes and the prime material plane, the highest rank of spell a powerful devil or demon could bestow upon their worshippers was rank 5. Anything past that would require a blood sacrifice to go through, or have some other such restriction. This type of worship of false gods would suffer a unanimous crackdown by the true gods.

Demigods were similar. Without enough power to grant high-ranked spells to their followers, they were not widely spread. The Feathered Snake God, Kukulkan, that Leylin had made up previously was an otherworldly demigod who was still in deep sleep! He would not be able to grant even a rank 1 spell.

Leylin felt a special respect for the fact that Tiff could still sustain worship for Kukulkan under conditions like these, to the extent of enticing a baron. While he’d have used his own methods for it, it was still rather amazing.

‘But I can’t let this situation continue for too long... I’ll soon have to give them some hope!’ Leylin decided. A god that was unable to respond to prayers and grant spells would be eliminated like Beelzebub sooner or later.

‘If his original form is still recovering from his injuries, it doesn’t make sense for me to confer divine spells in his stead!’ Leylin’s original form as a near rank 7 Magus was from another world after all, and the World Will of the World of Gods was hostile towards his power. Not to mention the amount of energy that would be consumed by crossing the crystal sphere shell. If he were to use his original form to bestow divine spells, he would quickly go bankrupt and even die.

‘The only way is to advance to become a Legend is the and condense my

divine force. By doing that, I'll have the most basic capability to respond to my followers.' Leylin gritted his teeth.

“Devout follower of our Lord, Tiff! I have something for you to do. Let us meet at the capital city of the Dambrath Kingdom.”

# Chapter 871: Fiancé

After listening to Leylin's declaration, Tiff glanced at him with a serious look. It resembled the sharp gaze of a hawk, as if he was trying to pierce through the defense of the divine power to see Leylin's true form.

"I follow my God's will!" Tiff disappeared into mid-air after finished his sentence, and everything that had just occurred seemed like an illusion.

'He has magic abilities similar to a Chosen of my original form, and he's a high-ranking ranger or thief...' Something flashed across Leylin's eyes as he headed back to Gloomwood Castle.

He wasn't worried in the least about having his identity leaked. After all, his divine powers were enough to keep everyone in the dark. Even if Tiff eventually found out that he was Leylin Faulen, he would be under the impression that Leylin had received favour from his original form and had divine powers bestowed upon him.

'Well, now that I have Tiff I can launch many of my plans...' Though it was already confirmed that Leylin would take over all of Beelzebub's followers, he still needed someone to take over the operation and carry out the work of a commander. It looked like Tiff was very suitable for that position.

Apart from being sufficiently powerful, he had good leadership abilities as well. If the conditions were right in the future, he wanted to nurture Tiff into his first pope.

"Pouring power into the natives, and allowing them to adapt and change into a form that is accepted in the World of Gods... This is a very good issue to pursue." Leylin had a profound look in his eyes.

Through his short time with Tiff just now, Leylin had already learnt much from the energy that emitted off his body. It had given him a general direction for his plan to induct Magi into the World of Gods.

"This method of forcibly pouring power into a subject should have failed for sure. My success with Tiff was a fluke, and should be considered a rare

case.” Given his experiments in various worlds, Leylin was sure of this, “Thus, I’ll still have to observe this specimen, and test how it will change under different circumstances...”

Leylin immediately ducked into an alleyway. When he reappeared, he had already returned to his appearance of a mercenary.

“Well, I guess I can only scare people with my divine form...” Leylin sighed and returned to the inn.

“I, Rafiniya, a high-ranked knight, successor of the way of the knight, pledge my life to fight against evil.”

Before he stepped into the door, the young female knight’s voice could already be heard and that gave Leylin an immediate migraine.

“What’s going on?” He walked in suspiciously before seeing a fully-armoured Rafiniya raising the knight sword in her hand in a pledge.

“Oh! Heavens! Ley you’re finally back!” Old Pam waved his hand at the side and said, “This lady knight here was all ready to fight upon hearing that there were traces of devil worshippers in the castle. No one was able to persuade her....”

Hera, who was standing beside Old Pam, couldn’t help but smile helplessly. As for Yalani, she had already had enough of everyone and escaped to her room.

“Don’t those devil followers run rampant at night? I want to rescue the innocent commoners from the hands of these devils! Ley, let’s do it together, shall we?” Rafiniya spoke righteously, but unfortunately she seemed to have grown more sensible, as she was ready to drag the powerful-looking Leylin along.

“My dear Miss...” Leylin was rendered speechless too, “Look at the time now, please rest soon!”

Honestly speaking, why would he go against his own men? Were Rafiniya to go alone, it would probably end up with him saving her instead of her saving the world. She just might have ended up repenting her choices from within the stomachs of those worshippers.

“Rest? The people of the city are currently suffering from the devastation of devils and you want me to rest?” Rafiniya looked holy and staunchly declared, “None of you shall stop me!”

“Then, do you still remember the rule that all knights need to abide by? To keep their promises?” Leylin sat down, and even had the mood to ask the servants for a pot of red tea and some snacks. After all, he had been so busy the whole night that he ought to have some rest.

“Knight Commandment 54: I must comply with the contract and keep my promises and oaths!” Rafiniya was rather familiar with that.

“Good! So don’t forget, you’re still under Hera for now!” Leylin wiped his lips gracefully with the napkin, “What if your employer decided to leave the castle tomorrow?”

“That’s right! Rafiniya, I’ll be leaving tomorrow to head towards the Dambrath Kingdom!” Hera caught on to Leylin’s acting real quick and continued the show and spoke meekly, “You won’t abandon me and my sister, would you?”

“I-” Rafiniya froze, the two knightly virtues of defending the just and keeping her promises circling her mind. She looked very conflicted.

Hera only managed to thank Leylin after they’d managed to send Rafiniya back to her room, “This is all thanks to you, Ley! If not I’m really afraid of what Rafiniya would have done.”

“Don’t mention it, I wanted to leave earlier too. After all, anything that has the least bit of contact with the devils will always be problematic..” Leylin was speaking against his conscience, but it received agreements from both Hera and Old Pam. The horrible image of the devils had long been deeply ingrained into the minds of commoners by the gods.

This was especially true of Hera, Hera who decided to give up on her original plans to rest. There were still many cities they could rest in on the way, and they didn’t necessarily have to stay here and deal with the devils. Even if Leylin hadn’t mentioned it first, Hera had plans of leaving earlier.

“Then, I guess, goodnight everyone! We’re leave here tomorrow, as soon



as possible!” Leylin rose to bid them all goodnight, but he was smiling in his heart. Due to his interception, the activities of the devil followers had already been stopped. However, he didn’t have to mention that to them.

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The next day, a well-supplied mercenary team hit the road. Rafiniya sat alone on Nick and led the way with a sulky expression on her face. Hera and the others were sensible enough to not disturb her.

Hera seemed to have learnt her lesson and did not hire any more mercenaries. She only found a more down-to-earth horsekeeper and a horse carriage. It seemed as if she had placed all of her trust and safety in Leylin.

“After we pass Gloomwood Castle, we will reach the central plains of Dambrath Kingdom, which is also the most important agricultural base. The king has gathered most of the military force here and the security of this place is generally great.”

Honestly, Leylin thought that if the sisters were bold enough, it would be completely safe to continue the journey with just a few servants. But they were evidently shocked by the ogres previously, and would rather raise the commission than leave Leylin’s side.

“But to be able to hire a high-ranked knight and a rank 10 wizard with this price, it’s still considered not bad.” Leylin didn’t have any other opinions. He didn’t feel pressed for time currently. After all, whatever plans he’d left behind were enough to stall those paladins for a long time.

It was definitely impossible for the devil worshippers to face up against paladins, but they could indeed admirably fulfil the task of delaying them without showing any traces of themselves. This was sufficient time for Leylin to reach the Dambrath Kingdom with no worries, and he could even start planning his next step with ease.

Thus, he was currently in a relaxed state and even had the mood to tease Rafiniya. Wasn’t it the duty of a devil to push a pure and resolute person to hell? Though Leylin only held the memories of an Archdevil, he wouldn’t mind giving it a try.

As expected, everything was like what Leylin had predicted. After entering the central plains, the security of the surroundings became much better and they could see little villages along the sides of the roads. There were even standby guards and patrolling militia.

Large-scaled bandit organisations would not be able to survive here. As for ogres and other dangerous beasts? They were wiped out by the king's men long ago. The only few exceptions that Leylin and gang met were small-scaled bandit groups with fewer than 20 members. Even Old Pam could face them, not to mention Rafiniya.

Days later, the outline of a huge city started showing in the horizon.

"We're finally here! Dambrath's capital!" Hera pulled the curtain of the carriage to the side, and excitement filled her eyes. If not for Leylin and the rest, she and her younger sister might have already died on their way here.

"Dambrath Kingdom, it is rumoured that the first generation king killed an evil dragon along with his followers and distributed the earnings from the dragons to the commoners. From then on, he built a city and developed it into a kingdom."

Rafiniya couldn't help but show signs of admiration, yet Leylin found it funny. Stories that praised kings like these were nothing out of the ordinary, their sole purpose to make these kings seem more divine and lawful. Well, those civil servants could say anything they wanted, but Leylin would not believe a single word they said.

"Killing an evil dragon? This isn't even an environment that dragons favour..." But obviously, no one cared nor did they hear Leylin's grumbles. Even Yalani peeped her head out of the carriage to check out the surroundings, and listened to Rafiniya's story with glee.

After they'd all reached the capital, Hera brought the horse to an aristocratic area on the east and they arrived in front of a prestigious mansion,

"We were able to reach the capital safely all thanks to you guys! Thank you for all of your protection along the way, my fiancé and I will definitely

repay you!” Suddenly, the normally quiet Yalani spoke up, with a trace of arrogance on her face.

# Chapter 872: Contempt

“Ohoh... Fiancé? Hera, you actually brought your sister here to get married?” Rafiniya was the first to shout, her eyes seemingly full of stars, “Gallant adventurers protecting the beautiful princess, who has come to the imperial capital to meet her prince. There’s nothing more romantic than this...”

Pam and Leylin said their congratulations, making Yalani blush a little, but Leylin was rather flabbergasted. He had thought that this journey revolved around Hera, but who would have thought that the final lead was actually Yalani, the young lady who hadn’t even reached adulthood yet?

‘Plus, her elder sister is the one sending her off to get married? Such a tradition doesn’t seem to exist in the kingdom. Did something happen to their elders?’ Leylin could sense that something was not right.

Seeing the mercenaries make a racket in front of them, the two bodyguards standing at the gate of the mansion could no longer hold themselves back. “What are you doing? Don’t you know that this is the viscount’s residence?”

A bodyguard walked out. He was wearing a brand new set of armor, wiped so conscientiously that it was shining without a single speck of dust on it. He towered over Leylin and his company, his eyes filled with disdain.

The reputation mercenaries held in the imperial city was only slightly better than that of bandits and gangsters. They were never a synonym of law-abiding citizens, and the nobles even loathed having any sort of relation to them. It would be so embarrassing!

As for the fiancé and so on? The bodyguard sized up Hera and her sister, who were dressed plainly, and evidently chose not to believe them. Yalani tugged at the hem of her elder sister’s skirt, then turned to look at her own clothes. Her family wasn’t very well off to begin with, and they had encountered huge misfortune. After a long and arduous journey on foot, even their best clothing would look like beggars’ rags.

She and her sister now looked like unsophisticated girls from the

countryside, entering the city for the first time.

The young lady lowered her head, and practically wanted to bury her head underground. “Young sir...”

Hera was flushed red, but could only pick herself up and negotiate. “I’m from Emon City...”

She simultaneously took out a small cloth bundle that she treasured. Peeling it open layer by layer, she revealed the medal of a noble family that was in good condition. Perhaps it was the effect of the badge; the bodyguard glanced at Hera before taking the badge in to inform others, even if he was still doubtful.

Leylin and his company waited in the wind for more than half an hour. Rafiniya had grown rather impatient by the time the entrance to the viscount’s mansion finally opened slowly. Someone who looked like a butler walked out, his face plastered with a professional smile.

“May I know who is the young miss from the Lanta family?” Hera inhaled deeply and walked forward, with a smile to please. “I’m Hera Lanta! She’s my sister, Yalani!”

This was their reality: they had no choice. She and her younger sister had no one to rely on in the imperial city, and they could only attach themselves to Yalani’s viscount fiancé if they wanted a good life. They couldn’t leave a bad impression on the butler whom he trusted as well.

“Respected young ladies, please follow me in. The viscount is waiting for you!” The butler bowed at the side.

“Also... They are the mercenaries I hired. I was able to make it safely to the imperial city all thanks to them...” Hera looked over at Leylin and the rest and explained herself.

“Mercenaries?!” Disdain was apparent in the butler’s eyes, and only Rafiniya, who was riding a warhorse, made him do a double take. “But the viscount only mentioned two ladies...”

“Hera, you guys head in first! We’ll just wait a while longer at most...” Leylin smiled as he said to Hera. He glanced at the scornful look in the

butler's eyes, and inwardly smiled to himself. 'This expression... Does he treat Hera and her sister like poor relatives who came knocking because they ran out of money? Interesting, interesting!'

Leylin magnanimously forgave the butler's offense because he was watching a show. He even pulled Rafiniya back, someone whose expression showed that she had a belly full of anger, leaving her with no one to vent it on. Leylin was laughing so hard to himself that his stomach was about to start cramping.

Hera sent him an appreciative look, then took her sister's hand as she walked into the entrance.

"Ley, look at them! That expression!" Rafiniya's hair was completely about to explode, like an enraged kitten. "Ahh... I can't take it. At worst, I won't take the commission this time..."

"You don't have to take it if you don't want to, but don't drag the rest of us down..." Leylin's sarcastic blows at the side met with Old Pam's common sentiments. His eyes went watery. "Missy! You can't let poor Old Pam leave without a salary..."

"You haven't gotten your salary? Just the mere ogre ears we got on the way should be enough of a profit..." Rafiniya mumbled to herself, but her temper did not flare up.

In actual fact, Hera and her sister didn't have many assets to begin with. The two announced that they would raise the commission on the way, but after half the journey their group was stunned; the amount of cash they had on them was not even enough to pay what they'd promised before!

Furthermore, they hadn't paid half of the coachman's commission and the fee for the carriage at the Gloomwood Castle!

Although Rafiniya didn't give a hoot about that little sum of money, she couldn't not care about the others. After hearing what Leylin and Old Pam said, she could only walk away while fuming. "Anyway, I won't demand the money, you guys can split it among yourselves..."

"Oh, Rafiniya! You're really the most kindhearted lady in the world!" The

dwarf, Old Pam, immediately cheered. Even the coachman at the side revealed a smile. He had gained a deeper understanding about this strange team of mercenaries after spending time with them.

Rafiniya didn't lack money at all, and neither did the mysterious Ley. The only remaining people who would split the money would be him and Old Pam. People of the lower class never once minded having an extra share, even if it was just a few copper coins.

Clang! The main door swung open once again. Yalani's arm was hooked onto a young nobleman's, while Hera and the butler were standing behind them.

"These the mercenaries you employed? There's even a dwarf? I think joining a circus would be more suitable for it... Oh, right, have you seen the the Golden Dwarf Circus?" This youthful nobleman had a wan face and very dark eyebags, making him look like a person whose body had been wasted entirely on wine and women. He appeared very depressed, and completely disregarded Leylin and company, turning around to chat with Hera instead.

"Daniel, Rafiniya and Leylin are both extremely powerful Professionals..." Hera smiled cordially as she began to turn the nobleman's attention to Leylin and the others. "I believe that they'll be of help to you if you win them over..."

Although she had started to notice that Daniel was harbouring malicious intentions, Hera still tried as much as possible to indirectly make her point, even though this made Rafiniya shoot a resentful look at her. She was indeed trying her best to 'help' Leylin and the others from the bottom of her heart.

Rafiniya aside, the only way out for civilian Professionals was to wait upon a noble family. This way, if they did great service decades later, they might be able to receive their master's favour, and obtain the position of an honorary knight or a lord.

With this, they would be able to seek a piece of territory and gain a hereditary title. From then on, they would have entered the ranks of the

upper class. In actual fact, that was how Leylin's grandfather started out, just that the person he had vowed his loyalty to was the king.

"Hm... You're right!" Viscount Daniel couldn't help but swallow a mouthful of saliva as he stared at Hera's full bosom. As compared to his fiancée, who was still a young girl, her sister was evidently a much more mature woman. Of course, it would be perfect if he could have both of them.

Under the beauty's pleading, Daniel finally looked at them in the eye reluctantly as he sized them up. "You are very lucky. I, Viscount Daniel, am willing to accept all of you as my followers. Kneel and swear an oath!

"And you! You can be my honorary knight, my personal one..." When his gaze fell on Rafiniya, Daniel's eyes clearly got brighter, and his eyes lingered for a little longer on her slender thighs. His butler, however, was trying his best to bite his lips, and didn't say anything.

He understood his young master's character very well, and knew that he would absolutely turn a deaf ear to any advice. But how could he promise to take them in as followers so easily, especially when there was also a dwarf and a coachman in their party?

However, the young master would regret his decision after a few days at most, and give them a random position as a guard or a servant or something. They would be satisfied anyway.

Even if they were servants, people in the viscount's mansion were a notch higher than average civilians! This was an established theory in the butler's mindset.

"What? Aren't you going to quickly thank the viscount for his grace?" Hera signalled at Leylin and the others with her eyes.

She thought that she had found the best way out for these mercenaries. After all, compared to living a life of brushes with death, what was so bad about being a nobleman's subordinate?

It was an unavoidable fact that although she was sharp-witted, she had a rigid mind. Or perhaps this was the way nobles thought.



“Mighty master, I, Pollan, hereby swear that...” What exceeded her expectations was that Rafiniya, Leylin and even Old Pam did not move an inch, only the coachman leapt forward with bright eyes.

“We are extremely grateful for your kindness, distinguished viscount. Unfortunately, I do not have any intention to serve a noble family. We are here just to settle our commission...”

“You all...” Hera was flushed with anger. This was the first time she felt hateful towards Leylin. How dare he decline her good intentions? Did he not know that there was a world of difference between a noble and a civilian?

Even Rafiniya frowned at this move, not appreciative of Hera’s ‘kindness’. Now that she thought herself to be the mistress of the viscount’s mansion, Leylin’s actions instantly made her feel like her pride had been hurt.

# Chapter 873: Imperial Capital

‘Interesting! Her change in status actually brought about such a huge change in her mentality so quickly?’ Leylin found it meaningful that the sisters had begun to change so quickly, despite being of the same status as them a little while ago. The mere change in their status made these two sisters act in such an unfamiliar way.

As they required Leylin’s protection on their journey, they had chatted with him in an amiable manner. But now that they had reached the imperial capital and had someone to rely on they drew the line, dividing their position and social class in the blink of an eye.

Leylin used Beelzebub’s memories to analyse most of her thoughts in a flash.

‘Excellent. Such an interesting soul will be the best candidate to corrupt and degrade into a devil... A vain heart...’ Just as Leylin was considering whether he needed to corrupt her, the rightful master, Viscount Daniel, finally spoke. “Hmm, if that’s the case, then forget it. Give them a sum of money and make them leave quickly. What would others think if they saw them?”

“Yes, young master!” The butler standing behind Viscount Daniel tossed out a small bag of coins. “Take the money and get lost, you greedy vultures!”

“You...” Rafiniya instantaneously felt as though she could no longer recognise her close friend, and suddenly became dispirited.

“Let’s go...” As she patted her mount’s head, Nick immediately let out a whinny, while Leylin scratched his nose and followed behind Old Pam, who had picked up the bag of money.

Viscount Daniel’s voice could be heard faintly as they left. “Why would you bother with those country bumpkins. Hera, Yalani, let me take you to...”

.....

“Repulsive! Abominable! Why did Hera and Yalani turn out this way? Did they fall under the spell of a devil that took control of their hearts?” The young female knight finally yelled after they had walked a distance.

“Alright. These nobles are all revolting. Old Pam has seen it all. Only gold never lies!” Rafiniya was totally speechless at his greed for money, and could only roll her eyes after hearing what he said. Leylin, on the other hand, asked interestedly, “Why didn’t you just swear to become his follower right away? He’s a nobleman after all!”

“If I did that, the elders would kill me! Besides, do you think a dwarf will be conferred a title in a human country?” Old Pam winked, exposing his innate cunning self, “Old Pam would rather than drown in rum than slog his guts out for a noble and end up with nothing...”

“Haha... You are a clever dwarf indeed...” Rafiniya was still a young lady after all, and was immediately amused by his humorous tone...

Leylin was the first to suggest disbanding when they reached a crossroad. “If there isn’t anything else, should we part ways here?”

“Part ways? Aren’t we going to get paid for the mission at the mercenary association?” Rafiniya was surprised, and also a little reluctant for some reason.

“I have other things to do.” Leylin declined tactfully, but even Rafiniya could read between the lines: he wanted to be alone. Once she understood this, she even had the urge to cry.

“Then... where will you be going?” The young female knight still asked stubbornly.

“I intend to stay in the imperial capital for a period of time, then begin my journey once again. My objective is not clear yet, perhaps I will make a trip to Silvermoon City up north. Goodbye...” Leylin seemed as though he was waving elegantly as he left.

But Rafiniya and Old Pam did not realise that a gloomy thread of light had already wound itself around Rafiniya’s body like a strand of hair, one that disappeared almost instantly.

‘The mark of a devil. I look forward to the moment when your soul falls from grace...’ The low mutter of a devil sounded in Leylin’s heart.

There were a few reasons he occasionally did right by Rafiniya and the others. For one thing, they were his group and saving them was a matter of course, but another reason was to observe the souls of people and attempt to corrupt them.

Leylin wasn’t a masochist. Why would he insist on waiting outside the viscount’s mansion otherwise? Did he lack that small sum of money? It was only at the actual scene that he could grasp the most subtle undulations of the soul and guide it!

‘From the looks of it, Hera and her sister have been consumed by vanity. With just a slight push, it would be perfectly normal for them to be lured in by the devil. Rafiniya, on the other hand, has the purest soul. Once she’s corrupted, she will possess strength that will make all the other devils drool...’

Once a soul like Rafiniya’s fell from grace, it would be extremely enticing for any formidable devil. However, Leylin was already a near Archdevil, and he naturally didn’t have to resort to such unclassy behaviour. It was out of prudent consideration that he decided to personally make a trip down to experiment on average human souls.

Since his main body had already robbed Beelzebub of all it had, having dealings with the underworld and other devils would be unavoidable. Even Leylin himself had a few devilish characteristics.

Souls in the World of Gods were different from those of the Magus World after all, and Leylin had to personally verify this matter. When he was in the outer seas, the people of his family were unsuitable to experiment on. As for those pirates, their souls were even similar to those of devils wreaking havoc!

Only Rafiniya and the others made Leylin’s eyes light up. This was precisely why he left made the mark of a devil on her, making it convenient for him to track and monitor her at any time.

.....

‘All of these other matters can be put to one side. There are even more important matters to attend to on this trip to the imperial capital!’

The first problem that Leylin had to resolve was to cleanse himself of any suspicions of his piracy. Otherwise, the priests and paladins of the God of Justice would always follow him like houseflies, which was impossible for him to defend against. Even if he destroyed one group, others would emerge to come after him.

However, both Leylin and the nobles were very skilled when it came to distorting the truth and covering up evil deeds.

‘It’s simple in theory. As long as His Majesty makes a statement to conclude the case, it will be sufficient! After confirming the murderer, even the church of the God of Justice would be unable to continue investigating...’

Leylin was very clear on the fact that he currently was not considered a suspect. Even the priests and paladins of the God of Justice could only ‘seek his assistance in their investigation’ at the very most.

However, if they really did so, it would be all over for him! Which noble didn’t have a crime penalty tied to them, or wasn’t implicated in a grey area? Once a single event was uncovered, it would be linked to even more. He wouldn’t even be able to think of walking out of the church alive at the end of it all.

His only path was to nip this in the bud; the church’s hand was reaching too far.

‘Once the king makes his final conclusion, it will be difficult for even the church to overthrow it. After all, they must respect the royalty in this region. The network of connections that the Faulen Family has is insufficient for this...’

Leylin was in deep thought. ‘It would be best if a member of his majesty’s inner ministerial circle spoke on my behalf, and he would have to be a very important person. The network that Beelzebub left behind would probably come in handy in this aspect...’

The higher one's status as a noble, the easier one would become corrupted and collaborate with the devil. The same happened to the king of Dambrath, and even the person in charge that Beelzebub had personally appointed himself before he entered dormancy. It was undeniably a form of mockery towards the gods.

'Let me see... In the list of names of the chiefs in charge in the Dambrath region, the one situated in the Dambrath Kingdom's capital is...' Leylin browsed through the information that the A.I. Chip had recorded. An odd smile gradually crept onto his face. 'Interesting... A devil?'

In Beelzebub's memory, the imperial capital of Dambrath was obviously the main disaster area where devils wrecked havoc. He had even specially dispatched a devil over for the convenience of control.

Although she was suppressed by the prime material plane, she should still have the strength of a high-ranked Professional. She had even mastered a few special concealment techniques to help Beelzebub's believers successfully avoid countless searches by the churches.

"A smart chap," Leylin evaluated her indifferently. If Leylin had used his true strength to subdue her, then the outcome of the fight wouldn't even need to be considered. Unfortunately, fairness didn't exist in such matters from the start.

With Beelzebub's memories, Leylin had control over a trump card that could instantly make him an archenemy!

"But before I subdue her, I'll go meet an old friend!" A strange smile flashed across Leylin's face.

.....

"Damn it! Damn it! Those loathsome nobles all have their eyes on my territory, and have completely forgotten about their friendship with the Golden Thornblossoms..." Also in the imperial capital was Leylin's old acquaintance. Viscount Tim had returned from the imperial palace, crestfallen.

Being a spy, he'd fortunately escaped the unforeseen event of the Pirates'

Tide, and had even brought a portion of the family's wealth to the mainland. Soon after, he began to take action in the imperial capital in hopes of obtaining the title of Marquis of the Gold Thornblossom family, as well as the territories in the Baltic archipelago.

However, reality had slapped him in the face. Once the old marquis had passed away, his original relationships had all become invalid. Those nobles of the imperial capital with their insatiable appetites had started planning to split up the Baltic archipelago; the profits from oceanic trade were enough to make these nobles go green with envy.

After multiple trips to the palace to meet with the king, he realised that His Majesty also seemed unenthusiastic about his requests.

‘Although we are blood relatives, the benefits are irresistible to others. Unless someone with real authority is willing to support me... I didn't bring a lot of gold coins, who should I choose...’ Just as Viscount Tim was pondering over that, a servant entered to ask for instructions. “Sir, there's another noble requesting to see you. He displayed the Faulen Family's badge...”

Ping! The exquisite porcelain cup in Viscount Tim's hand fell onto the floor right away.

“The Fau... Faulens!” Tim covered his forehead. “Is he still not going to let me off?”

In his heart, there was no difference between Leylin and other demons and devils. Ironically, that was indeed the truth.

# Chapter 874: Truename

After much consideration, Tim still gave the command. “Let him in!” He met Leylin with a solemn and tragic expression on his face, and was startled by the youthful face before him.

“This is the first time we have met, Viscount Tim. However, we have already made many deals in the past. I’m Leylin, Leylin Faulen. Pleased to meet you.”

“Get out, all of you!” Tim rudely chased his subordinates out, and fiercely shut the door and windows. Leylin was even considerate enough to add a magical protective screen.

“I’ve already done as you requested. Why have you still come here?” Tim asked in a rage, but Leylin could still see the fear and weakness under his tough and unyielding expression.

“Don’t take offense, alright? After all, we had a really pleasant time working together before, didn’t we Viscount Tim?” Leylin said with a light smile.

“You damn bandit, you absolute savage...” The veins on Tim’s face bulged grotesquely, “Aren’t you afraid I’ll inform on you to the king and the church?”

“What do I have to be afraid of?” Leylin laughed exaggeratedly, then whispered next to Tim’s ear, “After all, the person who killed the old marquis wasn’t me!”

Once the words left Leylin’s mouth, Tim immediately curled up on his seat and started crying bitterly, as though his spine had been ripped out of him. “It’s you guys! You guys forced me...”

“No one forced you... If you came clean to the old marquis, both of you could have fled before the pirates came...” Leylin sneered. “Also, you don’t have to make yourself look pitiful in front of me. You really should hire a new acting teacher.”

The cold look in Leylin’s eyes told Tim that the wizard had seen through



him.

“If that’s the case, then why did you still come and look for me?” Tim took out a napkin to wipe the tears on his face. He calmed down in an instant, and his expression was even gloomy.

“Haha... Good! That’s the person I want to negotiate with!” Leylin clapped his hands, “Of course, the same as last time. A deal!”

“A deal? Speak!” Tim wasn’t even half as timid as earlier.

“I will help you obtain your title and territory, and in exchange you will end all suspicion on me.” Leylin was very direct. Tim was the key person in his plan to cleanse himself of suspicion. After all, if even the victim proved Leylin to be innocent, what else could anyone say?

“End all suspicion? Tsk tsk... Seems like the investigation team of the God of Justice is giving you trouble!” Tim folded his arms in front of his chest.

“Just a little, but you can forget about haggling. I have many other options as well, just that things would become a bit more troublesome. But the only person in the entire imperial capital who can support you in your obtaining a title of nobility is me!” Leylin appeared extremely enigmatic.

“I need to see what you’re capable of,” Tim did not agree at once. The Faulen Family’s head was just a baron after all, and Tim did not believe that his influence would extend beyond the outer seas.

“You’ll soon see!” With an indifferent smile, Leylin got up to leave.

Now was the time to utilise the devil network. Leylin made turns here and there in the imperial capital, as though he was just strolling around, and finally arrived at an entertainment club.

“Young master, we are not open yet...” The doorman said awkwardly. Leylin examined his surroundings. This place was evidently a street filled with the entertainment facilities of the imperial capital. There were similar buildings all around, just that the streets were rather deserted; after all, not every noble was so idle as to come over to play around in the

day.

“I know...” Leylin stretched his right hand open in front of the doorman. A bizarre magic pattern appeared in the centre of his palm: a thorny rose. The colour of its petals changed continuously as time elapsed.

The doorman’s face changed drastically upon seeing this mark. “Come in with me!” he said as his aura changed, and his languid gaze brightened up greatly. After vigilantly glancing around Leylin’s surroundings, he opened the main door and let Leylin in.

Pink veils greeted him everywhere when he entered through the main door. There was a strong scent of perfume here, and wine bottles and scented handkerchiefs were strewn across the floor. A smooth arm or sleek thigh would peek out from the cracks of the doors from time to time. The entire place was filled with an exotic atmosphere.

The doorman led Leylin to the deepest corner of the club straight away, into a hidden private room.

“Let me meet with the person in charge!” Leylin no longer bothered to conceal his identity. His eyes turned blood red, and he emitted traces of the aura of the devil.

“Yes, sir!” The doorman performed a ceremony exclusive to followers of the devil, and retreated respectfully. He even seemed to be trembling as he could distinctly sense the aura of a powerful devil radiating from Leylin.

The boss arrived swiftly. The devilish undulations radiating from her made Leylin smile.

“Oh! Handsome young master, were you looking for me?” A relaxed voice said. Leylin then saw a beautiful and alluring lady enter the private room.

She was clothed in a crimson evening gown, which revealed half of her snowy white shoulders. Her eyes were glistening as she coquettishly entered the room. With a gentle tap of her right foot, the door of the private room closed slowly. As she shut the door, the high slit in the hem of her gown inadvertently revealed her smooth thigh, as well as her pretty

little feet and her toenails that were painted with daffodil juice.

She didn't seem to be wearing anything under her luxurious clothes, and she radiated an aura which was infinitely tempting.

'A rare creature!' This was the first thought that came to Leylin's mind. She was even more attractive than that fox lady, Madam Tillen, whom he had met previously. She was an already-extinct Creature that could make men go crazy.

"It's me!" Leylin looked her up and down without even bothering to be polite. Her clean, bare feet that stood upon the carpet were especially attractive and flirtatious. However, what he said made her face change drastically in a split second. "As expected of a high-ranked pleasure devil, one that graces the beds of men..."

"A pleasure devil? Are you joking, young man?" The beautiful lady covered her mouth demurely, and even appeared a little pale. This was a natural reaction that normal people would give after hearing about a devil.

"No need for this pretense. Since I know about this place, it means that I already know everything about you that there is to know, including your real identity..." With a flick of Leylin's hand, a magical barrier formed immediately. Shadowy divine force suddenly erupted from his body.

"Master's divine force!" This fake divine force made the attractive lady across him cry out in surprise. It was as though her fog of disguise had been pierced, revealing her true form. The amorous smile persisted, but her pupils had turned a strange burgundy. Her violet hair was topped with a curved horn characteristic of devils, and she appeared charming and adorable. Her feet had also turned into a pair of cloven hooves.

A layer of strange purple runes appeared on her body. They were like tattoos on her skin, yet they had a bizarre charm to them. Although one would recognise her as a devil with one look, she was more attractive than before.

"So you're the divine one that appeared in Gloomwood Castle: Kukulkan!"

The pleasure devil looked at Leylin restrainedly, fear showing on her changed appearance. As the priest in charge of the entire Dambrath Kingdom, she'd certainly paid close attention to Leylin's appearance then. The worshippers from Gloomwood Castle wouldn't dare hide anything from her either.

If not caring about costs, she could receive news rapidly from across the kingdom.

"Yes, it's me!" Leylin had his hands behind his back, and seemed extremely mysterious. His divine force was suppressing the devil opposite him.

"Are you here to add me to your party? Hehe... What a pity, but without master's orders, I will not comply with you." The pleasure devil watched Leylin with vigilance. As a high-ranked devil, she had personally seen Beelzebub before, and knew that he was absolutely impossible that it would bestow his divinity on other devils.

"I'm afraid that's not for you to choose, Lady Delia! Or perhaps I should call you... Adelius Dodocrow Menjfakel Anconina..." Leylin uttered a string of complex and tongue-twisting syllables. When the pleasure devil heard this, she immediately turned wild.

"How... How did you know?" Her expression changed drastically. With a wave of her hand, a powerful magic force appeared in the private room once again, similar to a large-scale confinement spell formation.

The reason why Lady Delia was so anxious was entirely because Leylin had just uttered her truename. A truename that was reserved for devils!

High-level devils had unique truenames, and these were their greatest secret. They were almost as important as their lives! Once it was divulged, even ordinary wizards would be able to easily imprison them, and enslave them or boss them around!

As the Sovereign King of Gluttony who had control over her, it was only natural that Beelzebub knew the truename of this pleasure devil, and could cast a deadly curse on her at any time. This was the greatest form of control he had.

Leylin, who had stripped Beelzebub of everything he owned, had obtained the truenames of all the devils Beelzebub controlled from his memories. It was this trump card that he counted on.

“Why? Do you want to hit me?” Leylin smiled weakly. The rune representing Lady Delia’s truename had already flown into his palm. His terrifying divine force was like a vicious dragon, ready to smash the rune into pieces at any moment.

“No! Don’t!” The pleasure devil cried out in alarm, and knelt on the floor. “I am willing to obey your orders, master!”

As a devil, she would of course treasure her life. As for loyalty and moral principles, they had long been fed to the dogs.

# Chapter 875: Strategy

“Good! I won’t deprive you of your position, but you must use all the resources you have to assist me.” Leylin glanced at the pleasure devil in front of him and nodded indifferently. With Beelzebub’s divine force and knowledge of her truename, this devil would even agree if Leylin said he was a reincarnation of the Sovereign King of Gluttony.

With her life under a threat, it was not difficult to make requests of her.

“How vast are your connections? Can you influence the king?” Leylin asked bluntly.

“Master, I secretly have control over around a thousand followers. Two are earls, and five are viscounts... I can also indirectly affect two marquises and a duke...” Delia immediately reported to him. Beelzebub was completely ignored by the two of them, such is the sad fate of the loser.

“Only Marquise Louise can influence the king. She is the king’s lover, and his newest conquest.” The pleasure devil bit at her lips, looking very seductive. In order to survive and gain higher status, she did not mind using her own body. Hence, after the scare, she still unwittingly displayed her beauty in front of Leylin.

She was very confident. No matter how resolute a human was, they wouldn’t be able to resist her charms.

“Marquise Louise?” Leylin was astounded. He had not expected this devil to be so effective as to influence the highest class of the kingdom.

Madam Delia finally explained how it was done to Leylin. Like other devils, she first used her pleasure house to attract nobles, and tempted them into their falls. Shady methods had allowed her to gain control of a large number of noble families’ madams and ladies.

Making use of these social nobles, she frequently held dinner parties for the fallen, attracting even more to join. This network was like a virus that constantly expanded.

Recently, Madam Delia herself had personally guided the Marquise,

Madam Louise, to try out some forbidden pleasures and successfully captured her. She had become devil worshipper and was even sent to the bed of the king.

Delia herself had the true body of a devil, and it was impossible for her to bypass all the detection methods and the wizards inside the court. However, it wasn't an issue for pure humans.

"I now have control over a batch of noble ladies, and they are all followers of the master. If you like them..." Madam Delia licked her lips, sending him an invitation that was very attractive.

"If I'm free in the future, I'll give it a try..." When it came to such a sweet invitation, Leylin did not hesitate to accept. He did have these needs usually anyway.

"Hehe... our services here will definitely satisfy you, master..." After hearing Leylin's promise, Madam Delia seemed to feel relieved. At the very least, while she still had value, Leylin would not get rid of her. Her entire body relaxed, which only made her seem more charming.

After understanding the power she held, Leylin nodded and sat on a couch nearby.

"Have you heard of Viscount Tim from the Baltic archipelago?"

"Him?" Delia shot Leylin a glance, seeming to be guessing at Leylin's relationship with the person in question.

"I've heard of him. He used to be the commoner son in the Gold Thornblossom Family, and he's scheming to get a position as the Marquis, as well as land..."

"What do you think are the chances of him succeeding?" Leylin laced his fingers together.

"There are many nobles hoping to obtain the Baltic archipelago. There is a marquis eyeing it, but the other party is the nephew of the king. While he did not do well and had his land attacked by pirates, that's the problem with the previous marquis. His tragic story already earned him pity points, and I expect that he can get what he wants at the end. I'm not sure how

much or what he'll have to hand over in exchange though..."

Delia was a devil after all, and had also worked in the Dambrath Imperial Capital for many years. She, who had seen these power struggles countless times, could easily guess what would happen.

"Does master wish to help him?"

"No. Dispatch some of our people to make contact with him, but don't give him anything too substantial... I'm sure you're great at that..." Leylin stroked his chin.

"Dangling a carrot in front of a donkey's eyes so he can see it but not eat it, and therefore get him to struggle hard in vain? Hehe... master, you're terrible!" Madam Delia grinned brightly. Truth be told, devils were the best at using benefits to entice humans, unceasingly tightening the ropes around their necks or getting them to sell their souls.

"It's good that you understand. Do this for now, I'll inform you about other things in the future..." Leylin stood up, completely ignoring her astounding beauty and looking ready to leave.

"Master, aren't you staying?" Madam Delia was truly surprised.

"No, I still have many things to do in the capital. I'll come over whenever I have time..." Leylin always drew a clear line between work and pleasure.

Seeing this, Delia could only watch as Leylin left. Only after his figure completely disappeared did she look grim, "Damn it! How could he have my master's strength and know my true name? Just a look at him makes it obvious that he's a steel-hearted freak who wouldn't treat his underlings more leniently because of their beauty..."

It was the greatest misfortune of a pleasure devil to fall under such a master. However, with her truename in his grasp, Delia could do nothing else.

"Damn it. DAMN IT!" She could only begin to curse hatefully.

The other servants and dancers watched their boss fearfully. Only they knew what violence and darkness was hidden under her perfect and



beautiful face. Hence, they all wished they could turn into ostriches, burying their heads in the ground.

Upon seeing this, she yelled even more violently. “You dwarf swines, get working! Do you want to get whipped?”

Days later, Leylin had changed into noble clothing and headed out of the church of wealth. Using the transfer services of the church, he’d received a large amount of gold from Faulen Island. Due to the fall of the Baltic archipelago, the family’s profits from trade had risen bit by bit, which gave Leylin even more abundant funds.

Wizard training could not be sustained without money. They needed it for their expensive experimental materials and magic tomes.

“Tim’s side has also surrendered. Everything is going well. I might go to the imperial capital and train for a while, since the Wizards’ Guild can give me access to any materials below that given to high-ranked wizards. With help from my connection with mentor Ernest...”

Leylin looked at the distant wizard tower that reached through the clouds, and his eyes couldn’t help but glint. His plans were going extremely smoothly. After seeing Leylin’s strength, Tim’s side had easily agreed to the deal.

After all, compared to what the other nobles could want from him, Leylin only needed Tim to confirm the deal and asked a low price. With Leylin having evidence of Tim having murdered the old marquis anyway, it was impossible for them to go their separate ways. Hence, as long as he was still in the outer seas, he would have to consider Leylin’s stance. After considering it comprehensively, Tim naturally knew what to choose.

With proof of harm, Leylin would just need to create a ruckus, forcing the king to make an announcement and with proper documentation, make everything official. What would the church of the God of Justice be able to do then?

“On top of that, even if the king finds out the truth in the future, he won’t acknowledge that this is the truth. He’ll stubbornly protect the legitimacy of his reputation. He represents the dignity of a kingdom, so

how could the king announce something that might be wrong? For his own reputation, he would rather allow absurd events like this. Such is the sorrow of those with power...” Leylin’s lips quirked up into a cold smile.

Offending a king just for the son of a baron, who was only guilty of piracy and therefore less of an issue than associating with devils and demons? Was that worth it? The priests of the God of Justice would have to consider this properly.

With this done, Leylin, who was now considered clean, could revert to strutting around on the streets in his original appearance. Come to think of it, there was no crime pinned to him. At most, there were only suspicions.

“Now that I’ve shown my face outside the church of wealth, the others should emerge soon, right?” Leylin had never doubted the rate at which intel flowed between large organisations. After all, even Madam Delia had a huge intel network, much less the churches.

With the transfer of money at the shrine, his status, name and all other information were exposed.

“I’ll be waiting!” Leylin chuckled and walked into the Wizards’ Guild.

The Wizards’ Guild was less cheery than the Thieves’ Guild or Warriors’ Guild, but in turn it was filled with a solemn, stately aura. Two magic puppets loyally guarded the place, emanating magic light. There were evidently spells of eternity cast on them.

‘With such an air of wealth and extravagance, as well as their expenses... It’s no wonder that there’s only one Wizards’ Guild in the Dambrath Kingdom.’

“Welcome! May I know which services you require?” A wizard apprentice received him and bowed towards him with etiquette that befitted wizards.

“I am Leylin Faulen of Faulen Island. I’m here to take the wizard ranking examination.” Leylin had a bright smile on his face.

If he planned to study in the Wizards’ Guild, he’d obviously need to have

his rank verified. The rigour of this was far greater than what warriors underwent. He even had to make clear whom he'd learnt from before and what he'd studied. Wizards were a bunch of serious people!

However, Leylin was already prepared for this, and was therefore unafraid.

# Chapter 876: Black and White

Meribald was a 367 year old high-ranking wizard, although he preferred to be called a scholar. With the power of his magic, even at his age he was plenty vigorous, and had very supple skin as though he was a young man. Only his greying hair betrayed his age, but it seemed more like an accent to his wisdom and foresight.

He had served as president of the Wizards' Guild in the Dambrath Imperial Capital for over a hundred years, and had handled innumerable major events. He had also awarded numerous medals to talented wizards, and judged notorious ones. By now, he'd begun to think his still and unfeeling heart would no longer receive any blows.

He hadn't expected how stunned he would be today.

Meribald pushed his spectacles up, his finger brushing against the uneven imprints on the identification document. There was no problem with the magic imprint! That was what his abundance of experience was telling him, but he was horrified by what the results of his investigation meant.

"Proof of nobility! Wizard Ernest's testimonial! And the final round of examination of the documents didn't meet with any issues! In that case, this young noble, who is just sixteen years of age, is really a rank 10 wizard? In Azuth's name..." Meribald's jaw slowly dropped as he looked at the young man in front of him.

With such innate skill at his age... Meribald wondered whether he was about to witness the birth of the kingdom's wizarding Legend.

"Excuse me, guild leader. Is there any problem?" The question raised by the young wizard across him shook Meribald from his reverie.

"Of... Of course not! Congratulations, wizard Leylin!" Meribald secretly sighed as he placed his magic imprint on the wizard ranking document. This document would be filed away as proof of Leylin's identity as a wizard.

“From today onwards, you are a mid-ranked wizard as verified by the Wizards’ Guild! May Azuth bless you...” Although this was not the deity he believed in, Leylin still lowered his head respectfully to express his humility.

Meribald passed Leylin a wizard robe enhanced with a ‘Remove Dust’ spell and other coats of arms and documents. When conducting the ceremony, Meribald could see Leylin’s love of magic and the pursuit of truth in his eyes; this same look once existed in his eyes when he was younger!

‘Perhaps only such a person will truly have the ability to break through into the realm of Legends, and become a being that I can only dream of...’ Meribald gasped in admiration to himself, a warm hearted expression on his face. He kindly gave some advice to Leylin as well. “Wizard Leylin! Although you have already entered the ranks of a mid-level wizard, I suggest that you study in the imperial capital’s Wizards’ Guild for a while. A few of the latest philosophies and models in magic are present here, and will be very important for you right now.”

“That is precisely what I wish for, distinguished guild leader!” Leylin performed a wizard’s bow to the high-ranked wizard. His movements were unbelievably graceful.

‘I didn’t expect that things would get this troublesome. It seems like the talent I displayed made me quite outstanding. However, I can’t get the attention of the other guys without doing so...’ Leylin secretly gave a bitter laugh.

A sixteen-year-old rank 10 wizard! Such innate talent seemed rather horrifying. After verifying his rank, a few old fogeys immediately acted as though they had suffered a stroke, and even involved the guild leader.

Fortunately, he’d already earned his fame as a genius wizard. All of his improvements had been witnessed by Ernest, and it had saved him a lot of trouble. With regards to the Devilblood Dagger and other items that would easily be associated with evil, Leylin didn’t carry any of them with him.

‘Proof that I’m a rank 10 wizard. Even if I travel abroad, it’s enough for me to receive preferential treatment...; Leylin fiddled with the wizard insignia in his hand. It was decorated with a silver moon and stars, and there a sense of indistinct beauty to it. In addition, it was also bound to its wizard owner, and outsiders would absolutely be unable to make a counterfeit copy.

“Leylin Faulen!” A few men carrying the symbol of a high-level inspector stood at the door of the wizard guild. A team of guards crowded around Leylin, intercepting him.

Leylin even saw a few priests of the God of Justice among the team, watching him with judgeful stares.

‘They’re only here now? It’s a little late... Or are they afraid of the power of the wizard guild?’

“Is anything the matter?” Leylin asked the inspector in front of him with a smile.

“You are suspected of a crime in the open seas. I need you to assist in our investigations!” The inspector said expressionlessly.

Judges, public security officers, policemen and the like all advocated righteousness, and were the main source of followers for the God of Justice. Leylin wouldn’t be surprised if they had the backing of the church of the God of Justice or if they were tipped off by them.

“If I say no?” Leylin looked at him ridiculously.

“You do not have the authority to reject!” With a wave of the inspector’s hand, a few guards immediately closed in.

“You...” Leylin gaze was as harsh as lightning, and he raised his voice by a few notches.

“Don’t tell me you dare to apprehend an innocent nobleman in the imperial capital? And slander a noble mid-ranked wizard in front of the wizard guild at that!”

Noble! Wizard! Once these two upper-class identities were revealed,

many guards immediately retreated in fear.

In their plain and simple thoughts, this was definitely a struggle between influential powers. Why should they take part? Aren't they afraid of getting into trouble for being involved?

After witnessing this scene, the inspector knitted his brows. But before he could take his next course of action, the intense sound of a horse's hooves could be heard.

"His Majesty decrees that Leylin Faulen will enter the palace and have an audience with the King!" An imperial knight dressed in a splendid suit of armor dismounted his steed and displayed a document to the inspector with the king's royal seal stamped on it. "His Majesty wishes to convene a legislative hearing with regards to this, and has specially gathered Viscount Tim to testify..."

For some reason, Leylin's peaceful state gave the inspector a bad feeling. However, he couldn't stop this from happening, or he would be declaring war on the law that he had vowed his loyalty and devotion to.

"You know... Even when things seem black and white, there will always be infinitesimal shades of grey existing between them. Isn't that right, Sir Inspector?" Leylin mounted the horse and taunted.

"Even with Viscount Tim bearing witness, His Majesty definitely will not let you off." The inspector's face changed drastically, but he eventually chose to have faith in the king.

"I'll wait and see," Leylin smiled lightly as he disappeared into the end of the road along with the knight.

"We'll wait in front of the main entrance of the court. I don't believe it..." The inspector bit his lip and waved his hand firmly. Evidently, the unease he felt had become stronger.

"What a pity... If Lorent and the others can reach in time..." The priest of the God of Justice sighed. "Even if that's the case, the sinner must receive trial and punishment!"

.....

The events that followed progressed like a stage play. Numerous people appeared on stage one by one like marionettes at Leylin's fingertips, and evil got the last laugh.

With the victim, Viscount Tim, testifying personally, as well as the instigation by Marquise Louise, when her husband was asleep, Leylin didn't even need to open his mouth to speak. When it came to such matters, taking part in them himself would lead to a loss. He had to maintain the reserved and cold attitude of a noble.

The inspector's last trace of persistence was thoroughly smashed to smithereens with the king's single statement.

"With regards to the murder of the Gold Thornblossom Marquis in the open seas, our investigations have confirmed it to be a crime committed by the pirate crew called the Barbarians. I hereby order the arrest of the leaders of the aforementioned, namely Odge and Tillen..."

"Why? Why did it turn out like this?" The inspector knelt on the floor with tears in his eyes as he began to sob silently.

"Because this was a misunderstanding to begin with! In actual fact, I'm proud of how the kingdom has such a responsible and diligent inspector like you..." Leylin happened to walk out at this moment, and saluted elegantly to the inspector upon hearing him. He had the attitude of a person who was trying to put a stop to the enmity between them with a smile.

There were now two more titles to his name. One was his identity as an imperial wizard, and the other was as an honorary viscount. They weren't of much use, but they had a nice ring to it. He had received them after entertaining the king.

Even though the king used to be brilliant when he was younger, he was clearly addicted to wine and women at present. As long as it didn't involve his authority and prestige, the king wouldn't have any reaction. Leylin had his methods of handling such an old fellow.

What made him happier was that after this statement was issued in writing, no one else would give him trouble about the pirates. He could



also conveniently hinder the Barbarians. What wasn't there to be happy about?

"Why..." Leylin smiled gracefully as he skillfully mingled with the circle of nobles in the imperial capital, and was even chatting cheerfully with Viscount Tim as if they were blood brothers. Seeing this, the inspector sunk completely into perplexity. At this moment, his faith was even in danger of being shattered.

"My child... Justice has always been lonely. The road of people persisting in justice is inevitably filled with thorns, but we believe that the ultimate victory will definitely belong to us!" The priest's warm hand landed on the inspector's shoulder, becoming his sole support.

'The God of Justice? Hmph!' Leylin's expression didn't change, but he sneered secretly to himself.

.....

Outside the imperial capital, Lorent and company could finally see the city walls after a challenging trek.

"We finally made it. According to our intelligence reports, he's in the city. He can't run away this time!" Lorent's face was filled with excitement, and also a little fury at the same time.

Previously in Gloomwood Castle, they had first been impeded by the matter regarding the devil worshippers. As compared to pirates, the movements of devil worshippers were obviously much more important. But after busying themselves with it, they discovered that it was a false alarm. Not only that, they had wasted a huge amount of time, and even let their original target get to the imperial capital!

Fortunately, with the church's information network, he had nowhere else to run to now.

"Prepare to accept punishment, Leylin Faulen!" Although they hadn't met, Lorente had already sketched an image of him in his heart: cunning, savage, and full of evil! This noble should have been burnt alive at the stake!

# Chapter 877: Visiting

“Hold up, Lorent!” The high-level priest in the team walked forward at this moment.

“What’s the matter?” Lorent furrowed his brows. The priest’s expression gave him a bad feeling.

“I got the latest news through a Sending spell. The king has already issued a statement: the Barbarians have been found guilty of setting loose the Pirates’ Tide on the open seas. With Viscount Tim as a direct witness, there’s no hope of saving this situation...” The priest was visibly upset, but still informed the others of the latest news.

“We can’t continue to investigate him as a subject. This mission must be abandoned.”

“Then our hard work? Those thousands of innocent lives lost at sea? Will it go to waste just like that?” Lorent seemed to burst into an indignant red-hot flame, and suddenly drew his sword and shattered an enormous boulder next to him into pieces.

“There is nothing we can do. We can’t go against the king’s authority directly...” The priest had a helpless expression on his face.

Although there would be no problem overturning the entire Dambrath Kingdom if the church of the God of Justice was mobilised, the crux of the matter was that the powers of the church were spread across the entire mainland. It could not control the entire Dambrath kingdom.

Besides, the human kingdoms regarded the church overriding the king’s authority as taboo. Success would only cause more problems than it gave benefits.

Other churches were also eyeing them covetously, like tigers stalking their prey. They wouldn’t allow the church of justice to become the most powerful party here.

“Are we just going to let that noble escape his punishment?” Lorent’s eyes were bloodshot.

“Of course not! The kingdom’s statement represents His Majesty’s pride, and we can’t overthrow that of course. We can no longer accuse him of being a pirate, but we can search for other crimes...” The priest was very experienced in this aspect. After all, this was not the only noble family who had ever committed such deeds.

“However, we can’t act against him for the time being. Let’s carry out other missions first!”

“No! I want to stay here, and I won’t go anywhere else until he admits to his crime!” The paladin said willfully. He was a bullheaded individual, and once he made up his mind, it would be impossible to hold him back.

The priest could only sigh helplessly upon seeing this.

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A luxurious carriage slowly came to a halt on the roadside.

“Here. Careful, it’s slippery!” Viscount Daniel was clothed in an extravagant suit. He alighted from the carriage, followed by Yalani and her sister Hera.

However, the pair of sisters were now dressed in splendid attire, and appeared very sweet and charming. Yalani blushed as she gazed at Daniel, her face lit with joy. This young girl was just fourteen years old, yet she had now lost her immaturity, and had the bearing of a mature and sophisticated woman.

Hera stared at the unmarried couple in front of her, and could only sigh helplessly to herself. She was so astute, but how could she not have realised the changes in her sister’s body?

‘Daniel is too impatient, and Yalani... Sigh... How could she have let Daniel get his way so easily? They didn’t even have a simple wedding...’ Hera sighed secretly to herself, and recalled the way Daniel looked at herself.

His gaze felt invasive and was brimming with wildness, even mixed with a distinctive sense of violence. It was as though she was meeting a wolf face to face.

Hera had seen her fair share of such looks, yet none gave her such immense pressure; this was the tragic part about having to rely entirely on someone else!

If not for Daniel's inclination towards fooling around instead of settling down, perhaps Hera herself would have been taken advantage of by him.

Grief suddenly overwhelmed her.

'Rafiniya and... Ley, I wonder how they're doing?' Hera quite liked little Rafiniya, and the mercenary named Ley had also left a deep impression on her. He was powerful and mysterious, his eyes filled with an unprecedented purity that could make one feel at peace.

'Forget Rafiniya, even that Ley guy rejected my good intentions!' But resentment crept into her heart in a split second.

"Madam!" The butler bowed respectfully and supported Hera as she alighted from the carriage, even passing her a handkerchief adorned with exquisite embroidery.

"Thank you very much!" Hera accepted it gracefully, and suddenly felt much better.

'You can be a mercenary for the rest of your life, Ley! When you're old, perhaps one day you will regret declining my offer then as you're chatting with your grandchildren...' Hera gripped the handkerchief tightly. It was only now that she realised why he left such a deep impression on her.

"Yalani, the person we're about to visit is a viscount— no wait. Perhaps I should now address him as Marquis Gold Thornblossom... This marquis just inherited his title, and a large fief off the mainland..." Hera could head Daniel constantly speaking from ahead of her. She could even detect an unconcealable envy from the tone of his voice.

That's right, envy! This was huge territory and the title of Marquis, things that Daniel couldn't obtain even if he worked hard for the rest of his life!

After interacting with and observing him for a short period of time, Hera could roughly tell that Viscount Tim actually wasn't as rich as he

appeared to be. Living in the imperial capital was extremely expensive, after all.

Daniel was still giving strict instructions ahead. “Yalani, you must bear your manners in mind. After all, he’s a noble that hails from a royal family, and has high demands when it comes to etiquette...”

“Also... Hera!” Daniel suddenly turned around, and abruptly stopped in his tracks, which almost made Hera bump into him.

“I’m... I’m very sorry!” Hera was slightly flushed as she curtsied in apology.

“It’s alright...” Seeing Hera’s mature and beautiful face, Daniel was slightly intoxicated by her, but quickly came to his senses.

“The main point is, Marquis Tim is still very young, and he’s never even had an official engagement. Do you know what this means?” Daniel looked into Hera’s eyes.

“Could it be...” Hera felt a chill in her heart, but surprisingly didn’t reject the idea. Becoming the wife of a marquis was simply a dream that she had never even dared to think of previously.

Although competition for the spot of his actual wife would be fierce, it would be a great help to her small family in any case as long as she managed to have some sort of relationship with him.

‘I’m afraid Daniel thinks the same way. He wants to get into Marquis Tim’s good books through me, and even take a step further by getting support from him...’ Hera was rather sorrowful. She suddenly turned to look at her younger sister, who was tugging at Daniel’s arm. She, too, was wearing her best clothing, and her face was filled with both arrogance and vigilance, just like when she was hugging her own doll when she was younger.

‘Afraid that I’ll take her husband’s favour away from her? What a naive lass, I’m not her enemy...’ The two sisters shared similar facial features, and were both nobles in their own right, which would arouse the interest of males.

‘I hope Daniel won’t do that, or else...’ Hera grieved secretly, yet could only force out a stiff smile. “Rest assured, brother-in-law, I know what to do.”

“That’s great!” Daniel continued walking ahead, relieved.

The Gold Thornblossom Marquis’ mansion was indeed more imposing than theirs. It was said that this was just his temporary residence, but the entrance to his house was long filled with carriages, practically all of them belonging to nobles. The struggle for title and territory in the Baltic archipelagos had just passed. Those nobles who were on the lookout naturally had to express their goodwill, and even wanted to receive a share of profits from the overseas trade. In fact, Daniel was one of them.

Viscount Daniel clearly hadn’t thought that it would be such a grand occasion that the house would be filled with distinguished guests. Hera and Yalani could only accompany the viscount to the tiny drawing room and continue waiting.

After several hours, Yalani had already made countless complaints, and even Hera was starting to get a little impatient. A young noble then entered through the door.

“Daniel, my friend!” He embraced Daniel cordially, and hurriedly looked over at Hera and her sister. That kind of expression made Hera’s heart sink. “Are these the beautiful sisters from the noble family you mentioned? They seem pretty good!”

Tim rubbed his hands together. In fact, ever since that incident, there had been a demonic fire burning in his heart, waiting to be unleashed. Daniel wasn’t even some figure with authority. But on account that he had such a pretty fiancée and sister-in-law, perhaps Tim could consider his request...

After enjoying the taste of immense power, Tim’s eyes seemed to be ablaze. Yalani tugged her fiancé’s hand tightly. But the flattering smile on Daniel’s face that Yalani had never seen before made him seem like a stranger.

‘Something interesting has happened!’ Leylin wandered around Marquis

Tim's mansion with his hands behind his back.

In reality, this mansion was entirely his. Without the Faulens having a residence in the imperial capital, Leylin had moved into the place to create the idea that he and Tim were like blood brothers to outsiders.

After all, the Gold Thornblossoms had bought this place specially to use as a stop-over in the imperial capital. Its surroundings and all that were much better than those of hotels.

Tim had been scared out of his wits by Leylin's tricks. Once Leylin showed some interest in this place, he immediately transferred the deed and other things over, offering the entire estate to him. Hence, as a matter of fact, this was already his territory.

Leylin thought of how he still had to stay in the imperial capital for a while longer to study in the Wizards' Guild. His family also needed a place to lodge in the imperial capital as well, so he accepted it without caring about politeness.

'It's better to have Tim in the outer seas than a stranger. There are so many opportunities for our family businesses to collaborate...'

# Chapter 878: Reversal

Leylin was rather satisfied with the current situation in the outer seas on the whole. Were external powers to take root there, extra variables would arise. Marquis Tim was someone he understood very well, so it was fine for him to be there.

Being fully aware of the Faulens' abilities, Tim definitely wouldn't stupidly declare war on his own initiative. In fact, Leylin believed that the powers he revealed during this operation were sufficient to intimidate him.

Given that Tim had already completely surrendered himself to him, Leylin didn't mind letting Tim have a taste of success. After all, Tim was the most influential nobleman in the outer seas, and at the same time, he was a vassal of the royal family. It would be a good thing if Leylin could bind Tim to his chariot of war through a mutually beneficial alliance.

No matter how deep one's hatred was, it would melt like ice and dissolve in the face of sudden huge profits. Moreover, there were only a few 'misunderstandings' between them. Still, although Tim had already expressed his will to pledge his allegiance to him, Leylin certainly wouldn't put down his guard against him.

"Ooh.... No...."

"Boohoo... Sister... Daniel... Save me!"

A familiar voice could be heard from the room. The guards and maids in the area undoubtedly recognised Leylin, and roughly knew his relationship with their master. They even knew about the transfer of the estate, and thus could only stare blankly at him as they didn't dare to stop him.

"Interesting! How should we play this game?" The corners of Leylin's lips curled into a smile as he pondered over this. Shortly after, he suddenly pushed open the door that had been tightly shut.

"What's going on? Tim, my friend? I think I hear an unusual voice!" Leylin scanned the room with a 'puzzled' expression. Daniel stood at the



side, his face as red as an apple, while Tim's pants were already half undone. The pair of beautiful sisters stood next to the office table, weeping.

"Oh, Leylin!" Tim greeted Leylin as if it wasn't awkward at all, and gave Daniel an introduction at the same time. "He's a court wizard, an honorable viscount. This is Sir Leylin. My closest friend!"

Tim then turned to Leylin and said, "This is Viscount Daniel!"

"Sir... Sir Leylin!" Daniel felt that Leylin looked rather familiar, but he had long forgotten the mercenaries from earlier, hence he still bowed calmly. Court wizard! Honorary viscount! Although these were empty titles, they also represented an exceptional amount of glory!

He could even be favoured by His Majesty, and Marquis Tim was also his good friend. Just these facts were enough to crush Daniel completely.

"Good day, Sir Daniel!" Leylin had a doubtful expression on his face as he gestured towards Hera and her sister, whose clothes were all over the place.

"Oh! This is a pair of sisters that Daniel sent over from a noble family. What do you think? If you like them, I can give them to you for a while..." Such occurrences were extremely common among nobles and were not worth paying attention to. Tim had evidently misunderstood Leylin's gesture.

"Yes! Although I've popped the younger sister's cherry, I didn't touch the older one. She might even be the purest of all virgins..." Daniel was obviously an expert in this field as well.

It was just that from his supposed point of view, that statement seemed wrong. Perhaps he didn't even intend to actually marry the younger sister, and was just toying with her, thus he could just offer her as a gift without the slightest bit of hesitation.

Hera gave up all hope upon realising this. However, when she saw Leylin once more, her expression suddenly changed drastically. "Ley? You're Ley! Are you here to save us?"

“Ley?” Yalani was using the clothes on the floor to cover her chest as she sized up the noble who had hastily barged in. He really did look exactly like the mercenary from earlier, just that he now had the air of a noble.

“Ley... The mercenary?” At this point, Daniel had finally realised why Leylin looked so familiar. Wasn’t this Ley the mercenary who had escorted Hera and her sister to his doorstep previously?

It was just that this was a court wizard, an honorary viscount! Compared to a mercenary who was worth as much as mud, they were obviously on two different ends of society. Even Daniel couldn’t immediately see the connection between the two.

Hera felt as though her face was burning hot, and was ashamed to death. She quickly came to her senses.

To think that she thought she had magnanimously given Leylin a way out! Who would have thought this Ley was so secretive that even Marquis Tim, whom Daniel was trying to curry favour with, would be afraid of him?

All her previous actions were probably clownish in his eyes, right? No matter how much adversity they had met with earlier, Hera did not waver. Now, for some reason, streams of tears had begun to flow uncontrollably from her eyes.

“Erm... You guys know each other?” Tim scratched his head as he looked at the people around him, who seemed to be caught in an awkward situation.

“Yes. We met once on the way to the capital...” Leylin spoke very ambiguously. “Viscount Daniel is my friend as well. If there isn’t any other trouble...”

Since it was such a trivial matter, Tim did not particularly mind helping Leylin save face. “No problem. I agree to the matter you raised previously!” Tim said as he clapped Daniel’s shoulder, who immediately showed a joyful expression.

“Thank you so much! Thank you Marquis Tim, and Viscount Leylin!”

Thank you so much for your help..." Daniel was so emotional that he couldn't even speak clearly, and could only incoherently express his gratitude towards Leylin and Tim.

'Hehe... I heard that Yalani is Daniel's fiancée! He actually even brought her here for this purpose, just to receive a tiny amount of benefits,' Tim secretly viewed Daniel with disdain, but did not show it. What he was more interested in was the relationship between Leylin and the sisters.

What were women worth to him? If he couldn't get these two, he could find others. However, if he could use the sisters to discover Leylin's weak points or the people he held dear, that would be absolutely perfect.

Due to Leylin's deliberate interruption, the situation that had been about to occur naturally couldn't continue. Hera and Yalani swiftly rearranged their clothing. "Thank... Thank you..." Hera muttered as they brushed past him, her voice as low as a mosquito's buzz.

"It's nothing much." Leylin looked at Hera, whose face was flushed, and Yalani, who was visibly silent. The corners of his lips suddenly curved into a strange smile. "If you feel like you can't stay on in his place, perhaps you can look for Marquise Louise!"

"Marquise?" Hera obviously noticed the honorific.

"Yes." Leylin had to forcefully hold back his urge to laugh. This woman had just crawled out of a trap, yet was about to fall into an even deeper abyss. "Oh, and Lady Delia as well. Go straight to them, I believe they'll definitely help you."

"Thank you! Thank you! Leylin, you're really such a nice person!" Hera looked at Leylin, who was helping them 'wholeheartedly', then recalled her attitude towards them earlier. She started to sob so hard that it was silent.

Leylin watched as the sisters departed, and could even hear Yalani and Daniel screaming and quarreling not long after. Seeing this, Leylin's smile grew wider.

'My dear Delia! I found you a pair of vain souls, don't let me down...

What will they become with your exploitation? Pleasure devils? Or lust demons? I look forward to it...'

"Sorry for disturbing a happy occasion, Tim!" Leylin turned to Marquis Tim, who was next to him.

"No matter. It's my pleasure to be of use to you, sir!" Seeing Leylin in this state, Tim suddenly felt a chill in his heart for some reason. Trying to pry into Leylin's thoughts was really such a foolish decision.

.....

Tim eventually left the capital and returned to his territory, the Baltic archipelago. However, with a handwritten letter of alliance from Leylin, Tim now had a little more confidence to continue surviving in the outer seas, and also develop new areas.

After Tim had left, the enormous and magnificent mansion now belonged entirely to Leylin. Tim was even smart enough to leave behind a huge sum of operating funds for Leylin to squander, which pleased him greatly.

With Ernest's recommendation letter, Leylin successfully met another high-level wizard, Simell, and even obtained the authority to conduct experiments alone in Simell's wizard tower.

Although the president of the Wizards' Guild, Meribald, had made the same gesture of goodwill, Leylin eventually chose Simell after thoroughly considering the matter.

After all, given that he was the president of the Wizards' Guild, choosing Meribald would bring about a lot of trouble, but with Simell, it would purely be a working relationship. Additionally, Master Simell had remarkable academic achievements in alchemy, which appealed greatly to Leylin.

Through his studies, he had gradually fused the alchemy techniques of the Magus World and this world into one, allowing him to regain his original ability as an alchemic Grandmaster.

After reading extensively through the Wizards' Guild's latest magic

research and the library resources, Leylin's understanding of magic continuously grew deeper.

Time ticked by, and two years passed within the blink of an eye. Winter had passed and spring had just begun. After the harshest season had passed, the giant trees in the garden were impatiently sprouting their tender buds, full of vitality.

In the study room of his mansion, Leylin was half reclined on his chair. His eyes were slightly shut as he connected to the A.I. Chip.

'A.I. Chip! Display my current statistics.' Leylin inwardly commanded.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 18. Race: Rank 10 Human Wizard. Strength: 8.1. Agility: 7.8. Vitality: 9.2. Spirit: 10. Condition: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Multitalented. Spell Slots: Rank 4(3), Rank 3(5), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Progress of Weave analysis: Rank 0 Weave 100%. Rank 1 Weave 100%. Rank 2 Weave 100%. Rank 3 Weave 53.71%. Rank 4 Weave 31.99%.] The A.I. Chip faithfully executed Leylin's order, and displayed a row of data.

# Chapter 879: Map

The lack of changes to his stats and wizard ranking was within Leylin's expectations. After all, he had used the Devilblood Dagger to advance in rank before, and couldn't be as arrogant now that he was in the capital. The bottleneck was understandable.

What he HAD gained with the materials here was that he'd managed to complete the analysis of the 2nd level of the Weave, removing the restriction on spell slots for it.

'Though I haven't been working hard on increasing my wizard ranking to avoid arousing suspicion, I have already accumulated enough resources. There won't be any problems with becoming a high-ranked wizard. Once I leave the capital, I'll be able to advance quickly...'

Leylin was very happy about his progress in power, but there was something that made him frown. Since two years ago, he'd already sensed a malicious intent circling the surroundings of the capital, and felt a sense of someone watching him. He had a feeling that if he were to leave all of a sudden, he would immediately be met with a terrifying attack.

'Is it that bunch of evil paladins of the God of Justice?' This was the capital after all. If Leylin made his mind to hole himself up, the other party could only watch on helplessly. Leylin had a general idea about who those people hiding in the shadows were. He was planning to take care of the problem in one fell swoop when he left.

"I've recorded most of the information that I can from the Wizards' Guild. There are only a few aspects of research left, and those are nearing completion. Dambrath is a small country after all, and it's already amazing enough that they have reserves suitable for up to rank 15 wizards..."

After the experiences over 2 years, Leylin had the chance to move once more. As for the destination? Leylin already had numerous choices, with Silvermoon City in the north as his most fitting choice.

"But before leaving, there are a few things I need to handle... I should use

this opportunity to take a look there..." A map appeared before Leylin's eyes. This was the sacrifice from the unlucky captain of the Ashen Hawks, who had been a high-ranked warrior.

"The scope of the map is generally the capital, but there have already been changes to the names of places and their locations. Even with my abilities, I've only just incidentally found this place... I never expected it to be there. What kind of surprises are lying in wait for me?" Leylin mumbled to himself, before getting up and leaving the room.

"Young Master!" "Young Master!" The maids and servants that Leylin saw on the way bowed to him with exceptional respect.

They were well aware that he was not just a noble, but also a powerful wizard. He was practically the same as those people in the legends of old!

"Mm." Leylin looked very calm as he hummed in answer, and it was enough of a response for his servants to feel grateful for.

While walking on the streets, Leylin's wizard robes gathered reverence from many. His symbol which marked him as a rank 10 wizard gave rise to even more cries of awe. Leylin had gradually gotten used to such treatment. In no time, he arrived in front of a tall wizard tower.

"Leylin!" A few low-ranked wizards who were similarly in wizard robes were already waiting there. A delicate and pretty female wizard took the opportunity to greet him, her eyes gleaming at the sight of him.

"Mm. Julia, Jale, Angelo. Good afternoon!" Leylin nodded, with a gentle and calm expression on his face. These wizards were all Simell's students. He was currently studying with them under Simell, and they therefore they were somewhat like classmates.

"Senior Leylin, help me take a look at this bottle of 'Exploding Potion'! I've tried it so many times but to no avail..." Julia produced a fiery-red test tube, almost leaning against him.

She knew very well what kind of background he had. Not only did he have exceptional talent at magic, his family had control of the tremendous trade in the outer seas!

Such status had turned Leylin into a sort of prince charming for many ladies in the capital. Some had even taken the initiative to proclaim their love for him, but unfortunately, Leylin politely rejected all of them. In his opinion, that sort of thing was just too boring. If he wanted to enjoy himself, there were more than enough means to do so at Delia's place. Why would he waste effort on this?

The warm treatment he received from the women made other male wizards shoot envious looks at him, but Leylin was completely unperturbed.

He took the test tube and took a quick look at it, "There are errors in the settling time of the neutralising agent. Also, the spell was cast far too early..."

While he had only made a few comments, many wizards suddenly looked enlightened.

"Alright! If there's nothing else, I'm going in." After casually chatting with others, Leylin entered the wizard tower, leaving behind gazes of envy.

"Mentor Simell gave Leylin the authority to enter the wizard tower as he wishes. That's something only a few disciples get the chance to have!" Julia gazed at the tremendous wizard tower with an envious expression.

"He is a rank 10 wizard, the most powerful magic genius here! If you get to rank 10, mentor will also give you that right..." A male wizard beside her glanced at the badge at his chest. The symbol that implied his status as a rank 5 wizard had always been the source of his pride, but it only seemed unsightly now.

"We really can't match up to that talent..." The few other wizards were around rank 5, and could only smile wryly at each other after hearing that sentence.

"Grandmaster Simell!" Leylin had rather good luck. Simell hadn't been performing any experiments, rather resting in the entertainment room outside.

"Oh, it's Leylin. Come in, take a seat!" Simell was a very spirited old



fellow, less than a metre tall with a kindly look on his face.

Strictly speaking, Leylin was not his disciple. Their relationship was similar to modern-day postgraduate students who helped their mentors with experiments, and things were easy and comfortable between them.

After hearing that, Leylin did not hold back and sat down, exclaiming, “Grandmaster Simell, I hope to get the authority to enter Alchemy Room Number 1!”

As he spoke, he placed a golden card on the table. While he was free to do as he wished, there was still a price to pay. Leylin knew this very well.

“Mm, looks like you’re finally preparing to begin! Have you gathered all the materials?” Simell chuckled as he glanced at Leylin’s left hand.

“Thanks to you, I’ve collected everything. I still need to perform the last step in lab conditions within the wizard tower...” Leylin rubbed the ring on his left hand.

“Mm, I’ll authorise the tower genie to let you in. Also, please take Julia and the others into your care a little. I don’t have that much time...” Simell spoke.

How could ordinary, low-ranked wizards or wizard disciples compare to Leylin in his extravagant spending? Every day, they could only accumulate spell slots, and then through brewing potions or smelting items at an elementary level, gain rewards of a few gold coins.

For those who were unlucky, they would have to copy large quantities of spell scrolls and slowly save them so that they could be exchanged for spellbooks and other materials to break through. Some mentors would just completely forget their students. Simell having Leylin help out meant he was already quite kind.

“Alright, I got it!” Leylin got up and took his leave. Within the alchemy lab, Leylin took off his Ring of Wizardry on his left hand.

This ring that could increase the number of spell slots of rank 5 spells by 1 was like a divine artifact for low-ranked wizards. It was also made of unique material with possibilities to strengthen it further. Through his

studies under Simell and his own ideas, he had finally found a way to strengthen the item.

“Tower genie, do I have the right to go in yet?” Leylin asked bluntly.

“Master has authorised wizard Leylin Faulen to use Alchemy Room Number 1, as well as the elemental pools, particle accelerator, rank 2 magic puppets...” A robotic voice sounded. This was the tower genie of the entire wizard tower.

With its help, a wizard’s abilities could be displayed to the limits. However, the tremendous price to create one meant that even if many wizards hoped to have one of their own, they couldn’t go through with it.

Mithril, adamantine, and all sorts of items were shifted out of Leylin’s bag of holding.

“It took me such a long time. I finally have a way to use it...” Leylin had a smile on his face, the Ring of Wizardry already on the table. Dazzling lights enveloped the ring.

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Seven days later, Leylin gazed at the brand new ring in his hand, a look of satisfaction on his face.

The A.I. Chip immediately showed the stats.

[Item Name: Ring of Wizardry. Weight: 15g. Materials: Obsidian, Wizard’s Alloy, Dragon Blood, Mithril, Adamantine, Rainbow Feathers. Effects: 1. Spell slots for all spells under rank 6 increase by 1. (Specific to Wizards) 2. Secondary rank 5 spell, Wail of the Banshee. (Available for use once every 7 days). Power is comparable to a weaker version of Wail of the Banshee. Description: This is a powerful ring that other existences might covet. Its materials have been utilised to bring out its utmost power. Close to becoming a Legendary item.] The Ring of Wizardry now seemed darker in colour. The powerful magic rays from before had completely disappeared.

“Mm! After refining the soul force on the ring, I get a rank 5 spell? Wail of the Banshee, a rank 5 sound attack spell? Not bad!” Leylin was very

content with this improvement.

Wearing the ring that was now slightly heavier than before on his left hand, Leylin got up and left the wizard tower. He had accomplished all that was possible for him to do here, and there was now nothing holding him back from leaving.

‘All that’s left is this map...’ Leylin looked through the information the A.I. Chip supplied as he muttered to himself.

‘The names here are the original ones, and it’s been hundreds of years since some of these places had these names... Seems like this isn’t Siegfried’s treasure map but something even more mysterious...’ Leylin even had the suspicion that Siegfried had not explored the map enough, because there were far too many riddles here, to the point that Leylin was left scratching his head in his confusion.

Thankfully, Leylin had had a lot of time in the past two years. He’d whiled his free time away trying to decode the map. Recently, he had finally begun to discover its true secret!

# Chapter 880: Dark History

“This secret was hidden so carefully. I’m growing more and more interested.” Following the map, Leylin arrived in front of the capital’s library.

The library was in the central district, a place mostly visited by nobles. In an era where the passage of information was strictly regulated, the so called public library actually only catered to a few high-ranked people like scholars and wizards. Leylin was a frequent visitor, to the point that even the doorman recognised him.

“Mister Leylin!” He called out sweetly, not surprised at all at Leylin’s arrival. Leylin had frequented this place in the last two years, using it to augment his database on the World of Gods. With the various databases in the A.I. Chip having gradually been filled to completion and its foundations completed, his visits had also grown more infrequent.

The library was as tranquil as ever. The white marble building stood tall, seemingly eternal, and the only sounds within it were the rustling of turning pages.

The interior of the library was very spacious and empty. Next to the rows upon rows of bookshelves were a few rattan seats, where many scholars rested.

In these two years, some had become acquaintances that Leylin was on nodding terms with. They would nod at him if they caught his eye, before bending their heads down and wading into the sea of knowledge again. Everyone quietly did their own work, and Leylin loved this atmosphere.

‘I never expected that something I’ve been trying hard to find was right by my side!’ Leylin sighed inside, arriving in the deeper parts of the library.

It was rather dim inside, and many of the tomes on the shelves had already fallen apart. Numerous scattered pages were sandwiched in worn-out book covers. The sight already left people dizzy.

While the area had already been tidied up, a putrid smell from printing

ink still lingered in the air. This region was where the library piled up random books and documents, and very few ventured here.

‘The results of only passing on knowledge to the elites means that once society collapses, information can no longer be passed on...’ Leylin looked at the thick layer of dust on the shelf and sighed at the thought. Of all the historic records that he had gathered, from the invasion from the Magus World till now, there were many blanks in the middle. This was the result of a loss of culture.

Descriptions of the dawn of the gods was a taboo amongst taboos. If any scholar dared tread on this forbidden zone, they would end up put on trial by large churches and burnt at stake.

‘Trying to conceal it won’t solve anything. Even rank 1 Magi of the Magus World know already about the ancient Final War, and have been working hard to regain the glory of the ancient times. The World of Gods is more conservative... Is it because the World Will is asleep, or is it a restriction on the gods?’

Leylin’s eyes shone as he arrived at the depths of the library. This was a very remote area where it was exceptionally quiet. Not a soul was in sight, and even the cleaners rarely came here.

“Not bad, not bad! That saves me a lot of trouble.” Leylin sized up the surroundings, nodding in satisfaction. A transparent magic barrier isolated this place from the outer world. Just in case, Leylin had added a layer of illusion such that anyone who came here would only see a mess and darkness, with volumes and trash lying around.

“The immemorial elf of spring...” Leylin slowly chanted a passage of a mysterious incantation. This was something he had obtained from the map, where the secret incantation to activate it was hidden in the poem next to the map.

‘They actually use the Mek Coding which has been lost to history, hiding the secret incantation at the beginning of every line. If not for the A.I. Chip analysing it against a sea of data, it would have been impossible to decode it...

‘There’s even a restricted time where it can be opened. It has to be after the ancient ‘Spring Sacrificial Ceremony’, or there won’t be a response. Why do I find this method so familiar...’ Leylin looked at the changes to his surroundings with interest. This method of maintaining secrecy and such elaborate set-ups reminded Leylin of Magi.

Indeed, Magi! Only they, who pursued the truth with the most extreme of harshness could think of something so intricate, with coding and an incantation that was complicated to the extreme. It only served to further his anticipation.

“This is the beginning of spring, and the ceremony just passed. It’s 2 o’clock in the afternoon, and it matches with the poem, ‘The scorching sun travels to the northern corner of the sky’...” Leylin muttered, eyes glinting.

A specific time, place and secret incantation. With these three requirements fulfilled, an ancient bookshelf suddenly creaked.

‘It’s not a magic formation. I didn’t notice anything when I scanned this place earlier. Such concealment techniques...’ The glint in Leylin’s eyes brightened.

The shelf shifted away, revealing a path that led downwards. However, Leylin did not descend.

‘If I didn’t interpret it wrongly, I’ll only enter a dimensional maze if I go there. Even high-ranked wizards could die there... The real treasure is here.’ Leylin headed to the shelf that had shifted, a spell formation appearing at his fingertips.

This was not a spell model of the Weave used by wizards, but a real, higher-grade model similar to that in the Magus World! Countless rays of light fused together like a loop to form a special three dimensional rune.

“In the name of skIngla, open!” Leylin chanted. The spell model in his hands flashed and disappeared into the shelf. The light quickly dimmed, and nothing changed. However, a hint of delight showed on his expression. He knocked at the back of the shelf, and a hollow sound resounded.

“The solid wooden shelf became hollow...” Leylin mumbled to himself, “The item wasn’t actually hidden here but in another void node. Only at certain times with the correct incantation will it link with space and time in order to show the true treasure...”

His expression constantly changed, “Such a method of overlapping space and time is practically a reproduction of methods in the Magus World!”

Slightly agitated, Leylin used the dagger to slash at the shelf to take the treasure that his predecessor had hidden. At this stage, he was certain that Siegfried had never come here and only been lucky to get the map.

The shelf itself was small. Even though it was hollow, only a thick black book made of parchment paper was there. This was the harvest from Leylin’s exploration.

“I sense... an aura similar to Magi... There must have been Magi who comprehended laws conducting experiments here trying to induct Magi into the natives...” Leylin was in no hurry to begin reading. After verifying it was harmless, he immediately kept it in his bag of holding and quickly began to clear the traces of his presence.

After he left the library, the shelf had been silently shifted back to its original position. Even the wooden planks that had been hollowed out were exchanged.

Once he had returned to his residence, he sent the servants away and went to his underground secret room. After activating his protection spell formation, Leylin made himself a hot cup of tea and began to look through his profits this time.

Past the black cover, much of the parchment paper had rotted. There were strange, twisted letters on it, with a unique air to them.

“It’s the Amidix Script used in ancient times! Thankfully, I’ve seen content on this before... The A.I. Chip already has enough data to analyse it...” Leylin began to interpret the words in the book.

‘The stars in the horizon are falling! I... I’ve seen the falling meteors when a true god dies! They are a group of powerful gods from another

world. They call themselves... Magi!’

“Is this a record by natives of the final war? Interesting, interesting!” Leylin read on.

‘The sky is crying, the earth is wailing... The continent is in pieces in an instant. After the paramount high gods sank into slumber, the battle god Ares and Mother Earth fell one after another...’

‘The Magi and the gods brazenly showed their strength. A careless attack seemed to consume what had accumulated in the universe over millions of years...’

As so much time had passed, there was still damage despite the perfect protective methods. It made it more difficult for Leylin to interpret.

‘... In the dark era... A god from another world descended. It called itself the Distorted Shadow, a great rank 8 Magus!’

‘The Distorted Shadow enlightened humans and imparted great power of magic...’

“The gods all sent down their avatars, ruthlessly killing all who had inherited the power of distortions...”

“The rejection by the world eventually caused the fall of the Distorted Shadow...”

The gods finally defeated the Magi and sealed off the World of Gods, establishing a network to fend against magic to prevent something similar from happening again...”

‘Year 327 of the Dark Calendar. Another generation of people with extraordinary powers emerged. They successfully went through experiments to break away from the Weave, and called themselves arcanists. They had powerful arcane arts that allowed them to burn mountains and fill seas. Even the gods feared them...’

‘Year 981 of the Dark Calendar. The Arcane Empire was destroyed, and thus began the age of the gods... Arcanists became taboo. Any spellcasters who did not use the Weave were listed as wanted and annihilated by the



churches of various gods...'

Eventually, the dark history of the gods showed itself before Leylin.

"As expected, experiments to make Magi natives were conducted before, and they succeeded as well... All during the dusk of the gods." The rise of the arcanists evidently was a result of this. Those obscure methods to cast spells were a mutated version of spell models from the Magus World.

"It's far too troublesome to simulate a profession out of nowhere. Even with the A.I. Chip it'll take a long time. But if I can get an arcanist's inheritance..."

# Chapter 881: Taking The Bait

Leylin was inspired. Truly, truly inspired from the bottom of his heart. Compared to the emasculated profession that was wizardry, the arcane arts were practically built for his sake. If he could change professions and become an arcanist, his power would definitely grow.

He was also very interested in the inheritance of the ancient Magi who had comprehended laws. It was a pity that most of the content in the notebook were records of history. There were only a few sentences that mentioned arcanists.

“A matured path to power and an account of experiences will be a much better reference.” Leylin’s eyes shone as he scanned through the book, hoping to find any clues regarding arcanists.

Arcanists had solved the problem of being rejected by the World of Gods. While they had been celebrated for a short while, they soon became taboo and intolerable to the gods. All information about them had been destroyed, and this was the first time Leylin was seeing descriptions of them.

Through the A.I. Chip’s precise analysis and research, Leylin finally found a place that somewhat had connections with arcanists. However, once he found the location on the map, his expression changed.

“I never thought it’d be here.” Leylin unhurriedly memorised the landmark and then stowed the black notebook away.

“From the tone and clues, the person who wrote this must have been an arcanist. In that case, their words should be trustworthy...”

Arcanists were the result of the painstaking work that ancient Magi had done to adapt to the World of Gods. Though it was not as if Leylin could not begin his own research into the department, it would be a massive waste of time. He wouldn’t be able to go as far as what those Magi had. He had to get the arcanists’ inheritance!

“But it’s coincidentally in the north... This is just...” Leylin sighed, “I

guess I'll need to bring my schedule forward. Thankfully, I don't have anything else to do in the capital. All the information accessible to wizards below the higher ranks has been recorded..."

At this thought, Leylin headed outside and clapped his hands, "Men!"

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As the first son of a baron and honorary viscount, Leylin's status made him a nobody in the capital. His leaving would not raise any ruckus... except from those who had their eyes on him, of course.

Crack! The wooden cup cracked, clear water splashing out from the gaps in his fist.

"What? He's finally leaving?" Lorent was still in his paladin attire, though he now looked rather haggard, and his eyes were bloodshot. Ever since his decision to hang on to Leylin, he had been hiding in the shadows of the capital, waiting for his target to mess up.

Unfortunately, that little noble was very slippery. He basically did not leave his residence, and the places he frequented were like the Wizards' Guild and places for nobles that were guarded tightly. He had not even left the capital, making the paladin grind his teeth the entire time.

His target seemed to have noticed that he was being spied on, and had been unbelievably kind in his daily actions to the point where it was unquestionable. He lacked the terrible vices some nobles had, and he was practically the model that all nobles should have sought to emulate.

Since he could not find other proof of him committing crimes, Lorent obviously could not do anything to him. After wearing down his patience, Lorent had already decided to make his move and take Leylin in!

However, this was something he was doing in private. He could not attack a noble in public in the capital, or the church would be the ones that would not let him off! While Lorent detested Leylin, he had no plans to die together with him. Hence, the operation had been put on hold till now.

"There'll be plenty of opportunities once you leave the capital! You will

definitely be punished for your crimes!” Lorent mumbled to himself, face gleaming majestically righteously. It was as if he was the personification of justice and kindness.

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Days later, a carriage slowly left the range of the capital.

A few bandits that had been eyeing it definitely saw a young noble getting on the carriage and immediately sent out a person to inform the people at the back.

“A bunch of troublesome flies...” Leylin was evidently the one inside. His eyes were now closed, obviously having discovered the people peeping on him long before.

‘The followers of the Sovereign King of Gluttony in the Dambrath Kingdom have all been gathered and managed by Delia. The faith is still spreading...’ After making sure that the bait was now on the hook, Leylin strangely thought of something else.

In two years, he had reorganised the devil worshippers in the entire Dambrath Kingdom, and with Delia’s power as a pleasure devil, it was easy to control them.

At the thought of Delia, Leylin was reminded of the depraved balls that she hosted for the fallen. He had to admit that she was very fascinating and knew how to enjoy herself. A certain pair of noble sisters were on the verge of becoming famous, and Leylin watched their souls in secret to find that they were just one step away from falling to become devils.

‘Seems like I’m rather proficient in the abilities of devils... But even if they transform, those sisters will only become regular devils. Only souls that are exceptionally pure and determined will be even more powerful after falling, turning into the most terrifying devils...’

Leylin suddenly recalled the female knight, as well as the priest and paladins of the God of Justice. Those souls were the ones that had devils extremely thirsty for them. The purer a soul was, the greater the possibility that a legendary being would be born when it fell.

“She might be going north too...” Leylin thought back to the scene from before when they’d bade farewell, a slight smile about his lips, “Till then...”

The carriage slowly rode out of the gates of the capital, and there appeared a wide expanse of wheat fields at both sides. After walking past a few ranches, signs of human activity gradually grew more sparse.

“Master...” The voice of the coachman was heard from the front, “I sense a wave of enemies nearby!”

He was evidently not a regular coachman. It was unknown what kind of methods he had used to conceal the powerful energy undulations on his body.

“Don’t worry about it. Go on!” Leylin chuckled nonchalantly, “The fish couldn’t wait any longer and took the bait...”

He’d tolerated the paladin for long enough too.

Smite Evil! The other party had more tolerance than Leylin had anticipated. After driving into a low forest of shrubs, golden light in the shape of a crescent shot out from the roadside, the target evidently the carriage Leylin was in.

The paladin’s Smite Evil glowed incomparably hot, and held purifying power. It was very formidable against the undead, devils, demons, and all other evil. Even Leylin did not want to contend with this purification energy.

Intense magic rays flickered from the carriage, and Leylin tore through a few spell scrolls.

Magic Barrier! Dragon’s Breath! Fireball!

Boiling hot flame energy met the evil slash in the air. Qi and flames shot everywhere, exploding in resplendent heat and light. A magic protective layer had already risen in the surroundings, having the effects of preventing probings and prophecies.

These were Leylin’s accumulations over these two years. Not only had he learnt more spell models, he also had the wealth and physical resources to

make suitable magic items and scrolls for himself.

“Evil will be punished! Leylin Faulen, you will be put on trial for the loss of innocent lives in the outer seas today!” Lorent had on a full set of paladin armour, the rays of light on his expression dazzling to the extreme. There was even an unusual flush on his face.

“Hehe... Paladin? Haven’t you seen the kingdom’s decree and statement?” Leylin pulled the fabric of the carriage and walked out. He seemed to be teasing the paladin, “The pirates in the outer seas have nothing to do with me. As a follower of the God of Justice, are you holding fast to your own justice by trampling over the law?”

Evidently, when it came to battles of the tongue, Leylin absolutely dominated him. Lorent immediately turned red.

“Ah... It’s because there are so many evil maggots boring into the holes in the laws that criminals like you can get away with any crimes! Today, I, Lorent, will end all these mistakes!” Knowing he could not refute Leylin, Lorent chose to use his own method to defend his justice.

Holy light filled his longsword, and a powerful qi even more powerful than Siegfried’s exploded. Shrouded in this light, the paladin seemed even more unsullied. It formed another layer of translucent armour, completing his original metallic breastplate.

‘Paladins are all so troublesome! Not only are they immune to many negative effects, they have a terrifying vitality that gives them resistances to all sorts of illnesses...’

“Unfortunately, I am not your only opponent...” The spell that Leylin had prepared for a long time was launched. “Hold Person II!”

Even if his opponent had resistance to magic, he still hesitated for a moment in the face of Leylin’s high-grade spell.

The coachman, who had been cowering aside, suddenly made a move. A black dagger instantly appeared in his hands, allowing him to break through the protective barrier and appear in front of Lorent.

The dagger, which concealed a powerful curse, broke straight through

Lorent's defences and formed a huge wound on his chest.

"You... Tiff The Defiler!" Lorent retreated, rays of divine healing spells flickering on his body. His habit of holding back when it came to commoners made it such that he did not have his guard against the ordinary-looking couchman, and he had been ruthlessly attacked by Tiff.

"You're actually banding together with someone like him? This crime alone could send you to be burnt at stake!" Lorent glanced at Leylin, who was in front of him, looking delighted because he'd finally found evidence of Leylin committing a crime!

"Is that so? That's only possible if you can send that information on!" Leylin shrugged his shoulders.

# Chapter 882: Perfect Body

Indistinct shouts and cries could be heard, causing Lorent's expression to change.

"We've been surrounded, and their numbers are huge..." A high-ranked assassin suddenly appeared from the shadows, a demonic claw with sharp nails poking out from his chest.

The assassin mumbled and collapsed, revealing the figure of a high-ranked pleasure devil behind him.

"You're actually colluding with a devil!" Lorent yelled, unhesitatingly striking out. He had been overwhelmed with shock. This noble seemed to have some terrifying secret that surpassed his imagination.

"Quick! The confusion spell that I set up won't last for long. We can't let even one person go!" Leylin's expression was icy.

After two years, Tiff and Delia were now completely under his thumb. He had gathered the strength of all the devil worshippers to kill Lorente in order to ensure it was done!

"Don't worry, master!" Delia had now completely demonified herself. With Tiff, who had almost legendary strength, it was no problem to kill a mere high-ranked paladin.

Given that they were of factions that were natural enemies, with hatred accumulated between them, things blazed the moment they started fighting. All sorts of spell undulations rained destruction on the region.

It was a pity that Lorent's extraordinary willpower and strength made no difference. A high-grade devil and a near-Legend Professional were enough to crush him. His surrounding comrades all cried out for the last time in their lives, gnawing at his soul like ants.

"Has it... has it reached this state?" Lorent's eyes were slightly blurry, with a black dagger stuck into his chest. His longsword had disappeared long ago, and his armour was full of holes from the devil's corrosive fire.

He panted. There was no remorse for losing his life, instead indignance



and pain that justice was not served,

“Why... Why are there people like you in the world!” He looked at the young wizard drawing close, eyes like saucers and even blinking bloody tears.

“Because devils run amok in this world!” Leylin seemed to sigh, and the Devilblood Dagger slammed into Lorent’s forehead.

The Devilblood Dagger trembled. This was a high-ranked paladin who was subordinate to the God of Justice, definitely the strongest person it had ever absorbed strength from! It transmitted terrifying, berserk draconic energy to Leylin’s body, sending it in waves. It eventually cried out, unable to take the burden.

‘My Devilblood Dagger was made on Faulen Island. I hadn’t used any high-grade materials, which is why it can’t take this pressure...’ Leylin’s eyes glinted. A dark luster shot into the dagger from his hands.

“Woo Woo...” The skull at the end of the dagger roared, numerous tiny blood vessels extending and latching onto all parts of Lorent’s corpse.

Something that looked like a tumour was absorbed from these blood vessels. Powerful holy force was transformed, to the point that the dagger itself showed signs of breaking.

Ting! Finally, with a sad cry, the Devilblood Dagger shattered with a dull sound.

But the moment before it cracked, Leylin felt the transfer of tremendous life energy. The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded:

[Beep! Host has gone through a one-time boost from the Devilblood Dagger. Strength +1.9. Agility +2.2. Vitality +0.8.] Leylin’s current stats were abruptly refreshed, [Strength: 10. Agility: 10. Vitality: 10. Spiritual Force: 10.] The massacre and all of Lorent’s life force had pushed the rest of Leylin’s stats to the bottleneck of 10 points. Alike to 1 point, this was an incredibly difficult hurdle in the World of Gods, showing how tough breaking through was.

Leylin now heard a sharp ringing sound from his soul. After his various

stats had broken through, a long-awaited power spread throughout his body and limbs, landing him in a strange state.

The A.I. Chip's prompts continued to show. [Beep! Host's various stats have reached 10. Obtained Feat: Elementary Perfect Body.] An introduction to this feat followed. [Elementary Perfect Body. As the host's genes have gone through their initial upgrades, host has obtained a quality unique to exceptional creatures in the World of Gods. Body now possesses elementary resistances to poison, fire, cold, and corrosion. Endurance in various environments has increased.] "So having a property of 1 all round is a threshold for regular beings. 10 is the threshold for exceptional creatures..." Leylin's eyes flickered. His current stats had changed.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 18. Race: Human, Rank 10 Wizard. Strength: 10. Agility: 10. Vitality: 10. Spirit: 10. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 4(3), Rank 3(5), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] After breaking through this bottleneck of extraordinary power, Leylin felt the limitations on the advance of his spiritual force loosen. It now grew extremely lively, to the point that he was only a step away from making contact with the 5th level of the Weave.

"Deal with the aftermath according to my orders." Leylin slowly exhaled, as if he had gone through a complete transformation.

"Understood, Master!" Madam Delia respectfully bowed, her flaming tail and devilish wings playfully bouncing about. While they already knew his identity on the surface before, Delia and Tiff were now even more reverent towards him.

On the surface, he seemed ordinary, which meant what was hidden underneath that front was something more terrifying. For Delia, who had been a devil for numerous years, she understood this fully well.

As for Tiff, an existence that had been invaded by Leylin's soul force for years, the effect of Leylin himself being in front of him was obvious.

"Good! Tiff and I will go ahead secretly. Delia, you're in charge of the network in the Dambrath Kingdom as well as the surrounding followers..."

Leylin gave instructions for his plans.

Once everything went as he had planned, Leylin turned to gaze in the direction of the imperial capital.

“The next time I return, things will be completely different...” Leylin’s eyes shone.

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Great azure waves roiled and crashed in the vast sea, and ice sheets and a snowy barren island could faintly be seen in the distance. A few seagulls soared in the horizon, occasionally letting out a few clear cries.

A merchant ship heading north was speeding through the winds and waves. The sailors controlling the ship had tanned skin, their hands full of dark calluses gripping tightly on the mooring rope as if it was their life and everything.

“The oceans in the north are slightly different from the outer seas of Dambrath in the south.” At this point, the guests had all returned to the hold of the ship, and only Leylin and Tiff who was disguised as his butler were on deck.

In the face of such a sudden stormy sea, Leylin did not find it hard to adapt. Rather, he began reminiscing about his time with the Scarlet Tigers.

‘The kingdom’s navy has long since returned. I wonder how Isabel and the rest have been doing...’ Leylin gazed at the huge waves afar, yet he did not seem to see them. He instructed Tiff, “Legends are active in Silverymoon. Your identity is sensitive, so once we reach the northern lands you don’t have to follow me. Try to gather some forces in secret...”

“Understood!” Tiff pressed his right hand to his chest, looking exceptionally solemn. In this period of time, he was now certain that this little noble must be the chosen one of the feathered serpent god, Kulkulkan, and could even be the child of the god...

“Come to think of it, we’re finally reaching the northern harbour...” Leylin nodded, noting that the ship had already successfully passed through the storm.

The World of Gods was vast, and hastening on the journey was an exhausting and dangerous matter. Even as a medium-ranked wizard and with Tiff who was on the verge of becoming a Legend protecting him, it still required much effort to reach the north from the south.

They set off from the Dambrath Kingdom and headed north, passing through numerous human kingdoms and bypassing a few regions belonging to other races. They had even met with danger a few times.

The horse carriage had been relinquished after that, and they switched to a ship. The entire journey took around a year's time.

"Welcome, esteemed young master!" The leader of the sailors came over, a trace of respect in his gaze. To be able to take on such huge waves without even a twitch meant this noble was a true man of the sea! That meant he was worthy of being respected by these sailors.

"Mm! We're finally past that stormy area..." Leylin laughed.

"Recently, the sea tribes in this area have been very irritable. The tsunami was caused by an angered deep sea whale. Thankfully, our druid managed to calm it down in time..."

His expression was grim, "If this situation continues, I'm afraid we'll have to give up on this route and invite a great or even legendary druid to investigate the cause..."

Leylin had to admit that druids were extremely proficient at protecting the environment and placating dangerous species. Being closely attuned to nature, most druids were elves, though there was no lack of humans and other races. This was even more obvious in Silverymoon.

"So we're finally reaching the jewel of the northern lands..." Leylin exclaimed in admiration.

Silverymoon was the city of wizards. This legendary city was also called the jewel of the northern lands!

The city was protected by the Chosen of the Goddess of the Weave, who was also her daughter. She represented the peak of magic among humans, and every year countless wizards were attracted to this place so they could

further their studies and train.

Silverymoon contained the most advanced research on magic, and the imperial palace even held information about legendary spells!

# Chapter 883: Meeting

Leylin obviously would not let go of this city of magic. Dambrath didn't have much information past that to get to the higher ranks, forget becoming a Legend. Furthermore, the A.I. Chip deduced from the ancient notebook Leylin had obtained that the inheritance of arcanists and Arcane Arts was likely to be found in the northern lands. Given all this, it was necessary for Leylin to go to Silvermoon City.

"While the journey took almost a year, it's not as if I gained nothing..." Leylin smiled as he took a look at his stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 18. Race: Human, Rank 11 Wizard. Strength: 10. Agility: 10. Vitality: 10. Spirit: 11. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 5(2), Rank 4(4), Rank 3(6), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] After obtaining a Perfect Body, Leylin sensed his body could adapt better to terrible environments. On top of that, his spirit seemed to have broken through some bottleneck. His rate of improvement had increased, as if there was a further boost to his own innate talent in wizardry.

Leylin had broken through to rank 11 after a year of meditation, even without the ability of the Devilblood Dagger. He could now cast rank 5 spells!

In the World of Gods, rank 3 wizards could cast rank 1 spells, rank 5s could cast rank 2 spells, rank 7s rank 3 spells and so on. A rank 11 wizard could cast rank 5 spells, and once one became a rank 15 wizard, they could cast rank 7 spells without backlash. That was when one became a high-ranked wizard.

High-grade professionals above rank 15 would get special treatment no matter where they went, and that was especially so for high-ranked wizards. With a large number of spells that affected groups, their destructive power surpassed that of those that relied purely on their physiques. This put them at the peak of power.

Were there no gods in this world, given that they could cast spells of

priests, druids, and sorcerers would long since have named the World of Gods the World of Wizards.

Wizards held the balance of power in the World of Gods. The arcanists had even established a tremendous empire after the twilight of the gods, but with the comeback of the gods they soon collapsed...

‘It’s because of the powerful abilities of high-ranked wizards that information on these spells are strictly regulated in all nations. The only place where things are less stringent is Silverymoon...’ Leylin thought inside.

This was so because they were extremely wealthy and also had the backing of Mystra, the Goddess of the Weave. They naturally had the means to do so.

‘It’s said that the master of Silverymoon City, the Chosen of the Weave Goddess who is rumoured to be her daughter, is a peerless beauty...’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘The secret rumours state that one can get the favour of the Goddess of the Weave by growing close to her, and it’s even possible to increase the number of low-ranked spell slots in one’s possession...’

This slight benefit was nothing to Leylin. Having analysed the first three levels of the Weave completely, he no longer needed these low-rank spell slots. Furthermore, if he were to get too close to the Goddess, his disguise could be noticed. That would be a true tragedy.

‘Come to think of it, the analysis has progressed more quickly ever since I hit rank 11. Level 3 is almost completely done.’ The higher the rank of a wizard, the further one could make contact with the Weave. The A.I. Chip could therefore analyse the Weave at a faster rate, which was something he had already tested before.

‘Given the resources Silverymoon can provide it won’t be difficult to become a high-ranked wizard, but I’ll need to get lucky to become a Legend. The Devilblood Dagger won’t help much either, there’s no point smelting another one...’

With stats below 5, the dagger’s boost remained obvious. Even from 5 to 10 points it would be found lacking, not to mention its weakness later. On

top of that, it wasn't logical to carry a devil's item by one's side for such a slight increase in stats.

After all, this was not a rural area like Dambrath. There were legendary wizards here, but on top of that there were the Chosen, who were personifications of the gods. Leylin had no confidence in facing them.

Since the dagger did not give him any obvious boost, Leylin was already prepared to stop using it even if it had not been destroyed, and perhaps hand it down to his underlings.

'When it comes to raising strength quickly, there are quite a number of ways in Beelzebub's memories. They can all help one reach the realm of Legend and above... It's a pity that there's either terrible repercussion or the contamination of devilish energy. It's far too troublesome to deal with that. I guess it's better to walk the path of a wizard step by step... It'll be even better if I can get the inheritance from the arcanists...'

Just when Leylin was deep in thought, a shy voice sounded from his side, "May- May I know if you are a wizard apprentice heading towards Silverymoon City?"

It pulled Leylin out of his thoughts, and he eyed the three females behind him- No, the three little girls behind him. They had evidently heard about the sea having calmed down and come on deck.

The one who had spoken was the youngest of all. She had brown hair, and under her fair forehead were a pair of azure eyes. The slight smile on her lips easily gave one a favourable opinion of her.

Beside her were two female companions, one taller than the other. They seemed to be sisters, with similar faces and both wearing blue checkered skirts with little flowers at the edges.

Tiff glared at the girls who had interrupted his young master. Though he concealed his strength, his aura alone left the three girls feeling suffocated and terrified.

"I- I'm sorry, mister! I- I was just curious!" The girl in the middle grasped her skirt, looking on the verge of tears. Though they had



housekeepers and nannies sent out by their family by the side, they had never faced an old man so stern that it was frightening.

“Stop it, Tiff. You’re scaring our friends!” Leylin saw the figure behind him and chuckled like the warmest spring wind. It melted away the terror.

“My apologies, young master!” Tiff took a step back, “And the three young ladies as well!”

“It’s alright...” The girl spoke more fluently now, “My name is Bessany, and the two sisters here are Ena and Isadora. We’re all looking to apprentice in Silvermoon... Are you the same, mister?”

‘Wizard apprentices...’ Apprentice wizards were below rank 3. They had talent in wizardry and could use magic, able to cast rank 0 spells. Leylin scanned the girls to see that they all had the spiritual undulations of wizards, and they’d all made contact with the first level of the Weave.

“My name is Leylin, and I’m a wizard!” Leylin smiled, hiding his rank. After all, there was no point in that.

“As expected!” Isadora spoke from beside Bessany, “Where are you from, Leylin? Why do I hear a southern accent from you?”

These girls were like excited little sparrows as they surrounded Leylin, asking a whole bunch of questions noisily.

Leylin smiled as he conversed with them. This was the sort of infectious power he had, able to instil a favourable impression in the hearts of weak existences. Of course, this could also be attributed to his training as a noble.

From his conversation with the three girls, Leylin quickly came to know of some basic information. Bessany and the sisters came from two little families in the north. They had tested with talent in wizardry, and their families had sent them to train in Silvermoon.

Bessany was good-natured and spoke the most enthusiastically. As for the sisters, Ena was not as carefree and bright as Isadora, seeming more shy.

“My family gave me 500 gold coins this time, and I’ll need to use it sparingly. Hopefully, I’ll be able to train under a middle-ranked wizard...” Bessany suddenly sighed, looking worried.

500 gold coins was obviously a huge amount that was enough for even a noble to live liberally for five years! However, this amount was far from enough for the development of wizards.

But what could be done? Bessany’s family was merely the smallest of noble families. The 500 gold coins themselves had required quite a bit of effort, and they’d had to sell some property to raise that much.

Still, it would all be worth it if a wizard arose from their ranks. At this thought, Bessany inwardly gritted her teeth.

“The registration fees for the poorest wizard academy in Silvermoon is already 100 gold coins. As for studying under a middle-ranked wizard? That’s basically impossible... Apprentices like us from small noble families can only help others with experiments or copy scrolls to earn money...” Isadora laughed wryly. Evidently, she had a better understanding of the training of wizards.

Leylin realised something. These wizards were probably sucking up to him so that they could become allies.

‘As expected of nobles, huh? After studying so much, they consider more than the average person. It’s a pity that most of it is useless...’ Leylin sighed.

He looked less than 20, and without the emblem that showed his wizard ranking it wasn’t surprising for him to be mistaken as an apprentice. If he really was a low-ranked wizard, he might have played along for a while, but he had no intentions of doing that— they were not at the same level!

# Chapter 884: The North

Having made up his mind, Leylin naturally made his stance clear.

“In that case... we won’t bother you longer...” Bessany sounded somewhat disappointed and even upset as she pulled at Ina’s hand to leave. Isadora, on the other hand, seemed unresigned, but similarly did not say a word.

“How nice it is to be young...” Leylin stared at the backs of the three disciples and sighed. If he added up the years from his main body as well, he was old enough to be their grandfather’s grandfather, perhaps even older than that. He naturally was qualified to say such a thing.

Tiff, who was beside him, saw how old and experienced Leylin seemed, and his eyes revealed a trace of shock.

“Oh, we’ve reached the harbour!” Leylin cast Eagle Eye on himself and gazed at the harbour in the distance, unable to stop the smile blooming on his face. The sailor on the observation deck noticed this as well, and cheers immediately spread through the ship.

After getting off the ship, Leylin first parted ways with Tiff, telling him to work from the shadows. He, on the other hand, hired a carriage and hastened towards Silverymoon City. With how close the port was, it only took about a day via horse carriage.

The coachman driving the coach was an old man with a crooked back. Lean muscles protruded on his arms, and there were a few long scars on his face which seemed to be memories from a time adventuring or in the army.

He was called Old Bayer, and was rather entertaining. His smile revealed a few missing teeth, but not only did it make him look less threatening, it even made one fond of him.

Pak! Old Bayer swung his whip in a practiced manner while talking to Leylin, “You must have great foresight to have chosen our company. Honestly, do you think there’s an area here Old Bayer doesn’t know well?

The northern lands, especially... When I first joined the army..."

Leylin's eyes darted everywhere as he took in the sights. The first impression he had was that the northern lands were vast, the boundless plains not having a soul in sight.

The second thought he had was that it was cold! It was not yet truly winter, but the people outside were already wearing thick coats.

Seeing the white breath steaming from Old Bayer's mouth, Leylin chuckled, "Army? So you're a retired soldier? Who did you go to war with?"

Upon hearing this, Old Bayer made a conclusion, "You must be from another land, yes?"

"Indeed. I come from the south, the Dambrath Kingdom!" Leylin had nothing to hide when it came to his birthplace. He had no criminal record, and the only thing worthy of picking at was his work as a pirate, but the king himself was vouching for him which rendered it meaningless. After reaching Silverymoon, he was prepared to show his status as a noble and see if he could get special treatment.

"The south... That's a good place..." Old Bayer sighed. "How can there not be battles in the north?"

Not waiting for Leylin to ask, he continued, "We have to fight off the invasion of the orcs and other ambitious human kingdoms, and even clear the plains of the green-skinned goblins. Those wretched goblins really know how to breed, and we have to wipe them out practically every year. Compared to the orcs and knights from other kingdoms, I'd rather stay on the plains and kill the elves..."

"Orcs?!" Leylin slapped his head, "Right, I forgot about them..."

The World of Gods was huge, and Silverymoon City of the north was only the most northern human-occupied region. Through the Sunrise Mountain Range and past the boundless wilderness, there were many orc tribes and even a kingdom!

Humans had their gods, and the orcs also had their own. Under the

command of the master god of the orcs, Gelsh, there were practically wars every year as they invaded the civilised world. Due to having their own circumstances and personalities, the gods had divided factions and clashes when it came to their own organisations. They even fought themselves

“Seems like gods can never rid themselves of their emotional state of mind. Of course, it’s the same for Magi who comprehend laws...” The so-called gods and Magi of laws were merely powerful mortals. Leylin knew this well.

Of course, he preferred it this way. If he lost his personality and emotion, even if he became a true supreme god what difference would there be between him and a computer. Immortality and freedom were two aspects that could never be separated.

With varying circumstances, the orc empire frequently had clashes with the kingdom, and even caused war to break out. Those in the north obviously would not wait to get killed. They gathered in Silverymoon, and with some guidance formed an alliance. They used the power of magic to tenaciously resist the invasion of the orcs.

In this world, humans had a great advantage. Their divine strength far exceeded that of the orcs. Even with internal strife, it was still possible for Silverymoon to stand tall.

With the unceasing battles, Silverymoon’s status grew higher and higher, to the point that the lands they had influence over expanded bit by bit.

There were already faint cries for the Chosen, the ruler of Silverymoon, to become the queen and establish Silverymoon Kingdom, and even unify the northern lands! This was the cause of the current biggest crisis and catastrophe.

Of course, Old Bayer hadn’t said everything. Some things Leylin had gathered from his descriptions.

‘New nobles wish to rise, and older ones are unwilling to let go of their status and land. There’s an obvious backlash! The orcs wouldn’t let go of this opportunity, which is why the human world is now in chaos. The external support the northern lands get is very little, and from the looks of

it the past few decades have not been calm...'

A slight smile rose on his lips, 'It's good that things aren't calm. It's better that things aren't calm!' As a foreign noble, it was still impossible for Leylin to get into the core of Silvermoon and obtain knowledge limited to high-ranked or legendary wizards, even as a middle-ranked wizard.

No matter where nobles or wizards were from, they all were prejudiced against foreigners. This still held true even in Silvermoon that preached openness and freedom.

Under normal circumstances, unless Leylin stayed here for a few centuries and went through life and death situations for the city and signed a large number of unfair contracts, he would not have hope of entering the core of the government.

However, with war looming ahead, everything would change! In times of war, everything could be by-passed for the sake of victory. The usually harsh rules for advancement could be disregarded. As long as one had military merits, then advancing quickly was possible, perhaps even to the core— But only if one did not fall before succeeding.

Hence, for Leylin as he was right now, war was a huge opportunity! It would save him a great deal of time in getting to the core of Silvermoon, and was the best path to gain high-grade and legendary spells. As for danger? Haha... When had Leylin ever been afraid?

"Tiff needs to work quickly. I'll have to change my plans. Rather than entering the Wizards' Guild, I'll do all I can to become a guard of the city..."

War marked suffering for commoners, but it was a stage for heroes! With the trails of blood and elimination of rotten old organisations, there were plenty of opportunities for new organisations to rise.

Leylin was obviously going to take this opportunity. While it would bring great suffering to the people, what did that have to do with him?

'Once I sneak into the city guard, I'm sure I can gain merits rapidly

through battles in exchange for high-grade information on spells... It'll be much faster than entering the wizard tower and slowly accumulating merits...'

The city guards belonged exclusively to the master of the city, which meant that he would directly be subordinate to the Chosen. Mystra would be another guarantee of his safety.

"I'm pretty lucky..." While Leylin was nodding inwardly, his expression suddenly changed. Old Bayer stopped the carriage and cursed, "Damn it! There's trouble ahead!"

"Mm." Leylin jumped off the carriage. His clairvoyance and the quality of his body now making it easy for him to see the scene ahead. There were three carriages lined up one in front of the other, and they had been surrounded by a group of creatures.

It was a group of green-skinned monsters, looking like dwarves with muscular dystrophy. Their heads were large, and their noses and mouths protruded. They were mostly naked, holding wooden clubs, rocks and all sorts of weapons as they surrounded and attacked the carriages.

"That darned bunch of goblins are out again. Are they preparing food to tide them over for the winter?" Old Bayer cursed and laughed bitterly, "I'm afraid we're in trouble. Those goblins have noticed us..."

The goblins in his line of sight had already discovered Leylin, and dispatched a wave of green streams that surrounded them.

Though legends stated that goblins could not even win against a child of ten or so years old, Leylin guessed that there were over 500 of them! If the numbers were vast, in the hundreds and thousands, even the weakest worm possessed terrifying strength! That wasn't even considering the large goblins and bugbears in this wave.

These two types of goblins had bodies similar to regular humans. They even wore tattered armour, and had weapons that required elite human warriors to take care.

"For the winter? Tiding them over?"

Leylin recalled the contents of a geography book he had read before, 'The extremely cold winters in the northern lands can even freeze the earth. Going out in these conditions means certain death! The elves and other wandering beasts in the wilderness, and even the orcs at the Sunrise Mountain Range all attack humans to build up their food reserves, and do not even mind starting wars...'

This was a battle for survival, which was why the closer to winter it was, the more these living beings would become crazed. This was because if they did not have enough food, they would be the ones dead in the end!



# Chapter 885: Summoning Spell

Leylin noted the bloodshot eyes of the goblins that were charging towards them. As winter drew near, even the weakest and most cowardly goblins would go crazy.

They were small, and it was hilarious to see a group of green-skinned, short people pouncing towards you. However, their gazes were as fierce as wolves, enough for even a retired soldier like Old Bayer to tremble in fear.

Dying at the hands of enemies was just death, but dying by the hands of goblins meant that their corpses would be dragged back for food! Old Bayer shuddered at the very thought.

“Please mount the horse and leave, my guest!” At this moment, a trace of decisiveness flashed on his face. He produced a rusty longsword from under the seat of the carriage and released the old horse that had been pulling the carriage.

“It may be a worn-out horse, but these bunch of short-legged creatures won’t be able keep up with you. After you break out of here, just go backwards. Don’t stop till you get to the harbour!”

Old Bayer passed the ropes to Leylin, turning back and now in a defensive stance, “As a noble young master, you must have learnt how to ride, yes?”

“Mm,” Leylin nodded, but did not leave since his luggage was still on the carriage.

“Can you tell me why you’re leaving your chance at survival to me?” He asked, slightly curious.

“I’m hot-blooded, that’s why! You nobles are so troublesome... Quick. Quick! There’s not much time left!”

Old Bayer yelled. The goblins had already surrounded them, so close that they could see the filth on the goblins’ green skin. Their putrid smell invaded their nostrils.

“You are a true soldier! But... I am not like those weak nobles...” Leylin

calmly walked ahead. He abruptly closed his eyes, and a threatening aura burst forth.

Intimidation! A domain with the might of a dragon erupted from him, making the goblins halt their attacks immediately.

“You filthy vulgar bastards! How dare you block the way of a mighty wizard. Even death would be too kind a fate for you!”

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble! Bundles of dazzling flames abruptly appeared by Leylin’s side.

Lesser Fireball! Numerous spheres of blazing energy shot out, and then exploded amidst the group of goblins.

Rumble! Rumble! The flames ripped apart the bodies of the goblins, throwing them everywhere together with the soil. Even those bugbears could not resist the power of magic. Numerous huge pits appeared in the ground, and the goblins then completely collapsed!

They may have gone crazy for food, but the goblins wouldn’t challenge an enormous dragons. There was a warning from their very souls, that if they proceeded forward they would all die.

“Ooga!” “Ooga!” Amidst the terrified cries, Leylin’s spell had murdered tens of the hundreds of goblins. The rest howled as they fled. The road was covered with the wooden clubs and stones, and some goblins were even trampled. The goblins that were grievously injured crawled in the opposite direction from Leylin, as if evading a demon.

“You’re an esteemed wizard after all!” Old Bayer wiped off the cold sweat from his forehead. As someone living near Silvermoon, he was no stranger to the power of magic.

“Thank you very much!” Old Bayer sincerely thanked Leylin. If Leylin had not been around, he would be reduced to the fate of becoming goblin shit. That was not an honourable way of dying.

‘With this strength, he’s probably not a disciple or elementary-ranked wizard. He’s at least a mid-ranked one...’ Old Bayer thought himself.

At this moment, there seemed to be a ruckus in the carriage ahead, revealing the frightened expressions of a few female disciples.

“Sister... I’ve used up my spell slots!” Isadora scowled miserably. Apprentices had few spell slots anyway, and the problem was that they were not that powerful. If the target was not directly hit, they could not even kill a single goblin. This was why rank O spells were also known as cantrips.

“Hold on! We’ll get reinforcements from Silverymoon soon!” Bessany gritted her teeth, misty rays shooting out from her hands.

Vertigo! A hobgoblin who had been charging forwards fell to the ground in a daze, dropping the wooden club in its hands. It rubbed its head, but before it could react further, someone who looked like a housekeeper used a giant axe to chop off its head.

“Good job..” A joyful expression appeared on Ena’s face, but she then saw the housekeeper being pushed to the ground by even more goblins, a few of them widening their large brown mouths to reveal sharp teeth.

“No...” Bessany wept. The sounds of gnawing had her on the verge of breaking down.

“Are we going to die here? I don’t want that! I’m a noble, and I’m a wizard. I shouldn’t die like this. M-My fate...” At the other side, Isadora looked ready to fall apart. Ena was usually quiet, but at such a crucial moment she was able to persevere. If not for her care, Isadora would long since been dragged away by the goblins.

Just as Bessany was on the verge of total despair, a carriage behind them suddenly caught her attention. Powerful spell undulations were transmitted, and a young wizard got off the carriage and took care of the goblin attack with a few fireballs.

“It’s... Leylin! We have hope!” Bessany looked ecstatic, suddenly waving the handkerchief in her hands.

“Leylin! Mister Leylin! Please save us!” The tender voice of a girl pierced the air and attracted Leylin’s attention.

“Oh, I didn’t think I’d meet acquaintances!” Leylin recognised the young ladies he had met on the ship, “Since we meet again, you’re in luck!”

Leylin didn’t mind a passing kindness. After all, he could improve their favourable impression of him. Of course, he still found these three wizard apprentices beneath him. What he truly valued was Silverymoon’s evaluation of him.

The city guards of Silverymoon would definitely investigate the incident. An impression that he was kind was much better than one that he was wicked and callous. Leylin never did anything that went against his principles. Everything was based on benefits.

“Rank 4 Beast Summoning!” Summoning rays flashed, and four wild wolves which were two metres tall jumped out of them. Spell rays flashed on Leylin’s body again, and after two more summoning spells he now had control over 12 wild wolves.

These large carnivorous animals had stiff fur, sharp canines and an astonishing jumping ability. Their eyes were filled with bloodlust.

“Charge!” With the guidance of Leylin’s spiritual force, 12 wild wolves charged towards the group of goblins that had already crumbled mentally.

Awoo! Awoo! Wolf cries could be heard faintly in the distance. As their gleaming white teeth tore at the flesh of the slower goblins. There were even miserable shrieks from the goblins that had fallen from the ground and been torn to pieces, further causing others to flee.

With Leylin’s attainments in his spiritual force, controlling the wild wolves was no issue. Under his command, the direction in which the goblins fled was controlled, and they began to pounce towards the carriages ahead.

“Ooga!”

The large hobgoblin ahead roared, smashing the head of a deserter with a mace in its hands, but that did nothing to deter those who were now frantic. It was quickly drowned out by the goblins.

The hundred goblin deserters who had surrounded Leylin darted into the

goblin formation behind, resulting in great disorder!

Though goblins weren't orderly beings from the start, they had orders to attack and withdraw. Now, however, they were in great disarray. Howling and trampling could be noticed everywhere, and even the hobgoblins and bugbears found themselves useless.

The faint howls of the wolves sounded. All of a sudden, a wild wolf perked up and threw itself at a bugbear, its sharp canines biting through its neck. Under Leylin's directions, the wolves ignored the fleeing goblins, targeting the active group instead and prioritising the hobgoblins and bugbears.

Their command system completely broke down, and it was natural that the goblins were defeated. Numerous goblins abandoned the wooden clubs and rocks in their hands, fleeing in all directions and leaving behind the carriages and survivors.

Only 8 remained of the 12 wild wolves under Leylin. All of them had injuries, but Leylin did not feel bad for them. After the spell dissipated, they would return to the place they had come from. If they died, then so be it.

'Even if it's a mid-ranked wizard, it's not that easy to defeat 500 or so goblins...' Old Bayer's eyes were filled with astonishment and shock, 'That last attack in particular had strategy to it! Is that the art of command that the corps leader once spoke of?'

Leylin was also quite satisfied with the results. Casting suitable spells at opportune moments was something all wizards had to learn. Being able to disperse this group of goblins at the most minimal cost and limiting the casualties of the attack wolves was something that made him proud.

"Are you alright?" Of course, he limited his pride to that single thought. Leylin had the abundant experiences of his main body and if he couldn't manage even this he should just have killed himself.

"We're alright. Thank you, Leylin!" Bessany thanked him gratefully, eyes reddening as she began to bawl over a destroyed corpse nearby, "Sob... sob... Uncle Eita..."

This corpse already had several parts missing, and there were also many small bite marks. It looked exceedingly horrifying. This was the masterpiece left by the goblins from before. If Leylin had arrived a little later, everyone in the carriages would have been reduced to this state.

The aftermath had Ena and Isadora quivering in fear as they expressed their gratitude to Leylin over and over again.

# Chapter 886: Enlist

Leylin and Old Bayer were speechless at the scene before them.

The victims' remains were collected, unable to be buried here lest they were dug out by goblins. They would be taken to Silverymoon City, given their final rites and blessings by clerics, and then buried.

"Thank you, Lord Leylin! Are you a mid-ranked wizard?" Bessany had recovered, and her eyes had swollen to the size of walnuts.

"Yes, I suppose so. I'm also going to Silverymoon City to study," Leylin looked at the scenery outside and indifferently replied.

After meeting Bessany and the others, and since they were going to the same place, Leylin naturally did not mind accompanying her. The others happily welcomed him with open arms, as that last attack had scared them into cowardice. Without Leylin's protection, perhaps no one would dare to continue on the journey.

The young ladies in the carriage were all surprised, it was rare to find a mid-ranked wizard as young as Leylin after all.

"How amazing... I always thought that mid-ranked wizards were all white-bearded grandfathers..." Isadora exclaimed. She'd actually recovered quite quickly.

"It's nothing, there are many more wizards who are more gifted than I am. Mm, there will be many of them in Silverymoon City," Leylin replied modestly, and after chatting for a while the atmosphere of the carriage grew more solemn.

After all, a mid-ranked wizard was a big deal to minor nobles. Isadora and the others did not dare to say anything more in fear of offending him. Bessany seemed as if she was about to speak, but she was not able to say anything until they reached Silverymoon City.

Leylin understood her intentions, as she had recently told him on the boat that she was looking for a tutor. However, he would gain no benefits from taking her on as his apprentice, and it was not something that could

be done with no extra trouble. Where would Leylin even find the time? As a result, he could only pretend that he did not know.

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“You were attacked by a goblin swarm?” A patrol officer from Silvermoon City seemed to take the matter very seriously, and had personally come to register them. “I understand, our city patrol will soon leave on their watch. The monsters in the wilderness have increased greatly in recent times, you must all be more careful.”

A clerk began to record the identities of Leylin and the others as well as their ranks. When he got to Leylin, his pen paused, “Wizard, please show me your proof of identity...”

“Mm,” Leylin nodded, taking out his proof of nobility as well as his wizard insignia and handing it to him, which immediately made the clerk cry out in surprise.

“Please take back your identification, mid-ranked Lord Wizard!” A rank 10 wizard was uncommon even in Silvermoon City, especially one who looked as young as Leylin. It was actually rather scary.

“Good, I want to join the Silvermoon City guard, do you know where I can enlist?” Leylin asked with a smile.

“You want to join the city guard?” It wasn’t just Bessany and the others that were extremely astonished. Even the officer from earlier walked over, attentively sizing Leylin up.

“Yes, I hold Lady Hope in the highest esteem, and I would love the atmosphere of Silvermoon City. I hope that I can fit in here.” This Lady Hope was the ruler of Silvermoon City. Her name was Alustriel, and she was a tolerant and good person who was one of the Chosen of Mystra.

It was rumoured that this city ruler had a very liberal attitude towards her subordinates from different races. She very much enjoyed disguising herself as an ordinary person outside of her palace to observe the lives of common folk, which won her the support of the lower classes.

Naturally, Leylin was telling a bald-faced lie. His true purpose was to



assimilate into the lady's troops as quickly as possible, and make preparations for the war ahead.

News of the war had broken out. Perhaps many knew, but information would be limited to the city ruler's core organisation. This was precisely where Leylin would be able to seek benefits.

"You must be clear on this— once you truly join Silvermoon City, there will be many restrictions on your freedom, Sir!" Although the human fiefdoms all recognised the other's nobility, the nobles on the continent all traditionally thought that only those with hereditary titles and with their own territories could be considered true nobles.

It was evident that Leylin's title as an honourable viscount was not equal to the respect he got as a mid-ranked wizard. Perhaps if he really inherited Faulen Island it would be different and he'd be treated better, but Baron Jonas was hale and hearty so Leylin could only remain his heir.

Noble heirs like him were usually called sirs, and did not gain any particular privilege or preferential treatment. The office reminded Leylin of this point, and naturally made other implications.

"That won't be a problem," Leylin calmly shook his head, indicating that he already clearly knew all of this.

Although foreign wizards could occasionally receive missions from the city governors, and receive patrol duties, it was clear that it was part of the system for outsiders. They were destined to never become part of the inner circle of governance.

When the war came, those patrolling wizards would not be able to escape their fate of forced enlistment. As a result, Leylin thought that since he would have to eventually participate in the war, it would be better to join in advance with his status as a noble heir.

The officer stared at Leylin, as if trying to predict what the wizard was trying to do. In the end, he could only grudgingly give up. Afterwards, he called another officer to take Leylin away, "In this case, Aulen, go through the procedures with this wizard Leylin."

Even as she saw Leylin's back disappear into the streets, Bessany retained the expression of disbelief on her face.

"He's immediately joining the city guards? Perhaps Lord Leylin is actually a second son of a noble family, and hopes to get knighted through this method?"

Alustriel naturally had the power to confer noble titles, and in reality the authority she possessed in the north was not at all inferior to any human country's king. She was very generous as well. For second or third sons of nobility, or even other adventurers, serving Alustriel to become a viscount was a rather good option.

As a noble wizard in the city guard, he would naturally receive more attention and preferential treatment compared to the others. What other benefits would an heir get?

"Perhaps serving as a military wizard would grant higher authority in Silvermoon City's wizard library, and they can read even more advanced books. Lord Leylin probably had this thought in mind when he joined..." Ena shook her head from next to Bessany as she expressed her own opinion. It had to be said that although she was normally rather uncommunicative, her guess was close to the truth. However, they had their own family interests, and could not be as reckless as Leylin was and do as they pleased.

"It's such a pity... As a wizard, we should of course immerse ourselves in the sea of knowledge, and not wander around attacking and killing," Isadora was the most dim amongst the three, and felt that Leylin's decision was a great pity, "Let's not talk about this anymore. Which college should we go to? I've heard that Silverhand is rather good, but they don't offer accommodation. And if we choose it..."

The three apprentice wizards very quickly forgot all about Leylin under Isadora's influence, and began to discuss their future studies. For them, this was the truly most important issue at hand.

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"It really is very nice," Leylin followed behind the officer named Aulen

and sized up the facilities around him. As the city of wizards in the north, Silverymoon's design was extremely exquisite, and was filled with a sense of artistry, borrowing from the artistic sense of the elves.

In addition, Leylin saw many different races on the streets, including dwarves, halflings, elves, pygmies, and even beast slaves. This country appeared to be very liberal.

"What, is it surprising?" Aulen smiled as she took off her helmet, revealing shiny long hair as bright as silver and pointed ears as well as fair and delicate skin. It was clear that this guard was an elf.

Although most elves heeded the call of the elven god to live in an enormous island overseas, there were still many tribes who stayed in the continent. In the north, Silverymoon City was an important elf settlement, and no more than 40% of the population was pure humans. A fifth were free elven citizens.

"Mm, it's because I used to live in the south," Leylin lightly explained.

Although dwarves and halflings could be seen in the Dambrath Kingdom, they were few in number. As for elves? They were the highest grade of slaves, and were very rarely seen outside.

Ever since the Baltic archipelago had fallen, Faulen Island's Port Venus had received part of their slave trade, and there had been a few pureblood elves amongst them. Naturally, neither Leylin nor Baron Jonas would admit to this.

After that, the elf officer Aulen led Leylin to the city hall. Every year, Silverymoon attracted many wizards and outsiders into joining it, and they had a well-established process/

The procedures were completed smoothly, as Leylin's identity had not been fabricated after all. The arcane imprints on every file were completely in order.

"All done. Congratulations on becoming a member of the city guard, child!" Leylin's professor was an elderly wizard who looked very energetic. He wore a handsome military uniform which molded to his body, and had

sharp eyes from many years of serving in the army.

This wizard was a battlemage, and his experience definitely far exceeded that of those who worked in laboratories. In addition, the undulations he gave off made Leylin wary of underestimating him— at the very least, these were the undulations of a high-ranked wizard!

Although talented wizards were scarce, Silvermoon City obviously didn't lack in them.

A military uniform set was handed to Leylin under the high-ranked wizard's blessings, similar to the one he wore. It only lacked the medals of honour and other military decorations.

# Chapter 887: Elven Wizard

“With the uniform, you’re now a member of the Silverymoon city guard. The magic equipment is enchanted with three uses of Mage Armour and one Cure Moderate Wounds. Please use them sparingly...”

“Yes, sir!” Leylin played his role very convincingly as he accepted the military uniform.

The uniform was soft in texture yet it felt tough and durable, and glowed with magic. Leylin couldn’t help but sigh at the luxurious and rich Silverymoon City.

Eternal enchantments were naturally very precious, so the wizard uniform was naturally limited in its uses. However, every year the guards would receive a new set, which could be considered a very good perk.

“Tell me, why did you want to join the city guard?” The elderly patrol wizard finally asked in a respectful manner. Leylin felt hidden magic undulations probing him.

‘Is this Lie Detection? It was personally cast by a high-ranked wizard as well... Such a shame that I’m the target.’ Leylin inwardly laughed coldly to himself as he raised his head and puffed out his chest, his face lightly flushing with emotion, “I wanted to quickly raise my ranking as a wizard, obtain many more wizard resources for my research and to study. I could only receive these benefits as a city guard, sir!”

The elderly wizard sensed the answer his secret spell fed back to him, and his eyes softened considerably. “Mm, you’re very honest. At ease!”

“Yes sir!” Leylin saluted smartly and respectfully withdrew himself. The elderly wizard inwardly nodded to himself at this swift and decisive reaction, ‘I haven’t seen a young man of his calibre in a very long time.’

A beam of light lit the room up once Leylin left, and a portal opened unexpectedly. A high-ranking elven wizard dressed in green exited it. The robe was embroidered with many plants, and looked almost like an ornate and exquisite dress.

“What’s the matter? Is there a problem?” The elderly wizard furrowed his brows together.

“No, I’ve investigated the recruit’s background. He is the heir of the Faulen family of Dambrath, and he matches the major image as well!” The elf nodded lightly, and continued in a graceful voice, “In addition, he has shown a powerful aptitude for magic since he was a child, and passed the rank 10 wizard certification when he was 18 years old.”

“Impossible! He’s already rank 11, his speed of advancement makes us in the older generation blush with shame,” the elderly wizard smiled wryly, “So you’re saying that there aren’t any problems with him?”

“I can only determine that there are none at the present. After all, we don’t have any conflicts with those human kingdoms in the south. As for his temperament, his reason of choosing to join us for more advanced magic spells is acceptable.”

The elven wizard nodded, “This sort of genius wizard will be a huge advantage for us in the future. Remove some limits on him for a few basic resources.”

“Understood,” The elderly wizard nodded solemnly. As a high-ranked wizard of Silverymoon City, he had already begun to anticipate the dangers the lay in the future.

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“Congratulations, wizard Leylin!” Aulen congratulated Leylin on the outside, seeing him clutch the military uniform.

“You are now one of the patrol wizards in our city guard. A benefit of being a new recruit is the private accommodation in our barracks. You can set up a small laboratory in there, and Silverymoon City’s wizard database will be open to you. You have three days to report to duty at the barracks.” Aulen began to explain several things of note to Leylin.

Given that patrol wizards were fully integrated into the military structure of the city, and they even had restrictions on their freedom, they received excellent benefits and a great salary. With him being a noble

genius, Leylin obtained even more than normal.

“Although we’re part of the city guard, we usually don’t have much else to do apart from a few patrols and inspections. I’m hosting a banquet in five days, and my hand-made scallion pancakes are really very good... I hope you can come, I can introduce a few people to you!” As an elf, Aulen had a long lifespan. However, she did not seem to renounce her desire for art and beauty, and still enjoyed life pleasurably.

Leylin could easily discern her character from her appearance and other aspects. On the other hand, it was difficult to find an elf’s gender without the A.I. Chip or spiritual force scans.

Aulen clearly regarded Leylin as a true colleague, extending this benevolent invitation.

“Of course, thank you for inviting me,” Leylin thanked her sincerely.

After he parted ways with Aulen, Leylin strolled around Silverymoon City, in his hand a map that she’d given him. As it was a city of wizards, there were a lot of them out on the streets. Many of the shops nearby sold magical resources as well.

Leylin leisurely walked into a shop and looked at the magic materials inside a transparent crystal showcase.

‘Mm, I’ve almost used up all of my magic materials, I should replenish them,’ Leylin looked at a few materials which looked like blue crystals, ‘This blue diamond is very pure, I never thought I would see this inside a normal shop in Silverymoon City...’

Leylin called the shopkeeper over and replenished all the magic materials he was lacking. Of course, they were only his most basic resources. He later headed towards the sections with magic potions and alchemical reagents.

‘There are a lot of low-grade potions and limited-use alchemical items, however there are very few premium products. Perhaps I can work a bit harder to find some,’ Leylin nodded to himself, noting the sky-high prices written below the high-grade alchemical items.

Rank 10 and fifth level spells were a very important threshold in alchemy. This was because of Permanency, a rank 5 spell which could make any spell effects permanent.

Permanency was something one couldn't do without when they wished to practice making magic items and everlasting alchemical items.

Even in Silverymoon City, wizards who could use rank 5 spells were not exactly a dime a dozen, and there were even fewer who had high attainment in alchemy. As a result, the extremely high price of high-ranked magic items was understandable.

'In addition, as the war draws closer, those high-ranked healing potions and completed sets of magic items which can rapidly increase strength will naturally soar in price. For the same reason, the price of raw materials will drop.' Leylin couldn't help but stroke the Ring of Wizardry on his right hand. If he auctioned his ring, which was nearly legendary, it was sure to create a violent commotion.

'Perhaps, I can refine a few toys to earn some money...' Wizards would never turn their backs on earning more wealth, and Leylin was the same. To become a Legend required the support of enormous wealth and resources, and poor little boys who dreamt of soaring in advancement after putting in back-breaking effort were just dreaming up a fantasy.

"In comparison, low-ranked wizards and apprentices can only undertake the most basic processing tasks, and they don't earn much from it. It would be difficult for them to maintain their lifestyle and continue with more advanced studies,' Leylin thought about this indifferently, before taking out a gold card account from the church of wealth.

Just when the serving girl had respectfully left, several other acquaintances had entered.

"Wizard Leylin!" Bessany called out in astonishment, with her Ena and her sister.

"Wow! That's a gold card from the goddess of wealth! Only those with property worth at least 10,000 gold coins can have it..." Isadora's eyes were fixed on the gold card in Leylin's hand, and countless stars seemed to



appear in her eyes. She only regained her senses once Ena pinched her hand.

“Oh, it’s you. Have you entered a college?” Leylin asked indifferently.

“We’ve already registered at ‘Oakleaf’, their tuition is cheap and they have inexpensive student accommodation as well. We’ve come to buy some materials,’ Bessany had been similarly shocked by Leylin’s net worth, but she felt that this level of wealth was appropriate for a mid-ranked wizard.

Although she was still a little bitter in her heart of hearts, Bessany still managed to smile, “Has Lord Leylin joined the city guard?”

“It’s alright to just address me as Leylin,” Leylin appeared very amiable and approachable, “As for the city guard, I have of course become a patrol wizard. I hope I can still meet you all in the future.”

Every wizarding college in Silverymoon had its own assignments, and the compensation for joining the city guard on their patrols was very generous. If the three of them continued to stay here, they would certainly have the chance to meet Leylin again.

“Really? That’s amazing! I wonder where Mister Leylin lives, I hope I can come and visit soon,” Bessany bit the bullet and decided to seize the opportunity.

“Visit?” Leylin looked at the little girl and shook his head, “My residence is in the military barracks. I’m afraid that without a pass, you cannot enter.”

After hearing this, the little girl’s eyes were filled with disappointment.

“However, I’m preparing to buy some property in Silverymoon City, to begin alchemical experiments and the like. If you agree, we can meet there.”

“I agree! Of course I agree!” Bessany immediately shouted, and her face flushed immediately, “What I mean is that... The three of us are very willing!”

Establishing a relationship with a mid-ranked wizard was a very good decision, so Ena and her sister both nodded as well.

“Very well!” Purchasing reagents and collecting resources, as well as selling the products afterwards were all tedious tasks. Leylin had long prepared to employ a few apprentices to do this. If they were already acquaintances, then it would be even better.

# Chapter 888: Moonwood

A year passed very quickly.

North of Silverymoon, in the enormous Moonwood. Gigantic trees which towered into the clouds hid the moonlight filtering through them. The still pitch-black surroundings filled one with a sense of foreboding.

A small squadron with both humans and elves wearing the uniform of Silverymoon city guards were now pushing their way through Moonwood without rest.

"It's here!" The squadron leader, Aulen, parted a thick shrub and saw dark brown blood stains on the ground, with a grave look in her eyes.

"Leylin," she turned and looked at the patrol wizard behind her.

Detect Evil! Leylin was currently clad in his wizard uniform, and looked very dignified and solemn with a mature air about him.

Sss! Sss! Black streams of air began to soar, centering on that particular area, before it pointed to somewhere in the distance.

"Stay vigilant!" Aulen said in a low voice, and at her call the others gripped their weapons tightly. Even Leylin had a very grave expression on his face.

It was because this place was the Moonwood! It was a dangerous place filled with werereatures who believed in the god of the hunt, Malar. They had formed a powerful tribe called the Blackblood, and hated the civilised life of Silverymoon City.

The guard's skirmishes with the werereatures had turned to battles, and they had become the biggest complication apart from an invasion by Sunrise Mountain's orc empire.

"I see you!" Aulen and the other members followed the spell guide to the entrance of a pitch-black mountain cave. Aulen quickly gestured to Leylin.

With the mutual understanding they'd developed over a period of time, Leylin nodded his head. The surrounding members involuntarily let out a

breath of relief, and shortly after Leylin pointed towards the middle of the cave.

Light! A blindingly white light momentarily illuminated the area, and several crossbows with Spellslayer Arrow loaded were aimed there.

Under the brilliant light, they swept through the cave with a single glance. However, there was not a soul in sight apart from some ragged clothes and a human skeleton on the floor.

The clothes were severely damaged, and the style could be vaguely related to a city guard uniform. Several scraps were even found covered in mottled bloodstains which had turned dark brown.

“Kell Rosa. This is the missing bowman,” Aulen took out an emblem from the rags of clothes bearing the name, and although Leylin thought it looked like a dog tag, he pensively muttered, “This arrangement, is that the ritual of the god of the hunt? Those wretched werereatures!”

The god of the hunt, Malar, was one whose name many were too scared to mention. Although he was a weaker god, he very much enjoyed slaughter. His believers were a bunch of savage werereatures.

They were different from orcs in that werereatures only retained part of their beastly characteristics, and they had some unknown hereditary disease. From Leylin’s view, they looked like the symptoms of genetic instability. It was rumoured that these werereatures came from the laboratories of a wizard, and Leylin was in favour of this opinion.

The suffering that the werereatures went through made their minds more prejudiced, and they were filled with hatred towards other living beings. As a result, they enjoyed slaughter, and they just so happened to hold the same view as the god of the hunt.

There was a chance that captured orcs could become slaves, but as for werereatures, this was just a dream. Moonwood was the gathering place for the werereatures, and they occupied the entire north of it. Blackblood was large enough to threaten Silverymoon.

The ruler of Silverymoon City, Lady Hope, due to her kind heart and

other considerations, had once actively sent out bowmen in the hope of improving the lives of those residents of Moonwood, but they had frequently been attacked.

This Kell had been one of the unfortunate ones.

“Kell Rosa was a loyal, brave ranger. The suffering of the world can no longer tarnish your soul, may you go in peace to the kingdom of god...” Aulen prayed. Other than being a powerful ranger, she was also a cleric.

As Aulen prayed, Leylin and the other squadron members lowered their heads one after the other in tribute.

It was at this moment that Leylin’s eyes suddenly widened.

“Someone’s there!” The thief in their squadron was the second one to notice, and a dagger immediately flew into the shadows.

A dull whining sound came from the shadows like a wild animal’s growl, and the nearby tree leaves began to tremble.

“It’s a werereature!” An armoured fighter went over to brush away what was obscuring the werereature, and only saw a bloodstain. Still, the beast fur nearby was very conspicuous.

Those werereatures had innately inherited some unknown disease, but at the same time they possessed tremendous life force and other strange abilities. It was rumoured they’d been created by a Legend.

“Our task was to search for them, not to kill! The werereature must have gone to find its comrades, we must all leave for the time being,” Aulen held her elven rapier at her waist, but finally they left without a choice.

Playing hide and seek with the werereatures in the Moonwood was something only an insane person would do. They were very good hunters, and with the advantage of being in their homeground, unless the entire main force came with high-ranked wizards as well as Legends to clear the path, they could push through the Moonwood.

Although Aulen and the others retreated very quickly, the werereatures

were soon about to overtake them.

The roars of wild animals came from all around them, and all the damned werecreatures hid in the shadows of the trees. All the squadron members had unsightly expressions on their faces.

“Damn! Leylin!” Aulen took off the longbow on her back and notched an arrow with a grey eagle feather to it.

“Mm. Enchant Weapon!” Leylin and Aulen had worked together many times, and they had established a deep rapport. A burst of magic spread across the arrowhead.

Ss! Elves were excellent at archery, and Aulen was a ranger. The minute she let go of the bowstring, a muffled grunt could be heard in the darkness and an enormous shadow fell from the branch. While a common arrow naturally would not penetrate the defenses of a werecreature, a magic arrow would have no problems doing so.

Enchant Weapon! Forcefield! Bull’s Strength! With Leylin’s tireless actions, many of the squadron members glowed with the light of amplification spells.

“Well done!” Aulen praised him. In reality, she had always been afraid that this new colleague would be haughty and arrogant because of his status as a genius wizard, and would not listen to her command. However, Leylin’s performance clearly exceeded her expectations.

Not only did he obediently obey orders, he even fit in very well with the other squadron members— he really did not seem like a wizard at all!

‘Perhaps after we return, Leylin’s titles should be changed... With Leylin’s qualifications and contributions, he might be promoted this month,’ Aulen thought to herself, but afterwards pushed the matter to the back of her mind. No matter how much she thought about it, they had to make it out alive before they had the privilege of enjoying promotions.

“Kill them!” A jarring sound of metal scraping against metal came from the darkness, and the surrounding werecreatures seemed to go mad as they charged towards Leylin.

“Follow me, we need to break out of this!” Aulen gritted her teeth, and the bow and arrow in her grasp shot out arrow after arrow. Once done, she tossed the bow away and replaced it with a slender rapier that had been hanging at her waist.

As a patrol wizard, Leylin was protected at the centre of their formation, and did not suffer any injuries.

‘In battle, a wizard’s spell slots should be used to serve their comrades. However, a wizard’s spell slots are limited, and so they must leave their own safety in the hands of their teammates. In this situation, unless they were good friends who would give their lives in return, it would be almost impossible for them to remain on good terms with one another.’

“I’m almost out of spell slots!” He shouted gravely, but in reality he was lying. Whether it was spiritual force which would allow him to directly use the first few ranks of spells or the Ring of Wizardry, Leylin still retained a great deal of power. However, he had to keep it a secret.

“How many spell slots do you have remaining?” Aulen looked at Leylin anxiously. At the moment, she did not have the time to even wipe the traces of blood off her face. She no longer had the grace and elegance of an elf.

Without the support of spells, they basically could not break through the siege of these werecreatures.

“I still have Cloudkill, and I only have rank 1 and rank 0 cantrips left,” Leylin replied with a solemn expression on his face, “In this forest, I don’t have the ability to meditate and recover.”

“Damn! Everyone, immediately break through the siege and run for your lives. Whoever can make it out will make it. Leylin, follow me and immediately cast your spells once most of the others have left!”

Aulen had another cleric in her squadron. Jinx’s palm lit up radiantly with a divine spell. Although Aulen’s rank as a cleric was very low, the divine spells of a cleric did not require spiritual force and mana. One only needed to pray every day to obtain divine spell slots, and it could be considered very convenient.

After several healing spells, the other fighters all seemed to have recovered their vitality one after the other. Even the small wounds they had accrued on their bodies seemed to have been restored.

With this power, Aulen and the others finally broke through the tight encirclement.

“Now!” Aulen roared.

Cloudkill! Leylin pointed behind his back, and the terrifying Cloudkill dispersed, engulfing all the werereatures within it.

“Let’s go!” The other fortunate people began to summon up their courage one after the other in the hope of making it out alive, and followed behind Aulen.

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“We’ve finally made it out!” Aulen looked at the scattered squadron members behind her back with an expression of hatred.

“Those damned werereatures, they’ve been acting up more and more frequently these days... Leylin, our escape is all thanks to you. Your spells were fully put to use and very precise, and I will include this in the report.”

Aulen looked at the distant silhouette of Moonwood with a heavy expression in her eyes. Once she turned away from it however, her expression had changed completely. “Now, let’s go home!”



# Chapter 889: Life in Silverymoon

‘Even the ordinary soldiers feel the looming shadow of war?’ Leylin nodded expressionlessly as he reflected on the issue in his mind. He didn’t remain in the barracks upon their return, instead returning to the property he’d bought.

‘I’m done with yet another mission. The contribution points I earned should be enough for me to buy that information, right?’

The database for wizards in Silverymoon could not be accessed purely with money. There were specific requirements to get things, and high-grade information on spells required contribution points to access. This was part of why Leylin had entered the city guard.

At this thought, he couldn’t help but glance at his stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 20. Race: Human, Rank 12 wizard. Strength: 10. Agility: 10. Vitality: 10. Spiritual force: 12. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 5(3), Rank 4(5), Rank 3(7), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] Silverymoon City was truly the birthplace of wizards in the northern lands. With ample resources and research material, Leylin was able to move up a rank just by diligently working towards it. With more information, the progress on analysis of the Weave had also advanced at lightning speed.

‘Analysis of level 3 of the Weave has already progressed to 99.99%. There’s just a little left...’ Leylin sighed as he entered the workroom.

“Good-Good morning, Mister Leylin!” Three wizard apprentices jumped up just like startled rabbits. Bessany looked a little flushed, and the sisters behind her were obviously trying to clean up the messy lab table.

“Welcome home, sir!” Bessany spoke in the end, having gathered her courage. A year of study had taught them how difficult it was to cross rank 10, which meant that this young noble in front of them had a lot of talent and status in the wizarding world.

“Mm,” Leylin nodded sternly, “I hired you at the price of ten gold kronas

per month; you also have permission to use my workroom. You don't have to feel embarrassed..."

While helping with Leylin's work, these girls had also been attempting to train their alchemy. It was a pity that without guidance from their mentor, it was difficult for them to improve by a large extent even if they had an alchemy lab.

"Oh!" Just as Leylin's voice sounded, Isadora cheered, "I knew Mister Leylin wasn't a stingy person..."

"So... that's how you thought of me in the past?" Leylin rubbed his nose, scaring Ena into dragging her sister to apologise with her. There were countless apprentices in Silvermoon City, and their chances of finding such a good job were meagre. If not for their coincidental meeting with Leylin, the three of them wouldn't even have been able to get this position. Hence, Ena treasured her current job.

"Forget it... I was just joking!" Even if it was what he had said only in passing, the beautiful apprentices in front of him were already cowering in fear. Such was the power of a high status. This power originated from Leylin himself, and nobody could snatch it away from him.

Leylin waved his hand with waning interest, approaching the sales counter on one side and opening its magic lock.

"How have the sales of magic items been lately?" Leylin took out a black boxing glove from the locked counter. The dark hide on the surface had a chilly glint to it, and looked to conceal some sort of strength. Under the guard was an incomplete magic formation. A few parts of the circuit were obviously broken off.

"The two items we asked Hawke's Bazaar to sell have already gone on the market. We have received a total of 8000 gold coins. Based on the contract, they will receive 10% of the profits and the funds have been remitted to your account at the Goddess of Wealth's church, able to be withdrawn at any time... Also, a few other magic item shops and auctions have contacted me, saying they wish to obtain your masterpieces..." Bessany reported normally.

Leylin was a Grandmaster Alchemist in his previous life. Once he made sense of the rules of alchemy in this world and got a hold of Permanency, his magic items were rather good. Bessany was definitely envious of Leylin given that the items he made randomly sold for thousands of gold coins.

It was a pity that she was only qualified to take care of the sales records and statistics. Whether it was delivering magic items or transferring money, this was something Leylin personally took care of with the clients. There was no way for her to interfere.

Tempted by greed, humans could abruptly gain terrifying strength and not even twitch in the face of death. Knowing this well, Leylin obviously would not give her the chance to betray him.

‘It looks like Bessany is rather skilled at this type of work. There’s some value in nurturing her...’ Leylin thought to himself, placing the boxing glove on the table while putting on a device over his eyes which was similar to a magnifying glass.

A fine powder mixed with mithril floated down softly from Leylin’s fingertips. It emitting a shiny silver luster in the ink bottle it landed in, after which Leylin used a fountain pen and dabbed at the ink before beginning to draw on the magic formation.

Bessany and the sisters immediately held their breaths, watching his actions closely. Alchemy masters all had their unique techniques. Even in Silvermoon, it was rare for people to let others watch without reservations. The other alchemy apprentices would go crazy over this if they found out!

His movements as fluid as water, Leylin quickly finished drawing the last magic formation. A radiance then appeared on his hands. With the incantation done and energy provided, the magic formation began to radiate energy that enveloped the glove.

“Now!” Leylin’s eyes shone, and he unhesitatingly cast a rank 5 spell. The gorgeous, powerful lustre of Permanency caused the girls to look intoxicated. With it, the rays from the magic formation grew in strength, and then began to be hidden within the guard.

[Beep! Glove of Strength successfully created!] A prompt sounded from the A.I. Chip, followed by the item's stats.

[Item Name: Glove of Strength. Weight: 525g. Materials Used: Giant Skin, Limestone, Mithril. Effects: Able to increase user's strength by 1 point (limited to those under 10 points). Description: This is a glove filled with strength, the love of all warriors and knights. The maker used a unique technique in creating it, giving this guard even more power!] "Hm, not bad." An item of this rank was something Bessany and the rest could not even hope for. For Leylin, however, it is was merely something to practice his skills on.

After soaking the fist guard in a solution from a glass bottle, he proceeded with the last adaptability procedures. Leylin then spoke to Ena, "Tell the people in the shop to come over and get the goods."

"Understood, Mister!" Ena bowed respectfully and left the room.

"How is it? Did you understand?" Leylin glanced at Bessany, a teasing look in his eyes. As for Isadora, he completely ignored her.

"No! Sire's techniques are even more profound than those of the elven masters..." Bessany unknowingly used honorifics. She obviously wanted to become Leylin's official student, but it seemed like he had no intentions of taking her on whatsoever.

"Alchemy needs to be learnt systematically. It's natural you can't understand it for now..." Leylin looked at Bessany, seeing her thirst and determination towards magic. Out of the three, perhaps only she would be able to succeed.

"In that case... Are you willing to give up your pay every month and work for three hourglasses more everyday? This will be in exchange for half an hourglass' worth of time every week being mentored on alchemy," Leylin asked. Passing on knowledge in exchange for manual labour was common amongst high-grade wizards. There were even cases of female wizards giving up their bodies in exchange for tutoring.

"I am! Of course I am" Bessany immediately grew so ecstatic that she kept repeating her words. With her background, truly studying alchemy

was but a dream. Besides Leylin, no master would be willing to take her in as a apprentice.

“Good! Come to my room after you get off work.” Leylin nodded and headed out of the shop.

He could not keep staying here to create more magic items. Since Bessany had interest and talent in this area, there was nothing bad about teaching her.

“Congratulations, Bessany!” Behind him, Isadora’s congratulations and Bessany’s tearful delight sounded out. A ruminating smile was left on Leylin’s lips.

Things that belonged to a devil were not so easily obtained!

.....

At the heart of Silverymoon, in the Wizards’ Guild next to the palace. After passing through a series of stringent tests, Leylin came outside the wizards’ vault.

The tower genie’s robotic voice sounded, “Welcome, Lord Leylin Faulen. As a middle-ranked wizard with the army, you can view the content at the first three levels. Level four and above can be accessed through contribution points.”

The wizards’ vault was a small library, and inside a few old wizards were reading. Leylin did not bother them as he found a book he was in the middle of. He began to read ‘Exploring The Sixth Level Of The Weave.’

The A.I. Chip continued to work, recording everything he saw.

# Chapter 890: Farewell

“Tower genie, I wish to exchange contribution points for ‘A Brief Introduction To The Four Great Elements’, as well as Gandalf’s ‘Exploring the Cosmic World!’” When it was time to leave, Leylin spoke to the managing genie of the wizards’ vault.

“Lord Leylin, you now have a total of 580 contribution points. Exchanging for these two magic resources will require 80 contribution points. Continue?” the tower genie asked.

“Yes!” Leylin touched the emblem on his chest. With some secret probes, he could sense that the tower genie was communicating with the information in his emblem and refreshing it. Soon, it deducted the correct number of contribution points.

Boom! Boom! Two earthen statues walked over, holding crystal balls with information inside them.

The tower genie’s voice sounded again. “Please note: The information is only meant for the wizard to use alone. It must not be shown to outsiders, or you will be punished by the enforcers of the palace.”

Leylin already knew about this rule, and he shrugged his shoulders, taking the two crystal balls and walking out of the guild.

‘Regular wizards can only read the information on the first two levels, and there are even some restrictions on that. My permissions are already the highest that all foreigners can get...’ Leylin sighed inside.

Whatever it was, he was still a foreigner who had enlisted for less than a year, and was only a middle-ranked wizard. While he had a little bit of a reputation as a genius, he was nothing before he had fully grown into his power.

‘All the research and procedures that are free to read in the wizards’ vault has been stored in the A.I. Chip. I need to spend contribution points for the rest...’

Short of becoming a Legend, he couldn’t access the vault free of charge.

He could only use his accumulated contribution points to slowly get the information on the disciplines he wanted. Were there no war, it would have been delusional to completely obtain all the information he wanted with his current means.

However, things were different now. Leylin's eyes glinted icily, "Soon... The shadow of war will soon be upon us..."

The advent of war was no secret. Intelligent people like Leylin could tell this was about to happen years ago, and now even the junior-most officers like Aulen had found out.

The most obvious evidence of this was the obvious decrease in the number of wizard apprentices and official wizards coming to Silverymoon. The crowd on the streets had even thinned out. The city guards had been mobilised more often recently, and they were even openly recruiting.

Of course, those who joined now would not have the great treatment that Leylin had gotten. With his own foresight and the advantage from his information, Leylin had made the most of this final chance to enlist. Now, if he was lucky, he could be recruited into the middle ranks.

However, this was obviously not what Leylin needed. What did that mean to him? What he needed was to have achievements; by unceasingly getting more contribution points and spreading his fame, he could soar straight to the inner circle of Silverymoon City.

His actions would definitely be hindered by those stubborn conservative members, which was why it was necessary to walk the less trodden path.

'Tiff is doing well right now. He's gathered some power that I can make use of...' Leylin continued to scheme.

"Oh my! Isn't this our genius foreigner from the south, mid-ranked wizard Leylin?" This peculiar voice and the sarcasm in mentioning Leylin's title made him immediately aware of who it was.

"Commander Cassley!" He inwardly rolled his eyes, but on the surface Leylin still straightened his chest and saluted.

"Mm! I heard that you did well this time and saved Aulen and the others

from a group of werecreatures. Not bad..." Standing in front of him was a young officer. His ears were slightly pointed and he had fair skin from his elven heritage. His appearance concealed his true age.

He was a true high-ranked wizard! On top of that, he was also a higher-up amongst the city guards, and Leylin had to treat him with respect. He obviously knew that the instant he seemed disrespectful, things would be deliberately made difficult for him. Hence, all his actions strictly followed the etiquette in the army with no errors.

Seeing Leylin's display, Cassley had a shady look in his eye and even some restrained fear.

"I heard that your next mission is a punitive expedition. Work hard. Once we expand the army, it'll be a chance for you youths."

Taking the general encouragement, Leylin got out of the way and stood by the side of the road. Only after the commander vanished from the Wizards' Guild did he continue forward, sighing in relief.

Even a world with extraordinary powers was similar to ordinary human societies, with factions and power struggles. Leylin's achievements that outstripped his age already left a lot of people unhappy with him. With the quick promotions, his increasing contribution points, and the spread of his name, this discontent had reached the limits.

In order to get more opportunities, Leylin had taken the initiative and entered Aulen's faction, thereby relying on the bigshot behind her. There was no other way around it. If he wanted to climb forward, his own strength was far from enough. It was necessary to get backed by other factions.

Without anyone backing you, it was only a matter of time before you were eliminated. While he found this beneath him, lacking in strength Leylin could only play by the rules. In that case, was there a faction better than his own immediate superior?

By relying on Aulen and the power backing her, Leylin had been able to survive up to this point. However, this also led to him offending the other factions. The high-ranked wizard Cassley, for instance, was obviously from



another faction. Leylin and Aulen had long become eyesores to him.

Of course, with Alessandro and the elders around, this competition was still positive. Nobody dared make a move in public. Hence, since Leylin had presented himself perfectly, Cassley could find no excuse to reprimand him.

“Looks like he’s going to give our team trouble in the next mission...” Leylin muttered to himself. This degree of treatment was still within the scope of the rules, and his backer must have also done something as well.

‘But he’s taking the lead to make things difficult for us and is unafraid of telling me about the dangers of the mission. Does that mean they are absolutely prepared?’ Leylin’s expression was grim. This action of his implied a 60 to 70% confidence.

Of course, Leylin was already used to concealing his strength. A plan based on his surface strength would fail to account for his true might. This alone could lead to Cassley losing everything he banked on.

“It’s a good idea to discuss this with Aulen as soon as possible, and see if the bigshot behind her can help us...” Leylin had a feeling that this was a confrontation between the two organisations, and his team had coincidentally been involved. The two sides had long since discovered the incoming battle and were now doing all they could to suppress their opponents and gather more strength.

That he was pushed to the front of the stage to become the vanguard meant things were now very dangerous. As the bannermen, they would obviously be attacked at full strength.

‘But danger is also an opportunity!’ Leylin laughed grimly to himself, ‘As long as we can get past this, the rewards won’t be meagre. How else could this be fair?’

Leylin never feared danger.

‘Leylin! Hey, hey! I’m here!’ The young girl’s tender voice attracted the interest of many people, causing them to stop and look on. However, the person who had called him out did not seem to be affected in the least,

and was even waving her arms.

‘Is she finally here?’ The feeling from the devil’s mark already told Leylin the identity of this person.

He looked up and came before the female knight, “Long time no see!”

“Long time no see, Leylin!” Rafiniya was still in a knight’s attire, but there were now a few servants guiding the horse. It seemed like she had matured quite a bit in these two years, and grown a few centimetres taller. Her powerful and lush thighs immediately stopped passersby in their tracks.

It did not feel good to be ogled at like this, so Leylin brought Rafiniya away.

“You’re a wizard! I knew it; you were bluffing me all this time! Also your name is Leylin, not Ley!” Rafiniya exclaimed huffily, her personality still the same as before.

“Haha... that was all a disguise in the past!” Having been seen through, Leylin didn’t even blush.

“By the way, why are you here?” There was a huge distance between the north and the west. Leylin had reached Silverymoon ahead of Rafiniya, but the fact that she had actually come here still surprised him slightly.

“I’m travelling around now, and I heard rumours that a war’s going to happen here. I came because you were here too.” Rafiniya spoke seriously, “As a knight, my dream is to maintain justice and protect the peace of Silverymoon!”

‘I knew it...’ Leylin massaged his temples. Only foolish girls like Rafiniya would run to battlefields when there were no benefits. He glanced at the servants behind her, eyes full of pity, “With a mistress like this, it must be exhausting.”

Upon hearing this, the servants behind Rafiniya nodded vigorously, but when Rafiniya turned back, their expressions immediately changed, looking indignant.

“Struggling for a career of righteousness is all I live for!”

“The miss’ methods are correct. We support you wholeheartedly!”

“How is it? So many people are supporting my dreams! Silverymoon City will definitely win this time, and the evil orcs will definitely lose!” Rafiniya proudly raised her head.

“Yeah, yeah. Have you joined the city guard?” Leylin asked bluntly.

“Not yet. I came to meet you once I arrived!” Rafiniya answered truthfully.

“Good! I’ll introduce you to people then. How about joining my team?” Leylin suggested. With Aulen’s authority, taking a new recruit into his team was no issue.

# Chapter 891: Deliberately Making Things Difficult

While Rafiniya had a screw loose, she was still a real high-ranked knight. A hot-headed idiot like her was still useful in battle, able to take care of things on the front lines. As long as he brought up the path of knights and justice to sway her, this little lady knight would be charge forward like an enraged bull in spite of the dangers ahead.

“Well then, I’ll leave things to you!” The female knight casually spoke, making the few servants behind her turn pale.

“Miss, the master let you come out and travel, not to join the army. You’re making it hard for us to answer to the master...” the oldest servant summoned up the courage to say.

Boom! However, before he could finish his words, the the little girl’s slender fist struck his right eye directly and he toppled. The power of a high-ranked knight was not something that a mere servant could take on.

“How shameless... Too shameless...” Rafiniya’s entire body trembled, “Such a person with no heart for justice whatsoever is my servant? That’s an insult to me!”

“How about you? Anyone against it?” Rafiniya’s metallic gloves produced sharp sounds, causing the other servants to immediately shake their heads and toss the unlucky guy on the floor aside.

“There’s no problem now!” Rafiniya clapped.

“You guys... come with me!” Leylin had a dark cloud over his head but did not say much in the end as he led the way.

.....

In the barracks.

“Hey, Leylin! There’s trouble...” Aulen’s anxious expression did not ease up, and she didn’t seem to notice Rafiniya who was behind him. She looked completely disheartened.

“What’s going on? Is this the mission that Cassley messed up further?”

“You know about it already? That bastard mixed blood! If not for his sorcery, it would have been impossible for him to become a high-ranked wizard even in three centuries...” Aulen cursed. Life in the army had caused the elves to lose their original elegance.

“Skill with sorcery? Bastard mixed blood? Haha... Aulen, I never knew you were good at swearing...” Leylin chuckled. The A.I. Chip had already told him Cassley had both elven and giant dragon blood in him.

With three bloodlines, he truly was a mixed blood. Giant dragons and elves were both proficient spellcasters, and with their blood Cassley had become a high-ranked wizard before he turned two hundred. That was a classic example of relying on the heavens to succeed.

“Oh, there’s also an outsider here! My apologies!” It was only now that Aulen saw Rafiniya behind Leylin. The female knight was astonished by the profanities the elf had spouted.

“This is Rafiniya, a high-ranked knight and an old friend of mine. She wishes to join us.” Leylin introduced her to Aulen, as this was basic courtesy amongst nobles. “Rafiniya, this is Aulen. She’s not usually like this...”

“A high-ranked knight? Not bad, not bad! Is this the external help you got for this mission?” Aulen’s eyes brightened.

“No! It’s actually just a coincidence. Besides, I don’t know the contents of the mission in detail yet...” At the mention of proper business, Aulen turned grim.

“It’s an extermination mission. They want us to annihilate a camp of werecreatures, with at least five high-ranked Professionals and even possibly Malar priests. Damn it, it’s basically telling us to go on a suicide mission...” Aulen spoke aggrievedly.

“How about that elven wizard? Has he managed to get us anything?” Leylin was referring to their backer.

“He seems quite determined now. A team of theirs with powerhouses is

also going on a dangerous mission, and the upper house as well as master of the city have approved it..." Aulen laughed wryly, "All that he's obtained for us is a group of new soldiers and some supplementary items. We still have to do the mission though."

"Never mind the new troops. They aren't that powerful and might affect our rapport. What do you think about roping Rafiniya in?" Leylin suggested.

Aulen had the same thoughts as Leylin, and she nodded, "Mm, that's what I was thinking! As for those stupid new recruits... I know them better than you do..."

"Well then... Are you willing to enter the city guards and join my team, Miss Rafiniya?" Aulen asked seriously.

"Of course! Spreading justice and punishing evil is the reason I'm travelling around, and my lifelong path as a knight!" Rafiniya's face seemed to glow.

"Great. Welcome! From today onwards, you are a comrade that we can rely on." Aulen exclaimed seriously. She seemed to have a favourable impression of this female knight whose thoughts were incomparably pure. Rafiniya had always been very carefree, and that personality allowed her to integrate into the team quickly.

Upon noticing this, Leylin asked for information regarding the mission and headed out of the camp. He walked along the streets aimlessly, suddenly disappearing into a little alley.

A layer of dark magic light began to spread around Leylin's body and completely concealed his figure.

In a private house nearby, Leylin caught sight of Tiff.

"Young master!" Tiff had now swapped to another face and was wrapped up in a black coat, emitting a strange aura. After seeing Leylin's arrival, he immediately bowed respectfully and set up a powerful isolating barrier.

With his strength nearing the legendary realm, nobody would be able to see through it unless the Chosen herself decided to stalk him by intention.

‘Is he already about to break through?’ As the ‘god’ that Tiff believed in, Leylin had a great understanding of Tiff’s feelings. The energy in Tiff’s body had already almost been completely purified, and he was truly only one step away from becoming a Legend.

Observing the process of someone else becoming a Legend was a huge source of enlightenment and motivation for Leylin now.

‘The realm of Legends holds true power in the World of Gods. It’s also the beginning on one’s path to godhood, not as easy as purifying one’s power...’ While Tiff was not purely a wizard, there was still much information that Leylin could make use of. Light flashed in the depths of his eyes, and Tiff’s stats and aura undulations were accurately copied by the A.I. Chip.

“Mm. How have things been lately?” Leylin indifferently asked.

“I’ve taken in more followers, though a few organisations have begun to take notice of this... Also, news of the incoming war can no longer be hidden. It’s quickly being spread amongst the regular people, and the price of rations and weapons in the black market has been steadily rising...” Tiff reported conscientiously.

He had initially been a loyal believer of the winged serpent god, Kukulcan. He now treated Leylin as the saint of his god and his substitute, so if his loyalty was quantified it would be at the highest possible value.

With Tiff’s strength approaching the legendary realm, he was one of Leylin’s trump cards. Leylin sent him out to gather strength, ready to make a move at the most opportune moment. He was someone who had been able to do as he pleased for a long time due to his strength. His abilities and schemes were marvellous, and with Leylin’s financial help, the plans proceeded smoothly.

After reselling some rare and scarce items, he had even earned much wealth.

“The war has yet to break out, and we still have our most important mission. Once the invasion of the orcs begins, nobody will have time to watch us closely...”

Leylin rubbed his chin, “Perhaps our mighty and benevolent city master will announce something that can coincidentally rid our group of all suspicion...”

War was comparable to allowing the people to carry arms, and demanding that they bring their own rations and take care of themselves. When the situation was dire, the city master probably would not raise too many objections against these empty promises of titles.

“Understood, young master, your will is my command.” Tiff nodded gravely to show his understanding.

“Also, there’s a large base in the dark forest. Do you remember it?” Leylin immediately produced a map used by the military and pointed at the location where the mission was to be carried out.

“This place...” Tiff’s brows furrowed, as if he had been put in a difficult position. Such an expression on Tiff’s face meant that something was abnormal, and it could even be dangerous.

“What is it?” Leylin immediately asked.

“This is a werecreature camp on the outskirts. I’ve had dealings with them before...” The people Tiff took in were obviously not good, pure people. They were the elites of the dark world, and werecreatures were included on the list.

It was completely normal for him to have had dealings with the Moonwood or even the Blackblood tribe before.

“How powerful are they?” Something that put even a near-legendary being on the spot was naturally not easy to take care of. Even knowing that Cassley would definitely give him the most difficult mission, the difficulty it posed seemed to have surpassed Leylin’s expectations.

“There’s a being there that even I feel is dangerous. Also, they have priests of the God of the Hunt there...” A being that could make Tiff feel danger was at least on the same level as him. On top of that, if this organisation had a priest, then they would be at a completely different level than before.



“If young master must attack this base, please allow me to follow you in secret!” Evidently, Tiff was not optimistic at all about Leylin’s mission.

“Alright. Add the more powerful ones you’ve recruited as well, and have them tail us secretly.” Leylin did not try to make things hard for himself. He was merely a rank 12 wizard now, and there was quite a number of people who were more powerful than him in Silverymoon.

“However, compared to the great tide of orcs and orc Legends, as well as the god backing them, the Blackblood tribe is rather weak...” Leylin sighed.

Given how difficult this mission was, Leylin would probably rise to the middle ranks of Silverymoon after it was completed.

# Chapter 892: March

‘Cassley... I’ll remember this!’ Leylin obviously wasn’t someone who’d take a blow lying down. Everything Cassley had done to him would be returned tenfold, even a hundredfold! Wasn’t everything possible in times of war?

.....

As the cold wind whistled, a small team slowly set out from the gates of Silverymoon, radiating a solemn atmosphere. Although they know that the journey was perilous, they could not escape their orders. Such was the sorrow of enlisting in the army.

“Rafiniya, knights can’t be mounted in the Moonwood. There are too many trees and brambles...” Aulen was still telling Rafiniya about things she should take note of.

“Don’t worry! My skill is passable. I don’t need to work together with a warhorse...” Rafiniya patted her black sharkskin scabbard, looking relaxed.

Mounts were usually half the strength of many high-ranked knights, but things were different with Rafiniya. After her previous experiences, she had deliberately trained herself in this area. She still retained much of her original strength even without a mount.

She was on a completely different level when compared with those who could only become heavy-armoured fighters once they lost their horses.

“That’s good... Let me introduce you to the main forces of the troops!” Aulen exclaimed happily while introducing her to the rest of the men.

“You already know Leylin, our wizard. That is our scout captain, the thief Lanshire...” Aulen pointed towards a slender figure wearing tight-fitting clothing with half his face covered.

“Then there’s the brothers who lead our warriors, Ogg and Otto.” As the defensive forces in the team, Ogg and Otto had sturdy muscles and carried halberds, claw hammers and other heavy weapons.

Behind them were almost twenty elite warriors wearing steel armour like

chainmail. They were rank 3 warriors or greater, and could be considered rather strong.

“Hello!” Ogg and Otto smiled and greeted her. Their expressions were very innocent, a stark contrast to their insanity in battle.

“And then there’s our healer and the beauty of the team, the cleric Jinx!” Aulen approached a blonde girl. She wore white cleric robes, and sat on a white horse summon.

“Sister Aulen... don’t tease me. What do you mean by beauty...” Jinx blushed slightly. With her cascading golden hair, she had a calm aura.

“We used to be a team of 50, but due to a bitter fight, tens of our men died. We haven’t had the time to replace them...” Aulen brought Rafiniya to take a look at the team, looking desolate and regretful. Even she did not dare bring in new friends when they were about to carry out a dangerous mission, not to mention that there could be spies in their midst.

“Rafiniya, you’re a knight. As usual, you will be assigned two servants and four grooms. Every month, you’ll receive an extra salary for them. Don’t hesitate to report your name,” Aulen waved her hand generously.

“I only have four servants. Sister Aulen, just do what you need to...” Rafiniya answered without care. With her background, she naturally did not think much of the allowance from the army. However, for many commoner knights, this was great wealth.

In order to get more gold coins, commoner knights did not mind reducing the number of servants and grooms while still earning the same amount. Leylin could not help but sigh— embezzling money by adding nonexistent servants to the payroll was a common situation everywhere, it seemed. It didn’t need to be specially taught.

“Alright then. We’ll treat it as two servants and two grooms...” Aulen watched Rafiniya attentively, but discovered she was not acting strangely. She could not help but shake her head, feeling ashamed of her thoughts.

“Oh look, are those goblins?” Rafiniya’s mind was obviously not on this matter, and her attention was already on something else.

There were a few green-skinned creatures in the wilderness, looking exactly the same as the goblins Leylin had seen before. They were staring at the group greedily but did not dare charge forward, seemingly timid and afraid.

“Yes. Don’t worry, they wouldn’t dare attack fully-armed human troops...” Aulen exclaimed, and then watched speechlessly as Rafiniya urged her horse to go forth. She then looked towards Leylin, who shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

“Alright, I finally understand why you had such a reluctant expression when introducing Rafiniya to me...” Aulen urged her horse to Leylin’s side and rolled her eyes.

.....

Though the journey was more fun with the lady knight Rafiniya, they were now increasingly closer to the Moonwood. The atmosphere in the group grew increasingly solemn.

Night came, and tens of tents were erected in the army camp. Heaps of bonfires were ignited in an orderly manner, with simple army rations cooking above them. Leylin had opened a can and poured solid fish floss into the boiling soup.

“It’s fish floss! I often ate this while travelling in the south!” Rafiniya, who was seated beside Leylin, twitched her nose.

“Is that so?” Leylin smiled slightly, not revealing that he was the master of the supply chain. Due to the location and matured supply chain, the church of wealth hadn’t left the Faulen Family alone in its work. They’d invested in them to gain most of the ownership rights to the fish floss.

With the support from their tremendous wealth and network, sales of fish floss had extended to the north in a few years. It had even become the required army rations in Silverymoon, which made him feel rather honoured.

While imitations had begun to appear in the market, the quantity, scale and techniques could not compare with the shrine of wealth. Hence, the

profits would be maintained for a long time. Leylin received these updates as the family sent him money every year.

Although he was improving himself, Leylin hadn't relinquished control of his family and other organisations. Becoming a Legend, or even a high-ranked wizard would be enough for him to do as he pleased in the World of Gods, but his goal wasn't just personal improvement.

He wanted to become a god, and personal strength wasn't enough for that. Even the great gods who were high above needed support from followers.

'Actually, the rules to become a god in the World of Gods aren't that strict...' With Leylin's foresight, he could obviously see through many things, 'If I become a new god, it will be easier to get support from the world origin force. A thousand pious believers are enough to support the birth of a new god. It's the old ones facing more trouble. They need to expand about tenfold, and can easily become enemies to other gods with similar roles...'

Leylin's eyes glinted, 'Of course, there's an easier way to become a god; through luck! If I manage to obtain divine power crystals as well as the godhood of a fallen god, it would be easy to become one... But even after becoming one that way, I would still be a mortal. Resurrecting as a god will not be a certainty...'

Leylin actually thought little of these gods that had gotten lucky. Comprehension of the powers of laws could not be completed in a day. Even high-ranked Legends may not be able to fully comprehend the power of laws, much less those who had once been regular people.

It was like using a child's strength to brandish a huge hammer. The result would be obvious.

Of course, Leylin was different. His main body had the experiences of a near rank 7 Magus and assistance from the A.I. Chip. If he ascended to godhood with weak divine power, it was still possible for him to embrace and support it.

'It's a pity... Something as good as the heavens granting divinity no longer

exists... The gods will never be forgotten. Even if they die from unnatural causes, godhoods and divine weapons will still land in the hands of the gods that killed them. It can't be given to others...

'Comprehension of another law like this will only pollute my path...' Leylin looked incomparably grim. He was still a Warlock at heart, and followed the path of Magi. Rank 7 Magi needed to completely grasp the power of one law, and rank 8 Magi needed to comprehend multiple laws.

Only by finding their own path and smelting the power of laws into oneself would a person find themselves at the peak of rank 8, peering into the realm of rank 9. With a rough idea of the path, Leylin wasn't willing to mix in more laws.

'Unless it's a law of divinity that I need, even should a godhood with powerful divine power dangle before my eyes, I won't pay it any mind,' Leylin gave a deep sigh.

"Heh... what are you thinking about?" His expression naturally aroused the interest of Rafiniya beside him.

"I'm wondering when this fish soup will be done." Leylin shook his head. If he were to tell the female knight beside him that he was considering becoming a god, she would definitely think he was a lunatic. Someone who wasn't even a rank 15 high-ranked wizard dared say that he wanted to become a god? Even those Legends did not have the guts to do so!

"Mm, almost there." Rafiniya breathed in deeply. She obviously had more experience from before, and seemed to have some culinary skills.

"My apologies for bothering the two of you!" Jinx came over at this moment, her pure white robes gliding across the grass. She radiated a sense of exceptional beauty.

"Captain Aulen told me to notify all officers who are squadron leaders or higher to come to the central tent immediately..."

# Chapter 893: Spy

The flame of a thick wax candle flickered within the tent, illuminating the area brightly. Leylin, Rafiniya and the other team leaders formed a circle with Aulen in the captain's seat. The map of the Moonwood was hung on one side of the tent.

"This mission is going to be quite difficult. Do any of you have viable plans?" Aulen furrowed her slender brows, but the responses disappointed her.

"Leylin, what do you think?" She looked over to Leylin expectantly. As an army wizard, he held a remarkably high position. Besides, he had already proven his ability before; he was second only to herself in the team.

"There have been no further intelligence reports. I only know their rough position and the presence of high-ranked werecreatures within their team. In this situation, we can only reinforce our security and wait for the right opportunity to grab them by the throat."

Although what Leylin said made sense, it wasn't enough to satisfy her. Aulen knitted her brows once again. Leylin naturally understood her worries; he did indeed have a plan. However, it required Tiff and the devil worshippers, so he naturally couldn't tell Aulen and the team.

She looked around the room disheartenedly, before waving her hand to dismiss them, "Well, alright then. I'm sorry to have interrupted your dinner, let us end the meeting here." Despair was evident in her face.

"Don't worry, sister Aulen! Justice always prevails, those damned werecreatures will not win against us!" At this point, the only one left who was full of confidence was of course the young female knight.

Ultimately, this was still a world led by physical strength. Rafiniya only attended the meeting because she was a high-ranked knight: it afforded her a position equivalent to a military officer who was a low-ranked captain.

"I trust you." Aulen smiled helplessly, unable to find the strength to

respond to Rafiniya in any other way.

“Leylin! Why did Aulen look so dejected towards the end?” Rafiniya wasn’t able to contain her curiosity after leaving the tent, “Is the mission too challenging?”

“No idea,” Leylin shook his head, and realised that the girl hadn’t been changed at all by prior experience.

“The fish broth is done, miss.” Rafiniya’s servant brought up two bowls of fish broth and the staple white bread, not forgetting the wild berries they picked along the way.

“Woo!!” Rafiniya cheered and began digging in.

Leylin laughed mindlessly at Rafiniya and tore his bread unhurriedly before dipping it into the broth and sending it into his mouth. He only called out to her as they were about to part, “Rafiniya!”

“Yeah? What’s the matter?” There were still leftover crumbs on the side of her lips, and she resembled a gluttonous little kitten.

“Nothing, I just have a premonition that tonight won’t be peaceful. Keep your weapons close.” Leylin notified her.

After going their separate ways, Leylin looked around to make sure no one had their eyes on him before sneaking into Aulen’s tent...

The silver moonlight was exceptionally dull this night, broken only by a few lone storm clouds that passed the region every once in a while.

The winds howled and temperatures dipped, and everyone else but from the patrolling soldiers had long ducked into their respective tents. Only the unfortunate soldiers on night duty were left to fend for themselves as they cursed at their luck.

Out of nowhere, a thick dark cloud floated across and swallowed the moon whole. The moonlight disappeared completely in the span of a second, and the only remaining light was from the handful of bonfires around. The guards’ line of sight grew hazy and they could only see things within 5 metres even if they sat by the bonfires.



“What a dark night... And such dense fog!” A patrol soldier grumbled.

“Come on! I’ve seen even scarier fogs in the endless wilderness, to the extent that you can’t see your fingers even when you’ve stretched your hand out.” Another patrol soldier replied with disdain.

“Well, you’re right!” The younger soldier nodded his head, but then he tightened his grip on his weapon, “Who’s there?”

A shadow approached them in the fog. “It’s me!” it spoke with a familiar voice.

“Oh, it’s the captain. Ma’am!” The patrol soldiers saluted immediately. However, in the instant they bowed, a few slashes flashed coldly in the night.

“Ack-” Fear and confusion brimmed their eyes as they tightly pressed their hands to their necks for dear life, blood seeping through the fingers. The collapse of both their bodies attracted no unwanted attention.

The hazy shadow seemed to let out a sigh of relief before arriving in front of another tent.

“Who’s there?” Leylin asked from within the tent.

“It’s me, Lanshire.” The shadow sounded calm.

“I see, is there anything? Hold on, I’ll deactivate the alarm!” The tent lit up for a brief moment and Leylin lifted the entrance open with confusion written all over his face, “Come in!”

Walking into the tent, the bright light carved out the figure of the shadow. She was slender, as thin as a thread, and wore a mask that covered half of her face. It was the scout of the team—Lanshire

“It must be urgent for you to visit at such an unearthly hour.” Having shed his wizard robes and wearing only a plain white shirt that revealed his firm chest, Leylin exuded masculinity.

“Well.. I have an idea with regards to the mission.” Lanshire’s voice was rather strange.

“Idea? Why didn’t you bring it up during the afternoon meeting? Was

something preventing you from mentioning it?” Leylin’s expression turned dark and he took a step closer to her.

“Um, actually...” Lanshire lowered her voice causing Leylin to move closer towards her in an attempt to catch what she said.

Something unexpected happened at that moment. A bright silver dagger appeared in Lanshire’s hand out of nowhere as she mercilessly slashed at Leylin’s throat, the moment he was completely defenceless.

Given that she was a high-ranked assassin, there was only one way for this to end. Leylin would die.

Pew! The dagger cut into Leylin’s throat without difficulty, but the situation was different from what Lanshire had expected. Instead of having blood splatter all over, Leylin’s body turned into a huge soap bubble, burst in front of her and left nothing but a strong gale in its wake.

“This must be... High-grade illusion!” All colour drained from Lanshire’s face upon realising that the Leylin she had just encountered was just a fake. She fled from his tent.

But things did not go well for her as she walked out into a group of people surrounding her. The real Leylin was wearing his robes neatly and was already aiming his staff at her, with a fully-armoured Rafiniya by his side.

And in the midst of them all, Aulen looked at Lanshire in disbelief and, of course, disappointment.

“Lanshire! I can’t believe it’s you. We’ve already been friends for more than 50 years, and you still couldn’t resist the temptation of having power!” Aulen looked sorrowful.

“Friendship? Really?” Lanshire removed her mask to reveal a youthful face, but the remnants of a scar were still evident on her left cheek. It was like a flaw on a piece of art, completely destroying her beauty and rendering her rather ugly.

In a world of divine powers, scars like these would be easily healed. But the people who had gifted her this scar back then left a destructive power

in the wound that deterred the healing abilities of any divine powers.

“Since that night, I’ve never been the same!” Lanshire laughed coldly before putting her mask back on with hatred-filled eyes.

“I see, you’ve never been able to let it go...” Aulen said in a sorrowful voice, “Who are you working for exactly? The werereatures? Or another faction?”

Leylin couldn’t care less about emotional entanglements like these. He stood out from the crowd and sent orders to surround Lanshire completely. Anyone who fought him was an enemy, and if they could not be roped in then he could only kill them. This was the code of law in the World of Gods!

“Kneel and confess all your sins! This is your last chance of survival!” Leylin stated fiercely, but he knew a surrender from Lanshire was almost impossible. She was a particularly determined avenger with a strong will. People like her could even drag others to hell with them just for revenge.

Leylin was familiar with unmoving fellows like these, thus he sent the command just as Lanshire smiled: “Kill!”

Magic and vindication clashed in the blink of an eye. Lanshire was just a high-ranked assassin, and though she could certainly bring much trouble to Leylin and his team if things were done in the dark, an open face-off like this was obviously not a strength of hers.

Having cast Slow and with Rafiniya’s help, Leylin brought Lanshire down in no time. She was stabbed in the abdomen by two enormous steel swords, and hot blood trickled from her wounds.

“Cripple her of all fighting ability! Jinx, treat her!” She was Aulen’s friend, after all, Leylin still had some sense in him.

“Hah! I’d rather die than receive treatment from you! And do you think this is over?” Lanshire’s mask had fallen off long ago in the middle of the fight. Blood trickled from the corners of her lips, and she looked even scarier than before with her menacing appearance.

“What?” Aulen’s expression didn’t look too good.

“Cap-Captain!” Just then, Ogg who had originally been in charge of planting traps and exterior defenses was carried in by the others, and it was clear he had suffered an attack.

“It’s the werereatures! Their abilities are beyond what we’ve imagined!”

# Chapter 894: Ambush

The roars and howling of beasts filled the vicinity, putting everyone on edge.

Lanshire laughed hysterically, “Hah! All of you will die with me! You can never beat those werecreatures! Every one of you will be torn apart and then swallowed; your souls will be caged in the depths of hell!”

After spitting out her malicious curse, Lanshire’s face flushed and fresh blood spurted out from her mouth. Her aura completely disappeared as she died.

“Ignore her! Listen to me, engage defensive formation.” Seeing that Aulen wasn’t in a good condition, Leylin took over command.

It was only now that he found out what exactly had happened directly from Ogg, and began to organise the troops. In reality, everything that happened tonight was within Leylin’s plan. Firstly, he found Aulen and told her that they may have a spy within their ranks to win her support, which allowed him to plant the trap.

And to make things easy for the possible attack, the brothers, Ogg and Otto were sent out to be on standby.

“There were high-ranked werecreatures, so many of them, I– I can’t be sure of the exact number, but my brother tried to protect me–He tried to protect me and–” Ogg’s eyes swelled red with tears and his facial muscles began to twitch.

“Heal!” A spell flew forth from Jinx’s hands, and swiftly cured most of Ogg’s severe wounds.

“I’m gonna kill those damned beast bastards!” He stood up and grabbed his enormous claw hammer without waiting for his wounds to recover completely.

“Were you the only one who managed to escape in the close combat team? It looks like I underestimated our enemies this time round.” Leylin looked slightly ashamed, but a light flashed deep within in his eyes.

Whether it was done intentionally or not, the capture and exposure of Lanshire's identity as a spy and her death had dealt a huge blow to Aulen. Moreover, the troops led by Ogg and Otto were now left with casualties, and Otto had even died; Silverymoon City would have to compensate Otto's family for that later on. Jinx was a priest and under heavy restriction, while Rafiniya was a new member and did not have enough experience.

The event seemed to have cleared quite a number of obstacles for him, but Leylin would never admit to that. He would probably say that it was a coincidence!

By then, the werereatures were already directly outside the campsite, their mountainous shadows and the screams of the guards causing horror to tinge the atmosphere.

"Everyone stay close, we're in trouble." An Eternal Flame spell lit up Leylin's palm, and he managed to repel a large amount of the fog. As the soldiers gathered together, he managed to see the werereatures more clearly.

This was a humongous group with at least 200 of the monsters among them, six of which had exceptionally strong physiques and savage auras.

"High-ranked werereatures, and there's 6 of them!" Even the perturbed Aulen was now anxious. The werereatures' strength had greatly surpassed their expectations. If they were at all careless, their troop would be completely wiped out.

Suppressing her emotions, Aulen returned to her cool-headed self and sent out commands, "Defensive formation number 2!"

How could she not have realised that Lanshire had conspired with the werereatures to kill everyone here?

"Lanshire, my friend. I'm sorry!" Aulen muttered to herself and drew out her elven sword, the shaft decorated in plant motifs. Its lustre suggested that it was an enchanted item.

Boom! Boom! Giant footsteps sounded out, and several giants that were

at least ten metres tall emerged from the fog. They were like walking hills clothed in coppery skin.

“G-Giants! These werecreatures managed to tame giants!” Aulen’s hand trembled ever so slightly as she watched these human-like but also bizarre creatures, and some soldiers even yelped in despair.

“Giants? Those extraordinary creatures from the north?” Leylin massaged his temples in distress as data of the creatures was presented to him.

[Name Unknown. Race: Giant. Strength: 15. Agility: 6. Vitality: 13. Spirit: 2. Feats: 1. Strong 2. Regeneration 3. Armoured Skin. Description: A unique creature that only exists in the north. Cruel and fierce in temperament, unintelligent, easily tamed by other barbaric tribes.] “Looking at this strength, they’re most certainly connected to the Blackblood tribe. They might even be a branch! Cassley obviously wanted us to die.” Aulen laughed bitterly.

“Prepare to break through! We can only evacuate as many as we can.” She now seemed to have lost heart.

“Elf from Silvermoon City, and other humans!” A shadow walked out from the group of werecreatures.

He was 2 metres tall, and had an appearance similar to that of a human. The difference was that he had unusual beastly patterns all over his face, and certain body parts of a beast.

He choked in disgust after sniffing in the direction of Leylin and the rest, “Damn Silvermoon City! That is a place of evil, it should be wiped clean!”

As followers of Malar, the werecreatures were naturally hostile towards the civilised beings of Silvermoon City and hated all who dwelled within it. The city guards were undoubtedly their first target.

“All of you will die here today! You are all too worthless to even be sacrificed to my Lord!” The werecreatures growled, and more petrifying shadows headed towards them.

Werecreatures had robust physiques and a staggering jumping ability.

The temporary barriers by the side of the campsite posed no deterrence to them. Roar! The giants grunted and every step they took was like a miniature earthquake, flipping tents and crushing soldiers under their feet.

“Damn it! Leylin, protect me!” The elegance of an elf was long forgotten to Aulen as her eyes were red with anxiety and she pulled the elven bow from her back.

Greater Magic Weapon! Leylin’s expression became heavy as the lustre of a high-grade spell burst forth from his hand.

Phew! Silver arrows went off like shooting stars, the spell-filled arrowheads hitting the giants right in their eyes, their weakest points. The giants’ defences still couldn’t match high-grade spells, and this was aimed at their eyes.

The giants roared as their eyes cracked apart in a soft explosion, copious amount of shimmering liquid and blood dripping everywhere.

One pressed a palm against his injured eye as he went berserk, charging towards Aulen.

Grease! Spell rays enveloped the giants as Leylin took advantage of this moment. He wouldn’t be himself if he let go of the chance to target the giants’ weakness.

Bang! Magnificent lights shot out of his hands like fireworks, and the group of giants immediately went berserk. Even the werereatures were unable to calm them down.

Everything was in a frenzy as they roared wildly and attacked everything in their vicinity, including a handful werereatures who were shredded into pieces.

“It’s a high-grade spell attack! Get rid of that darned wizard, I’ll dispel it!” A werereature clad in a priest robe stood out in the chaos. He, too, had strange decorative motifs and paint on his face.

“Kill!” Aulen made use of this chance and charged forwards with Rafiniya and the rest. The only way they could survive under a situation



like this was to go all-in. The soldiers were well aware of this too as they plucked up their remaining courage, following Aulen's lead and charging ahead.

Roar! The clash of the two opposing sides created a fierce orchestra of howls and clangs of steel meeting steel.

And yet everything was in vain. Aulen's numbers started to dwindle, and they could not win no matter how great their fighting spirit was. The werecreatures were just too many.

"Go to hell!" Having been enhanced by magic, the sword in Aulen's hand was brighter than ever. It could easily pierce through the defences of the werecreatures and cause unimaginable damage to their internal organs.

With it, Aulen severed the heads of 3 werecreatures in a flash and attracted the attention of their companion— a high-ranked werecreature.

"I admit you're strong. But too bad; you're still going to hell!" The werecreature priest suddenly towered over Aulen like a huge and tenacious mountain which she could not scale.

.....

"I'm your opponent!"

Leylin had already cast Fly, and was blocking the priest from saving his companions.

"Mid-ranked wizard, you're not worthy to become a sacrifice!" The werecreature said in pity, and looked into Leylin's blood-lust-filled eyes as if looking at his prey. It caused Leylin to furrow his brow uneasily.

'I can't be sure what other abilities this rank 15 or higher priest has. Hopefully Tiff and the rest will make it here soon!'

But of course, Leylin had more than one plan. He was also confident of escaping. As a wizard, there were countless life-saving spells. A simple Fly could get him out of the scene in a matter of seconds as long as he wasn't shot down. Rank 15 wizards would escape death even more easily with Teleport.

This priest in front of him would just be a headache.

# Chapter 895: Taking Over

‘Although it’s possible for me to deal with a magic-based Professional at rank 15 or above, it really doesn’t make sense...’ Leylin watched the werecreature priest while feeling a headache coming on.

He was only a rank 12 mid-ranked wizard, and could not do anything that stepped beyond the boundaries of what was proper. Such a thing would attract the attention of powerful forces, which was the last thing Leylin wanted.

However, with spiritual force that exceeded that of regular wizards, as well as the scanning functions of the A.I. Chip, Leylin was able to discover some magic undulations that had been concealed.

He abruptly stepped sideways, turning left to dodge a sudden long green arrow. This corrosive arrow did not reduce in strength as it whizzed right through the body of a werecreature, turning it into froth.

High-grade Poison Arrow! Leylin looked grim, and the Mage Armour inlaid in his uniform activated.

“Why are you not in your Blackblood Tribe? What are you doing out here?”

“Hehe... that’s not something you need to know, because your head’s about to become my loot!” The priest opposite him snickered.

At this moment, the situation changed again. Another high-grade werecreature suddenly emerged, launching a sneak attack on Aulen!

A dagger with terrifying black corrosive energy stabbed into her chest. “AH... AULEN!” Upon seeing this, powerful and dazzling qi burst from Rafiniya. It seemed to have a burning effect, causing the other werecreatures around her to back off as she took Aulen into her arms.

“See this? Your leader’s going to die. Give up! As long as you give up your faith, swear in the name of the God of the Hunt and join us, I can let you off...” Tempting words left the werecreature priest’s mouth. Perhaps he had also realised that Leylin would be difficult to deal with. While it

was possible to win, there was a high chance that Leylin would run off.

“Hmm...” Leylin chuckled, and it caused the priest’s expression to change suddenly. Seeing the summoning rays light up on the opponent’s body, Leylin knew that his preparations had been successful.

Even as the priest looked confused, he suddenly retreated and activated the spell scrolls he had prepared long ago.

Magic Barrier II! Thorns! Summon Guards!

Immensely powerful spell barriers instantly cleared out the area, enveloping Leylin and his teammates. Meanwhile, a thorny forest rose swiftly from the ground. Heavily-armed soldiers were constructed from the soil, rising to confront the werecreatures.

“What’s going on?” After seeing the fall of the werecreature priest, a few leaders immediately headed over.

“Our base is being attacked. It must be a plot by those crafty humans!” The priest spoke in frustration.

The other werecreatures’ expressions quickly changed, “What do we do?”

The high-ranked werecreatures watched Leylin and the others within the barrier. While basically everyone had injuries, they naturally still were able to fight to a certain extent and had magic protection. While it wasn’t impossible to break through and wipe them out, they needed time...

In this period of time, their own camp could be wiped out! However, if they were to divide their troops, not knowing the power of the opponent would be very dangerous. Leylin’s troops were not the benevolent type.

These vile humans were of no importance at all compared to their own mission. While werecreatures were synonymous with brainless savages, the ones who could become leaders still possessed some level of intelligence.

“Let’s go!” The leader suddenly waved his arms, and the others quickly retreated.

“What about them...” One of them looked unwilling to do so, but was immediately shot down, “Just think for a moment with your stupid brain. What is more important, our camp or these humans?”

The priest was also in favour with this decision. As he left, he gave Leylin a deep look. “This isn’t the last you’ll see of us!”

“I look forward to it!” Leylin answered with a slight smile.

They retreated quickly. In tens of seconds, they’d completely disappeared.

Arcane Eye! After using a few detection spells, Leylin nodded in surety, “They really left and didn’t leave behind any traps...”

“Oh, we succeeded!” “Haha... I survived!” “I knew I wouldn’t die so easily...”

The ecstasy of living through a desperate situation immediately caused the soldiers who had survived to descend into a chaotic mess. Many of them even began to cry.

After this excitement, they looked at their camp that now looked to be in complete disorder, as well as their comrades who were dead or gravely injured. A soldier began to sob, and soon and all sorts of wails began to burst out from the others.

“Ley-Leylin!” Aulen had a huge wound on her chest. Even with Jinx applying pressure and casting divine spells with milky-white light, the blood still gushed out. The bright blood dyed Jinx’s pure white priest robes red, making her look slightly disturbing.

“I’ll leave my brothers to you. Promise me that you’ll bring them back to Silverymoon alive!” Aulen’s lips were cracked, looking like a traveller on the verge of dying of thirst.

“What do I do? What do I do? This sort of wound needs a Cure Serious Wounds spell at the very least! I’ve used up all my divine spell slots...” Jinx sobbed. Clerics and priests that used up all their divine magic were even more useless than wizards without spell slots.

“I promise!” Leylin nodded grimly.

“Then... I can relax now...” Aulen’s hands hung down, her eyes closing slightly.

“Captain! Captain!” Jinx began to weep.

“She’s not dead yet!” Leylin was speechless as he pulled Jinx aside, a spell scroll abruptly appearing in his hands.

Create Water! Freeze! The powerful magic encased Aulen in a gigantic later of ice like an insect. There was still a look of shock on her face.

“She might be able to hold on for a while longer.” Leylin looked serious, “Jinx!”

“Yes!” The female priest looked up, stunned.

“I have an important task for you!” Leylin looked at the priest before him, “I need you to escort her back. You’re our only cleric beside Aulen, only you can keep her alive... As for safety, I’ll send a few people to accompany you!”

“No problem!” Jinx wiped off her tears and answered quickly. After they lost Aulen, Leylin now had the right to command them all.

“Wait, won’t you go back with me?” Jinx only managed to react after a moment, asking in surprise.

“Go back? Do you want to be court-martialled? Cassley definitely won’t let us off...” Leylin looked serious, “I’ll stay behind and complete the mission!”

Leylin now had a noble aura similar to a hero, which touched Jinx’s heart.

“Oh...” Her tears began to flow again, “Don’t worry, I’ll complete the task without fail and tell the church of your achievements...”

As she was a cleric, Jinx was one who would not be criticised. She obviously believed that Leylin was giving her this chance of survival, which completely moved her. Leylin picked two soldiers who seemed alright to send Jinx and those who were gravely injured back.

After Aulen left, the entire squadron was now entirely in Leylin's control. With the priest leaving, there was nobody who would be monitoring Leylin, and he could now act without reservations!

"But this method... will it work? I've never heard of it before..."

Watching the large horse carriage with ice inside leave, Rafiniya stood by Leylin's side, looking confused, "Can using ice slow down the worsening of injuries?"

With this method, business at the shrine would pick up. Wizards would also begin to pay more attention to ice-type spells, but Rafiniya had never heard about this before.

"Yes, in theory. I haven't tested it out before though..." Leylin nodded.

"IN THEORY!" The female knight shrieked.

"Yes. That's at least some hope!" Leylin answered irresponsibly, and then clapped his hands to gather the rest of the soldiers.

Standing high above, Leylin looked at the few men they had below. The team had had less than 50 people originally, and with last night's massacre and today's injured leaving, there were only a dozen or so people left. It looked rather pitiful.

"You'll definitely ask me why we aren't going back..." Leylin's voice was low. Now, with the deaths of the many leaders and those who had gone off, he had the most authority here and was the only reasonable commander.

Of course, Leylin only needed this authority. It would be much easier for Leylin to just die than make use of these scattered remnants of a defeated troop. To get them working together, Leylin even spoke of what had happened before with the mission, as well as their hostility with Cassley/

After saying all this, he saw looks of despair in the soldiers' eyes.

"Yes. With Cassley around, we will become deserters if we go back and be sent to trial... Don't think about escaping, because your identification as free citizens as well as your family are all in Silvermoon..." Leylin's

voice had a strange infectious effect.

“This battle is not just for yourselves, it’s for your future! We must eliminate those wretched werecreatures. At the very least, we need to succeed in battle and return without blame...” The soldiers below were first bewildered and afraid, but flames were now blazing in their eyes. Noticing it, Leylin secretly burst into laughter.



# Chapter 896: Bestow

‘Once their commander was defeated, the subordinate stood out to lead their ruined army. They faced powerful enemies and obtained an unimaginable victory! Indeed, this is how a hero should be!’ Leylin nodded inside.

His thought process was completely based off some melodramatic models in his previous life, but it appeared to be popular in this world too. After placating the soldiers and ridding himself of Rafiniya, Leylin left the camp in the name of investigating the situation.

“Young master!” Tiff appeared from the shadows.

“Mm, you did well. What harvest did you reap?” Leylin asked calmly.

Leylin’s plan had two parts, one in the open and one in the shadows. In the open, he would attract all the attention onto himself, while in secret, Tiff had brought his men to the vicinity.

This is why he had allowed Lanshire to get in contact with the opponents and reveal the location of their camp, allowing for the attack. While the werecreatures turned out in full strength, Tiff would destroy their nest.

Meanwhile, with the perfect timing, they could also take care of the siege surrounding them. While Leylin alone could not match up to the joint attack of the high-ranked werebeasts, he would crush them in terms of intelligence.

“Their camp was very strictly guarded and they recovered very quickly. We only managed to break through a part of the surrounding camp and did not manage to get to the core campsite...” Tiff looked serious as he produced a scroll with powerful spell remnants. However, it had obviously been used once already.

“Based on the traces on the outside, their goal seems to be to slaughter dragons.”

“Slaughtering dragons?!” Leylin froze slightly. Dragons naturally still

existed in this world, and they were extraordinary high-grade beings. They were also considered a legendary species, purebloods of which could naturally become Legends upon reaching adulthood. With skin that was basically immune to magic, they were effectively the children of the gods.

The group of high-grade werebeasts had conspired for a long time, and it was obviously not to kill a few mixed-bloods or subspecies. They would probably target an adult dragon, a Legend!

‘Why would they slaughter dragons?’ Leylin pondered over this. While the heroes of human legend gained benefits and divine items upon slaughtering dragons, he knew that things weren’t quite as simple. The dragon race was very powerful, and they had their own backers. If one were tainted with the vengeance of a dragon’s soul, they would be pursued with hatred by the entire dragon race.

Even historically, unless the heroes that slayed dragons had strong backing, few ended up well. On top of that, not every one of those dragons were wealthy enough to rival a country. Wanting to make a fortune off slaying dragons was just a fantasy.

Of course, many werebeasts were lunatics, and they could not be judged by normal standards.

‘Could it be a ceremony for the God of the Hunt? A legendary dragon would be enough for the god to show his grace...’ With a god acting, the dragons could do nothing even if they harboured a grudge.

“But... What they would lose from this would be far too much to bear. Unless there’s something else that’s attracting the higher ups of the werebeasts...” Leylin muttered to himself and asked Tiff, “Have you found their target?”

He first unrolled the scroll Tiff had gotten. There was a map of the northern lands here, with detailed markings of the various villages, mountain ranges, forests and rivers. Even the copy Leylin had made with the A.I. Chip’s records was only slightly better than this, and a map with this much detail would absolutely fetch a great price in the northern lands.

On one mountain range was a little blood-red mark of a beast tooth, looking formidable and evil.

Tiff pointed at the mark on the map. There was a label beside it— The Nether Mountains. “I used Memory Retrieval used on a few slaves, this should be their goal. The werebeasts have received intel of the existence of an adult red dragon there through various means. They aim to behead it!” he answered with certainty. While Memory Retrieval was thought to be a sinister spell, neither Leylin nor Tiff cared about it.

“Nether Mountains? The red dragon...” Leylin mumbled, the glint in his eyes brightening. All of a sudden, his eyes suddenly flashed as the Nether Mountains combined with an incomplete image of the map formed by the A.I. Chip.

‘A.I. Chip, show me the part of the northern lands where the inheritance of the Arcanists could be!’ he immediately commanded inside.

The A.I. Chip worked quickly, and a slightly blurred map appeared with a few tags. This map was something Leylin had copied from the notebook of the arcanist. Sadly, with the passing of generations, most of the map was lost even with the magical protection.

Leylin looked unperturbed as the A.I. Chip copied a version of the map from the scroll and overlapped them.

‘As expected...’ Seeing the location where the arcanist inheritance was and the beast tooth marking match up, Leylin’s eyes flashed with understanding. Tiff beside him obviously could not see changes in the A.I. Chip, but he knew that Leylin had discovered something. Still, he did not ask. This was smart of Tiff, and Leylin could not help but nod inside.

‘Red dragon... Werebeasts... The arcanist... What is the relation between the three? Did those werebeasts obtain clues of the arcanist inheritance? Or am I thinking too much, and they purely want to offer a sacrifice to Malar?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with all sorts of emotions, but then went still.

‘Whatever it is, the werebeasts must be wiped out!’ Leylin made up his mind. He put a silver mask on his face, and his eyes turned a frightening red and white. Terrifying unstable strength burst forth from his body. In

that moment, he changed into his identity of the divine devil.

“My lord!” Tiff changed his method of addressing Leylin, knowing that he wanted to hide his identity.

“Alright, let’s go see the underlings you recruited!” Leylin nodded, the glow of Fly coming forth from his body...

In a hidden valley, Leylin stood on high ground to look at the underlings Tiff had brought. Almost all of them were scattered around secretly, being of various races. The only commonality was the bloody and savage aura they possessed, making people fearful at the sight of them.

“Welcome, brothers of my sect!” Leylin now wore the robes of a high priest. His clothes that were lined with gold fluttered in the air, making him appear splendidly luxurious. Tiff stood behind him respectfully, emphasising Leylin’s status.

“The winged serpent god Kukulcan is a powerful and rewarding god!” Leylin scanned through these men who would be considered the trash of their races. They had no faith to speak of, and only believed in strength. This was how they were subdued by Tiff, “As long as you believe in our god, you will then be rewarded!”

Leylin saw the looks of disbelief in their eyes and pointed at a beastman wrapped in beast skin, “You, come here!”

“What is it?” The beastman had the head of a lion and a sturdy body filled with muscles and scars. There was a rebellious look on his face.

“You will receive the blessing of our god.” Leylin’s arms wrapped around himself as he moved in a modest and respectful way. When it came to acting as a medium, Leylin had nothing to learn.

Meanwhile, powerful energy undulations exploded from his body, filled with a dignified and heavy aura. Even the air was beginning to freeze.

“Hss...” A bundle of flames in the air turned into a strange giant snake with two wings. The giant snake’s pupils were trained on the lion-headed man, and a terror from his very soul got him to kneel, body quivering.

“My master, the mighty winged serpent god, Kukulcan. I finally meet you again...” Tiff who was at the side knelt down piously.

“My master is the only serpent of the world and possesses boundless strength. Your mighty divine force can swallow the heavens...” Leylin began to chant ceremonial verses, and a black ray of light descended from the snake’s mouth, falling on the lion-headed man.

Boom! The moment the black light descended, it turned into the most ferocious of flames for an instant as it wrapped him within itself. Miserable cries sounded out from within.

Such a terrifying scene left the audience silent in their fear. However, before they could even think that Leylin was reprimanding him, the figure of the winged serpent god and the black flames had dissipated, revealing the figure of the lion-headed man.

However, there was now a huge change to his body. His golden fur was now completely black, and there was even a black skull brand.

“Thi-this...” He touched his body after the transformation, looking to be in disbelief.

“My master has enlightened you with abilities in magic, transforming you into a sorcerer!” Leylin’s eyes were aimed at the ground as he spoke calmly.

“Sor-sorcerer?” The dark lion-headed being looked puzzled, and then lifted his right arm.

Demonic magic rays lit up on his body, and the black skull brand on his body flickered layer by layer. This was Summon Undead!

Crash! The ground split open, and numerous incomplete skeletons crawled up.

“It’s really magic!” “This is a sorcerer!” “How terrifying! He can actually bestow the gift of magic and sorcery!”

Amongst the stunned looks, the lion-headed man immediately knelt in his ecstasy, “My god, the winged serpent god! I believe in you...”

As a Professional who specialised in physical attacks, just a bit of magic would be a huge help to him. The lion-headed man sensed that he now possessed the power of a sorcerer of at least rank 5, and there even seemed to be a possibility of raising this strength. How could he not be delighted to the point of insanity?

When compared to the rewards, his faith was nothing.

“Winged serpent god... You are the serpent of the world and possess boundless strength...” The eyes of the others’ began to shine as they started to pray, voices filled with sincere piety.

# Chapter 897: Once More

‘Faith is actually a contract between gods and mortals. Mortals place their faith in the gods, and in return they receive divine skills. When they die, their souls will have the right to advance to the kingdom of the god.’ Leylin watched those fellows who were fit to be ordinary believers with bright eyes.

‘If they receive more benefits in return, they won’t hesitate to make offerings and worship even a bogus god. This is why there are still so many worshippers of devils and demons in this world...’

Of course, there was a limit to the worshippers that gods took in. They naturally couldn’t bestow their divinity without restriction, or they would make a loss. They could possibly lose a chunk of their divine force, even their godhood!

Leylin was currently in the early stages of building the foundation of his church. He had to give his first believers more benefits than normal. How else would he attract the faith of others and have them believe in this non-existent feathered serpent god?

As his main body was still in deep slumber, he was completely unable to respond to his followers’ prayers and bestow them with divine skills. In reality, that winged Targaryen phantom and the bestowal of the sorcery was all part of a show that Leylin had fabricated and performed with this body.

Given that he was but a part of the main soul, even Tiff wouldn’t be able to discover any flaws once he disguised himself. As for the magic-like abilities, although those with bloodlines in this world could only rely on what they inherited, Leylin had no fear of bloodline transformation experiments. He was already a mid-rank 7 Warlock after all.

Warlocks had always been the best among those who possessed bloodlines. Leylin himself had reached great peaks in the use of bloodline energy, and to use a few captured bloodlines to manufacture a few fake sorcerers did not take much effort.

Of course, in the World of Gods, this was a miracle that only gods, demons and devils could achieve, explaining the fervent looks of these men. Sorcery could even be passed on to their children!

These benefits were attractive enough to make his subordinates gather around the church of Kulukan, and unite under its name for the time being. They were all ready to drench themselves in blood and fight for Leylin.

Another voice sounded at this moment, and Leylin's lips lifted even higher than before.

[Beep! Rank 3 Weave analysis: 100%! Host body has obtained all rank 3 spell models. Spell amnesia has been blocked automatically. Casting of rank 3 spells no longer requires materials.] The analysis of the third level of the Weave had already been at the final leg, and now the conditions were ripe enough for it to complete. Leylin couldn't help but feel that the world origin force was watching over and taking care of him.

Gods always achieved success. None were unfavoured by the world origin force, and they were said to be the World Will's darlings!

'Seems like the dormant will of the World of Gods can't control the world origin force anymore. There's a vacancy for me, eh?' The edges of Leylin's lips spread even wider. "In the name of our god, let's make war!"

"Kukulkan! Kukulkan" Everyone's thirst for battle had already reached its peak. Of course, Leylin wouldn't admit that he had intentionally influenced this.

Within the high-ranked werecreature camp in the Moonwood.

"Damn it! There are actually other humans!" The werecreature commander ruthlessly flung a trembling werecreature onto the ground as he huffed.

"Luckily, only the outskirts were taken down, and they didn't reach the core camp!" The werecreature priest on the other side added coldly as he held onto his human bone staff.

"We need to tighten security across the entire camp, I'm ready to carry



out a large-scale sacrificial ceremony for our Lord's favour. He'll send out hunters from his kingdom to assist us." The lesser God of the Hunt, Malar, was a gigantic monster similar to apes and monkeys. It didn't get rid of most of its bestial characteristics after it successfully deified, and had a morbid thirst for slaughter.

The hunters were an exotic species in Malar's kingdom, and they were created specifically to hunt prey. The weakest of them was more powerful than a high-ranked Professional, and if the sacrifices of his followers in the mortal world pleased Malar, he would even open up a passage to dispatch the elite forces of his kingdom.

Although such forces from the heavens were definitely a little weaker as compared to a incarnated deity, the advantage was that they could be replenished without much heartache.

"Hunters?" The highly-ranked werecreature grimaced; the sacrificial offering required clearly cost him dear, "Our forces were already enough, but in order to ensure nothing will go wrong, let's go ahead with that! I believe... if we can use the legendary red dragon as an offering in a moment, our master will surely be very pleased..."

"Then I will begin..." The werecreature priest arrived at a miniature altar within the camp. This was clearly the core of the camp; it did not suffer from any damage from Tiff's surprise attack.

But the instant the priest entered the temple, his expression changed drastically.

Wooo! Wooo! Wooo! Crimson divine force poured out from the altar into its surroundings, the dazzling radiance representing some sort of special message.

"There's an enemy..." The sound abruptly came to an end, following which an icy cold ray of light flashed past. With a blade cold enough to freeze the entire room, it ferociously thrust itself into the chest of one of the highly-ranked werecreatures.

"A thief who has almost reached the rank of Legends! It's the person who launched a sneak attack on us!" The werecreature chief roared

violently, and landed his fist on the ground with a thump. Powerful undulations spread in all four directions.

Earth's Fist! A high-level physical Professional skill erupted in a series of invisible ripples, forcing a black shadow out of thin air.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! The silhouette bounced around nimbly, and ran several hundred metres away, his figure barely visible. The werereatures he passed by on the way collapsed with their hands covering their throats.

"You won't get away, despicable raider!" The werereature chief had a fierce look on his face as he followed behind at supersonic speed.

But right when the chief was at the entrance of the camp, the priest's voice could be heard. "Be careful, it's a trap! He might have a formidable spellcaster!"

The reminder obviously came a little too late. Just as the werereature chief came to a halt, a sinister figure with a silver mask suddenly appeared, with a terrifying spell instantly taking shape on his palm.

Rank 5 spell: Dragon's Breath! A powerful corrosive force instantaneously swept across the entire area, scorching the hair on the werereature chief's chest.

"Damn it!" The werereature flew backwards as a dark green radiance on his body flickered continuously. A powerful force was resisting against the corrosive effects of the Dragon's Breath at lightning speed. The werereature priest behind the chief was constantly employing treatment spells.

After retreating more than ten metres, the werereature chief had already completely broken away from the attack range of the Dragon's Breath. However, the average werereatures around them were not so lucky. They all collapsed onto the ground, and the entrance to the camp was instantly filled with victims everywhere.

The crowd controlling powers of wizards were always one thing that commanders were most fearful of.

“Who are you?” The werecreature chief clearly didn’t recognise Leylin, who was in disguise. Moreover, his opponent was formidable and nefarious, which made him feel as though he was facing his greatest foe.

“This feeling, as if he was devouring everything around him!” The werecreature chief’s pupils constricted. He now saw Leylin as the most dangerous enemy he had ever met.

Zoom! Without giving the chief a chance to even speak, Tiff immediately charged forward. His powers as a highly-ranked Professional, which were close to being legendary, burst out from him completely. His magic abilities flashed on his body from time to time, and he actually managed to forcibly stall five highly-ranked werecreatures although it was one against five.

“Kill! Argh!” A wave of troops charged towards the camp. An eldritch lion-headed person who was almost entirely covered in black led the front line. With a ferocious roar, a suit of armor made of bones appeared on its body, along with numerous bony pikes that suddenly thrust forward into the line of werecreatures that couldn’t flee in time. Fresh blood dripped continuously along the bony pike.

“Charge!” The army of scum instantly broke into the werecreature camp. They were from different walks of life and all kinds of races, but had been brought together by Tiff recently. After seeing what happened to one of them earlier, these dregs of society were investing 120% of their strength in combat in order to obtain the power of a bloodline and even let their descendants inherit it.

Even though their opponents were blessed by the lesser god of the hunt, Malar, they too were protected by the mysterious feathered snake god, Kukulcan.

It was undeniable that those who were chosen by Tiff were all rather strong and talented. They were on par with the werecreatures in the camp.

Mass Frenzy! Mass Healing! The werecreature priest hid somewhere behind as he watched the enemies solemnly.

The races that made up the opponent’s army were very diverse, thus he

couldn't think of which influential party they belonged to at all.

"Could it be that a new influential force is already emerging in the vicinity? With their nearly-legendary experts, this group cannot be belittled!" The werecreature priest muttered. He raised his hand and continued producing a spell which he had been preparing for a long time.

Dispel Magic!

A violet pillar of light descended from the sky, interrupting the werecreature priest and hindering him from casting spells. Leylin folded his arms, calm and unruffled in the midst of chaos, as he stared at the werecreature priest on the ground.

"Your opponent is me!" Leylin's eyes were ice-cold. Previously, he couldn't employ all of his strategies in order to conceal his true strength. But with his identity as a 'divine emissary', he didn't need to have any considerations!

He raised his hand, and lightning chains shot out. Pale blue electric currents bounced across the place, causing a few low-level priests to collapse to the floor.

When in combat, kill the clerics first. That was the norm in practically every battle, and Leylin certainly wouldn't sit idly by and let those low-level clerics leisurely heal and assist their troops.

After Leylin fixed his attention on him, the werecreature priest suddenly felt a chill in his heart, as though he was facing a gigantic dragon. Vast amounts of probing spells flashed by, yet shortly after they returned with a message that made his expression change drastically.

"Divine one! Which god do you serve?" The werecreature priest asked in a deep voice, scared out of his wits by Leylin's false godhood.

On the continent in the World of Gods, stronger beings who could obtain divinity were scarce. The greatest possibility would be that they were bestowed divinity by the gods. Evidently, this werecreature priest considered Leylin as the saint of some deity.

# Chapter 898: Hunters

Communication between gods was an extremely solemn affair. If a powerful being was bestowed with divinity, he was bound to have an eminent status even in a god's church.

As for a subordinate of one god provoking another? That would practically be the beginning of a war between the gods! The werecreature priest began to feel rather dizzy. Although there had been conflicts and friction between churches and even between the gods themselves ever since the dusk of the gods, starting an undeclared war like this was a rare event.

After all, even a weak god would almost be unrivalled in their divine realm. Battle between two gods was a very grave matter, and it could span various dimensions and thousands of years!

As a cleric, the priest undoubtedly knew this. He watched Leylin with restrained fear.

"You had the cheek to covet our master's wealth!" Leylin's reply was very vague, but the werecreature priest's expression changed drastically. "As expected, it had to do with the Nether Mountains..."

Although the priest stopped himself in time, Leylin still got what he wanted. 'Sure enough, these werecreatures are up to something. It's not as simple as just the red dragon...'

He didn't give the priest another chance to speak. Leylin moved swiftly in mid-air, and the spells that he had been preparing for a long time shot out continuously.

Fog Barrier! Missile Storm! Fireball!

A layer of dense fog formed both a barrier and a cage, confining Leylin and the werecreature priest within. It prevented outsiders from intervening and probing them while spell attacks rained down like terrifying meteors with great destructive force.

"A presumptuous extremist that started a battle on his own initiative.

You shall suffer from punishment by the gods!” The werecreature priest had a pious expression on his face. He seemed to be clothed in a milky white suit of protective armour, and a strong radiance kept emanating from his body.

Pew! Pew! Pew! Pew! The missiles rebounded off his glowing vest. It flickered, and eventually exploded.

The enormous scorching fireball struck the ground. Chrome yellow flames started spreading in all directions, continuously engulfing everything in their way. They quickly formed a gigantic depression in the ground that was covered in black scorch marks, as if it had been crushed by the bottom of a black pan.

The werecreature priest stood at the edge of the blackened pithole, his expression extremely solemn. The priest robes he was wearing had been torn into shreds, and he was almost entirely charred.

“Master, Malar, Please grant me strength...” The werecreature priest murmured. He stripped off his robes in one stroke, exposing his hairy torso. His muscles started to throb, and the dark scars from the flames burst open.

[Beep! Opponent has activated an innate skill, Wild Surge!] A glimmer of light flashed in Leylin’s eyes. The Eye of the Hawk, coupled with the probing abilities of the A.I. Chip, revealed everything about the opponent right in front of his eyes.

[Wild Surge: A special ability of the followers of the Lesser God of the Hunt, Malar. Activation buffs strength and vitality by one point, additionally granting hunting vision. (If in the massacre state, the ability will bestow mid-rank regenerative effects. Cell activity will increase by 50%)] The extraordinary Wild Surge technique was an unusual ability bestowed by the Lesser God of the Hunt to his followers, and its usage would lead to terrible aftereffects. The increased cell activity would drain one’s vitality to make up for the deficiencies, and the use of this skill would reduce life expectancy greatly.

But it was undeniable that this technique was still incomparably

formidable. Leylin could feel the werecreature priest on the ground enter a strange state. Not only had the injuries on his body completely disappeared, sharp claws had even shot out of his fingers. Even though he was just a clergyman of the Lesser God of the Hunt, he seemed to have transformed into a horrifying Hunter after activating the skill!

“AAHH...” The muscles on the priest’s leg twisted as he leapt more than ten metres high. His cold razor-sharp claws ferociously slashed across Leylin’s face.

‘So fast!’ Leylin’s eyes sparkled.

“Your greatest mistake was to falsely think that you could take me on alone!” Two white puffs of air sputtered out from the werecreature priest’s nostrils.

“I have a premonition that you will be the most terrifying enemy us wercreatures will ever have! I must kill you here, and this little amount of strength is not enough! Not enough!” The priest roared. He suddenly pointed his claws towards himself, and ripped out a huge chunk of skin and flesh.

“Our god, I offer you sacrifice! Please bestow me with the strength to kill this foe!” The two clumps of flesh started to squirm violently, and then exploded. A temporary portal opened to reveal two enormous beasts.

‘Dimensional summoning? This creature does not seem to be from the prime material plane of the World of Gods...’

Oo Ooh Aa Aah! Oo Ooh Aa Aah! What appeared before him were two giant primates covered in green scales. They were over three metres tall, and their sharp claws were nearly a foot long. Their crimson eyes were filled with bloodthirst.

‘A.I. Chip!’ Leylin inwardly commanded. The chip loyally returned information on them in the blink of an eye.

[Hunter: Strength: 13, Agility: 15, Vitality: 10, Spirit: 5. Feats: 1. Wild Instinct 2. Poison Claw 3. Extraordinary Regeneration. Description: This is not a creature from the mortal world, but a beast bred by the God of the

Hunt in his divine domain. It has been specially bred for the hunt, and has almost no rationality. If Malar is pleased with his worshippers' sacrifices, he sends down these creatures to assist them.] 'It has flesh, blood, and a life force, and it even requires a sacrifice of the soul?' Leylin thought indifferently as he watched the light dim in the eyes of the werecreature priest.

"Kill him!" The two tall hunters at the werecreature's side saw a finger point directly at Leylin.

Swish! The two hunters who previously seemed to have been playing a game instantly disappeared into thin air. Even Leylin with his powerful sight could only see the afterimages of their movements.

'They're even faster than the priest when he activated Wild Surge!' Leylin rapidly ducked under the sharp claws sweeping across him, but a shadow flickered and another hunter emerged behind his back. Two arms twisted with muscles violently swept towards Leylin, seemingly wanting to tear him to pieces.

Bang! Mage Armour II appeared on Leylin's back, buying him a second's time. Once that was done the clothes on his back seemed to get shredded completely, the scraps flying up into the air like scattered butterflies.

Thump! Leylin hit the ground heavily, and dust and smoke flew up into the air.

Oo Ooh Aa Aah! Oo Ooh Aa Aah! The two enormous hunters surrounded Leylin, one on either side of him. They roared loudly together.

"You can't outrun them. Hunters can bring out their utmost power while hunting!" The werecreature priest stood opposite Leylin, his eyes filled with a longing for fresh blood. He could already see his claws tearing across Leylin's throat.

'It deserves to be called a creature made by a god. I didn't know the hunters of legend had such power.' A crack appeared in Leylin's silver mask, and he stood up as his body shone with a healing glow.

'However, even high-ranked hunters still have their weaknesses,' Leylin's



hands hung down, enveloped in his billowing sleeves.

“Kill him!” Having lost his ability to fly, the werereature priest found it more beneficial to stay on the ground with the hunters. Both the priest and the hunters seemed to have transformed into black hurricanes, enveloping Leylin in their midst.

The formidable wind swept up several small rocks, smashing them to powder. As dust and dirt flew around the area, the three clawed beasts completely sealed off Leylin’s escape. They flew at him violently, and with evil intent.

“Even if they are a god’s creation, they will still have some defects,” Leylin sighed. In the instant before the clawed beasts arrived, he urgently used the Ring of Wizardry on his hand.

OOOOOOHH! A piercing and shrill female voice rang out suddenly, and in a moment overwhelmed their senses. The earsplitting noise was like that of metal scraping metal, and it brought everything in that space to a standstill.

The ear-piercing sound became an air explosion which pushed the three shadows apart.

“Ow...” The werereature priest cut a sorry figure as he departed, blood trailing from his eyes and ears.

“Sound wave attacks? Wail of the Banshee? No, if it was that I would be dead already!” The werereature priest was already in this state, and the two hunters were in an even worse situation. They rolled back and forth on the ground, letting out pleading cries as if they had suffered an injury to their very souls.

“Wailing Howl... The power of this simplified version of Wail of the Banshee is rather good,” Leylin touched the ring on his left hand. He’d released the spell from his Ring of Wizardry a moment ago, pulling off an attack against his enemies.

Even a god could not create life, and those hunters were clearly hybrids that Malar had cobbled together from different animal characteristics and

souls. Once they were attacked by sound, they immediately became violently unstable.

When it came to experiments on flesh and life, were Leylin to claim second nobody would dare claim first. He was the pinnacle expert of the World of Gods in that field. This was the pride of a bloodline Warlock.

“Very well, I’ve seen most of your spells and abilities. Let’s bring this to an end,” Leylin looked at the werecreature priest before him as dispassionately as he would look at a corpse, with neither joy nor sorrow in his eyes.

“To an end?!” The werecreature priest’s expression grew heavy, and his heart was filled with a dark premonition. A rune of a beast fang had soundlessly fallen into his hand.

“Up!” Along with his command, the two hunters who had already stopped their plaintive wails once again threw themselves at Leylin. The runes in his hand flashed with the light of a portal.

# Chapter 899: Absorption

Using its inborn sharp senses, the werereature priest immediately felt a sense of danger— one that was enough to threaten its very life! Hence, it happily abandoned the two hunters behind to serve as cannon fodder and activated the transportation device it had to leave.

But how could Leylin give it the chance to do that?

“Dimensional Anchor!” Exquisite control over this spell allowed Leylin to destroy the werereature priest’s transportation rays in an instant. Afterwards, the now-grim priest saw something it could never believe, causing its huge mouth to gape even more, to the point of dislocation.

Seven-coloured rays of light were launched from Leylin’s hands

Rank 2 spell: Colour Spray! The effects of such a weak spell only forced the hunters to pause for a while, but then they charged over again without hesitation.

But Leylin’s performance was far from over. Colour Spray, Colour Spray, Colour Spray ...

Nine spell rays flashed at Leylin’s hands as if from rainbows, each one cast instantly. While a low-ranked spell had limited effects, a large enough number would result in a fundamental change unless one was completely immune to them.

Evidently, these two hunters were swallowed up by these many spells, and they sunk into dizziness and hallucinations.

Flaming Sphere, Flaming Sphere, Flaming Sphere... Fireball, Fireball, Fireball...

Numerous rank 2 and 3 fire spells took shape in Leylin’s hands, forming a scene like the stars in the sky. While they were all low-ranked fire-type spells, amassing them like this made them similar to the legendary spell, Meteor Shower!

Even the two hunters that had broken away from the attack before still sensed immense danger and retreated quickly.

“Consider it an honour that you’re dying under this move.” Leylin smiled slightly. With the guidance of his spiritual force, the flames in the sky descended like meteors.

Rumble! Continuous explosions sounded out, and the two hunters were drowned out by the multicolour spells.

“Hehe... The internet in my previous world also had the five fireball school, where they took over the world with five casts of fireballs. But this isn’t just five!” Seeing the dazzling flames, Leylin continued to let his imagination run wild.

Meanwhile, the werecreature priest saw the hunters who had exploded till there was nothing left of them, and now had a very grim look.

“So many spell slots, and you can even cast them instantaneously? Are you a Legend? No, even Legends can’t do anything about the limit of nine spell slots...” The werecreature priest now looked to be in a complete mess, on the verge of a breakdown.

Leylin smiled at the priest’s reaction. Spellcasters suffered in this world; while they could use the Weave, they were restricted by spell slots. On top of that, Mystra took something from them every time they cast a spell, holding a part of their spiritual force. For this reason, a few wizards could only cast some low-ranked spells. Even Legends lost all battle power after casting a few legendary spells.

But Leylin was different. He had completely analysed the first four levels of the Weave, and there were no restrictions whatsoever on rank 0 to rank 3 spells. As long as he had enough spiritual force, he would be able to cast low-ranked spells instantly!

On top of that, he’d refilled his spell slots the day before. Leylin could cast spells now, but also had extra ones from before and therefore more spiritual force to spare.

This resulted in his terrifying abilities in casting spells. In terms of the number of low-ranked spells, he surpassed regular wizards by several times, and could easily use the power of his low-ranked spells to drown his opponents out. As long as the opponent was not completely immune to

spells, he had nothing to fear!

Of course, this was his greatest trump card. If news of it were ever to spread, the consequences were obvious. Hence, all those who saw his trump card would have to die!

With Leylin's previous identity, he had not dared used this without thinking it over. Now, this werecreature priest was fated to die here.

Watching Leylin unceasingly drawing close, the werecreature priest now looked to have given up all hope. All of a sudden, his face twitched, "I know, I know! You're an arcanist. You must be an arcanist! Your companion is in my hands... I can... Ah..."

Terrifying spells flooded out once more. While they were merely low-ranked rank 0 to 3 spells, they were enough to drown out opponents. Watching the priest melting away in the flood, Leylin's interest was visibly piqued.

'What a surprise... I never thought a werecreature priest in a remote camp would know of the existence of arcanists! On top of that... a companion, huh...' It seemed like the priest had also met an arcanist before, and had even kept them captive. As long as he killed the priest, everything in the camp would belong to him. Why would Leylin bother trying to bargain with him?

The misty barrier dispersed, and Leylin looked at the surroundings. The entire camp was in chaos. Numerous werecreatures and the bodies of their comrades had fallen everywhere, the flowing blood enough to even form little streams.

Motivated by the great rewards, Leylin's underlings had gone all out, and they were all immersed in battle.

On another battlefield, however, even with near legendary strength Tiff was still on a disadvantage. He was facing five high-ranked werecreatures, and looked to be in a sorry state.

"Let's go!" With Leylin's arrival and the disappearance of the werecreature priest, the high-ranked werecreature leader's expression

changed, and he abruptly waved his arms.

He was intellectual, and could obviously tell that his spellcaster had been taken down. Now that the other side's high-ranked spellcaster could attack as he wished, there would be a calamity. While he was unwilling to do so, he still gritted his teeth and sent down the orders to retreat.

But how could Leylin give him this chance? While he could not cast a torrent of spells again, as someone who was nearly a high-ranked wizard he could still turn the tables.

Greater Entanglement! Hold Person! Greater Vertigo! After taking a casual glance at the battlefield, Leylin flew over to Tiff's battle. Debuffing spells rained down like a storm.

"Damn it, he has so many spell slots? What's up with the priest? He didn't even make this person use up that many spell slots and died so fast!" The werecreature leader roared, but no matter how hard he thought about this, he could not guess the truth. He could only fly into a rage and then welcome the attack from above and around him.

After seeing the death of the high-ranked priest, the werecreatures' morale had already dropped, and Leylin was now even more ruthless. Considering the circumstances and taking one of them captive, Leylin then began to crush the werecreatures.

Moon Bow! A dazzling lightning bow and arrow descended from the skies, piercing through the orc leader's chest.

Even with this terrifying attack, the leader could still persist for a while before it crumpled to the ground, exhibiting its powerful life energy. After the deaths of the spellcaster and high-ranked werecreature, the entire werecreature camp lost all courage to continue resisting them.

Numerous werecreatures howled as they left, while some were hacked to death by some underlings who had gone mad in the fun they were having in the slaughter.

"Clear out the camp and maintain order. Prepare a few slaves, I have uses for them." After handing the only surviving high-ranked werebeast

prisoner to Tiff to tie up, Leylin did not care any longer and headed into the core of the camp.

The ground still had bloodstains that had yet to dry, and it was still slightly sticky when one walked across. However, the battle had ended quickly and the main infrastructure had not been damaged.

Boom! Boom! With Leylin's lead, the statue of Malar and the altar was destroyed. Traces of dim golden rays were still shining from the fragmented pieces.

"Even a true god will still have restrictions. For instance, they can only sense the surroundings of the altar up to a certain distance, and if they were to descend, they would need to cooperate with the priests here, where they would offer sacrifices or even trigger a holy tide... But there's nothing here at all. Coming down here forcefully would result in damage to one's divinity. Why would that happen for a few high-ranked werebeasts?"

Leylin guided the underlings outside, and only after Malar's statue was destroyed did he enter the range of the altar.

"Once it's completely smashed up, he won't be able to sense anything around it..." Until now, the altar had been the safest place. With a wave of his arms to send away a few men who were quivering on tenterhooks, he arrived by the altar..

"While there's no divinity here, I can still sense the God of the Hunt..." Leylin closed his eyes, caressing the shattered giant cyan rocks of the altar and sensing the divine force left behind by Malar. An aura filled with bloodlust, death and hunting lingered around him.

"While this is a lesser god, the accumulation isn't half bad..." Leylin sighed, the darkness in his eyes expanding, "Devour!"

Traces of golden divine force surged out of the remains of the ruins, and Leylin devoured it all. While it wasn't quite possible to grasp divinity like this, he could still ingest some divine force. In the World of Gods, gods still sent down their divine force to help their followers advance in their professions on occasion.

But Leylin was different. He was not Malar's follower, and Malar would not bestow his grace upon him. Since the god wouldn't give it on his own, Leylin would take it himself. This was the kind of person he was!

As the divine force entered his body, a terrifying, fragmented conscient slowly awakened in Leylin's sea of consciousness, turning into a huge incomplete ape monster.



# Chapter 900: Helen

Devouring divine power like this was a very dangerous thing. Even if incomplete, even Legends couldn't resist a divine conscient. If any idiot devoured the power of an existing god, he would either go crazy due to the huge conscient or get devoured by the divine force instead and become an incarnation of that god.

Yet Leylin was different. His original body was equivalent to a demigod to begin with, and he had the conscient and memories of his host body. He wasn't the least bit afraid of this incomplete conscient.

Hiss! An unnerving phantom of a winged snake emerged from Leylin's soul, glaring at the disabled monkey in front of it. Even if it was only a conscient, the monkey screeched in fright. The monkey screeched out of fright despite that it only being a conscient.

Boom! The Targaryen looked at the monkey with disdain before swallowing it whole. Leylin's body trembled involuntarily as the A.I. Chip made a report: [Beep! Unknown energy absorbed by host body! Determined to be divine essence, near high-grade. Spirit increasing...] [Beep! Energy fully absorbed by host body, Spirit+1.] Leylin's spirit force increased to a stunning 13 after devouring Malar's divinity. His spirit was raised substantially, and he could make contact with more of the Weave.

Meanwhile, the A.I. Chip was still giving him feedback.

[Host body's spirit stat has reached 13, host has advanced to rank 13 as a wizard.] [Host has received one rank 6 spell slot, one rank 5 spell slot, and one rank 4 spell slot!] 'Did I finally break through?' Leylin looked at his updated stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 20. Race: Human, Rank 13 Wizard. Strength: 10. Agility: 10 Physique: 10. Spirit force: 13. Condition: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 6(2), Rank 5(4), Rank 4(6), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)]

[Weave Analysis Progress: Level 0: 100%. Level 1: 100%. Level 2: 100%. Level 3: 100%. Level 4: 56.77%. Level 5: 12.15%. Level 6: 0.01%.] "A 20 year

old rank 13 Wizard. I reckon there aren't many like me in Silverymoon City. I'm almost on par with a Chosen now, though I guess I did advance with the grace of a god..." Leylin had fully digested Malar's energy, and whilst the god himself realised that he'd lost some of his divinity he had no idea why.

'Well, it seems like I'll be entering an eternal feud with the God of the Hunt now.' Even if he hadn't devoured Malar's divine force, Leylin would have made an enemy of the god's church anyway. He had killed too many of his werecreature followers.

'I'll have to face a god sooner or later anyway. The God of the Hunt? Interesting domain.' Leylin smirked.

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"My Lord." Tiff, who was waiting outside the altar, was aware that Leylin had changed. However, he didn't point it out. "We've detained and imprisoned a group of captives according to your orders and... I found something in the cell at the core of the campsite."

"Oh? Bring me there to have a look." Adrenaline rushed through Leylin as he came to a securely sealed cell with Tiff.

"I'm the only one who's entered the place. I thought it would be better for few people to know about this." Tiff bowed before positioning himself beside the door like a loyal guard.

'Can it be...' Leylin had a few guesses in his heart, but he was still hesitant as he pushed the door.

Clang! The thick and heavy door bellowed.

The light inside was dim, and it was covered in the distinct runes of the werecreatures that gave off a barbaric aura. Leylin could tell that it was a high-grade anti-demon spell formation to block off contact with elemental energy and the Weave.

It evidently a trap, and the person within the cell moved suddenly and raised their head.

“You– You’re not a werereature!” They mumbled, so softly that Leylin could barely hear.

Cling clang! The chains scraped against each other as this prisoner moved, and Leylin noticed the unique cuffs on their hands. “Antimagic cuffs? Looks like they were really wary of you.”

Leylin sized the captive up—they were humanoid, but looked like a half-elf. Beneath their long viridescent locks were a pair of pure obsidian eyes and translucent fair skin. Their aura was distinct in spite of the long imprisonment.

A faint energy was emitted from their body, but restricted by the antimagic cuffs on their hands. It was clear that this captive was a wizard.

“A female half-elf wizard? Tell me, why did the werereatures imprison you?” Leylin asked.

“I heard screaming and slashing just now. Have you eliminated all of them?” The female wizard raised her head and shot Leylin a glance with her unreadable eyes.

“Hm, I guess you can say that!” Leylin nodded in agreement.

“Then aren’t you going to release me?” She waved her cuffs in question.

“Nope. Law says you’re now my captive, unless you have something of value to exchange for your freedom.” Leylin shook his head. “Besides, you’re a half-elf wizard, you should know your value.”

This was the standard practice in the mainland, but things were different in Silverymoon. The city’s leader was good, and if she heard of the situation she might even have redeemed the half-elf with her own money. But Leylin didn’t plan on reporting it.

“Redemption? Hah, I guess you came because of ‘that’ too. Ignorant idiot. You don’t know the suffering it will bring you.” The female wizard laughed, her eyes brimming with complicated emotions. Leylin saw a brief moment of regret.

“Are you talking about the inheritance of the arcanists near the Nether

Mountains and red dragon territory?” Leylin was sick of beating about the bush. And as expected, the moment he mentioned the Nether Mountains, red dragon, and arcanists, her expression changed. “So you knew.”

“Actually, I know more than what you think I do.” Leylin looked at her robe which was evidently different from the regular robes of other wizards and snapped his fingers.

A scorching light struck between her hands and melted the antimagic cuffs. Boiling molten iron dripped to the floor and sizzled, producing white fumes in its wake. But the female wizard had better things to pay attention to, as she stared at Leylin unbelievably, “Instant cast? It can’t be! You-You are an arcanist!”

“An arcanist? I’ve yet to become one, I just have a few incomplete arcane spell models, just like you.” Leylin smiled at her.

The use of arcane spells was obviously different from that of normal spells. The biggest difference was that one didn’t need the help of the Weave to use them, instead using the elemental particles in the air.

Leylin had made these plans long ago, but the A.I. Chip was busy with the Weave. Still, he’d managed to build a few arcane spell models in his leisure. The scorching ray that he casted just now was one of them.

Given his abilities, it wasn’t impossible for Leylin to completely reconstruct the arcanists given enough time. Still, it could take tens of millennia. The transformation of normal spells into arcane spell models would be enough to keep him busy.

When there were ready-made ones, why would he continue to make them himself? Leylin’s real interest lay in the research of those arcanists and the inheritance from those Magi who had comprehended laws.

There was more than one Magus who comprehended laws in the final war, and countless rank 8s who were similar to the Mother Core. An understanding of their paths and laws would be extremely beneficial to Leylin. Being a localisation of Magi, arcanists must have received the teachings of the ancient Magi. It was quite possible that they possessed information in those fields.

‘Observing the different paths of law will be a great benefit. Though the ultimate path of every Magus is definitely different, it can at least give me a general direction.’ Leylin looked at the female wizard as multiple thoughts ran through his head.

On the other hand, she let down her guard after seeing Leylin cast that spell. Her expression loosened up, and a sense of pity and reliance overcame her. It was as if she had found her own kind.

Bam! A ball of green elemental particles started burning on the tips of her fingers, and she made a bizarre gesture, looking cautious.

“In the eyes of the Arcanic Fire, I will comply with the path of truth and abandon confusion, weakness and suffering. I will succeed the path of the arcanist. The light of Netheril will never be dimmed. My name is Helen. May I know who you are, my Lord?”

Helen looked over to Leylin after the ritual with expectation.

“Is that how ancient arcanists greet each other? I’m sorry, but I really don’t know how to do this.” Leylin spread his hands out and laughed helplessly, “Honestly, I’m just an ordinary wizard who got some fragments of arcanist inheritance.”

After a round of confusing explanation and using the arcanist notebook as proof, Leylin finally proved his identity. Helen’s own origins gradually grew clear before his eyes.

# Chapter 901: Pretense

The half-elf in front of Leylin was called Helen Carter. She claimed to be a survivor of the ancient arcanist empire who dabbled in the arcane arts.

The inheritance of her family had been badly damaged by the oppression of the churches. She was actually a rank 11 wizard, and other than Arcane Fire which she used to prove her identity, she knew no other arcane spell models. If things were put in perspective, she was weaker than Leylin.

As for her motive in going north, she'd found something akin to the inheritance of an ancient arcanist in her old family tome. She was hoping she could find something there to revive her bloodline.

"Even with this world's strict prohibition of them, arcanists still exist?" Leylin touched his chin. As a matter of fact, this was a very good thing. It meant that even if he managed to become an arcanist in the future, he wouldn't have to work too hard to conceal his identity.

"Yes. Even with the disapproval of the churches, any wizard that has reached the rank of Legend will have to set foot into the essential step of Weaveless Casting. The Netheril empire didn't leave their inheritance in a single place. Even though most were destroyed in war, some people have managed to luck across remnants of it."

Helen tucked a few strands of hair neatly behind her jade-like ear. Her beauty was really on another level.

"That being said, Legends still have to do their research on arcane spells in secret, and once non-legendary wizards are found to be affiliated with any form of arcane spells, they're absolutely done for." Helen laughed bitterly as she spoke about it, as if she was reminded of something she didn't want to be.

It seems like she and her family had endured their fair share of suffering at the hands of the gods and their churches.

"In any case, thank you for saving me from the werereatures. I can tell

you everything my family knows about the arcanist inheritance in return.” Helen told Leylin sincerely.

That was a wise choice. Even if she rebelled, Leylin would have his own methods of achieving what he wanted, such as spells like Memory Retrieval. Helen wasn’t a match for him. Additionally, she recognised that Leylin was someone related to the arcane arts anyway. That alone had led to her lowering her guard against him.

“Thank you. When I find the documents and information I’ll make a copy for you.” Leylin didn’t reject her offer. He certainly thought that he deserved it all, “Before I discover any remnants of the arcanists, I’ll need you to move within range of my detection, is that okay?”

“Yes, that will be alright!” A consequence like this was already a whole lot better than being imprisoned by the wercreatures, where she might eventually become a sacrifice. Helen readily agreed to Leylin’s request without any negotiation, she was aware that her life was in his hands now.

“My Lord!” Tiff showed no signs of surprise when he saw Leylin bringing Helen out of the room.

“Right, this is Miss Helen. You can consider her our client.” Leylin said ambiguously. Helen wasn’t pleased about how she was being introduced but she chose to not voice it out.

“We’ve cleared the entire campsite. The high-ranked wercreature and tens of normal ones that we’ve knocked out have been put aside.” Tiff resembled a hard working housekeeper, reporting everything to his owner.

“There’s enough food for 200 people here, and enough weapons to equip an elite combat squad. I also found some half-done high-grade magic potions and other magic items in the leader’s room. They’re all very strong, probably intended to kill the dragon.”

“Got it, take away all the weapons and armour and leave half of the food.” Leylin kept the high-grade ingredients that Tiff handed him. These materials were valuable even outside their use for killing dragons.

“Bring me all the captives, I have some use for them!”

Things got simpler after he saw the people who participated in the battle and helped transform their bloodlines. He then asked Tiff to bring Helen along and lead the rest to bring the supplies away before changing his appearance back to how he looked before.

“Why took you so long?” Rafiniya’s grumble could be heard the moment Leylin returned to the campsite, “If you were a little more late, I will already be on my way to find you!”

“Something cropped up, gather everyone now and prepare for attack!” Leylin was flushed with excitement.

“Why?” Rafiniya mumbled to herself but the rest of the men had very quickly assembled themselves.

“I recced the area just now, and I found that the werereatures’ campsite was completely transformed.” Leylin sounded ecstatic.

“There were attacked and a few of their leaders died. If we go there now, we will be able to wipe them out completely and uproot them! We can finish this damned mission!”

All the eyes of the soldiers’ lit up upon hearing Leylin’s words.

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Alec opened his eyes, and that wizard’s face surfaced in his mind once more.

“Damn it! My head-Ugh-” Alec stood up with much difficulty and saw his almost-destroyed campsite and collapsed captives. Looking at the few survivors between the corpses, even if he wasn’t that intelligent, he knew that the mission had failed.

He kicked the fainted captives violently in an attempt to wake them up and ordered them to do the same to the others as he sat down. His head still hurt, and messed up his already chaotic thoughts.

“Human, wizards, attack...captives! Where’s the captive?” Alec ran to where Helen was imprisoned before, only to arrive at an empty cell.

“Those bloody humans-” Alec growled in anger causing everyone around



him to cower in fear.

“I’m the biggest here, I’m the head of you all!” He struck a few of the stronger werecreatures to show his authority. The rest could only whimper in submission, he was a high-grade werecreature after all. He exceeded the rest in both strength and speed.

“We, go back– Blackblood...” Alec made a decision, he could only abandon the campsite in its current state. But before anyone could object, a voice sounded in his head.

‘Don’t go back! Those darned humans, I haven’t made my revenge on them. The others will mock me if I go back!’ The voice circled his head and overtook his previous decision. Alec got dizzy for a bit and decided to abandon his decision and gathered all his subordinates.

“Those despicable humans, me, Alec, your new head will avenge!” After announcing his decision, he received stares of fear instead of excited growling– Leylin’s previous attack had frightened them.

Before Alec could think of anything else, chaos erupted at the entrance of their campsite. A group of human adventurers barged in. No, it was the city guards, but they seemed to be few in number.

Alec scratched his head. He’d attacked both guards and adventurers before, the only distinction in his mind was that guards were greater in number and had more tender flesh.

“They want to attack us just based on that amount of people?” Alec was triggered despite his low intellect.

“Kill them!” He bellowed before charging forward in front of the rest. The first person he saw was an armoured young female knight emitting a dazzling aura.

“A strong one from the humans!” Alec was taken aback, but that didn’t last for too long before he charged at her.

“Kill them!” The remaining city guards were filled with bloodlust, charging forward for their future and life, as well as for vengeance. They burst forth with bloodshot eyes and the last remnants of their strength.

The werecreatures who had endured the previous battle were only at half their strengths, and the rest carried injuries that made them weaker than before.

“Perhaps we really can win this time!” The soldiers watched Leylin, who ran before all of them, with a glimpse of hope.

Mass Bull’s Strength! Cloudkill! Enchant Weapon!

“Charge! Victory is ours!” Leylin roared, spells shooting out from his hands as the knights slashed at the werecreatures with their swords, sending a werecreature’s skull rolling to the floor.

‘The paralysis effect is still not over, especially on the high-ranked werecreature. The spiritual suggestion is still working though!’ Deep inside, Leylin was actually observing the battle quietly.

He’d left these captives behind on purpose, to give the city guard some achievements, How else would he return? Light from a large-scale spell shone, and Rafiniya noticed in shock that her strength had increased greatly.

“A mass buff? Rank 6 spell?” She looked at Leylin in confusion.

# Chapter 902: Reward

“He’s actually broken through!” Rafiniya’s eyes widened slightly. She obviously knew what the casting of Mass Bull’s Strength implied. It was a rank 6 spell that only rank 13 wizards could cast. This sort of spell that could boost a group was very popular in the army.

As a noble, Rafiniya knew more than regular people and definitely understood how terrifying this was.

“He’s only twenty!” Rafiniya glanced at Leylin, who was so young that it was ridiculous, and suddenly felt down. While she was considered a genius, she was nothing in comparison to him...

Aoo aoo! However, getting distracted during battle was very dangerous. The female knight had made this exact mistake. Alec thundered from opposite her, his muscles bulging bit by bit. His claws swept forth, seemingly severing even the air itself.

Wild Burst! He had clearly obtained this power from Malar.

Boom! Rafiniya felt a burst of strength from his hands, causing her double-handed blade to whistle sharply as it flew off.

“Crap!” She wanted to retreat, but it was already too late. The high-ranked werereature charged forward, his coarse pores and nauseating skin distinctly visible to her.

Alec snarled, only having one thought in mind. Tear! He would tear this knight in front of him apart!

‘Am I going to die?’ Rafiniya slowly shut her eyes, ‘How could I let myself get distracted in battle?’

However, the pain that she anticipated did not appear. Rafiniya opened her eyes and found Leylin’s tall figure in front of her, blocking the attack.

A sabre fell, and the high-ranked werereature’s head rolled to the ground, blood spurting out of his neck like it was a fountain.

Woo woo... The other werereatures saw that their new leader had fallen

at the hands of a human, and the emotions of terror that had been accumulating ultimately exploded. They whimpered and turned to escape pathetically, yet were easily pursued and killed by the human warriors. Most deaths in battle came when one fled in chaos, as such opponents were the easiest to take care of.

‘Is he a hero like in the legends?’ Rafiniya got up, gazing at Leylin with his sabre. Something glinted in her eyes, causing a slight flush to rise upon her cheeks.

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A meeting was being held in Silverymoon, regarding Leylin and his men.

“I’m against this!” Cassley slammed the table, causing a small earthquake. “There’s something wrong with squadron 5’s mission completion!” His face was flushed.

“A huge camp with numerous high-ranked werecreatures, as well as an altar of the God of the Hunt. How could they have defeated them all?” He’d seen Leylin before, “I firmly stand against them being given credit and promotion!”

Cassley was almost on the verge of shouting at this point. Such ungentlemanly behaviour caused all of the other members to frown slightly.

‘He’s a sorcerer after all, he’s far too emotional. Not like a wizard at all, what a fortunate guy...’ More than one high-ranked wizard was silently thinking of this.

“We’ve already gotten our men to take a look and verify the bodies of high-ranked werecreatures and the others. What else do you want?” The elven wizard whom Leylin had seen once before asked coldly. “Besides, did you only just find out how dangerous this mission was? Who was it that had guaranteed at the beginning that it was only a ‘tiny’ camp?”

Unusually, the elf wizard was obviously out to get someone.

‘Looks like Cassley’s side is at a disadvantage...’ After seeing this, the other big shots all nodded, now having a better understanding of the

struggles and strife between the elf wizard and Cassley.

But this was the truth! When both sides' strength were about the same, it was impossible to deny or fake anything.

"You've seen the report! The camp had already been raided by some unknown organisation before, which was why squadron 5 got it easy..." Cassley still did not let up, "Therefore, we can't consider this as squadron 5 completing the mission. We need to investigate this carefully!"

"Gods! How could you not distinguish what's right and wrong here!" The elf wizard was so furious that he was trembling, "Our Silverymoon has never banned anything like that. Even if Leylin got external help, that's because he's capable!"

"Enough!" A deep voice sounded from the person sitting at the head of the table. He had an immense presence that seemed to have gone past some sort of boundary, entering the domain of Legends.

"Commander!" Cassley and the elven wizard were immediately discouraged as they saluted and apologised.

"The reason we have gathered is not to discuss the achievements of a subordinate's squadron. There are more pressing matters at hand!" The old wizard spoke slowly, looking like a regular human. He had muddy eyes and wore a simple grey robe. There was nothing special about him whatsoever. However, it was this old man that had control over all the high-ranked military officials in the hall.

"Silverymoon is an open city state confederation. Obeying rules is the basis of our existence. Even if squadron 5 overstepped any boundaries, they still completed the mission and should therefore get what they deserve!" The old wizard made the final decision. Cassley's lips twitched, but he did not say anything in the end.

After all, if Leylin had truly succeeded and completed the mission, he could at most only fault him for the process. Legitimacy belonged to the victor, and that had always held true. Seeing the elven wizard opposite him look all smug, his heart blazed even more.

He had brought up this issue and taken care of everything in the shadows himself. He'd thought that he could ruthlessly give Leylin a setback, but the result had surprised him. The defeat this time would mean the people in the faction would view him less favourably, and the effect on him was practically destructive.

'Leylin, is it?' Cassley thought over this name ruthlessly, 'In a situation where the captain had to return with grievous injuries, he still finished the mission resolutely. On top of that, he was even lucky enough to get the werecreatures at their weakest... If he's trying to be a hero, hehe...'

Leylin had gotten just a bit of attention before, but henceforth Cassley would ferociously attack this little wizard.

As a person in a leading position, he was now seeing a pawn have the guts to move in a way he had not planned it to, and one that was even baring his fangs at himself.

Even if that was the current situation, Cassley would never imagine that the fellow he'd treated as a pawn would be hiding something terrifying.

"Our next topic is the allocation of funds for the perpetual fortification on Sunrise Mountain Range..." Cassley perked up again.

One loss meant nothing. What was more important was the orcs' upcoming attack.

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"This is all thanks to you, Leylin!"

The sunlight shone through the windows of an infirmary room that was obviously of a high-grade. The motes of dust floating through the air were rendered visible..

Aulen looked slightly pale as she lay in bed, surrounded by the group of officers who had survived.

"With saving my life and completing the mission, you've helped me twice. I will remember it!" Aulen guaranteed.

"It's nothing. I did it for myself too!" Leylin smiled. Aulen now looked

nothing like she had been as a soldier, instead seeming rather delicate. It seemed like the matter with Lanshire had given her a huge shock.

“After this, I’m no longer fit to stay in the city guard. I’ve already submitted my resignation. I hope you can take care of our brothers for now. It won’t be long before you get your rewards...” Aulen smiled bitterly.

“Squadron 5 is my foundation. I’ll never give up on them!” Leylin guaranteed, looking enthusiastic.

“That’s good... cough cough...” Aulen began to cough violently for a while, and then eyed Leylin, “As for your rewards this time... You’ll definitely become a battalion commander. That’s a high-ranked officer in the city guards, and you might even be granted a hereditary title. Even in other countries, you will be recognised...”

At the mention of this hereditary title, the other officers began to look envious. Once one became a noble whose title could be succeeded by his descendants and held his own land, he would truly enter the upper classes of society. His children and grandchildren would become noble youths above the rest.

That was the dream of all the officers at the bottom tier, but in less than two years of entering the city guards Leylin had won it all. While some jealousy arose, these feelings melted like ice in the sun after seeing the wizard emblem on his chest,.

This was a rank 13 wizard at such a tender age. That achievement was more than enough for him to get everything, and the huge gap caused the feelings within them to dissipate.

By the time Aulen returned, Leylin had gotten his newest appointment and rewards.

“As expected, I’m now a battalion commander and a baron.” Leylin sent the soldier who had come to send the order away, and then glanced at the parchment paper with an enchanted imprint on it. He smiled as if thinking about something.

Individual strength was rather powerful in the World of Gods, especially

the city guards of Silverymoon. It had a powerful army made of practically all sorts of Professionals. Having the authority to command over 200 people was already rather powerful.

If this was times of peace, Leylin would never get this role. However, they were expanding the army in preparation for war, and Leylin was considered an 'old soldier' from before, which gave him an advantage.

From this appointment, Leylin could smell the war that would soon arrive.



# Chapter 903: Alustriel

To be given the title of baron, as well as receive a hereditary title, it was usually necessary to meet with the city's ruler. To tell the truth, Mystra's Chosen was also the Lady of Hope from legends— Alustriel. Leylin was rather excited to meet her.

In his two years within Silverymoon, he had never met with her. He had only caught sight of her a few times from the sidelines. Rumour had it that this lady had a very good temperament and even enjoyed blessing the celebrations of ordinary citizens randomly. She was even willing to help beastmen.

Leylin's judgement of her was like this: A political idiot, an empty-headed and hot-blooded fellow like Rafiniya who, if not for her formidable power and the elders and the city hall wiping her ass would bring down the entirety of Silverymoon.

Leylin felt that Alustriel was more suited to be a humanitarian than a politician. Her naive and natural personality was ill-suited for politics and court, just like Rafiniya. That hot-blooded and righteous lady knight was a very good companion and friend, but she was not a good superior. If she was allowed to run a city, it would all end in disaster!

Now however, Alustriel governed Silverymoon City properly, and the most impressive thing was that she possessed even more formidable personal power. In times of peace, everything had been good. However, Silverymoon now faced the orc invasion which amplified every flaw in her governance. Leylin gradually grew aware that a great calamity would soon be upon them.

Court etiquette was a very big problem for newly-promoted nobles. They could not be lacking in manners during the ceremony to confer titles as well as their audience with the city's ruler, else the other nobles would mock them. Nobles who had risen from nothing had always found this process very difficult.

It was also the main reason why those old nobles despised the new ones.

In their eyes, those country bumpkins did not deserve such a position, and neglected the vitality that came with interactions between different social classes. In the end, they had only slowly declined.

Fortunately, Leylin had received instruction from an etiquette teacher. He had learnt it quickly and after a single afternoon, the etiquette teacher, who had been specially sent by the court, had left satisfied.

Alustriel also wanted to meet him before the ceremony. This sort of private meeting did not matter much to him, as he did not feel she would be able to see through his false identity unless he was face-to-face with her god's true body.

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Leylin had seen Silverymoon's imperial palace in the distance several times. However, he did not care much about any outstanding wealth in the palace. He was only interested in the rumoured legendary spell resources that it could contain.

However, once he truly entered the palace, he drew his spiritual force firmly back into his body and did not dare to carelessly investigate.

'There were at least five high-ranked magic probes at the gate. There will be many more high-ranked wizards guarding the palace itself...' Leylin lowered his head but something flickered in his eyes.

Silverymoon's palace and the Wizards' Guild were the most well-defended and strict places. It was rumoured that the strongest in these places could not be bribed, and even Legends did not dare to provoke Silverymoon City, who had the backing of the Goddess of the Weave.

However, Leylin never had the intention of robbing the place, and was thus very calm. He was currently clad in the splendid attire of a noble, the clothes which were embroidered in gold thread stifling him. He looked like a peacock who had spread its feathers.

There was nothing that could be done. The clothes of a noble were rich and garish, as if they wished to put everything he had on display. Leylin normally wore robes or leisure clothes at home, but it would certainly be

inappropriate to wear those now.

“Her majesty the queen wishes to receive her guest in the side palace hall.” At this moment, a female official trotted over and announced in a steady voice. Leylin then followed her to a separate part of the palace.

“Here it is!” Leylin was not left waiting for long. In a moment, he felt the security around him had increased to its utmost, and there were even two powerful soul forces near him. He immediately contemplated them inwardly.

“Good day, Sir Leylin Faulen!” A peal of laughter rang out like a silver bell, and Leylin finally saw Alustriel.

Her eyes were like moonlight, and she seemed like the very embodiment of beauty. She only wore a simple gown, but she was naturally breathtaking.

“I do apologise for my lateness. I went to Uncle Cooper’s roast meat banquet, and I brought a blueberry pie that he personally baked for you. It can’t be a more appropriate congratulatory gift for you...” Alustriel fixed her gaze on Leylin with a smile on her face, passing a basket of roast meat to Leylin.

“Your majesty!” Leylin rather speechlessly accepted the gift, and respectfully bowed exactly as he had been taught by the etiquette teacher.

“Your majesty, how could you see your vassal in such a manner! There are still a few more items on today’s schedule to address as well...” A white-bearded old man chased after Alustriel into the palace, with thick sheets of parchment and quills in hand. After seeing Leylin, he even smiled helplessly.

‘Scholar Buren, full name Buren Eustace. Alustriel’s clerk and the leader of the elders, as well as her most trusted subordinate. He’s actually the prime minister of Silverymoon...’ A string of information flashed across Leylin’s mind.

Naturally, what drew his notice were the powerful magical undulations coming from both Alustriel and Buren. It meant that they had both broken

through mortal limits and had entered to realms of Legends.

Alustriel's body possessed a trace of divinity from the Goddess of the Weave, and it in particular attracted a deep interest from him.

'I really want... I really want to devour her! Such a pity. If I did that, the Weave Goddess will be the first to hunt me down...' Leylin sighed in his heart.

"Haha, Baron Leylin! You don't need to be so formal and stiff, you don't seem like a 20 year old youth at all!" Alustriel undeniably had an aura that was as refreshing as a spring breeze. Conversing with her made Leylin loosen up considerably. Her charisma was great.

"Your title ceremony will be held in three days' time. Tell me Leylin, tell me like a friend; do you have any requests?" Alustriel gently said as she looked at the wizard before her.

"If it's like this," Leylin took a deep breath as his eyes filled with determination, "I hope I can freely read through the court's collection of wizard resources..."

"You may!" Alustriel agreed very readily, surpassing Leylin's expectations and filling him with astonishment. Hey, hey! Wasn't she meant to ask him to climb to her inner circle before finally being allowed to peek at those documents? Was it really alright to give it to him so happily?

"Cough cough... Your Majesty!" At this moment, the saviour of the show appeared. Scholar Buren coughed with all his strength, attracting Alustriel's attention over.

"Although Baron Leylin is a genius, legendary spells will only pose difficulties for his current state. For his own good, we can give him those resources that are below the rank of Legends."

"Oh, I apologise! I've forgotten that point," Alustriel looked at Leylin, "Because of the rigid nature of Legends, the Legend-ranked resources would not be beneficial to your growth now. I can first give you those resources below that rank, and once you advance to become a high-ranked

wizard...”

“Cough cough...” Scholar Buren looked at this failure of a queen and began to cough like he was choking to death.

“This is more than enough already. Thank you, Your Majesty,” Leylin smiled as he bowed, and his elegant demeanour astonished even Buren. Disappointment had indeed flitted across his heart, but he did not show it at all.

For those wizards below rank 15, research materials at or above the legendary realm really was too complicated, and Alustriel had meant well when she restricted them. However, Leylin was different. He was not some low-ranked wizard, and he could even understand information on godhood if it was given to him. However, he could not admit this.

Buren’s actions could also be understood. If this sort of thing was handed out now, then how would he be rewarded for outstanding service in the future?

Just because he could understand the reasoning behind the forceful interruption did not mean Leylin’s heart was not ill at ease. After chatting with Alustriel for a while and receiving the visitor’s pass for the palace library, Leylin left the palace.

It had to be said that Leylin had developed a new understanding of Alustriel after meeting with her. It could be said that he had a favourable impression of her, but maybe not of Buren.

“What did you think of him, Buren?” Alustriel asked with interest as she cupped her face with her hands. Even if she was naive, she had changed with the polish of many years of experience, although the changes were not particularly big.

“He did not have any traces of evil intent or the aura of a devil on him,” Buren’s eyes turned crimson, looking extremely terrifying, “And his thirst for knowledge is sincere, not faked!”

“If it’s like this, then how come you didn’t allow me to give him the authority to view those resources?” Alustriel said, feeling hard done by.

“Resources ranked legendary or above must be exchanged for contributions, this rule is the cornerstone that protects our Silverymoon City!” Buren looked at Alustriel, who was acting like a little girl, with a helpless and bitter smile.

“Also, giving an insignificant wizard like him those high-ranked and above resources is more than enough. After he reaches rank 15 and swears the oath of eternal loyalty to the Styx, then we can pass on the legendary-ranked resources...”

“Alright, alright,” Alustriel waved her hand, “You can make the decisions. Oh, tonight I have to attend Mister Nudu’s dinner party.”

“Please forgive me, but I must remind Your Majesty that as the ruler of our Silverymoon City and the alliance, it is highly inappropriate for you to suddenly turn up at the party of our ordinary citizens...”

# Chapter 904: Beginning

Buren's warning was serious, but Alustriel seemed to have had enough of him. She waved her arms, and a teleportation gate flickered into existence as she disappeared.

"She's so..." Watching this irresponsible queen, Buren could only roll his eyes speechlessly.

Under the terrifying magic formation in the castle, only the Chosen of their goddess could make use of teleportation gates at will. Even though Buren had already reached the realm of Legends, there was nothing he could do.

.....

Leylin used this period well, staying in the library to copy all of the information on under legendary magic. After a series of long and complicated arrangements, he was conferred his title.

He obtained some uncultivated land next to the Moonwood. He changed its name to the Violet Territory, and he became the Violet Baron.

There was no way around it. All lands that were fertile, rich and safe had long since been taken up by the nobles. Getting them to spit it back out was far from an easy task. The area surrounding the Moonwood was filled with danger and the frontlines for the battles with the orcs. That was why it was being given out.

However, it was only a wasteland now. The only good thing about it was that because the intention was to compensate Leylin, the area was two times larger than the land given to normal barons.

'I have no plans to live here permanently anyway, so it doesn't really matter...' Leylin thought as he fiddled with the noble coat of arms he had designed himself. The main body was a violet with intricate plant decorations around it.

If Baron Jonas were to know of this, he would definitely be delighted. A title and land was something the upper class people in the World of Gods

desired the most.

Leylin could not only gain the title as Baron Faulen, but also be the master of the Violet Territory. Once he had a son, he would let the boy take over and help the Faulen Family branch out. That would count as expanding the power of the family.

With joint marriages and swallowing up of families, there would be changes and exchanges in titles. Once the scattered territories linked together, a huge noble family would be formed, maybe even a kingdom. Such a rise usually took a few centuries.

Of course, the possibility of such a thing was very low. At most, the later generations themselves would begin to bicker amongst themselves.

This had nothing to do with Leylin. The only thing that left him more satisfied was that he was now a true noble, and no longer had to work in the name of the next in line. The power and treatment a true noble and an heir had were completely different.

He was quickly appointed as a captain of the city guard, and he was assigned a complete troop. The army expanded from the 5th legion, and had 200 Professionals and about the same number of troops and commoners. Altogether, there were about 500 of them.

‘This power is sufficient for me to do a lot of things. Of course, compared to the orc army that’s coming, it’s not much...’ Leylin observed the dark clouds in the horizon, his brows gradually furrowing together. With the orc tribes maneuvering, the gloom of war was already enveloping the northern lands.

Shops had closed permanently even in Silverymoon, and pedestrians were moving hastily. The Sunrise Mountains and the orc tribes were practically synonyms of savagery and war. Not only were these orcs born with powerful bodies, but they also had the protection of their own god. Their god was powerful.

In the World of Gods, orcs and humans were huge races that each did not lose out to the other. Their gods had powerful divine force, comparable to peak rank 8 Magi. This was practically the limit of what the



universe could accommodate.

Without the protection of a powerful god, the treatment one was given in the World of Gods was entirely different. Under the huge incoming threat, even the fall of the entire northern lands was likely. Leylin had intel that the members of the mobilised tribes were very powerful, and it wouldn't be trivial like the simple fights and robberies before.

With so many tribes banding together, there was a sense of a fledgling empire taking shape. If left unchecked, an orc empire would rise up!

If they wiped out the Silvermoon Alliance and took over the northern lands, then this empire would form atop the corpses of their enemies. Perhaps this too was a hope of their god.

As for the human faction, Leylin had also heard about something that did not mean well for them. The Silvermoon alliance was too powerful, referring to Alustriel in particular. She was a Legend who was also the Chosen of the Goddess of the Weave. The influence of Silvermoon had risen in recent times, and there were more and more cries proclaiming her to be the Empress.

The Silvermoon Alliance was an alliance amongst the northern lands' organisations. This included all the human cities in the northern lands, as well as a few other large territories. At the beginning, the intention was to fend off the orcs more effectively, and they had built up offensive and defensive strategies.

Alustriel had used her personal charm and the great strength of Silvermoon to keep her position as the head of the Silvermoon Alliance. With her lifespan and reputation, she could very well integrate the scattered federations in the next few centuries and form one terrifying empire!

This was obviously something the orcs did not want to see. Of course, there were many amongst the nobles in the northern lands that approved of this and even helped to achieve it. Meanwhile, there were those strongly against it, doing what they could to hinder it in secret.

'How interesting... The accumulation of these conflicts is now allowing

the orcs to invade them?’ Leylin chuckled as he glanced at the castle behind him. Powerful spell rays lingered eternally on the walls and magnetic bricks, giving it a unique beauty.

‘The conflicts between humans and orcs, the contradictions of whether to be unified or to split, and even the conflicts between gods... With this spiral of events, I wonder how long the beautiful and fertile Silverymoon can last...’ Leylin’s eyes flickered with wit.

[Beep! High-ranked wizard information has been recorded. Spell model database is now complete. Constructing host’s wizard spells.] The A.I. Chip suddenly showed this prompt. After he spent a lot of time scanning through all information below the rank of Legend in the palace, the Chip’s database was now complete. At the very least, Leylin would not be hindered before he became a Legend.

‘Good! A high-ranked wizard, at rank 15, is publicly known to be someone powerful. A.I. Chip, how long will I take to reach that point if I meditate as I do now?’ Leylin asked.

[Beep! Mission established. Checking compatibility with host. Proceeding with theoretical tests...] The A.I. Chip quickly calculated, numerous 0 and 1s flashing by in front of Leylin’s eyes. In a few seconds, it gave an answer. [Based on host’s current stats, estimated time to reaching rank 15 is in 731 days 13 hours.] ‘Around two years? That’s probably the time that the orcs will attack...’ All of a sudden, Leylin’s expression changed as he looked towards the north.

“This undulation... It’s from a legendary spell! And it’s at the fort of the Sunrise Mountains! Could it be...”

.....

North of Silverymoon, Sunrise Mountains!

This was a huge mountain range that extended through the humans’ northern lands and the boundless wilderness of the orcs. It allowed for a clear divide between the worlds of the two.

The humans in Silverymoon had used spells and a lot of manual labour

to construct a large defensive fort, and they deployed their military to guard it. Atop the black steely wall was the newest results of Silverymoon's research: the Automatic Magic Cannon.

The troops stationed at the garrison were the most powerful of Silverymoon. There were over 20 high-grade wizards there, and there were even rumours that there was a Legend in charge.

Over these many years, this fort alone had forced the orcs to return with their tails between their legs. No matter how crazed the attacks were, the fort had stood tall like a reef in a tsunami.

For this reason, the original name that had been complex and awkward had been discarded. In its place, it was given the beautiful name of 'Unfallen Moon Fort'. It represented the silver moon flag of Silverymoon that, at the front of the city in the fort, would never fall!

Pak! However, at that moment, the beautiful and intricate silver moon flag had slowly descended into the burning flames, turning entirely into ashes.

Roar! Roar! Numerous snarling werecreatures shouted crazily as they crawled up the walls that were said to never fall. Werejackals, werelions, wereleopards... There were even gigantic behemoths, snakemen, and foxwoman priests.

Numerous orcs with varying appearances arranged themselves in a square-shaped formation, crowding around a golden werelion as they cheered enthusiastically, "Saladin! Saladin! Emperor of the orcs! Emperor of the orcs!"

This orc called Saladin had fur that pointed up like steel spikes, and his eyes were electric. Numerous Legends, heads of their respective races, could only prostrate themselves before him.

He was Saladin, emperor of all orcs, and the Chosen of the orc god Gruumsh. He who possesses the divine weapon of the orcs, the Thunder God's Hammer!

With the power of the divine weapon, he had destroyed the fort's

defences in an instant, and even killed the human Legend.

“I, Saladin, emperor of the orcs, king of all kings, shall conquer the northern lands as a jewel on the crown of my god!” Saladin snarled, and the many orcs cheered together.

Calendar of the gods, year 37665. Unfallen Moon Fort fell to their enemies, after being completely invaded by orcs on all sides.

# Chapter 905: War

With their huge numbers, the orcs had many peak experts. The fort quickly changed hands. There weren't even many magic warnings issued, allowing them to have the time to lay low in wait for the reinforcements once the original guard was taken care of.

After a few rounds, the teleportation rays no longer flickered, and the orcs controlled the fort with ease, setting up their own teleportation spell formations. The Unfallen Moon Fort had its own arrangements for escape routes. The wizards had left themselves teleportation gates that would allow for convenient access for assistance. The orcs in turn had messed up the spatial undulations here and sealed off all teleportation.

Just as the camp was in a frenzy, a pair of golden eyes looked down from above. In that moment, the Weave within tens of kilometres seemed to rebel, and powerful thunderclouds formed silently.

"Mystra, what's happening? Are you trying to go against our contract?" A gruff voice sounded, and the thunderclouds in the sky dissipated to reveal shining moonlight. The orcs below did not even realise that they'd been at death's door, and they all silently gathered their loot.

The dim golden eyes did not make any more movements, and instead seemed to streak through the sky and focus on an orc.

"Gruumsh!" The owner of the golden eyes called out the name of the werebeast, the flames of her fury growing.

"You saw that. I didn't make the first move! It's a result of the guys' fight!" The orc god chuckled, sounding gleeful.

"Furthermore... We've gotten the support of many gods, for instance the guy who's been following you..." Gruumsh reported another piece of news and then was satisfied to see the anger in Mystra's eyes.

The powerful conscient left, looking exasperated at seeing such a conflict happen so close.

"I can't suppress someone as powerful as the Goddess of the Weave

even at my peak. However, the competition on this path is ruthless. Whether in the dusk of the Magi and Gods, or now..." Gruumsh mumbled, and then he disappeared after sending down a powerful oracle. With their priests, the maddened orcs seemed to spread throughout the north.

Survival and reproduction were the two main goals of living beings. The orcs were like locusts as they looted all that they saw, and much blood was spilt. The states that were lucky to survive in the northern lands sunk into an arduous battle after being summoned by Silverymoon. The situation was in a deadlock.

On one hand, the land that the orcs obtained needed to be governed, and the soldiers needed to be reorganised. On the other, with the sudden attacks, the Silverymoon Alliance had suffered continuous losses and desperately needed some respite.

Another great wave of attacks could burst forth, and small skirmishes were a constant thing these days. The mercenaries, adventurers and even dreamers of the human world risked their lives to come to the northern lands, hoping to get some part of the glory. More merchants and commoners fled, which was a huge headache for the country.

In this chaotic world, a name that had been in the shadows before began to grow in intensity and shone in the battle with the orcs, thus earning the name of a hero...

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Unwittingly, a year passed. Year 37666 of the calendar of the gods, Silverymoon City.

A handsome black horse galloped along the road, its bloody hooves evidence of it having passed through a battlefield. The troops following behind it held orc ears, proof of merit and rewards. The knight at the head was astonishingly a female!

"It's the Knight of Light, Rafiniya!" An adventurer along the road saw the female knight, their eyes filled with obvious admiration and worship.

"Mm! I heard that the lady became a high-ranked knight at a young age.

She's been shining in battles with the orcs as of late." A young girl's eyes twinkled, "Even more worthy of admiration is the fact that Lady Rafiniya is like the personification of justice. She treats commoners and nobles all the same and does her best to protect the interests of the weak... Just like the city master..."

"That's why so many adventurers are coming from all over the world!" Someone who was obviously the leader beside the girl supplemented, though he was critical on the inside, 'Few agree with the city master's ideals and want to participate in battle. Most people prioritise benefits.'

Although he knew this, he wouldn't say such a thing allowed. Merit was the best way for adventurers to become nobles. The city master of Silverymoon was known for her generosity, so what harm was there in keeping mum?

'Her commander, Baron Violet, seems to be a great example of this...' The adventurer leader thought inside and urged his people on, "What are you looking at? Go to the Mercenary Guild and get the rewards from the mission!"

Due to the war and the surge of many mercenaries and adventurers, Silverymoon strangely seemed to be prosperous. The citizens who had lived calm and comfortable lives had disappeared, and in their place were mercenaries and adventurers who reeked of blood.

Besides hotels and the shops at the sides of the streets, there were many shops that sold all sorts of steel weapons and low-grade potions and the like. In general, they were items that would raise one's battle might. The Mercenary Guild's business was going so well that they were filled with adventurers every day.

'Mercenary missions can only give money... Who knows, after a period of time when the war eases up, I'll want to take a walk amongst the city guards...' The leader was still considering his plans for the future. These were the true thoughts of unimportant characters in a chaotic world. They did not care who was in charge and only bothered about their own benefits.

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The female knight naturally did not care about this group of adventurers by the road, this was a common thing in Silverymoon.

The procession entered one of the camps, and Rafiniya took off her armour to change into a casual outfit. She entered Leylin's tent. He was blanked out while looking at a huge map of the northern lands, as if he hadn't noticed Rafiniya entering.

Upon noticing this, Rafiniya suddenly had a mischievous look on her face and sneakily ran to Leylin's back.

"Stop playing around, Rafiniya!" Leylin spoke unenthusiastically, causing Rafiniya to deflate like a ball.

"Come on, can't you just let a girl have her way? What happened to your gentlemanly attitude?" Rafiniya expressed her discontent to Leylin, who seemed to have grown a pair of eyes on his back.

'Haha... With the spiritual force of a wizard, she wouldn't be able to escape the detections of the A.I. Chip no matter how cautious she was, unless she was a high-ranked assassin or thief.'

"Have you completed your mission?" Leylin was now the main commander here, and Rafiniya was his underling.

"Yes! I've completely wiped out that group of scouting orcs. What bastards! They massacred three whole villages!" Rafiniya exclaimed, feeling indignant. This had always been a life or death struggle between two races, and Leylin merely raised his eyebrows a little but did not say more.

In addition, he had another thought in mind.

'They're killing so much in the areas of their enemies!' Leylin sighed. His intel said that old, ill, weak, and disabled orcs were already entering the areas that had been taken over, and clearing the land for cultivation. They had scattered seeds and were clearly trying to restore life to the land.

What surprised Leylin more was that these orc villages already had signs



of human slaves.

‘There’s someone capable among the orc invasion...’ This was not a short term policy, and that caused fear among the higher-ups of Silverymoon. Leylin, however, was unperturbed. As their desires and goals were different, their worries varied. Watching those nobles down on their luck, Leylin even felt refreshed.

‘A.I. Chip, show me my current stats!’ Leylin commanded. The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s orders, and showed a group of stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 21. Race: Human, Rank 14 Wizard. Strength: 12. Agility: 11. Vitality: 10. Spirit: 14. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Spell Slots: Rank 6(3), Rank 5(5), Rank 4(7), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Progress of analysis of Weave: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2: 100%, Level 3: 100%, Level 4: 68.88%, Level 5: 37.91%, Level 6: 12.36%!]

Leylin had risen by a rank in the past year, which the other wizards found unimaginable. If not for the war, he might even have advanced faster. Given his continuous outstanding military service, he’d even obtained Legend-ranked information.

It had to be said that the World of God’s structure of the high-grade magic strength system was still a great inspiration to Leylin.

‘I’ve already checked the Nether Mountains a few times, and can confirm that the red dragon’s cave and the ruins of the arcanists are there...’ Leylin’s eyes glowed brightly.

# Chapter 906: Contract

Leylin had never forgotten his original objective. His long-term goal in the World of Gods was to ascend to godhood and allow his main body to enter this world. On the other hand, his short-term goals included advancing to the rank of Legend as quickly as possible, and obtaining enough power to protect himself.

His main purpose in coming to the north was to find the inheritance of the arcanists, as well as information on legendary spells from Silverymoon City.

Compared to these goals reputation, territory, nobility, and riches were nothing but dog shit.

Although he now looked as if he was pursuing those things, it was only to give others the wrong impression. When it was time to abandon it all, he would do so without the slightest trace of hesitation. What were those things compared to eternal life and freedom anyway?

"I always thought you were a fellow with a lot of secrets," Rafiniya mumbled to herself as she glanced at Leylin, sitting down with a melancholic air.

'Such keen perception... She really is a first-rate tool,' Leylin inwardly smiled to himself, but it was a pity that this lady knight had such an exceedingly pure soul. She had not seen past the facade into his true nature, else she would have been scared to death, forget daring to stay by his side.

"Alright, what are you looking at the map for? Is it time for us to act?" Rafiniya nibbled at an apple, propping up her toned and slender legs directly on the table. After serving in the army for a year, this lady knight had thrown her aristocratic grace and reserved nature away to the outer seas.

"Mm, it looks like we're in trouble," Leylin replied, adding emphasis on 'trouble'.

“Is it that Cassley? I want to chop him up!” The lady knight exclaimed.

“The day will soon come,” Leylin stuck a small flag onto the map, marking down several lines of letters.

“Tell me, how is he going to trap us this time?” Rafiniya rolled her eyes.

“It can’t really be called a trap... He needs troops to go and defend the territories of several noble families near the Moonwood, those orcs are acting up again. There have even been rumours of the Blackblood tribe colluding with the Orc Empire...”

“Then why is he demanding that we go? He’s asking us to die!” Rafiniya shouted. Just the Blackblood tribe was enough to challenge Silverymoon City, and if orcs were added into the mix then it would be a complete deathtrap.

“We don’t have a choice, those nobles whose territories are being threatened are getting anxious. Additionally, my Violet Territory is also near there...” Leylin’s lips curved into a mocking smile.

If he was truly a minor noble, then it would have been imperative for him to go. Otherwise, neither Silverymoon City nor Cassley would let him off. The secular world’s shackles as well as strict martial law could not be joked around with.

In Leylin’s view however, what did they matter? Naturally, he’d put some effort in on the surface. He also had no choice in actually going to the moonwood, but it was entirely up to Leylin whether he wanted to fight sincerely.

“Send the command, all personnel have had their holidays cancelled. They must go into standby mode, prepared to set off at any time.” With Leylin’s order, the entire barracks was immediately thrown into chaos. Against such powerful enemies, even the officers trembled in fear.

However, Leylin didn’t bother with his subordinates. After he had given the command, he mounted his horse and travelled alone to his residence in Silverymoon City.

“Mister Leylin!” Only Bessany remained in the vast residence’s

laboratory. She appeared to be very cold and cheerless. After the news of the great war had erupted, Ena and her sister had been strictly ordered by their families to return. Only Bessany had stayed.

“I’ll run the bath for you, sir. Also, the funds from the previous business deal have already been transferred to your bank account. Here is the receipt,” Bessany immediately left the alchemy table and bowed to Leylin. She had kept everything in good order while he was gone.

It had to be said that this young lady took her work quite seriously and worked hard. ‘After all, she’s a seedling that I raised myself,’ Leylin thought.

“No need for that,” Leylin waved his hand, “Bessany, I have something that I would like to ask you.” Leylin looked at Bessany attentively. She had grown up very well, and had even reached the realm of a rank 5 wizard.

It was a shame that her power was nothing but a speck of dust in front of the great army of orcs.

“Please tell me, Sir.” Bessany clasped her hands and seemed rather ill at ease.

After spending such a long time with Leylin, she naturally understood that he was enigmatic and impossible to predict. Questions that even the high-ranked wizards of the colleges could not answer were easily solved by him.

She had only been able to break through to a rank 5 wizard under his guidance. Compared to her, Ena and her sister were still lingering in the realm of rank 3 wizards!

For all this, Bessany knew that she had to pay the price. It was only that when the moment came for her to do so, she seemed rather uneasy.

“With the orcs pushing the battle closer to this place, Silvermoon City will become very dangerous. Don’t you wish to go home to your family?” Leylin looked at his apprentice and asked with great interest.

“My family?” Bessany smiled rather bitterly, “I don’t want to go home! I want to continue walking the path of a wizard and advance. If I go home

with my current strength, I'll have to serve my family until I die..."

As a low-ranked wizard and alchemy apprentice, Bessany's family would absolutely not allow the goose who laid golden eggs to marry out of the family. Bessany's only future was to be a sacrifice for her family, and silently devote her life to them until she died of old age.

Or perhaps her family would want to carry on the bloodline of a wizard, and adopt several men she disliked into the family.

Just envisioning this sort of life made Bessany feel like she was going insane.

"Then... Do you wish to continue receiving my instruction?" Leylin asked, looking deeply into Bessany's eyes.

"If... If that's possible, then my gratitude will know no bounds!" After hearing the thing she wished for the most, Bessany felt that she was the most fortunate person in the world, and almost fainted in happiness.

"Alright! I would now like to hire you as an alchemist for the Faulen family. Have a look at this contract," Leylin passed a scroll of parchment to Bessany.

"A contract?" Bessany opened the parchment, looking at the contract which had been written in black ink. It stipulated that she needed to serve the Faulen family for 50 years, and through that obtain Leylin's financial assistance and advice as a wizard.

It was a spirit-binding contract, and there was a beautifully intricate pattern around the parchment.

"I have no problem with this. I agree!" Bessany scanned through the contract and confirmed that she had no issues before gritting her teeth and agreeing.

"Alright, then sign your name in your own blood." This demand was a little strange, but Bessany still bit her thumb and signed her name at the end of the parchment.

Crash! In the blink of an eye, the entire scroll floated into midair and

spontaneously combusted. Bessany's eyes grew dazed as she felt herself losing something she could not name. However, she also felt like nothing had really happened.

"Good, the contract has been established. On behalf of the Faulen family, I welcome you into our ranks," Leylin smiled as he placed several items down on the table.

"Here's a hundred gold coins, as well as several scrolls and magic items. Take them with you just in case. Tomorrow, you will go to the south, to the Faulen Islands. There you will find wizard Ernest, who will set up arrangements for you..."

"Scrolls? Alchemic materials?" Bessany gently stroked the magic scrolls with her fingers, and the powerful energy in them made her quake in fear. Leylin had personally smelted these magic items, and they were absolutely priceless. Compared to that, the gold coins were worthless.

"Why must I leave? Could it be that Mister Leylin is not optimistic about the future of Silverymoon City?"

"Mm," Leylin answered without the slightest hesitation. His answer made Bessany's body sway on the verge of collapse.

"How is that possible? The city is under the protection of the Goddess of the Weave..."

"Our enemies have their own gods. Additionally, only the ruler of our city can survive. It doesn't mean that you ordinary people will," Leylin's cold voice shattered her delusions, "Of course, after Silverymoon City, it won't be possible for the battle to spread further south. Your family won't be in danger, so there is no need to worry."

Sending this rather distracted young lady away, Leylin smiled as he looked at his right hand. A trace of the purest soul origin force had arrived in his palm.

Even if Bessany died now, her soul would belong to him. This was the power of a devil!

"My young lady; if you don't pay attention when you sign a contract, it's

difficult for you to not lose out...” Putting tricks into a contract was the favourite method of many devils from all dimensions. The decorative border around the parchment was the simplest trick.

Naturally, even if Bessany had heard of such a thing, she didn't regard Leylin as a devil. As a result, she most likely had not even considered that he would do such a thing.

'It's just child's play, whatever happens will happen...' Leylin could easily educate many alchemy students to her level, but since it seemed that Bessany was innately gifted, and her luck was rather good, he didn't mind helping her a little.

“Silverymoon City...” Leylin sighed softly. What he had said earlier wasn't just fear-mongering. The possibility was real.

‘The Silverymoon Alliance has already threatened the central human kingdom, and those kings do not wish for a powerful human kingdom to rise in the north. There are many nobles who share this thought in the north, and as a result the support that the Silverymoon Alliance will receive is limited...’

This was still the material plane after all, the gods of human factions could not unite in solidarity. Mystra could only rely on herself to take on all the orc gods. Even with the assistance of several gods she was on good terms with, the city did not have hopeful prospects.

# Chapter 907: Rescue

Leylin could be at ease while the gods held petty, conflicting views. Were they to be united, there was no way he would be able to survive and grow in the prime material plane. His alternatives would be the deep abyss or hell itself.

‘The slumber of the World of Gods’ World Will, the Overgod, has encouraged many gods to harbour their own agendas.’ Leylin recalled the World’s Will of the World of Gods. The gods were the children of the world, and the World’s Will was their leader, the one and only Overgod!

In Leylin’s opinion, the World Wills of the Magus World and the World of Gods had reached the realm of rank 9. Omniscient and omnipotent, they were but one step away from eternity. It wasn’t just the gods and Magi who’d traded blows in the final war, the Wills had participated as well. Both sides suffered, and entered a heavy slumber.

Before its slumber, the Will of the World of Gods had completely sealed the world in a crystal sphere that isolated it from any communication. This move had effectively protected the World of Gods and allowed new gods to grow. However, once they were done dividing up the faith, the limit in number of worshippers had caused great internal conflict. Having lost their foreign enemies, the gods were now infighting.

At the very bottom of his heart, Leylin held a strong conviction that there were gods who coveted the seat of sovereignty. After all, they would fall if their worshippers dwindled in number. The only way was to extract world origin force and surpass the existence of a god.

The only thing standing in their way was the World’s Will!

‘Isn’t this ironic? To nurture a child that would eventually oppose you...’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed with a gleam of determination.

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Outside the city walls, Leylin bumped into an entirely unexpected person.



“Wizard Cassley, good morning!”

“Good morning, wizard Leylin,” Cassley nodded at him, “Perhaps I will ride out with you and your troops, so when the time comes I hope you will cooperate.”

‘Cooperate?’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed, but the smiling expression on his face did not change as he slowly left.

Although he was a little weaker, the two were almost equal in status. He no longer had to give way to the other wizard as he had been forced to in the past. Since the troops were mobilising, coordination was purely between the mid-ranks and not an order given by the higher ups.

It was important not to underestimate this point, as it could be used to devastating effect in the midst of true battle. At the very least, it would put an end to Cassley’s informal and unnecessary orders, and eliminate the possibility of him sending the troops off to die.

“Damn!” After Leylin’s back disappeared from view, Cassley’s gently smiling expression completely collapsed. It was substituted with the most chilling intent.

Leylin Faulen! This name had grown offensively conspicuous ever since the orc invasion. Most notably, Cassley’s several retaliatory attempts against the wizard had all been played off, and even served to enhance the other man’s reputation.

In the end, many people had gradually come to lump him and Leylin together, likening the two of them to the brightest new stars in the sky. From Cassley’s point of view, the fact that they had gone as far as to place someone from the younger generation on the same level as him was a bald-faced insult!

Additionally, after he had suffered the defeats, the faction backing him had gradually withdrawn their support. This was something that he absolutely could not stand. There was only one way to resolve this mess, and that was to make the source of trouble, Leylin, disappear entirely from this world.

‘I look forward to the face you’ll show me before you die...’ A trace of darkness flashed across Cassley’s eyes, and he returned to Silverymoon City without looking back.

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Two days later, nearly a thousand troops slowly left Silverymoon City.

“I’ve always found that Cassley an eyesore, and now he’s even deliberately riding out with us. He’s trying to make trouble for us, I’m sure!” The lady knight seethed next to Leylin.

“I’m afraid that he won’t simply cause trouble for us,” Leylin was well aware of the murderous intent that his companion was so clearly radiating. “Only... I’m not sure what will happen in the end,” A strange smile formed at the edges of his lips.

“We’re entering dangerous lands, stay alert!” As they drew closer to the Moonwood, even Cassley became even more vigilant. Werecreature attacks were a possibility now.

After the orc invasion, the forces near Silverymoon Alliance began to get restless, especially the Blackblood tribe who immediately occupied the entire Moonwood. Patrolling rangers had been able to routinely enter the place and gather information before, but now that was a death sentence.

An alliance between the werebeasts and the orcs now seemed entirely possible. After all, humans all thought that they had similar looks and characteristics.

Working together was natural when the conditions were right. Once the Blackblood Tribe joined the orc faction however, Silverymoon City would suffer an inconceivable setback.

‘The queen of the city, her majesty Alustriel, must be in distress...’ Leylin indifferently thought to himself.

A loud chirp sounded abruptly, coming from a grey and white eagle. This was an animal companion of one of the druid scouts.

“Baron Andrew’s castle is under siege!” The druid immediately reported

to Leylin.

“A siege?” Leylin furrowed his brows. He could faintly see smoke and ash rising at the edge of the horizon, “By werecreatures or goblins?”

“It’s the werecreatures! I’m very certain, I saw the Blackblood tribe’s flag there!” The druid nodded vigorously.

“What are we waiting for, let’s go!” Rafiniya drew her longsword. Ever since she had seen the orcs and goblins massacre entire villages, she had become a resolute believer of human superiority.

“Wait, we should at the very least inform Cassley,” Leylin helplessly grabbed Nick’s reins and let an orderly inform their allies. There was a rather begrudging expression on his face as he said, “I’ve known you for so many years already, but you haven’t even matured a little...”

Before long, the orderly had already brought back Cassley’s reply.

“Commanding Officer Cassley says that he is in charge of the defence corps, and he will leave these matters for you to resolve!” The orderly announced loudly, and bowed as he left.

Before they had set off, he had not known what tricks Cassley had employed, and in the end he had unexpectedly obtained the mission of defending a few nobles. The mission Leylin had received was to attack and push the orcs’ frontlines back into the Moonwood.

Far behind the front line, Cassley was in charge of defence. He had even incidentally blocked his grain supply channels.

The impression would be that Cassley would defend the area when Leylin completely failed. His mission was similar to defending the city walls, but Leylin had been the pioneer who had taken the initiative to attack.

‘This fellow is already thinking of an unthinkable outcome behind my back...’ Leylin shook his head. If an ordinary person was in his position, perhaps they would die playing Cassley’s game. It was clear how deeply Cassley hated him from how readily he had issued the command.

‘Those who are meant to back me haven’t supported me at all. Is it a question of loyalty?’ Leylin sighed a little. He had risen to power too abruptly and had not truly won their trust. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have behaved so passively.

‘Once a wizard of Silvermoon City reaches rank 15, they sign a very powerful contract to pledge their loyalty. The effects can even extend until they reach the realm of Legends...’ Leylin suddenly thought of a rumour. Now, it seemed to be true. ‘Once I reach rank 15 and become a high-ranked wizard, something similar may fall to me. Cassley’s already signed the contract, which is why he’s so easily trusted...’

The troops under Leylin saw a look of unswerving determination on their leader’s face.

“Onwards!” Leylin finally issued the command.

A besieged castle rapidly appeared before them, the village next to it already burnt to the ground. There were corpses strewn everywhere, and many of them were badly mangled.

“Charge! Leave none of them alive!” At the sight of this scene, the soldiers immediately saw red. Leylin duly issued the command to attack.

“Kill!” Rafiniya led the way on horseback as the captain of a small squadron of knights. She and her subordinates fiercely advanced like black jackhammers into the werecreature army. The people in the castle let out a cheer at the sight of the reinforcements.

“There aren’t many wercreatures here, and they’re spent after the attack on the castle. If we coordinate with those inside the castle, they’ll have no luck in defeating us,” Leylin’s gaze swept across the entire battlefield as he demonstrated his natural leadership. The army made up of 200 Professionals became the most precise and accurate of tools in his hand, calmly and efficiently reaping the lives of the wercreatures before them.

When Cassley finally arrived from the rear, he only saw the scene of the auxiliary troops sweeping the battlefield clean. His eyes narrowed at Leylin’s abilities, and afterwards a dense killing intent leaked from him.

“I am Baron Andrew, I thank you all for coming to our aid!” At this moment, the securely shut castle door was flung open. A middle-aged noble walked out with his retainers, a trace of fear still lingering on his face.

“I am Cassley from Silverymoon City. You and your people have been saved,” At this moment, Cassley stood at the forefront and willingly took the credit. He looked as if he had no qualms about doing this, and Leylin’s subordinates were extremely angry at the injustice.

‘Haha... This is reality. Even geniuses must be restrained by the rules,’ Cassley had absolutely loathed this rule in the past, but now he felt very carefree.

# Chapter 908: Unscrupulous

At the sight of Cassley stealing his credit right in front of him, Leylin subtly lowered his eyes and concealed the strange expression within them.

“Then I have to express my thanks towards you, sir! I have already prepared a banquet to welcome everyone as well as rooms. Please come back to the castle with me and rest.” Baron Andrew naturally would not be able to tell what had happened in a single glance, and attentively received the guests.

After following the Baron into his castle, Leylin saw many refugees within with panicked expressions on their faces.

“These damned werecreatures, our harvest this year is ruined...” Baron Andrew grumbled as he walked in front of them. Afterwards, he instructed his housekeeper and his wife to make preparations for the feast.

A magnificent feast was held within the castle’s enormous great hall. Roast chicken which looked a little scorched, wine as red as liquid ruby, and mountains of white bread were brought out. It could be said that to host Leylin and the men, this Baron Andrew had taken out what remained of his store of quality items.

Naturally, no matter how the world changed, the lifestyle of those in the upper classes would always be much better than those below them. Leylin swayed his wine glass and watched the dark red wine swirling within it, a strange smile on his face.

“Please be assured, Baron Andrew. Silverymoon City will not sit idly by and watch these werecreatures attack. The tax exemption is an entirely different matter, and you will need to contact the city hall...” In the position of the guest of honour, Cassley was cheerfully chatting with the baron. His manner of speaking made Baron Andrew nod slightly, looking completely convinced.

Even those young ladies near him who were clearly his daughters had peculiar looks in his eyes.

“Wizard Leylin!” Just at this moment, Cassley called out Leylin’s name.

“Lord Cassley, how can I help you?” Leylin did not move from his seat and nodded slightly to indicate he had heard. His action filled Cassley’s eyes with dissatisfaction.

‘This fellow, he should have died long ago!’ Cassley raged within his heart. On the surface however, he still wore the smile he had on earlier, “According to military command, I will organise the nobles’ defences in the rear. I’ll leave the fighting on the frontlines to you!”

Baron Andrew looked at Cassley then at Leylin, his eyes filled with astonishment. He wasn’t a slow-witted person, and now he seemed to see something different..

‘This wizard Leylin, he seems to have rather good standing. However, he seems to have some conflict with high-ranked wizard Cassley,’ Baron Andrew would normally exploit this relationship for his own gain, however he was now worried.

‘In these times, infighting will just exacerbate the wear and tear on one’s own troops. What are those fellows in Silvermoon City thinking?’ Baron Andrew grumbled, and at the same time thought of his previous actions. Only until he had confirmed that he had not neglected Leylin and his faction did he secretly let out of a sigh of relief.

At the same time he also decided to disregard the situation between Leylin and Cassley.

“Of course, that is my original mission after all,” Leylin very readily agreed to Cassley’s demand, which went completely against his expectations and left him feeling rather astonished.

“Then, I’ll ask you to go towards Vaughan Village and station the men there,” Cassley replied, as if this was all as a matter of course.

“Please forgive me for this, but you have no right to interfere. The front line is under my command,” Leylin smiled as he rejected him, which made Cassley flush bright red.

“Very well...” After rudely huffing a few times, Cassley began to

forcefully pressure him, “However, to maintain our line of communication, I need to send a contact member out with you. Your troops also need support in terms of rations from my group.”

This was a restriction and also an unspoken threat.

“I can agree to this,” Leylin expressed his approval after thinking for a bit.

Cassley watched Leylin’s troops slowly depart from the top of the castle, his expression immediately becoming malevolent.

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Two days later, amongst Leylin’s troops.

“Lord Leylin, I feel that we should not continue towards Cade village,” A gorgeously dressed fellow broke formation and came to Leylin, a highly arrogant look on his face. Rafiniya watched him walk over with a look of loathing, and urged her horse ahead to leave them behind.

This fellow was named Malfoy, and he was the communication liaison that Cassley had forced on him. He reportedly was the heir of a Marquis and was well-placed in Silverymoon City. Unfortunately, he had Cassley backing him so he was rather unscrupulous. He did not even address Leylin with the minimum amount of respect.

“Oh? What do you propose?” Leylin calmly looked at this impertinent fellow.

“I believe we should follow Lord Cassley’s previous proposal, going to Vaughan village is the correct decision,” Malfoy replied fearlessly. He had the backing of a formidable faction and was a knight of Silverymoon. How would a bumpkin like Leylin dare to do anything to him?

“I refuse,” Leylin looked at this fellow with a trace of ridicule. Perhaps the strength of a faction would be useful in times of peace. Since they were in an era of war, however, the man who held greater military might would be the stronger power. This fellow who couldn’t even understand that would just die.



“What?” Sir Malfoy’s anger was out of this world, “You actually dare...”

His fingers trembled as he looked at Leylin, as if he was seeing his greatest enemy. Malfoy never thought that he would meet such a rude person, and thoughts of Cassley flew out of his head. Perhaps he did not realise that his life lay in Leylin’s hands. In this situation, how could Leylin dare to rebel against him?

Thump thump! Right at this moment, an enormous dust cloud swept over them. The dust had been kicked up by a great number of troops and their horses.

“Stay alert!” The alarm rang. Malfoy almost fell to the ground in fright, his face paling rapidly. His behaviour made those knights around him smile disdainfully.

The deafening sound of hooves clopping against the ground was followed by a huge squadron of troops appearing in their field of view. The purple flag of the Violet family was dazzling as it hung on the carriages.

“It’s the Violet flag! The insignia of the commander’s family!” The soldiers all cheered.

“This... This is...” Malfoy trembled as he saw the massive squadron ahead slowly integrating together with their own troops. An old man who looked like a housekeeper even personally came to pay his respects to Leylin.

‘Almost 500 personal troops, as well as so many carriages full of grain...’

Leylin’s carriages were full of elite soldiers, and there was even an enormous cart in the fleet with sacks filled to the brim with grain.

‘At this point, his power is really...’ Malfoy’s face grew pale. With this assistance as well as Leylin’s original 200 Professionals and 300 auxiliary troops, he commanded over 1000 soldiers. He could even provide rations for his troops by himself, and he did not need to Cassley’s support at all.

‘The most frightening part is that if these men only answer to Leylin, and if they decide to rebel with him, then perhaps it’s enough for them to...’ Malfoy grew even more frightened, and his voice grew shrill, “No,

that's impossible! How do you have so many men?"

"Perhaps you've forgotten that my Violet territory is here?" Leylin taunted him with a smile.

"Violet territory?" Malfoy stared at him blankly, and immediately thought of Leylin's fiefdom which was only a huge wasteland. Even savages did not live there.

Looking at Malfoy's stunned expression, Leylin laughed inwardly to himself. Although his Violet territory indeed possessed nothing, it served well to boost his position and aid his pretense.

After receiving this title, Tiff and the others in the organisation all became Leylin's vassals. They could even transport their previously hoarded resources and rations, as well as weapons and other military materiel to this place.

Everything had happened in one go, resulting in this.

"Young master, we've received the news," Tiff's expression grew sombre as he murmured into Leylin's ear.

"Oh, that? I understand..." Leylin looked at Tiff, who had broken through his limits to become a Legend.

"Spread word of my command, we will go west. Our target is the Nether Mountains!"

"What? What?" Malfoy was the first to blurt out, "Lord Leylin, please take note of the orders you are under! Don't tell me that you're thinking of disobeying Silverymoon's army?"

"Even if I disobey, what can you do?" Leylin smiled as he ridiculed the man, watching as blood drained from Malfoy's face.

"Did you really think that martial law and Silverymoon's noble title would tie me down?" Originally, Leylin's subordinates were all Silverymoon's men. Whatever plans he had could not be realised unless he left by himself, and he would become a wanted criminal.

Now, everything was different. The private vassals of a noble would be

absolutely loyal to him alone. With this power in hand, Leylin could now completely coerce all his subordinates.

In the beginning, he secretly controlled over half of this unit. After a year of leading them, he now no longer had any problems.

“What? You dare to disobey orders?”

“Mm, I’ve always found you an eyesore. Drag him down and behead him!” Leylin waved his hand as if he was swatting a fly.

Two bulky and muscular vassals immediately hoisted Malfoy up from under his arms, wringing him like a chick.

“Since you’re about to meet the god of death, I’ll tell you some news,” Leylin drew closer to Malfoy, a malicious smile on his face, “The orc hordes have already launched a surprise attack on Silvermoon City, and have completely surrounded it. In other words, that privileged noble status which you have been so intensely proud of is about to disappear...”

# Chapter 909: Nether Mountains

The orc armies had launched a surprise attack! Silverymoon had been besieged! This was the earth-shattering news that Tiff had given Leylin. Tiff was a Legend of the dark world, and the network under his control passed this information to him even faster than Cassley did.

Leylin counted on this news when he made the decision to abandon everything. After all, the so called martial law, the rules and nobility of Silverymoon, was built on the basis that it still remained. What about when it was no more?

Looking at the larger picture, even if the defence of the city was ultimately successful, the chaos of war would continue to spread. In times of such disorder, what were the deaths of one or two knights?

Given his power in the region, those in Silverymoon could still be forced by the circumstances, giving out numerous rewards for Leylin to send his troops out to 'save the country in times of danger.'

"However, the situation doesn't seem good with the Goddess of the Weave. I'm afraid there might already be traitors in the alliance..." Leylin muttered to himself, "She's still a powerful greater god, and she will definitely be unscathed. With her status as a Chosen, Alustriel will probably be safe as well. The ones who suffer the most in war are the commoners, who are at the bottom of the hierarchy..."

Of course, none of these had anything to do with Malfoy. The pitiful knight had been rendered completely lifeless after hearing Leylin's words.

Only when the soldiers began to drag him out did he begin to yell, "Ah... forgive me! Please forgive me, Sire Leylin! Lord Leylin!"

"Silverymoon needs you! I guarantee that as long you bring me back, I'll tell my father to give you everything you want... Everything! Ah..." After a short period of pained cries, Malfoy's voices came to a stop with a grunt.

Leylin's underlings had gotten used to these scenes and were expressionless. Only Rafiniya looked slightly disturbed.

In her eyes, no matter how hateful the other party had been, Leylin had gone too far, and her heart was a little shadowed by the traumatic experience.

“What was he saying about Silverymoon at the end?” Since Leylin had whispered those words directly into Malfoy’s ears, the girl did not know the full story.

“Just some nonsense!” Leylin carelessly chuckled, “My butler has already given me the newest information. Thanks to the Goddess, those simple-minded werereatures only have thoughts of occupying the Moonwood and then come out and rob people. They have no interest in allying with the orcs to eliminate the Silverymoon alliance...”

“Thank the gods!” Upon hearing this, Rafiniya heaved a sigh of relief. She hated the idea of this beautiful city being destroyed just like this.

“In that case, what was it you said about the Nether Mountains?”

“That’s nothing. Since it isn’t that dangerous here, I’m planning to do something private and explore some ruins that I found a while ago!”

Leylin now looked relaxed and satisfied as he flung the horsewhip, “Didn’t you hear my orders? We’re changing directions towards the Nether Mountains!”

Leylin’s authority had solidified over the year. Even in front of these ordinary troops, it was necessary to emphasise the need to obey superiors, much less one like Leylin.

The troops of Silverymoon had planned to risk their lives against the werereatures, but with Leylin’s personal troops inciting them, they soon went with the flow and obeyed the orders. The army of men and horses changed direction, heading west towards the Nether Mountains.

‘Cassley... I hope you like the present I left behind for you...’ Leylin snickered inside. In this sort of situation, it was difficult to understand what exactly the werereatures were thinking. In addition, once his main forces retreated, Cassley would face with the brunt of the pressure from the werereature armies.

When the time came, 2]would he retreat to Silverymoon and ask for support or stay behind to take care of the werereatures? Leylin anticipated his choice.

“He... He’s changed...” Rafiniya watched absent-mindedly as the groups of men and horses brushed past her, looking to be in disbelief. The Leylin just now was very different from the one she was used to.

While he was as handsome, straightforward and refined as always, he had a domineering aggression to him. Or rather, the aura of impetuousness and a devilish charm.

“He’s like a completely different person. Why...” Rafiniya’s mind was now turning black as a huge sense of fear appeared.

“Captain, are you alright?” A knight nearby asked in concern after seeing how she was acting.

“I-I’m fine!” Rafiniya managed to spit out. She urged Nick to catch up to the troops ahead, but her brows furrowed further.

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The Nether Mountains were a straight vertical stretch in the north. While there was nothing horizontal across it that created a divide between the northern lands and the wilderness of the vast Sunrise Mountains that belonged to the orcs, it was an important dividing line in the northern lands. It clearly divided the Moonwood and the orc organisations.

The mountains had a terrifying spell pollution and energy isolation. Even the Weave was a little weak here, and in some areas it was even impossible to detect. These places were known as magic-dead zones, and whether they were wizards or priests everyone turned useless in these regions.

Due to the terrifying contamination, the plants and animals in the Nether Mountains went through a bizarre transformation. Not only were they more powerful, they were also more savage and bloodthirsty.

Legends said that this was a result of the battle between two divine soul saints which completely changed the geography, turning the place into a

forbidden zone for life.

A group of human soldiers had abruptly entered these mountains on this day, cutting the trees and thorns as they moved on, relying on the strength of powerful spellcasters and warriors to enter the depths of the mountains.

“The Weave seems to be much better here compared to those dead-magic zones.” Leylin had gathered all the senior officers in the heart of their camp at night. There were two factions among them, Leylin’s personal troops and the officers of Silverymoon.

“I have gathered you to discuss our current target: a fully grown red dragon!” Leylin announced in a low voice as he looked at the huge Nether Mountains’ map on the wall.

Tiff did not voice any objections upon hearing this, evidently knowing of it. However, the officers of Silverymoon caused a storm of protest with Rafiniya at the head.

“An adult dragon? That’s a Legend, a powerful being!” Never in Rafiniya’s wildest dreams did she think that Leylin harboured such insane thoughts of slaying a dragon. A dragon was in the legendary realm, and they were normally more powerful than human Legends!

“Mm, it’s not like we don’t have any Legends on our side.” Leylin pointed towards Tiff, and he exploded forth with terrifying energy. It was like the might of a dragon itself, the roars of an ancient beast.

“Legend?” Rafiniya gaped, looking towards Tiff and then at Leylin, suddenly feeling bitter, “Is that what you’ve been preparing for? The wealth and glory of slaying dragons?”

“All I need is for you to do is deal with some dangers in the surroundings to restrict it from a distance. You don’t need to deal with it head on. How about it?” Leylin sighed ruefully. If not for having an army of a thousand Professionals, it would be difficult to enter the Nether mountains. The endless monsters they had met on the way were already enough for small adventuring groups to be wiped out.

“Understood, commander!” The officers who had come from Silverymoon looked towards each other. While it wasn’t surprising that senior officers of the army would use their troops to do personal work, it was rather rare for people to be so brazen and unbridled.

However, after watching Tiff who seemed to be a regular fighter let loose his aura, as well as Leylin’s personal troops staring at them intently, they decided to submit.

This actually was possible thanks to Leylin gathering all communicative tools from them. Because of the geography of the Nether Mountains, this group temporarily had no contact with the outside world. If not, and they learn that Silverymoon was in a siege, they could possibly have descended into complete chaos.

Leylin could suppress the dragon with his own troops when the time came, but this obviously would weaken his battle power.

“Alright, I’ll assign your roles now,” he ordered without inhibition, especially satisfied with this situation.

Once the meeting was over and the officers had left, Rafiniya stayed back alone. The female knight stared at him, “You haven’t answered my question.”

“Oh, that,” Leylin nodded, coming to a sudden realisation, “I came to Silverymoon to obtain more information on spells. After finding out about the existence of the red dragon, I started to make plans regarding it. Is there a problem?”

Leylin’s utter honesty caused Rafiniya to be at a loss. It felt like her heart broke at this moment, and it hurt.

The female knight bit her lips, “Alright then. I’ll help you this time, but I’ll leave after that.”

‘Is this girl finally aware of the cruelty of reality?’ Leylin’s quirked up in a slight smile, “Of course. I’ll also give you a portion of the wealth from slaying the dragon.”

“I don’t need it! Take that filthy wealth of yours and die.” Rafiniya



flipped the entrance of the tent and jogged away, leaving Leylin scratching his head, “While she knows this is cruel, she’s still not practical enough...”

Whatever it was, Leylin’s plan was still carried out well. With a Legend in charge as well as the temptation of glory and wealth from slaying a dragon, these officers and their underlings were very enthusiastic.

The good news came soon enough. The exact location of the dragon had been found.

# Chapter 910: Slaying A Dragon

Roar! A huge silhouette streaked across the sky, and a huge monster that was tens of metres long immediately pulled its terrifying meaty wings before disappearing into a dark cave.

“Mm, that truly is the red dragon.” Leylin nodded. Dragons in the World of Gods were like huge lizards with wings, though they looked far more sinister. Their eyes that looked like spheres of lava left an especially deep impression on him.

“Ye– yes, my lord!” Helen answered from next to him, her body trembling.

“Is this because of the dragon’s aura?” Leylin looked at Helen, suddenly understanding and shaking his head with regret.

‘Looks like the Professionals under rank 10 shouldn’t come. They can’t handle the intimidation from the aura...’ he concluded. In his view, this fearful draconic aura was a weakened version of a spiritual force domain. Just facing the dragon would be a problem if one lacked a strong mind or spiritual force training, let alone attacking it.

‘As expected, the regular troops can only fight in the surroundings.’ Without alarming this huge creature, Leylin brought Helen secretly back to the camp. Following that, the team did as Leylin ordered. Like a huge, intricate robot, they began to work automatically.

“My lord, it’s done!” Tiff brought a group of elite Professionals to Leylin. In each of their hands were weapons with high-grade enchantments, and they seemed to be coated with something else as well.

“Mm. This magic potion we got from the werecreature tribe is meant to deal specifically with dragons, it should hopefully be useful!” Leylin could not help but think back to the werecreature camp. They had obviously been making preparations to slaughter the dragon, but all their materials were now Leylin’s.

Now, what they had gathered would serve the same purpose.

“Mm. Give the dragon intoxication potion and other items to the high-ranked scouts to sprinkle at the dragon’s cave. Hopefully, it’ll fall for the trap...” While there was a large distance between the camp and the dragon cave, it was still unsafe considering the range that the red dragon could see. On top of that, it wasn’t hibernating like many of its kind, which left Leylin on guard.

This camp was too eye-catching. It would be found the moment the dragon flew out on patrol, and its fate then would be obvious. Hence, Leylin did not count on the high-grade assassins’ poison trap working. The next day, he brought fifty people to the entrance of the dragon cave.

The bare ground had not even a blade of grass growing on it, and seemed very solid. There was also a strange smell lingering in the air.

“This is the smell left behind by the dragon. Most animals wouldn’t dare approach this place...” Leylin glanced at the group behind him. They were all high-grade Professionals, including Tiff and Rafiniya.

“Based on the observations of our thieves, this is the time that it usually rests. Furthermore, the red dragon has also eaten the goat with special ingredients that we especially prepared for it...” Leylin muttered to himself. At this moment, a dark shadow emerged from the sides, calling out in a low voice, “Boss!”

“How’s the situation?”

A high-ranked scout began his report, “I can confirm that the red dragon is inside, and our route is very simple. There is only one pathway, and there’s a possibility of other creatures in the way!”

“Good. Guide the way in front.” Leylin let the thief walk ahead, and a procession of excited people clutched the weapons in their hands as they entered the cave.

The passage was long and seemed to go all the way to the belly of the mountain. It was very vast, and the walls were dry.

“It’s up ahead!” The thief ran to Leylin’s side as he spoke. Leylin nodded and ordered the group to stop. They were now extremely quiet, making no

sound at all.

“Bring me there.” Leylin and the thief went forward. After they passed through a curved path, they came upon an even larger karst cavern. Boiling hot light flickered at its entrance, with some quartz and shiny items present within.

Two other strange creatures were standing guard at the cave’s entrance, as if on sentry duty.

‘Hm? Earth Dragons? A subspecies of the dragons? But it’s not exactly similar.’ Leylin looked at the two which were obviously subspecies with auras that greatly resembled those of purebloods. His eyes glinted with wit.

‘Rumour has it that once an adult dragon gains intelligence, it normally enslaves some members of other races into working for it. Ancient dragons can intimidate entire races, I never thought the red dragon would do this as well.

Past the two earth dragons, Leylin sensed an even more powerful life undulation in the cave. It was heaving with rhythmic breaths, evidently in a deep sleep. In this situation, any sounds could wake it up.

“Tiff!” Leylin immediately called the Legend in his team.

“Young Master!” Tiff arrived by his side and bowed slightly.

“Can you kill them without alarming the red dragon?” Leylin asked.

“It will be slightly troublesome. This type of subspecies have very tenacious life force. I can make one disappear without a sound, but I can’t take care of two in an instant.” Tiff frowned slightly.

“That’s alright. I’ll help you in that area!” Leylin answered lightly.

“Then that’s fine...” Tiff’s eyes flashed with strands of black, and he quickly disappeared.

.....

By the cave, a red earth dragon was loyally protecting its place, occasionally looking towards its comrade. All of a sudden, it saw

something that appalled it. A dark figure seemed to appear from the air, raising its arms as if opening up a black hole to devour its comrade.

Shadow Jump! Singularity! Just as this Earth Dragon was about to howl out in warning, it was surrounded in light that rendered it immobile. This was Hold Monster. The dark figure darted out, and the giant black hole swallowed its body as well.

The whole process was a hair-raising experience, yet only happened within a few seconds. Not even a peep was made.

‘Noiseless casting!’ Helen’s pupils shrunk from behind Leylin. She’d witnessed the whole process.

“Let’s go!” Leylin made a sign, and entered the cave with Tiff.

Inside, they found the target of their expedition snoring. The red dragon had dark red scales with smooth murky patterns on them that shone like metal. Its two meaty wings were ashen brown and hidden on its back. Its neck twisted sinuously like a snake’s as it buried its vicious head into its chest. Its nose occasionally puffed out two streams of white smoke.

A dense spiritual might was being emanated from its body, enough to cause the cowardly to break down.

‘It really is a dragon, and it’s an adult that’s reached the realm of Legends!’ Rafiniya’s palms trembled slightly, and she could not help but hold tightly onto her longsword.

Only she, Tiff, and Leylin were in the cave right now. The rest were standing guard outside; even asleep the dragon had powerful senses.

‘Based on its detection abilities, only Tiff has the ability to attack it once. After that, it’ll definitely awaken...’ Leylin gave Tiff a look with his eyes, and he immediately understood. Tiff drew closer to the giant, holding onto a golden dagger.

Rafiniya and Leylin also prepared their own attacks.

“Begin!” Tiff’s golden dagger pierced into the triangular scale under its neck. That was its reverse scale, and the largest weakness.

Roar! In that moment, blood splattered everywhere. The red dragon roared abruptly— it was now awake!

Pak! Tiff was sent flying by a red tail, his figure wrapped up by many shadows while in mid-air.

“You... You despicable mortals. How dare you harm the mighty Sylvester...” While the injury Tiff had given it with its dagger was much smaller than the area of its body, the red dragon still snarled in its fury, preparing to give these little ants a lesson such that they’d repent in hell.

“You’re even thinking of using something like a toy...” It roared, eyes like fireballs trained on Leylin. All of a sudden, its voice disappeared.

“My strength... What’s going on? You wretched worms, what have you done to the mighty Sylvester?” The red dragon’s voice was filled with astonishment and anger, while Leylin was very pleased with the results of Tiff’s attack.

The golden dagger that he had held was a Dragonslaying Dagger Leylin had specifically prepared for this. The powerful toxins and curses were something even a dragon could do little against.

‘A.I. Chip!’ Leylin ordered calmly. At this moment, the A.I. Chip immediately showed its stats.

[Name: Sylvester. Race: Red Dragon (Adult) Strength: 21 (25), Agility: 10, Vitality: 19 (21), Spirit: 16 Status: Weakened from curse. Strength, vitality weakened. Feats: 1. Intimidating Aura 2. Dragonscale Defence 3. Dragon’s Breath 4. Suggestion spell. Description: This is a creature that has reached the realm of Legends. It possesses extraordinary strength and can even destroy a small city or army. It has acquired the magic and memories of the pureblooded dragon race, and there is a chance that its bloodline can improve further.] “Do it!” Leylin yelled, his attack and Rafiniya’s reaching the red dragon’s body at practically the same time.

The longsword was edged with sharp qi. The enchanted weapon glinted as it ruthlessly tore through the dragon’s huge meaty wings. Leylin’s attack struck just then.

# Chapter 911: Secret Pathway

Chain Lightning! Freezing Sphere! A burst of powerful light appeared from Leylin's hands and struck the two wings on the back of the red dragon in an instant, causing a chilling cold in the air.

Leylin proficiently controlled the power of the spells, launching attacks on the wings with powerful spells.

Dimension Hop! At this moment, Tiff's figure flickered behind the dragon's back, and two curved knives ruthlessly slashed into the base of the red dragon's wings. With added support from powerful spells, even the defensive dragon scales began to show signs of damage, scalding dragon blood spurting out.

"Damn it, damn it! You bunch of wretched worms!" The red dragon exclaimed, blasting crimson flames from its throat that were hot enough to smelt metal.

"Let's go!" Leylin summoned numerous walls of ice in succession, but with the dragon's breath, they could only hold on for a few seconds. That allowed him to escape from the cave with Rafiniya.

Their strategic goal had been reached. Staying behind any longer for a fight to the death would be foolish.

Dragons possessed wings, and once they soared into the sky, the others could only blink and watch with a dumbstruck expression except for Leylin and Tiff. That was why Leylin had chosen the battlefield to be in the cave and focused entirely on the wings. This would cripple the red dragon and render it unable to fly.

Once it no longer had the advantage of flight, he would use his men to tire it out and then kill it.

"Quick, attack!" Seeing that Leylin and the other two had run out of the cave, Helen immediately launched huge fireballs from her hands, targetting the red dragon behind them.

"Attack! Are you all deaf?" With Leylin's yell, those high-ranked

Professionals jolted to awareness, brandishing the large weapons in their hands and charging forth.

“You darned worms! I will tear you to shreds!” The red dragon Sylvester continued to shout. These human mercenaries seemed to have come prepared. Not only had their weapons been smelted with special methods, there were also toxins smeared on them. Even its thick hide and muscles could do nothing against them.

Roar! A huge figure flashed past, and the red dragon flung its tail. A few Professionals who could not dodge in time were sent flying, spilling blood in mid-air and fated for death.

Rumble! The red dragon opened its mouth once more, and a powerful cone of flames spewed forth violently. Tens of Professionals who could not evade were incinerated into ashes in that moment.

“You will pay for your foolishness, mortals!” The red dragon roared, its mouth full of sharp teeth holding a Professional within. Horrifying sounds of chewing could be heard, and great chunks of the corpse’s flesh and bones tumbled to the ground.

The poor fellow still had half of his body hanging outside the dragon’s jaws and was shrieking bloodcurdling screeches.

It was only at this point that the Professionals came to their senses. The being in front of them was a legendary dragon, and while slaying it would give them abundant wealth, it was not something they could even begin to set their sights on.

With the dragon’s fear aura, terror weighed down on their rationality and sanity. A Professional howled and quickly ran in the opposite direction.

Pu! The light from a blade flashed, and that Professional’s head fell. Following which, Tiff’s figure was seen in the air.

“Based on military laws, all deserters will be executed!” Tiff had a cold look on his face, and strange flaming scales appeared on his body.

“A sorcerer! I never expected Lord Tiff to be a Legend in sorcery!” Tiff



soared into the air, eyes trained on the giant red dragon in front of him. With a raise of his hand, numerous spells flickered into existence.

Dimensional Imprisonment! Absorption!

“As expected, these Professionals are only passable with someone guiding them.” Leylin was not surprised by this sight. As he watched Tiff guide the other close-combat Professionals to stall the red dragon, his expression was calm.

“Pay attention. Shoot!” Under his guidance, many archers released the Spellslayer Arrows in their hands. With powerful magic held within, the arrows landed on the dragon’s body like raindrops.

There were terrifying devices mixed into this rain of arrows.

[Beep! Surrounding physical environment data has been successfully scanned. Trajectory calculations complete.] Leylin was now controlling a ballista, aiming the crossbow that was four metres long and as thick as a person’s arm at the red dragon.

Thump! The entire ballista thundered when the mechanism was pressed down. An explosion rang out as black lightning streaked through the air and penetrated into the red dragon’s chest. The huge groove on the arrow tore at its injuries, causing boiling dragon blood to flow unceasingly, forming a dark pool on the ground.

“Dragonslaying Arrow! How could you have the blueprints to it?” The red dragon spat out in disbelief.

“Someone gifted it to me!” Leylin glanced at the ballista that had fallen apart, not looking to find this a pity at all. These items were prepared by the high-grade werebeasts, and this was their final attack. It was a pity that it only had a one-time use.

The red dragon Sylvester had a bad feeling that it was really going to die, and suddenly began to fight harder, all its might put into the constant use of powerful magic.

It was a pity that with Tiff in charge and Leylin the wizard around, it had no chances at all. Even the dimension was completely sealed off, giving it

no chances of escape.

“Let me go! In the name of the Dragon God, I, Sylvester, vow to give you all my wealth and never seek revenge!” The red dragon thundered.

“Hehe... a dragon’s promise?” Leylin snickered, grabbing a large vorpal sword and charging forward.

“Tiff!” Leylin yelled.

The Legend had also launched his last attack now. Terrifying corrosive energy struck the dragon, causing a large portion of its chest to wither up.

“Hah!” Leylin’s sword pierced into the wound from the Dragon Slaying Arrow, ferociously splitting it open.

Chain Lightning! Freezing Sphere! Disintegrate!

The terrifying wounds tore apart once more, and the flesh and blood even glinted as they charred up. Huge amounts of scalding blood splashed onto Leylin’s body, practically turning drenching him.

“The dragon race will not let you off!” The light in the red dragon Sylvester’s eyes gradually weakened till it disappeared. Its enormous corpse that was like a hill crumpled to the ground, causing a small earthquake.

“You won’t let me off?” Leylin snickered, and then sensed an aura similar to a vengeant spirit spilling out of its body and pouncing onto him.

“Is this something like a revenge mark? Hehe...” Leylin’s eyes glinted, and in that instant he wiped this mark out thoroughly, leaving nothing behind. The hot dragonblood bath still continued, and the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded out.

[Beep! Host has been baptised by dragon blood. Strength +1. Vitality +2. Skin has increased resistance. (Matches with part of Perfect Body and has been combined!)] “The power within dragon blood?” Leylin experienced the burning with his senses, “It holds so much strength! Even the Devilblood Dagger wouldn’t be able to devour everything...”

This sort of dragon blood was basically poison for all with a vitality

below 5. They could not handle the corrosive energy within and would only be fated for death. However, for high-grade Professionals, this was a pretty good boost, though only if they could withstand it.

“Gather the dragon blood! Do it fast!” Dragon blood was a very precious magic ingredient, and wasting all of this had even Leylin feeling a tinge of regret.

Afterwards, the red dragon that was like a hill was dismembered by Leylin’s underlings. Its blood was gathered first, followed by a complete layer of its hide. This would be a great material to make armour out of. There were also the dragon bones, dragon crystals and the like, which were pretty good.

When Leylin’s underlings saw the treasures in the red dragon’s cave, the excitement in their eyes could not be concealed as they began to cheer. Dragons liked to collect shiny objects, and while most would be quartz and glass, there were also many precious metals and even magic items which must have belonged to some poor fool.

“I want the materials from the red dragon’s body. As for the gold and silver, divide it amongst yourselves!” Leylin kept the materials from the red dragon in his bag of holding, not even giving the various metals piled like a mountain there a second look. After hearing this order, all the troops’ cheers increased in intensity.

In the night, the soldiers set up a feast to celebrate their success in slaying the dragon. Being able to witness the birth of a dragonslayer was something they would be able to brag about for their entire lives. The participants would receive even more glory. The celebration went deep into the night. Besides the guards on duty, everyone was completely drunk.

A few dark figures arrived at the dragon’s lair at that time.

“Are you sure it’s here?” Leylin gently touched a black wall, the traces left behind from a great battle still vivid in his mind.

“Yes! I can confirm that the gate to the ruins is here.” Helen crouched down and found a twisted rune at the corner of the wall.

‘The inheritance of the arcanists was under this red dragon’s lair. Is this a coincidence or an intentional arrangement?’ Leylin’s eyes had a searching look in them. Some arcanist flames then blossomed from his hands, disappearing into the twisted rune in the corner.

Rumble! A secret passageway appeared. The fact that it had been undiscovered by the red dragon for such a long time exhibited its terrifying concealing abilities.

“This should be some sort of space-time technique.” Leylin nodded and entered the passageway with Helen, while Tiff stood guard outside.

‘What is the difference between arcane spells and those of Magi?’ Leylin’s eyes glinted, holding within them a trace of hope.

# Chapter 912: Ruins

“Where is this place?” Helen asked as she touched the solid metallic walls in the surroundings. They had a silver-white lustre, making them look like a product of science fiction.

“It seems like it is a pocket dimension made by an arcanist, though it’s quite small...” Leylin closed his eyes, and his astounding senses spread out. They allowed him to feel the undulations connecting the dimension.

“This place is already on the verge of disappearing. It was always sealed, but now that we’ve activated the dimension we’ve started the countdown to its demise.” Leylin had an interest in this spatial overlay technique that sprung from the depths of his heart.

These preparations showed that once the Magi who comprehended laws showed them the path, they’d combined those experiences with advanced technology to do amazing things.

“What a pity...” There was a trace of regret in Leylin’s eyes. The pocket dimension was incredibly tiny and only as large as two football fields. It was on the verge of being destroyed now, so it held no value.

If not for that, were this pocket dimension to be revealed all wizarding Legends would try their utmost to obtain it. A wizard tower constructed atop this place would make for a covert and stable den,

Once they became a god, this pocket dimension could even be transformed into a divine realm! Of course, with the current state of the plane, it was impossible to remodel it.

“A pocket dimension? Destroyed by this sort of spatial storm?” Helen shivered. A dimensional storm caused by destruction of space was something even Legends weren’t guaranteed to survive.

“Mm! But we should still have three hourglasses’ worth of time...” Leylin snapped his fingers, and light flashed as an Endurance spell enveloped him. The environment in the pocketed dimension would not be the same as in the prime material plane, possibly more extreme.

Of course, this place shouldn't have been that way given that it was prepared by an arcanist, but Leylin liked to be ready just in case. After seeing what Leylin had done, Helen suddenly came to a realisation and did the same, adding another layer of protection.

Rumble! The silvery metallic door was pushed open to reveal rooms that were arranged like in a honeycomb. The floor was spotless, and even one's image could be reflected in it.

"That's all the information I have. How about you?" Leylin looked at Helen behind him.

"I only managed to see some fragments left behind in my ancestor's notebook..." Helen's smiled wryly.

"Looks like we can only check them one by one..." Leylin glanced at the flickering chandelier, "The core energy is still working, so there might be some traps left behind by the arcanists. Be careful!"

While it was possible for arcanist inheritances to be here, Leylin wasn't sure if arcanists shared the eccentricities of wizards.

"Don't worry, my lord!" Helen nodded, her slender figure disappearing into the passageway.

'Looks like she's going to rely on luck to get her through...' Leylin nodded before shaking his head, and then he placed his hands behind his back and entered a random room. The two of them went their separate ways...

Inside one of the secret labs in the arcanist's pocket dimension, a light blue screen brightened to show images of Leylin and Helen. Lines of red text streaked across it.

"Beep! Invaders discovered. Activating rank 1 defensive measures."

"Arcane spell elemental reserves 1.09%! Unable to activate... Legendary Golem, Dimensional Banishing Spell Formation scarce. Implementing plan B..."

"Scanning of alchemic golem complete, is 34.17% intact. Beginning

charging.”

“Charging complete. Starting preparatory defensive mechanism number 0331.”

After the lines of text appeared, a door that had been closed for a very long time opened up from one of the rooms, and an alchemic golem that was almost three metres tall walked out.

“Number 2133 awaits commands. Received mission, beginning task.” Blood red light brightened in its eyes, and a screen appeared with a projection of Helen. Sounds like the cracking of knuckles rang out, and the golem charged in her direction.

Rumble! Rumble! Leylin was reading a book, and the slight vibrations caught his attention.

“Hm?” He put down the incomplete draft in his hand, and thought hard, ‘Looks like the defensive mechanism of the laboratories aren’t completely damaged. That makes things much easier...’

Besides deducing the existence of arcanists, Leylin knew nothing about the ruins. With the time limit till this place would break down, he would be unable to take too many things. However, as long as there was an intellectual core or tower genie, the laboratory would be the most valuable region.

Setting aside the items in his hands, Leylin headed in the direction of the vibrations.

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“Leylin, save me!” Running for her life, Helen saw Leylin walking over and brightened up. She cut a sorry figure.

There was a beast skin scroll in her hands, with the energy undulations of high-grade magic on it. This wasn’t an enchanted item, the energy was similar to those of magic artifacts from the Magus World!

With the way Helen refused to let go of it, this had to be something good. Still, Leylin as he was now thought nothing of it.

Thud! Thud! At this moment, the alchemic golem that had been pursuing her appeared before Leylin's eyes. It was like an armoured knight from the medieval ages, though there were two small barrels on its shoulders that looked to be a fusion of magic and science.

"Beep! Discovered primary target, annihilating..." After seeing Leylin, its eyes emanated a terrifying crimson luster.

"Beginning charging of miniature magic honing cannon!" A layer of terrifying energy undulations condensed within the barrel on its shoulders, causing Leylin to feel a slight sense of danger.

"This is completely different from the techniques used before." Leylin looked interested, and he moved abruptly.

A rumble sounded out as the miniature cannon fired, hot light causing even the metallic ground to show signs of melting.

Pu! Leylin was struck by those bright rays of light, but then turned into dark shadows and exploded.

'It's a high-grade illusion!' Helen hid aside. A battle of this level was something she had no say in, 'But as long as we hold on for some time, Lord Tiff who's guarding us on top should be able to come down. With his legendary strength...'

Helen was still making calculations as she grasped the scroll tightly. However, she then gaped in shock.

"After tens of thousands of years, it's still preserved to this extent. Not bad!" Lights flashed, and Leylin appeared behind the alchemic golem, noting the damaged armour, adamantite runes and other lines.

"A pity though... The energy here is about to be completely consumed. Even legendary teams can't come in..." The passage of time was the most terrifying of attacks. With its tempering and developments, even the stup of arcanists would leave holes behind.

"A completely different tower genie from the World of Gods and the structure of this intellectual core... They're all like decorative items in front of me..." Leylin sighed. With some light at his finger, he pressed the



puppet.

[Beep! Attack beginning. Target interface scanned, searching database... Cutting off information] The A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded.

Arcanists were mostly born of Magi, so of course they would've used or improved upon the ideas of many Magi. They were like kids playing house to Leylin, especially with the help of the A.I. Chip. Connected with the puppet, Leylin's soul immediately reached the core control room through the network in the pocket dimension.

At this moment, a piercing giant red font filled the screen in the hidden room. "Warning! Warning!"

"External information attempting to rewrite core authorisations. Rejecting, activating defensive wall..."

"Activation of defensive wall failed. Beginning self-destruction. Countdown: 3, 2, ... Beep! Core authorisations modified. Leylin Faulen is now the absolute master. Self-destruction halted."

"Wha-What's going on?" From Helen's perspective, what just happened was like a magical show. Once Leylin made contact with the alchemic golem, the entire pocket dimension had begun to tremble, and the lights had flickered unsteadily. Huge blue arcs of lightning had sparked out, making it seem like the end of the world had come.

A moment later, however, everything returned to normal.

"Come." With authority over the laboratory's core, Leylin now had a different aura on him that compelled Helen further. She was astonished as he brought her all the way to the core of the laboratory, as if this was a familiar route.

Be it the password-locked door or any other hindrance, all obstacles were easily taken care of in his hands. It was like he was the owner here.

"Identity verified. Welcome, master!" A door with a statue of an angel on the left and one of a devil on the right opened with a rumble. Helen followed Leylin inside, watching the door with fear.

‘He passed through a legendary curse so easily?’ This ease was unbelievable, and it made Helen realise that Leylin had an increasing number of secrets to him.

# Chapter 913: Arcanist

‘Who on earth is he? He’s just a minor noble of Silverymoon City on the surface, but secretly he possesses the power of a Legend. Besides, he seems to be very familiar with this place... So why did he lie to me earlier?’ Helen was completely puzzled, but she carefully hid all her thoughts. After all, Leylin now held the right of life and death over her.

The core of the control room was unexpectedly small, and it only had an area of 5 or 6 square metres. At the centre was a strange hexagonal prism with all sorts of strange screens next to it. Some of them had already lost their glow or were filled with a grayscale static, while others were working.

“Open!” The outer shell of the hexagonal prism opened with Leylin’s command, revealing a blue crystal structure within.

“This is...” Helen looked at the splendid and magnificent blue crystal which sparkled beautifully, it was like she had been bewitched.

“This core port controls half of the laboratory and is also a communication terminal. Many resources can be downloaded here,” Leylin said lightly, unconcerned as to whether Helen understood him. He pressed his palm to the surface of the blue crystal.

[Beep! Spiritual force interface established.] In a split second, Leylin seemed to have become a demigod, and nothing in the pocket dimension could be hidden from him anymore.

‘Weapons, live specimen libraries, database!’ Various images and words appeared before him, and it was only at that moment that Leylin realised how fortunate he was to grasp it all.

‘Its energy reserves haven’t even reached 2%, and its powerful weapons cannot be activated at all. The magic and spell formations are also damaged, and half of the golems have been destroyed. It looks like I can only send out one or two defective items...’ Leylin sighed. He believed that this pocket dimension would have been able to hinder even high-ranked Legends at its peak. Now however...

Of course, it would have been very difficult to seize control of the entire core back then. Whether it was a legendary wizard, thief, or even an elf, they would not be able to attack the lab's intelligence core through the communication terminal. After all, they were on completely different planes.

However, Leylin was different. He was very familiar with this type of structure in the ilk of those made by Magi, and the A.I. Chip supporting him had even more knowledge reserves. It was purely because of this reason that he managed to seize the entire core unharmed.

[Beep! Laboratory's power source reserve has reached its critical point, and is unable to absorb more energy from the abyss. Time before collapse: 1h 13min.] The A.I. Chip displayed yet another message in front of Leylin.

'As expected, the demiplane has deteriorated with age and is about to collapse. Is it too late to stop it? If it's like this, then the most valuable thing here is...' Leylin's eyes were filled with regret at first, but then his expression brightened considerably.

'A.I. Chip, record all the information from the terminal.'

[Beep! Mission established, initiating download program.] The A.I. Chip executed Leylin's task immediately. The magnificent light shining from the hexagonal prism was projected onto the walls all around him, as well as onto all the screens.

Leylin was bathed in its light, and a multitude of data and characters flashed across his eyes. The most important bits about the arcane arts and spell models, various alchemic experiments, research, improved meditation techniques, and anatomical records were presented to him. There were also diaries and other useless news from the terminal, and that too was fully copied by the A.I. Chip.

The extensive library of data was transferred in a split second. Compared to this, the tiny little bit of information Helen had almost given her life for to obtain was worth nothing.

[Beep! Information about the arcanist profession has been collated, and overlaps with the host's wizardry. Combine?]

“Yes,” Leylin replied without the slightest hesitation. Afterwards, his aura began to change. An arcane flame began to burn, and powerful force poured into his sea of consciousness and began to remodel and process his profession. Leylin soon saw his status change from that of a wizard into that of an arcanist.

Snap! Leylin almost blacked out at the acute pain that came from his very soul. He felt his connection with the Weave instantly break off.

Fortunately, this severed state lasted only a moment before it reconnected once again. However, the connection was now somewhat different. In this split second, there seemed to be a pair of golden eyes focused on him. However, it was immediately deceived by Leylin’s grasp of the first 4 layers of the Weave.

The A.I. Chip’s reminders continued to ring out.

[Beep! Host has become an arcanist. Profession changed.] [Beep! The host has gained arcane specialties: Energy Detection, Amplification.] There was a detailed description beneath each of the specialties.

[Arcane Energy Detection: Arcanists are able to supercede the Weave’s restrictions and directly perceive the arcane energy in the environment, drawing it in to form arcane spells.] [Arcane Amplification: Arcane energy is amplified by 10-20% when an arcanist casts a spell.] [Beep! Host’s spiritual force has broken through, Spirit +1. Host has advanced to become a rank 15 arcanist.] Leylin’s mind suddenly jolted, and afterwards his spiritual force directly made contact with the 7th rank of the Weave.

Looking at the Weave from an arcanist’s perspective gave him a completely different feeling. The feeling of jumping out and watching the Weave from afar increased the speed at which the A.I. Chip analysed the Weave.

Leylin’s stats had also changed.

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 21, Race: Human, Rank 15 Arcanist. Strength: 13, Agility: 11, Vitality: 12, Spirit: 15, Arcane Energy: 150, Status: Healthy, Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body, Specialities: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.] ‘As expected, the greatest benefit of

becoming an arcanist is to break away from the Weave's method of performing magic. Additionally, arcane energy has replaced my spell slots,' Leylin nodded. Moreover, his separation from the weave affected only that aspect. This meant that Leylin could now also prepare rank 7 spell slots, and wait to use them the next day.

Naturally, due to the restrictions of rank, he only had 1 rank 7 spell slot.

'Using arcane energy to cast arcane spells would perhaps consume more energy than using the Weave to instantly cast low-ranked spells. However, it will use up fewer spell slots,' Leylin stroked his chin in thought. After fully analysing rank 0 to rank 3 of the Weave, he could instantly cast low-ranked spells. Overwhelming his opponent with a torrential number of spells had always been his killing move, but it was of course established within the authority of the Weave. It was equivalent to stealing Mystra's power for himself.

If he only used arcane spells, then he wouldn't have this benefit anymore. However, the greatest benefit of being an arcanist was that he could retain wizard spell models instead of forgetting them, and at the same time he could use the Weave!

'As a result, I'm now outside the system but I can still enjoy the system's benefits. Just using its power without any of the obligations, it's so straightforward...' Leylin sighed, 'It's a pity that if more people like me are born, then the Weave would fall apart.'

"You've broken through?" Although Leylin had only taken an instant to advance, Helen distinctly felt that something was different.

"Mm, I have," Leylin smiled. What he had gained today couldn't just be described as a breakthrough though.

'I'm now an arcanist, and I have a great number of arcane arts with me. My improvement from now will be rapid. As a rank 15 Professional wizard, I'm of the highest class...' Leylin was turning the idea over in his mind. He was a genius who had advanced to become a high-ranked wizard at the tender age of 21. Apart from the gods' chosen or demigods, he was near the peak of the prime material plane.

“This place is very dangerous, it’s best that we leave as quickly as possible,” Leylin furrowed his brows and took Helen away from the core database.

The trip had gone fairly smoothly, and he had obtained resources from the arcanists as well as many arcane arts. It all saved him a lot of effort, but he hadn’t accomplished his most important goal yet; he didn’t get the inheritance of those Magi who had comprehended laws!

The A.I. Chip hadn’t found anything related to such Magi amongst all the resources it had scanned, and it filled Leylin’s heart with disappointment. The direction and experiences of the ancients would have been of great help to him.

‘It’s a matter of course. Not every arcanist can receive the instruction of a being like the Distorted Shadow, and even if he left an inheritance it wouldn’t be here...’ Leylin comforted himself, ‘The profits this time are sufficient. Just what the A.I. Chip has stored in its database would be enough to fetch an extremely high price.’

“Let’s hurry up, there isn’t much time before the pocket dimension collapses...” Leylin suddenly stopped in his tracks and turned his head in astonishment. He discovered that Helen had disappeared into thin air without his notice.

‘Impossible! I’ve always paid attention to my back, and I even have an arcane mark on her. How can the A.I. Chip’s sweeps not discover her?’

‘A.I. Chip! Sweep the entire laboratory and find Helen!’ Leylin immediately ordered. He had seized the core authority in this place, and even if most of the equipment was depleted or damaged a basic search was still possible.

Very quickly, the results were sent back to him. However, Leylin’s expression turned even more unsightly at the information.

‘Nothing! There isn’t a single trace left of her, and she didn’t even leave a corpse. It looks like she just disappeared suddenly...’ He had not felt such a powerful sense of déjà vu for a very long time.

# Chapter 914: Distortion

“Is this the effect of a high-ranked Magus’ radiation?” Leylin murmured, “To achieve this even after thousands of years, only someone at rank 7 or above could do such a thing...”

Leylin stood by himself in the empty and desolate passage, slowly shutting his eyes. He slowly found traces of energy from a completely different world.

“The power of distortion! As expected, it’s Distorted Shadow... Over there!” Leylin’s eyes were filled with excitement as he suddenly advanced in another direction. He had sensed a clue to the inheritance of an ancient Magus who had comprehended laws!

Such an incredibly precious treasure was enough for him to brave the risks that surely lay ahead.

‘The ancient Distorted Shadow’s path of laws should deal with space or distortion, or something related to that. No wonder he could make so many dimensions overlap...’ As he ran, Leylin instantly thought of the the fold in space he had encountered just before, ‘Legend states that Distorted Shadow was at least a rank 8 Magus, and he was a peak rank 8 who had perfected his own path!’

Bang! He followed his instincts to a laboratory, and a strong gust hit his face when he opened the door.

Arcane Missile! Leylin’s fingers shot out a more powerful version of Magic Missile. The thing was full of arcane energy, and it smashed the metal gears that were wrapped within the strong wind to the ground, leaving behind dents in it.

“This place...” he looked around him. The room was modelled like a giant workshop, with many metal lathes and machine arms tidying and moving things back and forth. Some of the machines had a layer of green rust on them.

‘Is this some golem processing workshop?’ Leylin followed his instincts



and found a trace of distortion left behind.

“Mister Leylin, save me!” Just at this moment, Leylin suddenly turned his head and he heard Helen’s voice came from his side.

“Helen?” He suddenly shouted, and several layers of protective light glowed on his body.

“Save me...” The only reply he received was her weeping.

Leylin gritted his teeth and walked towards the direction of her wails. He passed through a tall fireplace, and saw the back of a silhouette that seemed like Helen sitting in the darkness and crying. “I... I can’t get up...”

“Mm?” It was only then that Leylin discovered that the originally smooth floor had become spongy. There were several black hands spouting out of it, holding firmly onto Helen’s ankles.

A faint black shimmered in Leylin’s pupils as they widened, and he called out in the ancient Byron language. “Malicious intent? Get lost!”

“Sss...” His soul essence had already transformed into a phantom Targaryen, and it suddenly began to roar.

Puff! Puff! The sound reverberated in the room, and those enormous black hands suddenly swelled as sarcomas boiled out from under their skin. These tumours grew larger and larger until one could see veins within before finally exploding.

“Ah!” Helen let out a blood-curdling shriek. The giant black hands had disappeared, but a layer of skin on her ankle had been torn off as well, leaving behind a horribly infected wound. The black pus seemed to have great corrosive ability, and it ate away half of Helen’s clothes in an instant.

Sss! Great quantities of the black rain landed on the metal surfaces nearby, corroding everything it touched.

Cure Moderate Wounds! Leylin immediately cast a healing spell and raced to Helen’s side, “Are you alright?”

“I’m... I’m alright...” Helen sluggishly turned her head, and Leylin’s eyes narrowed. What appeared before Leylin was a strangely distorted face. Her

facial features were screwed into incorrect positions, and it was full of distorted veins and scars. It was more disgusting than the most disgusting monstrosity!

“What on earth are you?” Leylin immediately moved away from it, watching this freakish monster who was undulating Helen’s soul force.

“Sir Leylin, it’s... It’s me, Helen...” The monster let out a panicked voice, but its distorted face wore a malevolent expression. The huge mouth on its forehead opened, revealing sharp yellow teeth and a barbed green tongue.

‘It looks like Distorted Shadow never had the intention of leaving an inheritance behind. Perhaps he had only come here and left an evil spiritual parasite. Now that the pocket dimension is about to collapse, the evil intent has awakened...’ Leylin was startled as he thought of this possibility.

An evil intent left behind by an ancient rank 8 Magus would put him in grave danger, and could even kill him.

Fireball! Fireball! Fireball!

Scorching Ray! Scorching Ray! Scorching Ray!

Leylin launched his killing move in this life or death situation. Many rank 2 and 3 fire spells combined to form a meteor shower from the sky.

“Spell Torrent!” The violent surging blaze submerged the monster in its flames. The effect of many low-ranked spells piled up on top of each other to reach near-legendary power.

Bang! The blazing fire melted the surrounding lathes and mechanical arms considerably, forming white-hot molten iron that slowly pooled to form a stream on the ground.

After the torrent of spells, Leylin saw a bare passage appear before him. The monster had already disappeared without a trace, and seemed to have been burnt to ashes.

The molten iron was red through and through now, making the black material look even more unsightly. It hadn’t been corroded, instead

bobbing up and down unsteadily.

“That’s the beast skin scroll Helen had before” Leylin was suddenly alarmed, and a stony grey hand emerged from the scroll. The black hide was stained with blood, but it did not dissolve in the molten iron. This made a strange expression appear on Leylin’s face.

“Leylin! Save me...” As the voice sounded, the hand suddenly broke through Leylin’s spell defences. A power of distortion struck Leylin’s shoulder.

Crash! Whether it was his robe or armour, or even his body’s own defences, everything was torn apart like paper by this hand.

“Damn it!” Leylin’s expression grew fierce, “Fuck off!” The Targaryen phantom felt the danger as well, and its vertical eyes narrowed. A formidable devouring power spread into the surroundings.

Blink! Leylin’s silhouette flickered and he arrived outside the workshop. He didn’t even bother looking back at the monster within as he broke out into a run. Several Haste spells flashed on his body as he dashed out of the exit.

Although Leylin would take risks to obtain a rank 8 Magus’ inheritance, he definitely wouldn’t court death for it. The moment he discovered that the danger here far exceeded the benefits he could gain, he made the prompt decision to leave.

Chirps and honks sounded as a twisted laughter rang out from behind him. He felt a terrifying force pursuing him as the entire passage began to distort, like a rag being twisted to pieces.

Freeze! The torrent of spells appeared once more, and many Freeze and Create Water spells formed a mountain of ice behind him. The enormous ice mountain immediately blocked off the entire passage, and stopped the terrifying creature’s pursuit. Still, crack after crack formed on it without end.

Leylin seized the chance to suddenly rush to the exit, throwing himself outside. Furry green claws distorted as they swiped at Leylin’s back.

Thankfully, he'd managed to make it out in that instant and they only managed to cut the corner of his clothes.

A loud rumble suddenly sounded. Leylin immediately jumped out of the secret entrance, and soon after it was submerged in a silver storm. The pocket dimension had already begun to collapse, and many disasters had arisen within.

"Young master!" Tiff walked over to him with a worried expression.

"I'm alright, I only ran into a storm in the plane. I was rather lucky." Leylin smiled, a healing glow already spreading across his shoulder.

"Lord Leylin?!" He heard a woman's voice and trembled at the sound of it.

He turned his head rather stiffly and was greeted by the sight of Helen! Helen stood there, hale and hearty, with a concerned expression on her face.

"What? Weren't you still in there?" Leylin's eyes narrowed.

"What?" Helen's astonished expression deepened, "You had me leave first after we exited the core control room, my Lord. You said you wanted to continue exploring alone..."

"I indeed saw Miss Helen arrive first!" Tiff testified for her.

'Then the Helen I saw earlier, who was it... It even distorted my senses...'

"Then this thing? Do you recognise it?" A black blood-stained scroll made of beast skin appeared in Leylin's palm.

He had used various methods to verify that Helen was really made of flesh and blood. The soul undulations were the same, and she was not disguised by some evil intent.

"My scroll..." Helen exclaimed, touching the bag of holding at her hip. Her face slowly paled, "Gone! It's gone! I had it in my bag of holding..."

'Ha... As expected of the Distorted Shadow!' Leylin sighed deeply, 'Having already grasped the concepts of distortion, space, and time, he even managed to distort my senses?'

“Young master, is there an enemy?” Tiff now realised that something was wrong. He stood on alert next to Leylin, his eyes fixed on Helen. If she made the slightest wrong move, he would kill her where she stood.

“It’s nothing... Just a mishap,” Leylin waved his hand. He had experienced far stranger things than this in the Magus World, and developed some immunity to this sort of thing.

# Chapter 915: Dying in the Line of Duty

This was a peak rank 8 Magus with the power to twist time and change the future! The thought of himself reaching that realm left Leylin with a sense of longing.

“Whatever it is... This operation ended well. Let’s talk after leaving this place...” Leylin swept his eyes across the information in the A.I. Chip. The plethora of data about arcanists in there was real.

Leylin’s complexion only improved after they left the dragon’s cave, once he breathed in the chilly air that smelt of nature.

‘While the pocket dimension crumbled completely, there’s a possibility of something being left behind. I shouldn’t get too involved with this sort of thing before this body rivals my main one in power...’

There was fear in Leylin’s heart, ‘If the Distorted Shadow truly had malicious intent towards me, that one streak of intent would be enough for me to die there. So why did he let me off at the end, and even give me this scroll?’

Leylin glanced at the black scroll in his hands and then at Helen, who clearly kept peeking in his direction with a terrified expression.

“Do you know more about this thing?”

“No, I don’t! I found out from an ancestor that the Distorted Shadow had some manuscript in one of the rooms in the ruins that recorded some information about arcanists...” Under Leylin’s gaze, she trembled as she spoke the truth.

“I’m afraid this isn’t what you were looking for, and it’s very dangerous. Just leave it with me for now...” Leylin did not seem to have any plans of returning the scroll. The Distorted Shadow had too many ways to mess with a little rank 11 wizard. He could have distorted her memories and implanted a fake, which were all easy tasks.

“Alright, my Lord!” Helen felt a little discontent with his decision, but still agreed. After all, what had happened had truly scared her.

Leylin looked towards this half-elf wizard and suddenly exclaimed, “Mm! I’ll compensate you based on an agreement. Let’s say the way for arcanists to rank up and a portion of an arcane spell model.”

“Tell me what you want.” Helen had developed a very good understanding of Leylin over this period of time. He would never do anything that would not benefit him. Of course, once an agreement was reached, he would treat all equally.

“Vow me your loyalty for a hundred years. Swear it upon your soul and with the Styx as the witness.” Leylin spoke nonchalantly, watching the conflict in Helen’s eyes.

She was undoubtedly clever, though. “Alright.” After struggling over the decision for some time, she agreed and immediately swore to it.

‘Mm, her soul is real, so she should be the real Helen...’ Leylin nodded inwardly. The vow of a wizard’s soul when resonating with the river Styx was something binding, and it could not be faked.

As he was now, a rank 11 wizard was dispensable to Leylin. The key point was the verification and authentication he obtained from the vow. This Helen truly seemed to be original, though her emotions were all over the place.

‘Then... what did Distorted Shadow want to tell me? Did he manage to survive the dusk of the gods, or did he fall completely? No, with his strength he’d leave some soul fragments behind if he died. They would await resurrection for a long time...’ At this thought, Leylin’s expression grew sombre once again.

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After killing the red dragon and exploring the ruins, there was no point in lingering on the Nether Mountains. Leylin hence ordered that they return. The group, which had dropped to around seven hundred in number, brought with them the immense glory and wealth of killing a dragon.

Rafiniya, however, looked sullen. It seemed that after like she would part

ways after they left the Nether Mountains.

“Slaying the dragon and exploring the ruins took less than ten days. The outside world must be in chaos now, no?” Leylin’s thoughts were filled with delight at this disaster. He didn’t care about the female knight’s mood. Such was reality.

‘What’s going on? Why have they imposed this level of martial law?’ After leaving the mountains, Rafiniya could obviously tell that something was off. Many of the surrounding villages had been completely abandoned, and there were sometimes some who were very guarded, extremely alert against strangers.

‘Could the werecreatures have invaded again? Or have the orcs launched a huge attack?’ Rafiniya quickly came up with two possibilities, beginning to get anxious, ‘Leylin’s explorations will definitely have him accused of being a deserter...’

The female knight suddenly began to get worried, but then she shook her head, ‘A sly person like him must have long since prepared an escape route. Even without that, why do I have to worry about him?’

At this moment, a scout ran over. “Report! A friendly force has launched a signal up ahead!”

“Mm, launch the signal. We’ll go over!” Leylin nodded calmly, knowing who was coming.

In the dark forest, there were no other people besides him. As expected, after the scout sent the message, dust could be seen flying in the distance, and a human figure was like a black falcon swooping in from the sky.

“Leylin Faulen!” Cassley’s neck bulged from his immense fury as he arrived in front of Leylin.

“Why did you leave your battle zone? Also... where’s Malfoy?” After seeing the group of over 700 people behind Leylin, Cassley froze a little, but that was then drowned out by his anger.

“Did you know that because you neglected your job, I had to deal with the werecreature attacks and give up on helping Silverymoon?”



“Stop! Wait! I still don’t know what’s going on. Saving Silverymoon? Why?” Rafiniya felt a little dizzy.

“You don’t know yet? What a terrible excuse. Have you all been hiding in the woods in the past few days?”

Cassley had a mocking look on his expression, “The orc armies have already surrounded Silverymoon! While I, high-ranked wizard Cassley, was engaged in a bloody battle, your wretched new recruits dared to give up on the area they were supposed to be defend! You should all be hung!”

“Orcs surrounding the city?” Rafiniya staggered backwards, eyes full of disbelief. She was now completely disheartened, “You must have known that this would happen... Right?”

“Then... Why, mighty high-ranked wizard Cassley, did you not bring your own troops, and the volunteer army belonging to nobility and help them?” Leylin did not bother himself with Rafiniya and instead looked towards Cassley, ridiculing him.

“That’s because I need to guard against surprise attacks by the werecreatures!”

Cassley glanced at Leylin haughtily, “While you neglected your duties and thus committed a crime, I won’t pursue this. Baron Leylin, in my capacity as the chief officer of the northern lands, I command you provide support to Silverymoon now. Immediately!”

Till this point, Cassley still had no plans to stop setting him up.

“Hehe...” Leylin looked straight at Cassley till he was almost exasperated, and then answered slowly, “Why...”

“Why? You mean you even have the gall to go against my orders? Are you forcing me to execute you right this instant?”

Cassley narrowed his eyes slightly. His strength as a high-ranked wizard was what he prided the most. His opponent was at most a rank 14, and even with his own troops and other men, he was nothing.

Furthermore, the documents that appointed him as the chief officer of

the northern lands had been sent over through urgent channels. With his status now, it should be fine to kill a Baron, much less one that had committed the crime of neglecting his duties.

‘Yes, killing a genius wizard myself seems to be a good idea! However, I have to wait first. When Andrew sends the troops, and I take over Leylin’s army... Heh heh... They even have a great deal of rations, which is pretty good! In the northern lands right now, it’s best to have both rations and men...’

A myriad of thoughts swirled in Cassley’s mind, but before he could come up with another plan or decide if he should temporarily be nice to the other wizard, Leylin suddenly chuckled. “If you want to kill someone, do it. Why overthink it?”

“What... ugh...” Cassley suddenly felt an intense pain in his chest, and his body stiffened. He looked down and found that a black dagger had pierced through his chest.

“That’s impossible... I have a high-ranked wizard armour and instantaneously casted Mishap! Enemies definitely won’t be able to break through my defences in an instant, unless... Legend!” Cassley crumbled down, and what he saw last was Tiff’s expressionless face.

“Trying to control me once the organisation collapses and using its might for that... Should I say you’re stupid, or stupid?”

“You... killed him?” Rafiniya’s voice was hoarse.

“No. Cassley died at the hands of werereatures, on the line of duty!” Leylin laughed without the slightest of scruples.

“Pay attention! All on guard!” Leylin looked towards the friendly army that had finally arrived, and then shook his right hand with a sardonic smile.

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The light of sunset looked like blood.

Andrew and a few nobles were respectfully speaking next to Leylin,

“High-ranked wizard Cassley died at the hands of werereatures. Our northern lands are really in a pinch....” After saying this, they could not help but wipe off the tears. What happened that afternoon had scared them stupid.

“Oh! Also, the clash this afternoon...” Leylin spoke a bit louder.

“That’s a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding!” Andrew immediately took the initiative to say this, astounded and fearful of Leylin’s ruthlessness.

# Chapter 916: Scheme

“Since that’s the case, could all of you please sign this report of battle merits? Don’t forget to stamp it with your seal!” Leylin produced a document and waved it around, laughing sinisterly like a big bad wolf.

‘We’re already at this stage. Who would dare go against him?’ Baron Andrew laughed wryly inside and signed it.

“Good!” After all the barons and officers present signed their names, Leylin was all smiles as he kept the document, changing his attitude entirely, “As the subordinate of officer Cassley, I do feel regretful and sad about what happened. Divide his team amongst yourselves as you see fit!”

After hearing this news, everyone’s eyes brightened. The army that Cassley had brought with him was composed of a few nobles’ personal troops along with those of Silverymoon. Just the regular soldiers, horses and rations were enough for them to go green with envy.

‘After getting us to surrender, he’s having us divide the ill-gotten gains amongst ourselves? How evil...’ Baron Andrew sighed inside, but did not have the guts to voice his objection.

In reality, they were now prisoners of the sort. Leylin’s personal troops had completely defeated their allies this afternoon. After all, his underlings were battle-forged high-grade Professionals. It would’ve been strange if they had’t won.

Leylin didn’t force them too much at that time, instead ‘inviting’ them to talk peace.

‘After returning to the northern lands, we still will have to see how he decides to proceed...’ Andrew tried to console himself.

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“Have you finally gotten what you wanted?” Rafiniya glanced at Leylin, her gaze icy.

“You’re talking about this?” Leylin lifted the joint declaration of the nobles and waved the document around, “No, this is just all in name.

Essentially, with the chaos of war and there being even a question of whether the Silverymoon Alliance will still exist, who would care about the death of a wizard?”

Leylin wanted this in writing because it was better than nothing. Its presence would make a huge difference in any cases.

“Silverymoon Alliance not existing? Are you that pessimistic?” Rafiniya was rather astonished by Leylin’s conclusion.

“That’s how it is...” Leylin sighed, “The might of the Silverymoon Alliance already threatened the status of the human countries in the south. Mystra is facing all the orc gods practically alone.

Rafiniya paled at his simple analysis. There had been many who realised this in the past, but none had the courage to reveal it so clearly. Leylin was now breaking all pretense, revealing the naked truth to Rafiniya.

“You saw it in Silverymoon, didn’t you? The queen only has control over the land of Silverymoon. The Silverymoon Alliance states might support her when things are going well, but now...” Rafiniya’s heart dropped at Leylin’s words. She’d long since known that this was how nobles acted.

“Since things have gotten this bad, let’s go back to uphold the justice and peace I desire!” Rafiniya took a deep breath, eyes showing her emotional state.

“You... you’ll help me, won’t you?” The female knight had already guessed at the outcome, but still watched Leylin full of anticipation, hoping for a miracle.

“I’m sorry...” This girl was practically shining, the true model of a hero. It was a pity that Leylin would never do anything like seeking his own death.

“Silverymoon has now been surrounded by the orc armies, and they even have several high-ranked Legends in charge. This level of strength...” Leylin presented his reasoning point by point, causing the light in rafiniya’s eyes to dim. The Leylin in her memories and how he was right now were two completely different people.

“But... You are the hero of Silvermoon. At this point...” Rafiniya gave it one last try.

“Oh! Please don’t call me that, ‘Knight of Light’!” Leylin’s obvious rejection caused Rafiniya to finally give up.

“Even knowing that this will take my life, I will not give up on my sense of justice. This is my path as a knight!” Rafiniya’s voice resounded in the tent.

Watching her back as she left, Leylin stroked his chin and muttered to himself. “What conviction she has. It’ll be difficult to make her fall...”

She planned on using her strength alone to turn the tide of the losing battle, to become a shining hero! When he was young before, in his previous life, Leylin had read many novels of that type. He’d thought them to be chock full of emotion and hot blood, but in the end only bitterly smiled at it.

Reality and imagination were two completely different things. Turning the tables under such terrible circumstances was something only possible in stories, and it was just an author trying to please the readers. In reality, such a thing had less than a hundred millionth of a chance of happening.

Such shining heroes who were full of fiery passion were indeed worthy of respect, but Leylin would never join their ranks!

“Besides... such an impulsive person like Rafiniya will probably die halfway to her goal. In the end, will her achievements allow her to be reputed as a hero?”

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The next day, Leylin received word that Rafiniya’s departed without informing him. Using her own charm, she had even persuaded some people and taken about twenty with her.

Leylin merely rolled his shoulders back in answer, “Since they’re fools, let them go!”

After gathering Andrew and other nobles, Leylin discussed their next

move.

“Silverymoon is now under siege. As part of the Silverymoon Alliance, I grieve and lament the situation. I’ve already dispatched my knights to bring people to provide support. If there’s anyone here who wants to go, please announce yourselves!” Leylin exclaimed with a smile.

What came next was a difficult silence. The nobles who were seated all knew that the orcs were extremely determined. Their elite army of a hundred thousand had surrounded Silverymoon thoroughly, and going forth with the small numbers of people and horses they had was just suicide.

On top of that, Leylin’s army had low morale, and it had recently dropped even further. Hence, all these nobles wanted to do was bury their heads in their chests like ostriches.

‘The personal troops of the nobles will only be able to do as they please in their own territories...’ Leylin shook his head at this and then clapped, “Good. Next, let’s discuss the direction of my army...”

The nobles looked at each other when Leylin acted like the master here, but nobody dared oppose it. The term ‘my army’ obviously included them as well. Officially, Silverymoon had pulled back all of their forces. Leylin’s army basically had the highest power.

Alustriel had personally invested him with the title of a Baron whose power extended over generations. He was a noble who had been granted territory near the Moonwood. Who else had more power than him?

Most importantly, when it came to strength, Leylin alone would be able to eliminate the rest! The reason he had gathered them was only to nominally receive their agreement, and the nobles had all sensibly chosen to consent to this silently.

This was what Leylin had prepared. The moment any of the nobles dared go against him, he’d just slaughter them. In the turmoil of war, what would the deaths of a few people amount to?

A large military map was hung up on the wall. At the center of it was the

wizards' city, Silverymoon. The jewel of the north already had multiple red arrows around it, showing how it was surrounded.

The map also showed the surrounding terrain. Most of the lands in the north had fallen to enemy hands, coloured black. In the west were the Moonwood and Nether Mountains. As the orcs had expended most of their strength in surrounding Silverymoon, or perhaps because of the werecreatures' Blackblood tribe, the humans were still somewhat in charge there. However, the terrifying werecreatures were already a huge threat, and these nobles were fleeing with all their might.

There were now three routes for Leylin and the rest. One was to provide support to Silverymoon selflessly, clashing head on with the orc army. The second was to stay here and pray that Silverymoon could hold on. After the war had ended, they could then settle their accounts. The last was to move to the south and abandon the territory and people here.

Leylin was more inclined towards the third. "Silverymoon is the wizards' city after all. The queen is a Chosen, and even if the orcs can breach Silverymoon, they would have to pay a huge price, and that would make it difficult for them to go south..."

Such an explicit declaration put the nobles on the spot.

"Lord Leylin, Silverymoon won't be able to hang on with its strength..." While many of the nobles were greedy, despicable and shameless, there were also many who were clear-headed and unwilling to part with their territories.

This was the only source of their power! In order to protect their interests, nobles could even make a deal with the orcs or devils, and disregard the threat to their lives.

"It's best to let the orcs and Silverymoon harm each other. This way, nobody would be able to bother with us." There were also many who thought the same.

Leylin made a quick scan of the surroundings and understood their thoughts.



‘How childish... Do they think they’re out of the woods if they bury their head in the sand?’ Leylin snickered inside, though he knew that getting the nobles to abandon everything was not reasonable.

Thankfully, with the report just before and the joint declaration as well as the document, there was no change in whether they stayed or left. Besides, the negative effects of bringing these people along far outweighed the benefits.

“Alright! All of you can leave alone if you wish to. Any who are willing to head south with me can stay here...”

# Chapter 917: Yorkshire

With Leylin's current reputation and the nobles now seeing his true colours, they politely spouted a whole pile of meaningless words. They then sped off as if their rear ends had been set on fire.

Soon enough, the tent began to seem a little desolate. Only a few figures chose to remain, one of which was someone Leylin was on familiar terms with.

"Baron Andrew! I never thought you would make such a choice," Leylin said calmly as he looked at the middle-aged noble, who was constantly taking his silk handkerchief out and wiping his face.

"The orcs are attacking extremely ferociously. Even the werereatures were not so easily dealt with. The ration stores in my territory aren't enough to get us past this winter famine..." Baron Andrew laughed wryly, "I only have a humble request... When we pass by my territory, may I bring a part of my family along?"

Leylin nodded, "As long as the numbers are within a hundred, and if you bring your own supplies."

"Thank you very much!" Andrew lowered his head.

While it was tough losing his position as the leader, Andrew could clearly see the situation in the north. Those fools and swines wanted to compromise with the orcs, or had the hope that the other side would let them off lightly. That was as impossible and laughable as the sun rising from the west!

"Great then. I'll give you a day to prepare. Once time is up, we will depart immediately!" Leylin decided.

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A large army slowly marched across the scorched wilderness. A few knights dashed ahead on horseback, their bodies stained with blood and filled with a valiant aura.

The knights darted to a giant carriage, speaking respectfully, "My lord,

we've taken care of the troubles in front. It was a wave of goblins and dwarf bandits, there are no casualties."

"Alright. Order the troops to quicken their footsteps!" Leylin said slowly from within the tent, his eyes closed. He stopped his deep contemplation, and the group's speed increased with his orders.

"This is really quite massive..." Leylin opened the windows of the carriage and watched the lively crowd, especially the disorderly refugees following next to his people, and sighed.

The orcs' main forces were focused in the direction of Silverymoon, while the werebeasts were occupied with the territories that Leylin and the rest had abandoned. They were more than glad to see all these people leaving.

Including the people of Andrew and the other nobles, Leylin had over a thousand in his entourage. That was enough to intimidate others.

Large military armies would not think much of them, and they were able to deal with the harassment of smaller groups. Hence, the trip to the south was very safe even though these refugees were rather unexpected.

The fierce attacks of the orcs and other large organisations completely broke Silverymoon and the regions to the north. It resulted in a tremendous wave of refugees. Many humans were fleeing south, and quite a few were bringing their families along. Things were very chaotic.

There was wave after wave of bandits, thieves on horseback, and goblins committing all sorts of crimes in the autumn wilderness, be it fighting, raiding, or plundering. It could be said that reaching the south safely without any military protection was just a pipe dream.

Along the way, it wasn't as if commoners or nobles did not come over and beg for his protection. However, Leylin himself had very few rations left. It didn't make sense to give them to people he did not know. Besides taking in a few nobles as external support, he did not accept anyone.

However, there were refugees who tagged behind Leylin's group and made use of their might. There was no way around that, and as long as

they posed no threat Leylin could not be bothered to deal with them.

‘The glory of the north is now consigned to history...’ Leylin walked out of the horse carriage and got onto a handsome black horse, surveying the entire group. Everywhere he went, whether it was the family of the nobles or the original troops, everyone lowered their heads in respect.

They knew that Leylin was their leader, their shield as well as the one in control of their lives. If he grew hostile and chased them away, they would be like those pitiful refugees!

On top of that, this high-ranked military official was also a high-ranked wizard! In this chaotic world, those with strength gave one a sense of security.

Tiff was more aware of this. After leaving the Nether Mountains, Leylin intentionally had him hide himself. Even though there were rumours, most people expressed their disbelief in it. How powerful was a Legend? Why would he suddenly serve under Leylin?

On top of that, most of the Legends in the north had risen to fame a long time ago. Tiff was an unfamiliar face, and on top of that he was using an alias.

“Lord Leylin!” Andrew brought a handsome white horse to Leylin’s side, seemingly wanting to curry favour with him. After seeing his mount, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

Commanders who rode white horses were normally very unlucky in his previous life, white was the easiest to spot after all. It was the same now. If there were assassins or archers here, their first target would definitely be Andrew. His mount and the ornaments indicating his status as a noble were far too obvious.

“Mm. There’s about three more days left. We’re about to reach Yorkshire already. What are your plans?” Leylin asked.

Yorkshire was the human territory to the south of Silverymoon. It was also the place where Leylin predicted the orc waves would stop. The expansive regions in the north were already more than enough for them to

take, and there were other organisations unwilling to see the orcs and their gods expanding further.

“I have a few relatives there, so I’ll seek shelter.” Andrew now had a forced smile on his face, “Perhaps I’ll be able to buy a villa in the city and a few manors outside. It would be impossible to live as luxuriously as I had in the north though...”

The extravagant lifestyle of nobles all came from their territories, with the taxes squeezing the people dry. Once they lost their territories and troops, they had basically lost all their power.

This was why many nobles had stubbornly stayed behind in the north. It wasn’t that they could not see the obvious outcome, but they could not bear to leave! In comparison, Andrew’s choice was more sensible and firm.

“Yorkshire...” Leylin had a ruminating look.

“Yes. That is Marquis Lancet’s territory,” Andrew said, but he did not continue.

That marquis was an important power in the Silverymoon Alliance. However, his stance was rather dubious in this calamity, and he had been stuck in a rut. He also had good relations with other human kingdoms in the centre.

Of course, Leylin’s method of escape was not particularly impressive, so there was no use criticising Andrew for his decision.

‘No matter what world we are in, as long as nobody is foolish is enough to threaten the central nobles, the chances of placating the regional nobles is still very high. Even in the World of Gods, this holds true.’ Leylin deeply understood the thoughts of those who held power.

After those in the south struck the Silverymoon Alliance, they definitely would not want the orcs to grow stronger. Hence, after Silverymoon collapsed, they would regain control of the orcs again.

This was what Marquis Lancet wished for. He definitely did not want his territory to turn into a battlefield, instead making use of this time to gather more strength!

While it was impossible to pacify everyone by dividing up the territories in Yorkshire, it was very likely that he'd give away the area surrounding Yorkshire as a buffer for the escaping organisations.

'They'll give us the territories at the north of Yorkshire and let us become the frontlines and cannon fodder to fend off the orcs...' Leylin stroked his chin, a peculiar smile lingering on his lips, 'Who knows, after entering Yorkshire, someone might draw me into a marriage proposal...'

Stripping a noble of territory was just too ugly. Doing this through a joint marriage was a far more gentle and acceptable way. The large nobles would definitely not want to be accused of doing something so terrible, so this was basically inevitable.

Three days later, the large group entered Yorkshire. Order had been reestablished here, with well-equipped elites patrolling the entire area. There were even batches of cavalry on occasion.

Evidently, Marquis Lancet did not dare believe the orcs at the north. After all, they were simple-minded, and it was natural that they might suddenly have a change of heart. Compared to orcs, these refugees would pose a threat to security!

At the very least, after seeing Leylin's organised troops, the soldiers looked wary. Leylin nonchalantly showed his noble and military rank pass, and then let them do what they needed.

'I finally see it... the power of the churches...' Leylin could see many huge tents set up in an orderly manner outside the city. Numerous priests with differently coloured church emblems and symbols were hastily walking around and helping refugees.

With a calamity on the horizon, this was the time for a huge harvest for faith. Leylin saw many crying ugly tears and repenting after obtaining oatmeal for emergency relief, and then entering churches.

'It was rare to see them in the north when there was a calamity, but they're all gathered here. The thoughts of humans and gods are obvious...' Leylin thought inside.

Of course, it wasn't as if there weren't other types of priests in their midst. For instance, Leylin saw a small group of holy warriors and mercenaries rushing towards the north.

'These are the paladins and priests of the God of Justice, Tyr. They're rushing to the battlefield in their own name...' Leylin thought to himself, 'The gods with human factions are usually the most neutral. How could the God of Justice allow his own followers to participate in the battle in their own name? What a ridiculous internal power struggle...'

Leylin snickered. However, this was a chance for him.

# Chapter 918: Falling To The Enemy

‘Table manners’ were very important. Even Leylin needed something to cover up Cassley’s murder, those large noble families often investigated these things thoroughly.

Due to the racial conflicts, the rulers of various human nations had sent their armies to help in the north. However, even the most ferocious armies could only push the frontlines of battle closer to Yorkshire. There was basically no difference even with them around.

There was a solemnness and tragedy to the paladins who were heading north alone. Leylin didn’t dwell on it long, though. Soon enough, the troops of Yorkshire brought the conditions of the city.

Leylin and the nobles could enter, but the army would have to stay outside. That was their bottom line. Leylin merely rolled his shoulders back and accepted this condition calmly.

The surge of nobles from the north had inflated Yorkshire’s prices greatly, to the point that even nobles found it hard to stomach it. Of course, there were still benefits to holding power. A luxury villa was arranged for Leylin, with everything free of charge.

Leylin then met the Marquis Lancet he had heard about so often in rumours.

“Baron Leylin, I’ve long since wanted to see the rare wizarding genius of the north!” Lancet had a head of silver, curled hair, and a poised appearance. After seeing Leylin, even the wrinkles on his face smoothed out. He had evidently conducted a thorough investigation before meeting him.

“I am extremely grateful for the Marquis’ generosity when the north has fallen into enemy hands!” Leylin’s behaviour astounded the marquis. Most geniuses were arrogant, but Lancet saw none of that in Leylin’s expression.

On top of that, he lacked the inflexible thinking and apathy so common



to wizards, and instead seemed more like a scholar. His bearing even surpassed a few of the grandmasters he had paid a great deal of money to hire.

Lancet poured Leylin a glass of dark red wine, looking sorrowful. "Before we get to the formal discussions, I wish to tell the Baron something with regards to the north..."

"Has Silverymoon fallen?" Leylin's eyes glinted as he asked indifferently.

Lancet's hand halted pouring the wine for an instant, causing the stream of liquor to break off for a while. He then sat in front of Leylin as if nothing had happened, a profound look in his eyes. "It seems like you have your own intelligence channels, Baron... Indeed, Silverymoon fell just yesterday..."

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One day ago, the north. Silverymoon City.

As the chief advisor to Silverymoon, Scholar Buren who was like the prime minister was watching Alustriel with worry in his eyes. She looked tired, her brows furrowed. The sight was heartbreaking.

Forgetting her real age for a moment, if one were to judge her based on her mental age and outer appearance, the life and death of the city had been put into the hands of a little girl. Scholar Buren thought this was just too cruel.

While Alustriel had great reputation and charm, she was not a qualified leader. The stress of war practically overwhelmed her.

"No, the Goddess has yet to give me an answer!" Alustriel now seemed to have ended her meditation, the wrinkles on her forehead deepening.

The Goddess of the Weave, being a greater god, was the cornerstone that maintained Silverymoon's existence. Now, however, she was rejecting Alustriel's prayers and requests for help, which made things clear.

"It's not just any god. Has even the mighty Mystra abandoned us?" Seeing this, even a powerful legendary wizard like Buren felt his heart

sink.

Roar! The cries of distant beasts travelled into the palace, causing Alustriel's expression to change.

"It's starting again," Scholar Buren sighed. A teleportation gate opened up, and Alustriel stood on the city walls next to Buren.

"Long Live Her Majesty! Long Live Her Majesty!" Seeing her appearance, the morale of the city guards soared. They were now full of hope.

Alustriel had displayed her might as the Goddess' Chosen these past few days. Only the orc emperor Saladin could contend with her.

'But the queen is the leader, her responsibilities do not lie here. Battling the opposing high-ranked Professionals should be the job of the military wizards!' Scholar Buren sighed inside. While Alustriel had immense charm and strength, this queen was still too inexperienced.

Buren watched the orcs' formation under the city. There were huge siege vehicles and terrifying behemoths with them, and the worry in his heart increased. Even with the aid of all sorts of smelted items, as well as high-ranked and legendary wizards in charge, they were now at a disadvantage.

'We have too few men... Few in the Silverymoon Alliance contributed much, and the troops that were sent out with orders didn't bring any others back. Less than half of the original city guards that could take on the most rigorous missions returned...'

Scholar Buren thought it over, and then proposed to Alustriel, "Your Majesty, things have gotten this bad already. Please consider my suggestion!"

"No need for that. I can't abandon my people, especially at a time like this!" Alustriel resolutely interrupted Scholar Buren's words.

"Look!" She pointed downwards, "There are still so many of my people, so many of those who believe in me here. How could I abandon them and leave?"

Alustriel's face flushed red, an even greater might exploding forth from

her body. Rafiniya quietly looked in the queen's direction from a corner of the crowd. Powerful energy undulations were radiated outwards, and the golden light shining on her made her feel comfortably warm.

'Is this grace? No! This... It's a large-scale buff!' Rafiniya's face flushed, and she felt as if she could slay a dragon right at that moment.

Alustriel's little face was now pale. Even with support from the large-scale magic formations under the city walls, such a large boost was still difficult to cast. She had even used up some divine force for this. However, she wouldn't appear frail. The young, girlish voice resounded, "We will achieve victory!"

"Victory!" "Victory!" "Victory!" Countless troops roared.

Rafiniya was moved, her eyes glimmering with sparkling tears. As she watched the paladins around her whose faces were just as flushed as hers was, eyes showing their firm resolve, she felt as if she had truly chosen the perfect path for herself.

'This is the work of justice! Fighting for well-being and happiness!' Rafiniya clenched her fists tightly, 'Leylin... Someday, he'll definitely come to realise his mistakes and regret this!'

Roar! At this moment, the orc emperor Saladin had arrived at the frontlines.

"A large-scaled buff?" There was no emotion in Saladin's eyes right now. The maids and other orc leaders beside him all lowered their heads respectfully, not daring to move at all.

"All preparations are done. Our master's strength can descend at any time!" A few high-ranked priests headed over as they reported.

"Very good!" Saladin suddenly took a step forward. The earth's surface seemed to tremble as a terrifying might burst forth from his body.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Saladin's body abruptly increased in size, and in an instant he turned into a miniature giant, five metres tall and still growing. His clothes, armour and all items shattered with the violent movements.

This was the legendary spell– War God’s Possession!

Finally, Saladin turned into a terrifying giant over fifty metres tall. Only one item scaled up with him, the Thunder God’s Hammer!

“Lightning Strike!” Rafiniya heard Saladin’s voice loud and clear. The loud, horrifying sound caused her eardrums to tremble, with a stinging pain.

Afterwards, berserk lightning filled the skies and tore the clouds apart as everything gathered at the battle hammer.

Lightning from the highest of heavens rumbled as it seemingly turned into a terrifying dragon, releasing the most powerful flames of its fury!

Violet! As if a new world was being born, violet light quickly spread around the area. Under this light, the city gates and everything else completely melted away...

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“Just like that, the orc emperor Saladin brazenly went against the agreement in the continent and used a terrifying legendary spell. With the boost of a divine weapon, he defeated Silverymoon thoroughly in one shot.”

Marquis Lancet narrated calmly. However, from how he suddenly gulped down a mouthful of wine, it seemed that this strength of legends still caused terror to well up within him. Leylin listened to everything he said. While he knew this would happen, he was still unclear on the exact process, “Then... Where is Her Majesty Alustriel now?”

Seeing Leylin getting the main point, the Marquis’ eyes were full of praise, “It is said that her whereabouts are unknown, but there is a large possibility she survived. After all, the vitality of those with divine force is frightening...”

With Alustriel’s strength, few would be able to find her if she truly wanted to conceal herself. However, based on her personality, she was unlikely get back on her feet quickly after this. She would probably require a long time to recoup.

At the end, Lancet intentionally brought up something, “Leylin, I have a wine reception here the day after tomorrow. I hope you can come!”.

# Chapter 919: Feast of Power

‘Has the feast for the division of power and party after the war already begun?’ After walking out of the Marquis’ mansion, Leylin sighed inside. After the fall of Silverymoon, the chaos in the north could be said to have ended.

With powerful defensive spells and numerous strong beings, Silverymoon did cause huge damage to the orc forces. Even the orc emperor Saladin had sustained grievous injuries and was now in a coma. It was said that that he had only been able to retain his life because of the god’s possession.

After swallowing up Silverymoon and the surrounding regions, the orc armies now had no more strength to carry on south. With the trials and unions of war, an orc empire took shape and slowly established itself in the skeleton of Silverymoon. This was much more important than expansion.

Once they succeeded, this would also be a boost for the orc god Gruumsh. After all, he was the god of all orcs.

‘The human gods wouldn’t let the orcs head south anyway...’ Leylin sat in the horse carriage, his eyes dark.

‘Mystra is far too powerful, and that caused the reservations of the gods from her faction. The numerous conflicts that amassed in the north combined to give this result... All the scheduled plans have succeeded. Weakening the Goddess of the Weave is enough, and the human gods would probably not want the orc god to get stronger...’

Leylin was rather surprised by Mystra’s tolerance. That she could even disregard her daughter in name and Silverymoon showed how immense the stress on her was.

‘In general, the orcs have gotten a pretty good opportunity. It’ll be hard to get them to spit up what they’ve already gained, but they also don’t have more strength to stir up trouble...’ Leylin had a keen grasp on this, something far too few in the World of Gods understood.

The gods here were held high and untouchable! With tens of thousands of years of praise from the churches, regular humans now treated gods like true saints, believing them to be emotionless. They forgot that these deities were merely stronger versions of regular people, and had it in them to feel happiness, anger, sorrow and joy.

On one level, the gods were even more emotional than regular humans!

‘It’s not that they can’t recognise it. It’s more that they’re afraid to do so!’ Leylin snickered. ‘It’s not as if I haven’t seen people who blindly make excessive declarations and fool themselves into believing it while they’re at it...’

This was an exaggeration caused by the environment, and a limitation from the era they were in. If not for Leylin coming from another world and having had experiences in the Magus World, he wasn’t guaranteed to have seen through this either.

Not everyone dared tear off this pretense, looking down on the gods with contempt. The terror of burning at the stake for disrespect had long since shackled the original occupants of the World of Gods.

The few who were aware of the situation could not make any changes to it, and could only grieve and go insane over this...

“Master!” A dim light enveloped the cabin in an instant, creating a noise-isolating barrier. A small figure jumped out from within the cabin, bowing to Leylin respectfully.

Even with Leylin’s strength, it was impossible to create a tremendous intelligence network out of nothing in a short period of time. However, with Beelzebub’s generous aid, things were different.

Leylin had taken control of all the worshippers of the Sovereign King of Gluttony in the north. The methods he’d used were the same as always. The name of Kukulkan had long since been blacklisted by many churches, marking him a wanted man.

“Did you investigate properly?” Leylin flicked his nail, producing a crisp sound.

“Yes... the human nations in the south have already passed a secret motion regarding the division of land amongst the feudal vassals in Yorkshire and other places. Marquis Lancet seems to be backed by the church of wealth, though he is also colluding with devils...”

Working with devils did not mean believing in them. Who knew, it could even be someone under Beelzebub.

In reality, other archdevils were doing quite well in the prime material plane. While gathering his forces here, Leylin had met followers who believed in other devils as well. After all, the worshippers who had lost Beelzebub’s protection were the best prey.

“While everything was done on the sly, our men managed to find out about it...” The tiny figure sounded smug, but Leylin was not really happy. After all, it was easy for devils to discover other devils.

“Do you know which devil it is?” Leylin asked dully.

“Archdevil Mammon, in charge of the third level of the nine hells of Baator. I’ve seen one of the devils under him, and he’s appeared near the Marquis’ manor...” The small figure answered surely.

“Greed? That does seem to suit Lancet.” Leylin chuckled as he spoke.

The World of Gods had a huge dimensional universe. The outermost layer was the terrifying crystal sphere, tenaciously rejecting all communication with the outside.

Within it, the prime material plane was the foundation of the rest. There were tremendously vast dimensional spaces both above and below it, greatly surpassing it in scale.

If the World of Gods was compared to a meat pie, then the prime material plane was definitely the filling. The top was the land of the world of gods, while the bottom layer was the boundless abyss and hell. Around the pie were many semi-planes, littered around like sesame seeds.

While this description had some errors to it, it was pretty accurate.

The prime material plane wasn’t just connected to numerous semi-



planes and the dimension's core. It was also the world's main source of faith and souls. Thus, the gods, demons, and devils all coveted it, launching into wars for its control. This had already happened numerous times.

The hells of Baator had originally been one with the abyss, but they'd separated for some reason. The devils and demons had turned into mortal enemies, occasionally breaking out in huge bloody wars.

The hells now had a total of nine levels. However, as the devils were in charge of order, they usually had the upper hand in battles.

The archdevil unlucky enough to fall at Leylin's hands, the Sovereign King of Gluttony Beelzebub, was the master of the second layer of hell.

'The first layer of hell is a public area, where many huge, ambitious devils try to gain control. There are even some humans and other races living there. The second level is Beelzebub's territory, though it now lacks a master. The third belongs to Mammon...' Leylin immediately recalled the intel he had on the hells. That was only possible thanks to Beelzebub's selfless contributions.

"Greed, huh." Leylin sighed. As devils could control human hearts, these archdevils' laws were usually inclined towards emotions.

"Forget it, don't do anything for now." Leylin shook his head, "Anything else?"

"Hehe... Master, I bewitched another follower on my way here. She wanted my help to protect her status as a noble, and I've already agreed..." The tiny figure's voice became tender, like a little girl acting coquettishly.

"Don't even think of doing that in front of me." Leylin warned her, a dark lustre shining in his eyes. That immediately caused the figure to start quivering.

"Your- Your subordinate wouldn't dare!"

"A noble? Who is it?" After disciplining her, Leylin asked with interest.

"Miss Mila of the Shump Family! Her father and brothers all died at the

hands of horse-mounted, and their territory is coveted by her other relatives. Without support, she'll probably await death in a monastery...

"Based on what I know, she will appear at Marquis Lancet's wine reception!" The figure added.

"An arranged marriage? While this might be a terrible custom, it really is the best method." Leylin nodded. Thieves still had to observe table manners when sharing the loot. It was far too difficult to allow the poor to directly become nobles, and the resistance was far too powerful.

A marriage would make things easier, making the other nobles accept things more comfortably. In a situation like this where all the direct family members were dead, the daughter they left behind was a target that a whole group of wolves would drool over.

"She's rather smart. What does she want? What can she give?" Leylin asked calmly.

"The Shump Family has the hereditary title of viscount, and they have land north of Yorkshire. She can take in our people and allow them to hold office in the territory that will belong to her husband. However, only heirs of her bloodline will succeed the noble title..."

"That's not too harsh. I'll agree once I see her..." Leylin nodded.

'However, taking her as my bride at this point would seem like I'm showing off. Getting the title of viscount while my father is still a baron makes things awkward... More importantly, I can't stay in the north permanently...' Leylin sunk into deep thought.

'Seems like Miss Mila should look for a husband from among my underlings. Tiff's not that bad. It's not like we can't change things in terms of his appearance and age, and I can use this opportunity to give him a new identity...' Leylin promptly decided the fate of this noble lady.

This was how cruel the real world was. If not for Leylin taking over, she would be in a more pitiful state.

"I'll also need to help my men settle down and reward them..." Leylin knew fully well that the reason they were following him was because they

believed he could bring them wealth and status. It was the basis of their loyalty.

Most of the time, what those at the bottom yearned for was to have his leftovers after he took the juiciest benefits. It was only because of their existence that Leylin could participate in this feast of bandits, getting his share of the profits with difficulty.

# Chapter 920: Return Trip

An enormous ship sailed across the ocean, its black bottom making it look like a floating castle of steel. Leylin sat in the most luxurious room of the ship, looking at a scroll made of beast skin.

‘It’s already been over 5 months...’ Leylin sighed.

A lot of time had passed since the feast where they had divided Silverymoon’s power. Tiff had followed Leylin’s instructions and married the viscount mistress, forging an identity and becoming a glorious noble. As for their feelings? That merited a chuckle, many noble couples disregarded all that.

Afterwards, Leylin had cleansed and reorganised his own troops. He had hired trusted aides and the elites, leaving the rest for Tiff to settle in his territory. He would give them wealth and land. In the end, he had circled back to finished what he had started.

The northern territories had gradually grown more stable, and the orc empire had been established without incident. Saladin had become the first emperor, which caused a sensation in the World of Gods.

After seeing that there were no benefits left for him to pick up, Leylin happened to receive a letter from his family and chose to return home.

‘If I hadn’t been backed by a Legend, then I would have been completely unable to participate in the inner circle’s feast...’ Leylin sighed, his eyes filled with a thirst for power.

The changes in the northern territory had led to the orcs emerging as the fully deserving winner. The other human gods had also won what they wanted, and Leylin had also arrived in time to ruthlessly cash in on the opportunity. The only losers were Mystra and Silverymoon itself.

However, competition between gods were very slow. The Goddess of the Weave was very powerful, and this recent defeat couldn’t harm her fundamentally. She would be able to lick her wounds in silence and could make her comeback in the future.

However, all of this no longer affected him. Leylin looked outside the translucent closed glass windows at the boundless azure sea. There were even a few white seagulls circling in the distance.

“I’ve gained enough from this trip to the northern lands...” Leylin silently counted up his profits. In terms of power, he’d received a great deal of material on the arcanists and even raised his power to rank 15!

He was now a rank 15 arcanist-cum-wizard! At his age, it was universally shocking for him to have attained so much in such little time. Even before the dusk of the gods, in the times of Netheril, no genius could be compared to him as he was now.

Moreover, he’d exchanged military merits for Silverymoon’s collection of resources for legendary wizards. It was enough for him to grasp the path of wizards as well.

If his wizard tower on Faulen Island had been completed, Leylin was certain that he would be able to increase his wizard ranking further. It wouldn’t be impossible to become a Legend, although it would need both innate talent and luck.

In actual fact, Leylin had also thought of going to Silverymoon City while he was in the northern territories. When the city walls had fallen he had considered wantonly making a killing, but he had given up on this idea in the end.

Although it was quite possible for him to make a profit, the dangers were similarly extremely high. Having obtained so much already, leylin didn’t intend to take more risks.

‘As for organisations, the northern territories’ Beelzebub worship network has already been subdued. With Tiff a viscount, the territory can be considered a gathering point for the organisations, and more can be done there in the future...’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘And as for goods, I have legendary red dragon materials, as well as this!’

A bag of holding flashed, and a black scroll of beast skin appeared in Leylin’s hands. It still had traces of dried blood on it. Leylin paid attention to the scroll, growing sombre.

‘Why did Distorted Shadow leave this scroll behind?’ Leylin felt a lingering fear as he thought of the dangerous experience he’d had. Distorted Shadow was an ancient rank 8 Magus who had found his own path, and if his true body had appeared it would have been bad.

As for that pocket dimension, even if it had fallen already the thing left behind would certainly be profoundly interesting.

“The remains of Netheril must still hold some secrets...” Leylin muttered to himself. As he had been tempted into opening it, that pocket dimension had already collapsed. However, Leylin believed the ruins weren’t that simple in layout.

‘And Helen...’ After careful consideration, Leylin had decided not to bring the half-elf arcanist and mid-ranked wizard along. He had left her in Tiff’s territory in the north.

‘The power of the law of distortion...’ The intent Distorted Shadow had left behind had been extremely terrifying. More so was the power of distortion that it wielded, which could affect even time and space. It completely exceeded Leylin’s expectations, which fuelled his interest further. If not for that, he would long since have disposed of something like this beast skin scroll.

No matter what these ancient Magi had prepared for him, wouldn’t it all be useless if he did not take the bait?

‘The ancient Distorted Shadow... Even in the Magus World, there exist very few records of him. It is only known that he is not a native of the Magus World, but a formidable power from another world. No one has ever seen his true body,’ Leylin thought of the research that his main body had seen, ‘As for his path, clearly the law of distortion is his main one. It has the power to melt time and space, and even has illusory abilities.

‘Is it inevitable that the path of a rank 9 Magi must touch upon laws dealing with space-time?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed as he rose to his feet, moving in front of the desk beside him.

The mahogany desk was mottled with black dots and marks, as well as numerous nicks. The debris on top of it had already been cleared and the

desk was clean, leaving behind only a distorted pentagram array.

He put the beast skin scroll into the center of the array and his eyes seemed to glow blue.

“A.I. Chip! Pay attention to scanning and record all the information down,” Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Mission established, initiating scan of experimental data.] The A.I. Chip loyally executed Leylin’s commands.

‘The World of Gods rejected the laws of the Magi. Because of this, Distorted Shadow couldn’t use his full power. The risk of contamination should be low...’

“Seawater, salt, petals, dragonblood stones, feces of a nightmare bat...” Leylin threw everything into the corners of the pentagram, occasionally spitting out incantations.

‘The power of the bat and the dragon’s blood, adding in the blessings of the petals...’ It had to be said that even though it was an improved version, his spell models were filled with the style of a Magus. If other wizards saw this, perhaps they would be scared to death by this strange ritual.

Leylin finally snatched up a pinch of green sand and sprinkled it down lightly.

Bang! The grains of sand spontaneously burst into green flames in mid-air, and rained into the pentagram array. Little by little, the flames wrapped the beast hide scroll into itself.

‘In the name of the devouring serpent, reveal the truth within the illusion...’

Zzz! Zzz! The scroll seemed to melt into the green flames, and the bloodstains on it grew even brighter and more real. Drops of beautiful blood began to drip down, bringing with them the power of distortion.

[Warning! Warning! The power of another world’s laws has been detected, reaching the limit of the World of Gods’ suppression.] At this moment, the A.I. Chip also issued a new red warning.

‘Wait!’ Leylin’s face was flushed. He suddenly made up his mind and plunged his finger into the array.

A warm feeling spread into him the moment his finger touched the red bloodstain. Afterwards, Leylin saw his hand grow endlessly old and rot. The skin grew wrinkled, yellowed and even rotted black. The ageing process spread unceasingly, extending from his fingertips to his shoulder, his chest, then his entire body.

Zzz! The skin was followed by his flesh and bone, the red and white wasting away under the force of time. Time seemed to speed up in the region, and the world seemed to transform. In the blink of an eye, several thousand years had passed.

‘I am the Distorted Shadow! Your devouring serpent shall feed my heart!’ In the end, all that was left of Leylin was a pair of eyeballs. It was at this moment that he finally saw a formless mass spreading everywhere. This was Distorted Shadow who lacked a true body.

[Beep! Energy has been exhausted from law probe, process automatically terminated!] ‘Mm?’ Leylin looked at his hand. His white fingers were bright and clean and filled with the vitality of youth. There was not the slightest trace of age and decay. Nothing in the room had changed, as if everything that had transpired had only been an illusion.

The pentagram array’s green flames had already burnt themselves up, and the bloodstained scroll rested nicely in the centre of the array. However, the dragonblood stone and other items had already disappeared without a trace.

“The belongings of ancient Magi are very dangerous. As expected, it’s strange enough to be terrifying...” Leylin muttered, “Did I immediately get cursed after I opened it? Did Distorted Shadow use this method to resurrect himself? Or did he make other arrangements...”

After pondering the matter for a long time and meticulously examining the A.I. Chip’s records, Leylin sealed the scroll and put it away. At the very least, it had the traces of a rank 8 Magus’ craftsmanship and his power of laws, so it was a great inspiration to him now.



‘No matter what, I’ll still continue to walk down my own path. Growing stronger is always the right thing to do,’ Leylin’s goal had always been extremely steady, and did not change under any circumstances.

‘There’s still some time left before I reach the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom, which is just enough for me to completely read through the arcanist materials. I can record all the arcanist spell models as well...’ Leylin tidied up the desk and sunk deeply into his thoughts once again.

# Chapter 921: Path

A noble youth with curly golden hair and blue eyes lay on a soft silk bed in a dim room, a contemplative look on his face.

‘Arcanists... Magi who comprehended laws descended into the World of Gods during the final war, and created them to adapt their power into this world’s laws. They attempted experiments to make themselves like natives, and this was the result... They were the founding fathers of wizardry...’

Leylin viewed the materials he had obtained from the ruins of Netheril. With the A.I. Chip’s powerful capabilities, he had copied all of the ruins’ information and begun to arrange them into categories.

Arcanists weren’t simply battle spellcasters. There was a whole lot else to them as well. Alchemy, botany, enchanted architecture, forcefields, arcane runes... It was almost an all-inclusive package. If arcanists were used as the standard to select the best wizards, then the number of wizards would drop by over 90%.

After all, arcanists were Magi who had localised themselves to the World of Gods. They couldn’t be compared to the wizards who used the Weave.

Among all this data, what Leylin cared most about was the Magi who comprehended laws. These ancient Magi were gloriously powerful, and Leylin admired them deeply. He longed to learn from them.

Although it was difficult to perform research on arcanists, Leylin didn’t think much of it. The only thing that he needed to focus his mental and physical efforts on was the paths of those ancient Magi and their inheritances. Their thoughts and reasoning spilled forth from the arcanist inheritance.

This was the truly valuable aspect and the greatest guiding light for him!

The inheritances of the Magi had been damaged due to the ancient final war. Only the inheritances of mysterious and powerful ancient Magi circulated in the World of Gods, but there had been very few truly crucial

and pertinent ones.

Although Leylin's original body had risen to near rank 7, only after meeting ancient existences like the Mother Core did he truly begin to come into contact with Magi who comprehended laws. Even those existences did not truly comprehend the paths walked by other rank 8 Magi.

Far too many Magi had fallen in the final war, and few had been able to leave behind inheritances.

Leylin had completed integrating everything he'd gleaned from the arcanists' inheritance. With this he could finally form an image of an ancient Magus, and acquire a general idea of the path walked by those who comprehended laws.

'A Magus needs to surpass an enormous threshold every three ranks. Rank 1 to 3 Magi cultivate their spiritual force, and rank 4 to 6 Magi expand their soul force. For rank 7 and above, one needs to grasp the power of laws!' Leylin's eyes gleamed.

'A rank 7 Magus needs to grasp a complete law, and rank 8 Magi need to grasp several different ones. To break through the threshold of rank 8, one needs to refine all the laws they've grasped to form their own path. And in one's own path, they need to leave enough leeway to grasp the power of space and time, else they will never be able to advance to rank 9.'

Leylin's eyes glowed even more brightly, 'The path cannot be walked twice, and perhaps a peak rank 8 existence like the Mother Core walked down the wrong path. Her powers cannot extend to control spacetime, and she can't advance.'

"As for my path... How should I plan this?" Leylin muttered to himself. His path of advancement had to remain steady, and the choice of what laws he would refine was even more important.

This was just like the ancient Distorted Shadow. Although Leylin could not confirm what laws he grasped, he understood that the power refined from them was one of distortion!

The power of distortion held the law of spacetime within it. As a result, Distorted Shadow had been extremely close to the realm of rank 9. Even having fallen thousands of years ago, he could still cause some trouble today.

‘It is very important to have a stable foundation of laws. The feeling that I get from Mother Core is one of stability and gravity, so her foundation must have something to do with the power of the earth and fire. Perhaps it’s too difficult to extend that to control spacetime,’ After his worldview was expanded, Leylin held a deeper understanding of the strength of the other Magi who comprehended laws.

‘The Snake Dowager is different! Although she has not advanced to the peak of rank 8, the power of shadows she has chosen is rather good. At the very least, the power of shadows is more compatible with space, so if she truly obtains the world origin force of the Shadow World and breaks through to the limit of rank 8 she’ll be stronger than Mother Core. Still, it’ll be difficult to advance to rank 9 since shadows aren’t related to time at all...

‘One needs to choose a path compatible with spacetime before advancing to rank 9,’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Then... is it possible to directly refine the laws of space and time in rank 8? No, impossible! Someone who has yet to form their own path cannot touch the power of spacetime at all. Normal refining methods cannot touch the laws of spacetime...’

As his understanding of the paths of ancient Magi grew deeper, Leylin’s knowledge of his own path also furthered.

‘With the arcanists as a guide, I’ll advance rapidly. The ability to break away from the Weave will allow me to overcome its restrictions. Although instant casts of legendary spells will be impossible, it won’t be a problem to use rank 9 and below spells if I pay a bit of the price...

‘Even if I am discovered by a god, they would most likely think that I’m an arcanist’s descendent or perhaps a fortunate person who discovered the inheritance of an arcanist. This will always be better than being

thought of as a visitor from another world...

‘Since it’s like this, I can put many of my earlier plans into action!’

“The news came at just the right time.” Leylin’s eyes grew more serious. Having become a high-ranked wizard, the legendary realm would not be a bottleneck to him. He could later prepare to ascend into godhood.

At the very least, he would have to be careful in choosing his divinity in the future, making sure to pick one that was compatible with the path of his original body.

‘The path of divinity will affect my ascent to godhood and my church, so it must be considered carefully!’ Leylin’s expression grew sombre. Many divine wars had broken out between gods due to opposing paths. He did not want to cross swords with other powerful gods the moment he ascended to godhood.

‘I’m currently a human. Those of us who ascend to godhood automatically join the human faction, so the best thing to do would be to ally with the pantheon of gods. This eliminates many divinities and territories... It’s also necessary to find something that would be compatible with the future path of my original body...’ Leylin massaged his temples, and found all of this a headache.

‘However, if a god dares to stand in my way, then I can only ask them to die as soon as possible...’ Gods such as these did not have the qualifications to stand in the way of someone like Leylin, someone who had grasped the path of laws and truth.

From his point of view, these gods would only have mastered one or a few powerful laws at the very most. There was too large a gap between them and a Magus who comprehended laws. This was the limitation of godhood. Since their power came from the world and their followers, there would naturally be limits to it.

A god was like an officer. They could use their divine force to wield power on par with Magi who comprehended laws. In their own divine realms, they could even surpass such Magi. It was just that, once they left their realm or their followers lost faith, they wouldn’t even equal peak

legendaries.

Magi were different, however. No matter where they were, their strength would at most be suppressed. However, their power could not be stolen or exchanged, it belonged to them and them alone.

Consequently, there were rank 9 Magi who managed to find their own path. However, the most powerful amongst the gods with greatest divine power was the Overgod, who was also the the incarnation of the World of God's World Will.

‘Once I ascend to godhood, I will only be a weak god comparable to a rank 7 Magi in the Magus World. If I were to encounter a mid-ranked god or rank 8 Magi, or other gods who are like peak rank 8s, then it won't be possible for me to win. As a result, it's best to avoid those two. I should also avoid clashing with any Chosen...’

‘This leaves me very little wriggle room, but luckily it's not like I'm out of options,’ Leylin's lips curved into a rather strange smile.

.....

As he drew closer to Dambrath Kingdom, Leylin's studies had also increased in speed.

[Beep! Arcanist build has been recorded, spell models collected. Legendary: 3, Rank 9: 17, Rank 8: 23...] The A.I. Chip's prompt caused Leylin to nod in satisfaction.

He still saw many of these arcane spell models using wizard spells as their base, and several of them were similar to the spell models of Magi. If he relied on the A.I Chip's slow analysis, perhaps he would need thousands of years to deduce all of this. However, he had relied on own power to achieve this knowledge, and did not need the A.I. Chip's deductions.

[Rank 8 Arcane spell models have been completely recorded. Record rank 8 spell models?] The A.I. Chip issued yet another prompt.

‘Yes.’ Leylin now had the power of a rank 15 arcanist, and could use rank 7 spells without consumption. Rank 8 spells on the other hand needed

some extra effort.

For a rank 15 Professional to use rank 8 spells, a traditional wizard would have their requests completely rejected by the Weave. Arcanists however would use their arcane knowledge and some preparations to successfully cast such spells after paying a certain price.

As it was like this, rank 8 and rank 9 arcane spell models would become Leylin's strongest trump cards. It was comparable to the spell torrent that he released using the Weave.

[Transmitting rank 8 arcane spell models!] The A.I. Chip loyally fulfilled Leylin's orders.

Sensing that his sea of consciousness suddenly possessed even more data on arcane spell models, Leylin nodded as he looked at the other benefits he had gained. He had found other interesting things in the data from Netheril.

A multitude of data and news flashed before his eyes, before it stopped at several short poems.

# Chapter 922: Strength

Leylin had found information regarding the arcanist ruins in the Dambrath Kingdom, using a book he'd found from decoding a map. Leylin now found something else from the information the A.I. Chip had copied.

The information that the A.I. Chip had recorded was complete, with the information on the spell models that arcanists had used among others. This included even personal diaries of some arcanists and the like.

There was some short poetry in the disordered data, something that most people would probably overlook.

No! In the short span of time it took for the pocket dimension to collapse, most adventurers would find it difficult to even find information on the arcanists, having to turn their heads. Only someone like Leylin who possessed the A.I. Chip could copy this information.

Along with these few poems were some recipes that caused Leylin to look disconcerted. Even if adventurers unknowingly found the resources that had this information, they would quickly ignore it, but he was different. With his previous experience breaking code, he immediately saw that there was something different about these poems. They were encrypted the same way, and likely came from the same arcanist.

'Such high-level encryption and difficulty in getting the resources... The secrets hidden must be astounding...' Leylin transferred the information into his mind with interest.

With his previous experience breaking code, he made much quicker progress. It took just a few hours for the information hidden within the incomplete phrases to be laid bare before him.

"The coordinates of a location and a specific time?" Leylin scratched his head.

"If I calculate it... year 37670 of the Calendar of the Gods. That's three years from now. When the black crows cry out to the blood moon... It's in the Simoshel Canyon, slanting to the east of Cygnus."



“This again... A specific time and location. What appears will be...” This method of stacking space caused Leylin to frown slightly, he associated it with Distorted Shadow. Only he could warp space and hide his items as he wished, waiting for people to unearth them.

“But... Distorted Shadow has already passed down his path. It might be possible for a legendary arcanist who was his disciple...” Leylin pondered over this as even more information was decrypted.

“What will appear is a floating city?” Leylin stroked his chin, seemingly in disbelief. A floating city didn’t seem like much to his eyes. The Magi of Sky City had already developed such a technique.

The city floated eternally using the powers of the Adept Scepter, something that could even boost one’s vitality a single time. Leylin had made use of that feature, and even toured the core control room of Sky City to personally touch the scepter. He hadn’t found it all that amazing.

“No, that’s not it. It mentions a floating city, it might be due to an arcane spell that the legendary arcanists came up with by themselves! It’s a fort used by arcanists to fight gods, and one of the major accomplishments of arcane spells. How could it be that weak?” Leylin’s expression changed, and he then looked through the descriptions of the arcane spells.

Soon enough, he learnt that the arcanists’ floating city and Sky City’s floating vessel were two entirely different things.

“I see... a true floating city is powered by a Miste energy core, and needs the strength of a pocket dimension. At its final stage, it’s a dimensional fort! In such a floating city, legendary arcanists would be comparable to gods! So terrifying, even divine realms aren’t much in front of this... Sky City’s floating can at most be considered a weakened version that lacks this amount of power,” Leylin muttered.

It now seemed like the arcanists’ floating city had truly inherited the design concepts and core of the ancient Magi. Sky City was probably a copy from incomplete information and not authentic. It was like a clumsy version of a toy made by a child.

‘Interesting! When my main body awakens, I should get the Monarch of

the Skies to do research on my behalf for a few days...' Leylin quickly made up his mind. Given his strength near rank 7, the Monarch of the Skies had no power to resist whatsoever.

"As for this..." Leylin eyed the resources in his hand, sighing a little.

The information hidden in the short poems said that an arcanist who was performing experiments during the fall of the Netheril Empire had made a mistake. Due to it, he'd jumped the floating city to a lost plane.

The legendary arcanist, his students, and all other life forms had died in the floating city, but that plane might still exist. Due to this incident, the floating city evaded the gods' investigations and luckily got away. That was probably the only one in the World of Gods.

The arcanist who had left this trail behind had spent his life pursuing the peak of arcane arts, and had found this treasure in a ruin. He had successfully deduced the time and location that the floating city could return.

However, He had been born far too early. There were over ten thousand years till the floating city leapt back. Evidently, unless he successfully become a god or turned into an undead lich, he would not be able to wait that long. Hence, he chose to leave the information and related clues behind for others to discover.

"From the inheritance left behind, the arcanist that discovered the clues must have died long ago..." Leylin sighed.

After the destruction of the Netheril Empire, the churches went all out in persecuting the arcanists. To be able to find this, the arcanist must have reached the legendary realm himself. That led to more fear from the gods, and chances of him still surviving were far too low. However, that made things easier for Leylin.

"A floating city that can rival the gods' realms?" Leylin stroked his chin, eyes full of wonder. Ancient floating cities were very powerful. There had even been records of legendary arcanists piloting them to attack divine realms

Even if it wasn't for defensive purposes and just research, Leylin was very interested in the design, Mise energy core, and magic cannons.

"A floating city without a master that can independently operate for tens of thousands of years and even automatically leap back to the World of Gods... The intellectual core and Mise energy core must be incomparably perfect...

"Treasures from the peak of arcane culture? Interesting. Interesting! I'll have to give it a go if I get the time." Leylin made up his mind.

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Tens of days passed by. The weather was exceptional that day, and Leylin had left the hold of the ship and arrived at the deck.

The sea breeze had a clean, salty smell, and the warm sunlight felt very comfortable.

"I've already made records of the arcane spell models. Information on the floating city has all been deduced..." With these two parts done, Leylin was in a good mood, "The calculations say I should reach Port Venus today."

He'd left home for many years, and was finally returning. In that moment, Baron Jonas, his wife, Ernest, Jacob, and many other faces appeared in Leylin's mind, causing him to feel emotional.

"I was only around rank 10 when I left, but now I'm a high-ranked wizard. Master Ernest will be shocked." Leylin took a look at his stats.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human, Rank 15 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 11. Vitality: 12. Spirit: 15. Arcane Energy: 150. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification] Becoming an arcanist had changed his stats greatly, and the window had grown more concise. He could still use spell slots like before, and he also had the spell slots for a rank 15 wizard, but after becoming an arcanist Leylin now had another card up his sleeve beside the analysis of the Weave.

'After somewhat breaking away from the Weave, the A.I. Chip's analysis

of the Weave has increased in speed... Seems like the Weave has a very tight hold on wizards...' Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip's analysis report of the Weave, lowering his head in thought.

At this moment, the A.I. Chip's prompt rang out, and Leylin's stats changed once more.

[Beep! Analysis of level 4 Weave: 100%. Obtained all rank 4 spell models. Spell slot limitations removed. Host is now immune to forgetting rank 4 spells, no materials will be required to cast them.] [Analysis of Weave: Level 0 Weave 100%. Level 1 Weave 100%. Level 2 Weave 100%. Level 3 Weave 100%. Level 4 Weave 100%. Level 5 Weave 55.21%. Level 6 Weave 33.89%. Level 7 Weave 17.22%.] [Spell Slots: Rank 7(1), Rank 6(4), Rank 5(6), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] Rank 7 spells were considered high-ranked spells. The Ring of Wizardry had now lost all its effect, increasing only a single spell slot for spells below rank 6 originally.

"I'm advancing too quickly! My equipment isn't keeping up with my needs." Leylin muttered to himself, "Thankfully, I still have many ingredients from the legendary red dragon that I can use to make a new batch of items..."

# Chapter 923: Welcome

Port Venus was right up ahead. With the Pirates' Tide and the fall of the Baltic archipelago, the port was now booming. Countless shipping routes were opened up, and the closer one got to the port the more ships they could see.

The port had already expanded several times, and there was no issue with accommodating over a hundred ships now. This had been something Leylin had considered when choosing the location. His choice of a wide deepwater port showed his foresight.

The dock was crowded with people, though there was also a gathering of some who were out of the ordinary. A few people in the front were wearing gorgeous noble attire, and Leylin's excellent eyesight allowed him to vaguely see some familiar faces.

Right in front were Jonas and his wife. Madam Jonas was waving a white handkerchief in his direction, occasionally wiping away her tears.

The moment he got off the boat, Madam Jonas pounced into Leylin's arms before he could even greet her, "Oh... child! My child! How could you be so heartless as to leave us behind for so many years..."

Upon seeing this, Leylin could only nod towards Baron Jonas and begin to console his mother.

"Alright. That's enough, darling! Leylin's return is something to be happy about!" Baron Jonas looked much older now. The hair on his temples was already greying, but he seemed to be in good shape.

The stern decisiveness he had from his time in the military had dulled. What was left was grace, calmness and the steadiness of power.

"Father, I've returned!" Leylin smiled and bowed.

"It's great that you're back!" Baron Jonas nodded, and then led a pair of children who were around five or six years old over.

"These are your brother and sister, Jake and Sherlyn. Come, meet your brother!"

“Brother!” “Brother!” The two pairs of eyes held innocence and fear within them. They were still at an age of ignorance, but still listened to their father and sweetly called out for him.

“Mm.” Leylin nodded. Leylin sensed his father’s bloodline in these children, but they didn’t have his mother’s blood.

However, this was common among nobility. Children born of concubines had no status whatsoever, made obvious just from the fact that their mother had not come along.

As children of concubines, the most they could do was enter a god’s church or become the housekeeper of another noble family, unless of course Leylin was willing to divide and hand over part of his territory to them.

As they posed no threat to Leylin’s status, Madam Jonas was not hostile to them.

“Hello Jake. Hi, Sherlyn!” Leylin now acted like a gentle big brother. While had not known this would happen, he still managed to produce gifts quickly. A beautiful rag doll and intricate moccasins he produced caused the children to cheer.

Leylin had long since prepared a ship full of presents to distribute, and naturally wouldn’t mind giving out two more.

“Seeing you being so friendly puts me at ease,” Baron Jonas nodded in satisfaction. What Leylin was doing was making his stand clear. At the very least, he would not need to worry about how his children would be brought up after he passed away.

Based on his understanding of Leylin, he definitely knew that when it came to scheming and strength, the pair definitely could not match up to him.

‘Now, I can only hope Jake and Sherlyn know to be content with what they have...’ Baron Jonas sighed inside.

“Jacob! Leon!” Leylin greeted a few other people, passing them their presents.

“Young Master Leylin!” Jacob and Leon bowed respectfully, looking emotional. They looked to have aged a fair bit, and it was about time they retired.

“It’s been hard on you!”

Leylin scanned the area, and then saw the Gold Priest of the Goddess of Wealth, Xena. “And Priest Xena! Long time no see!”

“It’s really been a long time!” Xena still maintained her appearance as a young girl. The glory from the gods allowed her to slow her aging, to the point that she would retain her youthful looks even at death. The look in her eyes, however, showed how she had matured.

“I have many things to discuss with you regarding Port Venus and our future cooperation. By the looks of it, I think it’ll be better for me to visit you in the future,” The priest spoke considerately.

Leylin nodded. There hadn’t been change in the management of the church of wealth here, but there was in the two others. There were new bishops for the God of Knowledge, Oghma, and the God of Suffering, Ilmater. They met up with Leylin individually, getting to know him as he did them,

“Come to the wizard tower tonight. I have something to show you!” Ernest was still the same as ever, leaving after throwing him a few words as if he had an important experiment to attend to.

The corner of Leylin’s lips quirked slightly. At this point, the wizard tower should have been about finished. He was sure that his master wanted to discuss something related to that.

‘When the time comes, I hope my progress doesn’t scare him...’ After the complicated and disorderly welcome ceremony, Leylin returned to his villa in Port Venus. With the maturation and development of this area, the core of the entire island had shifted to this area, turning the manor into a resort.

“Young master!” “Young master!” Two beautiful maids lay in wait inside the villa, their eyes reddening as they saw Leylin.

“Claire, Clara!” Leylin nodded. The pair seemed to have matured quite a bit, and looked on the verge of tears.

“The decorations in the room haven’t changed at all.” Leylin placed his hands behind his back and looked around. The arrangement of the furniture, carpets, curtains and the like were the same as when he’d left.

“Madam was afraid that young master would feel uncomfortable after your return, so we maintained the appearance of the room.” Claire spoke softly. She had now grown into a strong woman.

Leylin sighed inside. At this age, most maids in the manor would probably have gotten married. The fact they were still here definitely had something to do with him. Before he said a word about this, even the father of these two beautiful sisters, the old housekeeper Leon, would not dare make any decisions.

Sometimes, a mere idea by someone with power could cause a huge change in the lives of the people below. However, Leylin had no other thoughts about this. What was past was past. At the most, he could just give them some more compensation.

“Boil some water, I’m going to take a bath before bed. I’ve had enough of life on the sea!” Leylin ordered, and the sisters quickly did as he said well.

Leylin didn’t have much time left after a brief rest. Far too many things had piled up when he was gone.

First was the wine banquet at night to welcome his return, and it also included interaction with a few other powers. He had to go attend. After that, Leylin went to Baron Jonas’ study room.

The baron’s study room was much larger than before. There was a faint aroma from the dark red Semen Hoveniae, and it was illuminated with magic lights. The conditions were much better than before.

Baron Jonas sat at the desk and watched his son, “You did well, my child. You are my pride!

“It’s a pity about the north. We’ve no choice but to let go of the Violet Territory, but the title of the Violet Baron can be passed to your other



heirs...” Leylin had mentioned his title in the north to the baron before.

His Violet Territory was in the hands of either orcs or werecreatures, having become a part of the orc empire. It was impractical to expect to reclaim it. However, what Baron Jonas prioritised was the title of Baron that could be passed on through generations. This was much better than the titles of the nobles in the court, and could also be passed down through generations.

Leylin had lost his territory through the chaos of war, but his title had not been robbed from him. A loss of territory was an unspeakable humiliation for many nobles, but they still retained their titles. Already passing the threshold of status, they could climb up the ranks much more easily elsewhere.

Even with the loss of the land in the north, it wasn't difficult to gain it in Dambrath. There were still many deserted islands in the outer seas, and with some work Leylin's hereditary barony could well be transferred to Dambrath. In that case, the Faulen family would have two baronies to pass on, so in a sense their strength would double.

Perhaps the baron viewed the ability to pass down land as something worthy of being happy over.

“With our family's current strength and trade relations, it won't be difficult to influence the king. You're also a noble, and as long as your land is in the outer seas and doesn't affect the interests of the other nobles in the continent, there shouldn't be many going against you...” Baron Jonas spoke confidently.

Even now, his eyes were still trained on land of the nobles, as well as the profits from trade.

Leylin listened on, declining to answer. His only target was immortality, but different people had various paths and ideas. He would not force anything on the baron.

“How about Marquis Tim? Has he made any trouble for us?”

“Him... After coming back from the capital, he's become more honest... I

actually called you back for other matters,” Baron Jonas turned serious at this point.

“What is it?” The letter had only said that some issues had come up, so Leylin had no idea what this was about.

“Traces of devils and demons are becoming more common in the outer seas. Cyric’s church is rising, and the Barbarians have returned and are expanding...” Baron Jonas spoke unenthusiastically.

# Chapter 924: Wizard Tower

Everything was happening in secret. The baron's enemies were not so easily dealt with, and the person most qualified to do so was Leylin.

He now had control over the Scarlet Tigers and had even gotten rid of the Baltic archipelago. Baron Jonas had his suspicions about this, but the father and son maintained a tacit understanding and did not lay it bare.

"I understand!" Leylin nodded. In his opinion, the return of the Barbarians and the rise of the devils and demons was only to be expected. The period post calamity was a golden period for churches to expand, but so it was for demons and devils as well. The ripples caused by the Pirates' Tide still hadn't faded.

"And Cyric?" Leylin's eyes shone. He had some things to settle with this church. What they had done before had left Leylin slightly discontent.

"I'd be at ease handing all this over to you. If there's anything you need, do tell me. Prioritise your safety, I don't want to lose an outstanding heir. Is that understood?" Baron Jonas spoke seriously.

"Yes, father!" Leylin nodded.

"Good! Go meet your Master Ernest. He has a surprise for you!" Baron Jonas had a smile on his face, "Spend more time with your mother now that you're back. We can't delay your wedding either..."

At the mention of this, Leylin felt a headache coming on. He found an excuse to leave the study room.

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It was night, and Port Venus still had lights everywhere.

At the very least, there were huge torches burning at the pier, where ships hurried to unload their cargo. This would have been unimaginable in huge cities. With the labour and physical resources in the dark ages, the cost of illumination in the night was a huge burden.

Till now, Leylin had only seen one city capable of using lights to brighten

the area, and that was Silverymoon. Port Venus was now added to that list. It was a pity that the port was several times smaller than Silverymoon, so it wasn't comparable.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Ernest watched the pier that seemed to glow with stars, his voice showing his awe.

"This is the result of the effort of father and everyone else!" Leylin spoke in a very humble manner. He could tell the delight and fondness in his master's tone. Ernest probably treated this like his second home.

"The more prosperous Port Venus is, the more people will come. The crime rate here is now almost at a stage that even the guards can't deal with it. The Mercenary Association and the Warriors' and Thieves' Guilds will definitely increase the pressure on public security, as will the requests of other churches..."

Ernest stated calmly, while Leylin listened close. He was controlling the situation from afar, and what he knew was surely less than what the wizard who had been staying here all this while did.

"That's why we planned to build this, right?" Leylin looked at the main part of the huge wizard tower, a smile on his face, "Once the wizard tower is built, those mice in the sewers should stop..."

Ernest nodded in agreement. The two of them were on a mountain next to the Port Venus, one that had a clear view of the port. The general structure of a wizard tower had already been built at the top of the hill.

With the power of wizard towers, even the most low-levelled wizard would still be able to control Port Venus without trouble. It would also serve to intimidate others. After all, a wizard tower was comparable to a high-ranked wizard! This was a loyal slave that was fully controlled and knew no exhaustion.

"Thanks to the batch of resources you brought back and our investment later on, we've finally built the main body..." Ernest caressed the sturdy body of the tower, a smile on his face.

"Want to see her?"

“Of course!” Leylin smiled and nodded.

The construction of a wizard tower would require an investment of at least two million kronas. Some high-ranked wizards might not be able to amass so much wealth even if they worked hard for centuries. There were plenty who were willing to sell themselves for it.

If not for Leylin looting the Baltic archipelago and retrieving the materials meant for the wizard tower, as well as the Faulen Family’s investment from Port Venus, the wizard tower would not have been built so quickly.

“The main material for the wizard tower is granite and wizards’ alloy. It’s a total of 32 metres tall.” Ernest brought Leylin into the wizard tower, making introductions as they walked.

“The strengthening runes and defensive spell formation of the tower have been completed. The mithril and adamantite that you brought have been completely used up, and we’ve even had to buy a new batch. The tower itself has seven floors, with the basement, drawing room, storage room, laboratory, leisure room...” Ernest seemed to be very invested in the tower.

He abruptly pulled a large door open. It was empty and very dry. “This is the storage room. It can hold enough rations to last two hundred people a year. There’s eternal warmth and maintenance spell formations, so the food won’t go bad. You can cultivate fruits and vegetables in the garden...”

“Also, the spell formation connecting the four main elemental pools has been completed. Energy can be unceasingly drawn from the four elemental pools, and the pure water from the water elemental pool can create a water cycle...”

At this point, Ernest looked to be hesitating, but still spoke, “Also, based on what you said you wanted in the letter, the dimensional summoning spell formations and negative energy pools have been set up in the basement...”

As a traditional wizard, Ernest had a natural hatred for these things, but could not prevent this. Advancing from higher ranks to the realm of

legendaries definitely required research in these two areas. He believed that Leylin knew to restrain himself and not deal with devils and demons, and was rather at ease.

“Of course, with your current strength and talent, you’ll be able to use these facilities within ten years...” Ernest spoke with confidence.

In his eyes, the strength Leylin displayed gave him a very good chance of becoming a high-ranked wizard within ten years. That speed alone would have been shocking.

After all, the advancement of wizards was not similar to other close combat professions or priests. There was a lot of accumulation required, which was also why many young wizards were weak.

“You didn’t call me here to discuss this, right master?” Leylin smiled. He had not placed his wizard ranking emblem at his chest. He hadn’t verified that he was rank 15 even in Silverymoon, so he was being treated like a rank 12 to 13 wizard. For Leylin’s age, that was already outstanding.

“Yes... uh... how do I explain this...” Ernest had a flush on his face.

“The structure of the tower has been completed. What’s next is vitalising the energy core and the constructing the tower genie...”

Ernest muttered, “You know that vitalising a tower requires at least a rank 7 spell, a high-ranked wizard is necessary... While we can discuss this after you’ve advanced, the safety of Port Venus is of immense importance. We have to activate it immediately...”

“I think we should consider inviting a high-ranked wizard to cast an Activate Intelligence spell. Of course, they’d have to join the Faulen Family, sign an oath with the Styx and hand over the tower afterwards. However, that would only be used for observation for a while. This level of strength alone will arouse the interest of many high-ranked wizards, and can greatly increase the number of trump cards we have... After all, a wizard above rank 15 is a true high-ranked spellcaster!”

Ernest was very inarticulate at the beginning, but he spoke smoothly later. The control of a wizard tower was a sensitive subject, and anyone

would hope for their own people to have it. Sadly, both he and Leylin were quite a distance away from meeting that requirement.

“While I’m still a low-ranked wizard, I never thought there’d come a day that a wizard’s tower would be right in front of me, yet I’d be unable to control it...” Ernest laughed wryly as he spoke.

“Bring me to the core room,” Leylin nodded calmly.

Upon hearing this, Ernest brought Leylin to the top floor and entered a narrow room, “Everything has been prepared. All that’s left is a high-ranked wizard who can cast a rank 7 spell...”

Ernest sighed, but it was followed by a look of surprise as Leylin walked to the core of the spell formation.

“Wha-what are you doing? Did you think you can start the tower?” Ernest was stunned as he watched Leylin place his hand on the core control crystal.

“While what you say makes sense, it’s too dangerous to let others control the wizard tower. Even with the restrictions from the oath, it can’t be guaranteed that the outsider won’t have their own methods. This could be fatal to the safety of the family’s land...” Leylin spoke.

While an oath to the Styx was binding, in his experience there were many ways to find loopholes. Of course, that would’ve been their course of action if left with a choice. However, he already met the requirements, so why would he give the control of the tower away?

“Alright, alright, little Leylin... I know you’re not resigned to this, but... I! Oh, god...” Ernest had been advising him while finding this hilarious, but then gaped immediately after.

# Chapter 925: Activation

Powerful spell light shot forth from Leylin's body, to Ernest's shock. He'd only sensed this sort of terrifying, imposing aura and pressure from high-ranked wizards before.

Now, however, this had appeared on Leylin!

"A high- high-ranked wizard! Haha... I'm definitely dreaming! This is a dream, right?" He slapped himself so hard his face was swollen, but that didn't allow him to wake up. He could only choose to accept this reality grudgingly.

"A rank 7 intellectual activation spell?" Leylin had chosen to hide his energy undulations before, and Ernest obviously did not have the ability to see through it. Even high-ranked priests would not be able to discover it.

'While this spell can illuminate the entire wizard tower, the tower genie that's generated will only be a low-ranked kind which won't be all that intelligent. It won't be able to become a wizard's right hand man... Besides, I didn't memorise this rank 7 spell yesterday...' The spell slots of a wizard had to be prepared a day in advance. Leylin only had one rank 7 spell slot now, and he obviously wouldn't have saved Activate Intelligence.

However, with the numerous arcane models in his hand, Leylin now had more choices.

"The rank 7 arcane spell Activate Construct is better than the rank 7 wizard spell..."

Arcanists naturally had their own wizard towers, and they had invented countless methods to activate them. Every genie born of their processes was far more exceptional than the alternative, so Leylin easily made his choice.

"In my name as Leylin Faulen, activate!" Leylin silently chanted in his mind, multi-coloured lights flashing at his hands. Through the crystal, it spread out.

"These energy undulations... This is definitely a rank 7 spell... But it



doesn't seem to be Activate Intellect!"

Ernest had yet to become a high-ranked wizard, and obviously could not tell the difference between an arcane spell and a wizard spell.

Arcane spells looked just like wizard spells on the surface, they just weren't bound by the Weave. Forget Ernest, even if high-ranked wizards were here they wouldn't have been able to see the difference.

The dazzling light first lit up the core control room, spreading in all directions. The four elemental pools began to rumble as they began to draw continuous streams of energy from the four great elemental planes.

Level after level of the wizard tower lit up, the powerful magic light like bright torches in the darkness. A wondrous scene was created at Port Venus.

This wave was sensed by many powerful beings. Be it priests or other exceptional powers, everyone lifted their heads in the direction of the wizard tower, concentrating on the scene.

Bishop Xena of the Goddess of Wealth gazed at the wizard tower in the distance, looking stunned for a moment before regaining her usual calm. "I never expected that you'd already hired a high-ranked wizard to look over us in secret. Congratulations, Lord Baron, it looks like the security problems we were worried about can be set aside..."

"Oh, not at all..." Baron Jonas had a professional smile on his face. While he was saying something so modest, he was just as confused.

'Where did Ernest find a high-ranked wizard to help out? I wasn't even greeted before.' The Baron couldn't believe that a child like Leylin could advance to rank 15 either.

Many swears were uttered among the crowd at the port. Many shadows snuck out of the sewers, darkness, and even private houses, disappearing quickly from the harbour.

"Damn it! How did the Faulen Family activate the wizard tower so quickly? The intel isn't accurate!"

“Leave quickly! The detection abilities of a wizard tower are not to be trifled with!” With the powerful suppression from the wizard tower, all the schemes of these people had failed disgracefully.

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Inside the wizard tower.

A hazy image of a girl’s face formed in the crystal. Her eyes gleamed as she smiled at Leylin, “Master!”

In more vulgar terms, the tower genie was the seed of the wizard who’d activated it. The natural brand extended deep, and changing the master of the tower was a troublesome matter.

“Alright. Report the operational state of the wizard tower!” Leylin commanded.

“Defensive spell formations completely activated. The four elemental pools are operating normally and have amassed 12.15% energy,” the female tower genie reported to him in a formal tone.

“Mm. Start the detection spell formation and set the scope to be Port Venus. The baron’s residence and city hall are to be inspected thoroughly. Immediately report any energy undulations above rank 10!”

“Understood!” The tower genie quickly carried out Leylin’s wishes.

Leylin then brought Ernest away from the core control room, layers of powerful lustre enveloping the area. Ernest seemed reluctant to leave. He knew that once the tower genie was activated, nobody could enter this place besides Leylin.

“What’s going on? When did you become a high-ranked wizard?” Ernest shouted after they returned to the drawing room, unable to hold himself back anymore.

“It’s a long story...” Leylin smiled slightly. The considerate tower genie then ordered for a few stone puppets to send over some cups of clear water. This potable water was sourced from the water elemental plane. Since it was a new construct, the daily commodities would only be moved

here the next day. However, neither Leylin nor Ernest minded this.

“The stone puppets are at most comparable to rank 5 Professionals, which is a little low. They can only be used for odd jobs...” Leylin took a sip of the pure water that had a sweet taste.

After drinking all the cool water in front of him from the jar, Ernest finally regained his calm. However, his two eyes were firmly trained on Leylin, like huge searchlights, “Enough! You’d better give me an answer now!”

“Alright...” Leylin laughed wryly. He raised his hands in surrender before giving a brief account of his experiences. Of course, he withheld quite a bit and added some fake information. He was great at telling stories anyway, and many of the details were still hair-raising.

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“So that means... my son has already become a high-ranked wizard...”

Leylin was inside the baron’s study room, left with no choice but to retell the story in front of the baron and his master.

“Yes! He really is a wizard genius. I don’t doubt his ability to become a legendary wizard at all! Who knew that I, Ernest, would be able to guide a legendary apprentice? The next time people see Leylin, they’ll first think: Oh! So it’s Leylin! The wizard that Ernest taught...”

Ernest was obviously immersed in his fantasies, while Baron Jonas was more practical.

“Good! I wouldn’t feel at ease handing over our family’s wizard tower anyone else anyway, so this is the best scenario...”

Leylin bowed. “Yes, father! However, please announce that you invited another high-ranked wizard to keep this secret. I would like to take this opportunity to help the family solve some issues at one go.”

“Do as you please. I support you all the way!” Baron Jonas found that he had nothing to say to Leylin. From childhood, his son had never given him anything to worry about. Sometimes, he even wondered if this child of his

was a genius or a freak.

“The port seems a lot more peaceful ever since the wizard tower began monitoring it...” Leylin sighed.

“That’s normal with a wizard tower,” Ernest rolled his shoulders back.

“I’m planning to leave for a period of time after this, I’ve handed most of the permissions of the wizard tower to master. There shouldn’t be any problem with controlling it for now... We should also begin to take in wizard apprentices from our territory...” Leylin stated his thoughts.

With the wizard tower and a high-ranked wizard around, there would be no difficulty in nurturing apprentices by themselves. Even Ernest would be able to do this well.

“Don’t worry. I discovered a few good seeds here, and only lacked resources and an environment to teach them...” Ernest’s eyes showed how emotional he was. If a high-ranked wizard could improve by using the wizard tower, the benefits to a middle-ranked wizard like him would definitely be immense.

It could be said that the existence of the wizard tower made him believe he had the opportunity to become a high-ranked wizard in his lifetime!

“Mm. I’ve also left behind some foundational and high-ranked wizard information in the wizard tower’s library. Master can take a look...” Be it Ernest’s advancement or gaining a few wizard apprentices from their territory, everything would increase their strength. Leylin would be more than happy for all this to happen.

“Information on wizards...” Ernest’s eyes brightened.

Meanwhile, Leylin was snickering inside. Though no wizard organisation would allow wizards who had studied with them to leak high-ranked information, wasn’t Silvermoon City already destroyed? Well then...

Still, he kept back the information for legendary wizards. It would be far too shocking, and Leylin did not want to get too much attention.

“Alright! Do you want to solve the issues with the Barbarians? The devils

and demons? The churches? Do you need any help?" Baron Jonas muttered.

Leylin thought about it for a while. He then leaned his head to the side as he spoke, "The pirates first, then!"

# Chapter 926: Legendary Item

The Barbarians had once been Leylin's ally. However, with the defeat of Marquis Louis, the relationship between them had gradually turned into a competition. Leylin had no guilt whatsoever of beating them. If they had a chance, he was sure that they would do everything in their power to destroy his own organisation.

This was the law on the outer seas. Cruelty and logic prevailed, not allowing for a whit of emotion.

"Mm, the Barbarians are a large issue. When the imperial navy still existed, they lay low for a period of time. Now, though, they're suddenly appearing and even attacking our commercial groups!"

Any huge merchant would hate these pirates to the bone. Only nobles could plunder, how dare those barbarians steal their things? Although there was a bias here, this was the general thought process.

"Don't worry, they won't be active for long!" Leylin promised.

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"Good morning, Lord Wizard!"

In the blink of an eye, numerous days had passed. Within the wizard tower, a freckled girl saw Leylin approach and put down the book in her hands, shyly greeting him.

"Good morning! Your name is... Dylia, right? Work hard!"

Leylin answered without thought, and the girl instantly turned red, "Yes! I'll do that!"

Leylin was not surprised by her attitude. Her rough skin and hands full of calluses made it obvious that this apprentice was a commoner.

If not for Ernest finding her talent at wizardry by coincidence and Leylin just finishing his wizard tower, it was impossible for her to get here. However, with all these coincidences piling up, the girl's fate had changed.

She was destined to work the fields, marry someone, endure the rough

treatment of her husband, and rack her brains over her children. However, now there was another possibility. She could become a wizard, serving a noble master and changing her fate! This hope alone was enough for commoners to fight hard for.

As he thought about this, Leylin placed the spellbook he had copied into the shelves, and then left the library.

The wizard tower had become more lively. After gaining permissions to a few laboratories and a pass to go around most areas, Ernest had moved in and brought five or six apprentices. The tower had been constructed like a fort, so it could guard two hundred people inside it for numerous years without much effort. It was completely possible for a few apprentices to live there, and even very comfortable.

Not bothering Ernest, who had become slightly deranged, Leylin came to the core smelting room at the upper levels.

“Tower genie, how’s the progress with the items?” Leylin asked indifferently.

A projection of the tower genie’s appearance formed, and it spoke to Leylin respectfully. “Master! The Red Dragon’s Sword has already been completed. What’s left is the last bits of processing and pyretic nourishment.”

“Good!” Leylin nodded, lips curving at an angle. He’d evidently thought of Ernest’s look when he gave him these legendary materials.

This was a dragon, a peak being in the World of Gods! Killing a legendary mature dragon required one to brave perilous dangers, and if not for the thousand elites and Tiff who was a legendary himself, it would’ve been basically impossible for Leylin to eliminate the red dragon. His life would probably have been lost as well.

Of course, once the dragon was successfully slain the profit was immense. Just the legendary materials from the red dragon was enough for any alchemic wizard to go green in envy.

“The Ring of Wizardry and a few other items before now give me very

little benefits. I'll need to crush the Barbarians as well, and things might be troublesome if I don't have a few items I can use..."

Leylin came before a large petri dish, producing a red long sword from the silver solution. The slender blade of the sword emanated piercing light, and it had a beautiful arch. The hilt even had carvings of the red dragon. By design this was a sword for women, the draconic pride that was its motif causing a content smile to arise on Leylin's lips.

The A.I. Chip projected the related information to Leylin. [Item Name: Red Dragon Sword. Length: 91.5cm. Weight: 2512g. Materials: Red Dragon Bones, Dragon Scales, Refined Metal. Item Effects: 1. Armour Break. 2. Sharpness. 3. Fireball (3 uses a day) Description: This is a sword made with materials from a legendary red dragon. Based on the categorisation of this world, it has entered the ranks of legendary items! This item has a terrifying sharpness and ability to pierce through armour. In the face of this sword, most defences are frail. The blade also seems to have a mysterious magic that thirsts to drink the scalding blood of its enemies.] 'A legendary item? Not bad!' Leylin nodded and wiped the sword clean. He then sheathed it in the dragonscale scabbard. This was not for him, but a gift for someone else.

With Leylin's attainments as a grandmaster in alchemy in the Magus World, and mixed in with his skills of the World of Gods and the runes of the arcanists, there was no difficulty in creating legendary items.

'But it consumes so much magic... I can only complete it with the help of the wizard tower...' Leylin then headed to an area outside two glass rooms. Through the thick, reinforced crystal glass, he could see a dark red leather armour and a magic staff with a strange shape at the middle, enjoying the powerful force being channelled into them.

'The effects of fusing alchemical methods from the two worlds has quite good...' Leylin pondered over this once he witnessed the scene. If he were to do this based entirely on the methods in the World of Gods, creating a legendary item would require a lot of time. It would be astounding for him to make even one.



Now, however? The progress and innovation in production techniques was definitely a huge source of motivation for him. Leylin suddenly recalled something from his previous world and shook his head. Memories of that time were far too distant from him.

‘Perhaps the techniques there aren’t entirely useless. With my capabilities, I can begin to attempt fusing different laws together with various techniques. The antimatter experiment at the end would be very powerful even in the World of Gods...’

The A.I. Chip continued to twinkle, and the attributes of the two items were projected in front of Leylin.

[Item name: Dragon Armour (Incomplete) Weight: 1599 g. Materials used: Dragon Leather, Dragon Scales, Siren’s Hair, Rainbow Feathers. Magic Effect: Can materialise Mage Armour II twice a day. Description: This is a powerful defensive armour. As the leather of a legendary dragon was used in its making, it is immune to most low-ranked spells. It can also adapt well to the spells of a wizard.] Though a legendary red dragon had a lot of leather, not much of it was the true, essential portion. Leylin had extracted the best parts to make this legendary armour, and the rest of the leather could only be used to make regular exemplary items, even if their defence wouldn’t be too bad.

Leylin then focused on the staff in the alchemy room, which had a strange structure. It had slender red scales on its body, and at the head was something similar to a dragon’s claw that held onto a large red crystal. Within it was the faint image of a red dragon, roars still resounding.

[Item name: Snarling Red Dragon Staff (Incomplete) Rank: Legendary 1. Length: 91.5cm. Weight: 3500g. Materials: Dragon Crystal, Dragon Soul, Dragon Bones, Dragon Blood, Dragon Scales.] [Item Abilities: 1-Storage. This staff can store spell slots. Currently empty: Rank 7 (1), Rank 6 (3), Rank 5 (5) 2.Spell: Can materialise Dragon’s Breath thrice a day. 3. Ability: Dragon Aura Domain. 4. Burning. By extracting the power of the dragon soul, one can create a single-use legendary spirit attack (This will harm the dragon soul).] Description: This is a magic staff made entirely

with materials from a legendary red dragon. Its creator has unreasonably confined the dragon's soul inside it, giving it unbelievable strength. However, this will lead to the hostility of the dragon race.] It was evident that this Snarling Red Dragon Staff was the true star of the show. Many wizards would covet this legendary staff, but few would have the gall to use it. Even Leylin had made up his mind not to use it unless things were dire, and then he would silence those who saw it.

The dragon race in the World of Gods were quite powerful. Those ancient or primordial dragons were beings the gods themselves did not have the courage to provoke.

'The essence of a legendary dragon gave me the materials for three legendary items.' Leylin stroked his chin, 'This is a very high yield. Other alchemist grandmasters would not be able to do this, and even I feel quite emotional...'

'In addition... its bloodline seems to be quite useful...' Even Leylin had to admit that everything on the legendary dragon's body was a treasure. It was no wonder that they were coveted by all sorts of races.

"These two legendary items should be enough to allow me enter the realm of legendaries..." Leylin was rather satisfied with his work. "Once they're complete, I should head into the outer seas and settle debts with the Barbarians..."

Leylin's eyes suddenly glinted with a chilly look. He had plans for the outer seas, and it would be a great foundation to build on in his ascent to godhood. No outsiders could get a share of this!

# Chapter 927: Dragon Warlock

For many sailors, the deep sea regions were fearsome areas comparable to the abyss and the nine hells. In the darkness under the peaceful blue surface were numerous strange sea monsters, greedily staring up at the ships. Or rather, at the beings on the surface.

If a ship was destroyed and a sea monster were to be around, there was basically no chance of survival. For sailors, those who had conquered the deep seas were the truly strong, worthy of reverence.

Night deepened, and the gloomy surface of the sea was like a terrifying monster opening its mouth, waiting for its chance to devour everything. Its peace was broken by a tremendous pirate fleet, cruising along with the might of a conqueror.

On the largest magically armoured ship was a crimson flag. The flag seemed to be dyed by blood, and had the symbol of a skull and dagger on it. In the Dambrath outer seas, this was a terrifying legend!

The Scarlet Tigers! They had wiped out the original Tigershark Pirates and Black Skeletons, and were a large-scaled pirate group that had taken over the outer seas.

It was rumoured that the leader of the Scarlet Tigers, the Scarlet Witch, was a demon of the abyss. She bathed in the fresh blood of the living, using their pumping hearts to maintain her strength and beauty. At this point, the Scarlet Witch's name had even reached the mainland, terrifying little kids into tears at night.

This Scarlet Witch whose fearful name had spread far and wide was currently on deck, looking into the distance with a look of anticipation in her eyes.

"Long time no see, Cousin Isabel!" A dark figure descended from the skies like a night hawk, bringing with him furious winds.

Leylin observed his cousin, who seemed to have changed a lot yet not at all. She greeted him with a smile.

“So you only remember me now? It’s been four years. Four whole years!” Isabel exclaimed maliciously, though her eyes seemed to be glimmering.

Afterwards, she yelled at the pirates who had been alerted, “What did you come out for? This isn’t an invasion. Get back, or I’ll hang you on the flagpole tomorrow for three whole days and then cut off your dick to go with some alcohol!”

It was evident that Isabel held high prestige here. After the roaring came the sounds of doors and windows closing.

“Hehe... you haven’t changed at all.” Leylin rubbed his nose and laughed. Isabel was still the same as she had been years before, though her long golden hair become much shorter, and she was specifically hiding an area on her forehead.

“My lord!” “My lord!” A few other leaders rushed to the deck, looking emotional.

“Mm. Karen, Robin Hood, Ronald! Have you all been well?” Leylin called them by name, one by one.

“Gods, everything is going well!” Robin Hood had been a soldier of Leylin’s family, and was the first to speak.

“Good! Let us have a meeting after this.”

Isabel rudely sent the other leaders away and stared at Leylin, causing some fear. “Where’s my gift?”

“This?” Leylin laughed wryly and produced the Red Dragon Sword. “I think it suits you well. I already told you when we talked...”

Rumble! Isabel didn’t even listen till the end. The moment she saw the dragonscale scabbard, her eyes twinkled with a wondrous look. She was almost barbaric as she snatched the sword from Leylin’s hands before moving back.

Roar! A slight draconic aura burst out, accompanied with the enraged howls and roars of a dragon. Red light flashed on the blade, bringing with it traces of flames.

“Legendary! A legendary item that has even gone through an excellent enchantment!” Isabel had been a pirate for many years, and her judgement was much better than before. She saw through it instantly.

“What do you think? Do you like it?” Leylin asked.

“It’s mine!” This question didn’t need answering. Just Isabel’s expression alone was enough.

“Mm, it’s good that you like it. Also, we have some things to discuss. Shall we go to your room?” Leylin suggested, and he saw the flush that rose on her face. He could not help but rub his nose awkwardly, feeling like he had been impudent.

However, Isabel still did as Leylin wished and brought him to her bedroom. The pink curtains, the canopy, the crimson carpet, and works of art with varying styles mixed together to form a unique look. These were all the treasures that Isabel had stolen.

A pungent incense entered Leylin’s nostrils, concealing the smell of the sea. Females were obviously more attentive than males.

“Actually, I’ve come prepared to solve the issues with the Barbarians in one go. Odge and Tillen seem to be stepping out of line lately...” Leylin’s eyes were trained on Isabel, “But by the looks of it, there’s something more important that we have to deal with now.”

He went forward, lightly pushing away her fringe. A few strange scales had already appeared at the edge of the girl’s fair forehead.

“Has the demonification already come that far?” Leylin frowned slightly.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m actually feeling the summons from the abyss even more. Who knows, I might just fall at any moment...” Isabel had a resolute look on her face.

“Mm, I feel that as well. But this doesn’t seem difficult to solve!” Leylin stroked his chins, and saw the hope in her eyes.

“Well, do you trust me?” Leylin sincerely looked into her eyes.

“Who if not you?” Isabel lowered her head.

“Good!” With a flick of Leylin’s finger, a barrier silently appeared. “I need you to cooperate with me fully and do as I tell you to, alright?” he instructed her carefully, a test tube containing golden-red blood appearing in his hands.

“Mm!” Isabel nodded her head slightly, suddenly blushing a little.

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The morning sun rose from the east, shining golden ripples looking like fish scales on the sea’s surface.

“How do you feel?” Leylin looked to be slightly tired, though his eyes were still bright.

“I feel... better than I ever have before!” Isabel touched her forehead. The scales had disappeared, and her original short golden hair had turned a dark red like fire.

“Thankfully, you didn’t choose to sell your soul and were only corrupted by the demonification. That can be concealed and neutralised with a more powerful bloodline...” Leylin evaluated.

“I never thought you could even transform people into sorcerers!” Isabel looked towards Leylin, as if remembering something embarrassing from the night before, and lowered his head. In front of her cousin, she truly no longer had any secrets.

“Not a sorcerer, but a Warlock! A Dragon Warlock!” Leylin corrected her.

“Warlock?!” Isabel tested out this word, “I’ve never heard of it before...”

“I’ve combined the legendary red dragon’s blood with your body. From hereon, you will control the power of the red dragon, and can even awaken magic abilities!” Leylin had no plans to explain further and handed a meditation technique to Isabel. “You can try training in this ‘Dragon King’s Mystic Might’ in the future. It will do you good...”

“Dragon King’s Mystic Might? Do sorcerers— no, Warlocks need to train?” Isabel expressed her confusion.

“Of course!” Leylin nodded sternly.

This Dragon King's Mystic Might was obviously not the high-grade meditation technique Leylin had gained in Twilight Zone. It was one he'd refined with that as a foundation. Leylin had actually found information on it from the ruins of the arcanist, and with the A.I. Chip's help integrated the two.

It could be said that with the meditation technique and bloodline modification, Isabel now had the potential to surpass sorcerers! In addition, the blood of the legendary red dragon would be enough to suppress the demonification for a long time.

"Alright! Let's go meet your cute underlings!" Leylin got up to leave, and Isabel followed closely behind. For high-ranked Professionals like them, a night without rest was no issue at all.

Pulling the door open, they arrived at the deck and saw the dubious smiles on the faces of Robin Hood, Karen and the others. Evidently, news of Leylin spending a night in her room had spread and given rise to some associations.

Unexpectedly, Isabel had not gotten mad but instead rejoiced inside. However, she still glared at them icily.

"Alright! There's a lot to do, so let's discuss it over breakfast!" Leylin had long since passed the age of caring about this, and waved his arms with vigour, bringing everyone to the dining room.

Making use of this opportunity, he got more familiar with the leaders under Isabel. He knew some of them very well, but was complete strangers with some others. They must have joined some time after he left.

"We've been developing well in these few years, especially after the imperial navy left. There are no opposing organisations left in the outer seas..." Isabel spoke with pride, "We now have twenty large warships with over 1500 men..."

"Mm, you did very well!" Leylin listened closely and got a better understanding of the recent growth of the Scarlet Tigers, "How about the Barbarians?"

At the mention of this, Isabel immediately turned grim.



# Chapter 928: Conspiracy

“Those darned barbarians are the only forces with the guts to oppose us. Half a month ago, they even launched a surprise attack on one of our fleets and sunk three of our pirate ships...” Isabel looked glum, “Also, they even control Pirates’ Cove. We’re barred entry!

“That’s not all. I have a feeling that they have something to do with the cause of turmoil in the outer seas recently. I mean the power of the abyss and hell, as well as the church of the God of Murder...” The half-drow assassin, Karen, supplied.

The female assassin had hidden her aura and would now be a Professional of at least rank 10. Now, she was impatient to show off in front of Leylin. This was obviously inappropriate, and under Isabel’s gaze Karen quickly fell back.

“Interesting... Interesting...” Leylin sat upright. His devilish ability to grasp the hearts of others allowed him to understand his underlings’ state of mind easily.

‘Karen... She was discriminated against because of her background and prior relations with me. What is she trying to show me? That’s not all... I have a feeling that she’s hiding something. This anxiety... is her race trying to rely on me for protection...?’

Leylin sent her a cursory glance, but this only made the half-drow nervous.

“My– My apologies, master!” The half-drow apologised miserably, tears almost flowing from her eyes. Leylin’s nonchalant gaze seemed to look straight into her heart, causing her little schemes and calculations to disappear.

The half-drow suddenly had a thought, ‘Perhaps even the matriarchs in the Underdark don’t have such terrifying gazes...’

“Isabel is the person I’ve assigned power. Before she gives permission, none of you are to speak out. Is that understood?” Leylin’s voice was low,

“If this happens again...”

“No, I swear! I promise that there will never be another time!” Karen immediately knelt down, kissing the back of Isabel’s hand. “Please forgive me...”

“Forget it.” Isabel nodded. Leylin’s attitude satisfied her, and that was enough.

There had been a slight mishap with the female assassin, but after that the scope of the discussion returned to the Barbarians.

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Pirates’ Cove.

Though the imperial navy had tried to wipe out this place several times, Pirates’ Cove still showed no signs of weakening.

Due to the Faulen Family quickly taking over trade of the Baltic Archipelago, the original golden shipping routes had not been abandoned. There were still merchant ships with all sorts of wealth on them travelling here, and the environment after the chaos of war made this a playground for pirates. Pirates’ Cove even showed signs of gaining more prosperity.

In a secret room in the barbarian inn. The Barbarians’ leader, Odge, was seated imposingly with the eternally beautiful Madam Tillen at his side. Now, however, her eyes were wary, and the fox tail at her back had been tucked in. Her fur stood on end, as if she was on her guard against some terrifying enemy.

Facing these two was a young noble with a head of black hair wearing gentlemanly attire.

“Well then... are the two of you interested in my proposition?” The young noble had a kind smile on his face, the manners showing his noble education. It felt refreshing, but Madam Tillen did not seem to be at ease.

This was because the youth in front of her was a devil! Compared to those evil beasts that specialised in seducing human souls and leading to their fall, the barbarians and goblins were great people.

To Madam Tillen's knowledge, devils were always the synonyms of swindling and craftiness. This made her even more vigilant. The young noble in front of her did not seem to notice her fluctuating thoughts, and still continued on coolly, "Based on what I know, the genius wizard and successor of the Faulen Islands, Leylin Faulen, has returned. He also seems to have roped in some external support and activated their wizard tower, making Faulen Island a natural stronghold..."

A port with a wizard tower guarding it was entirely different from one without. Even Odge began to look grim. Leylin had become a high-ranked wizard in the Netheril Ruins, and had met with the chaos of war with the orcs. There was no way to determine his ranking. Naturally, this news did not spread.

"Leylin...?" Madam Tillen suddenly thought back to that little imp that had repeatedly caused her trouble, and could not help but tighten her grip.

He was like the devil in front of her, they were all very elegant and slippery characters. When it came to their own profits, they would never budge.

'No... Leylin Faulen, the heir of the Baron, seems to be more terrifying than this devil...' This thought suddenly rose in Tillens mind. This was a woman's intuition. There was no reason at all, and she frowned.

"Not only does he have large armed fleets, he also has help from the pirates. On top of that, with the Faulen Family's current status, they obviously would wish to attack the pirates in the outer seas to ensure that trade routes and trading remain unimpeded. Hence, you shall be their first target. You need my strength!"

The young devil spoke slowly, traces of darkness flashing in his eyes. Meanwhile, he was also astonished at the pressure the return of this noble caused to these two. It was above his expectations.

"Your name." At this moment, Odge suddenly rose from his seated position and watched this devil from above.

"Neville! You can call me Neville. I would be happy to serve you..."

The devil named Neville had a sincere smile on his face. Behind his handsome features that could cause young noble ladies to go crazy Madam Tillen saw a poisonous snake. She could not help but shiver.

Blood-red flames rose, and the young devil bowed elegantly, disappearing with the teleportation flames. After determining that he had left, Madam Tillen set up an isolation spell formation.

“I think... We shouldn’t work together with devils. You know how they are...” Madam Tillen had a worried look, expressed with her eyebrows.

“We have no choice! Leylin’s faction is too powerful. We can’t go against them.” Odge spoke seriously, resulting in a wry look on Madam Tillen’s face. When it came to the strength of pirates, the Barbarians had no fear regardless of how the Scarlet Tigers emerged as a force to be reckoned with.

However, the Faulen Family was not just about the pirates! With their trade control and immense wealth, they’d rapidly set up terrifying armed fleets surpassing even Louis’ old ones. They were nobles, and in the name of protecting the shipping routes Leylin could openly expand his forces without restriction. Soon, it would surpass what Pirates’ Cove could control.

In the face of the purge on the surface and in the shadows, the Barbarians’ might in the outer seas had already begun to plunge. While it wasn’t a devastating decline, it wasn’t anything good.

At the very least, mobilising another Pirates’ Tide was impossible.

“The benefits of the Barbarians in the outer seas are never to be seized by outsiders. Never!” Odge thundered, his gigantic enchanted sabre seeming to sense its owner’s feelings and beginning to buzz along.

Odge was not just the captain of the Barbarians. He was also the protector of the barbarian race! The entire barbarian race relied on his protection to survive, which was why he would not fall back now.

“Dearest! I will help you. Even if it will send me down to hell, I’ll go there with you.” Madam Tillen had a tender look in her eyes as she hugged

Odge's arm.

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Just as the scene was beginning to get comfortable and soft, Madam Tillen's body suddenly trembled, rays of high-ranked communication spells shining.

"There's another guest! It's a priest from the God of Murder's church!" She quickly rubbed eyes.

"Let him in." Odge was blunt.

Soon enough, they saw the emissary. He was an old friend, the priest Leylin had seen in the Thieves' Guild.

"I've brought the newest information regarding that devil!" It had to be said that when it came to scouting out information, the bunch of people under Cyric had exceptional talent.

"Speak!" Madam Tillen's expression was icy.

"While we aren't sure what their main body is, we can be certain that Neville comes from an organisation in the third hell..." The priest spoke slowly.

"The third hell? Is he the underling of the master of greed, Mammon?" She looked to be deep in thought. Mammon, or whatever it was, wasn't the devil's real name. It was only something similar to a nickname, and calling it would not alert him in any way.

"Yes! The continent has been noisy lately. The devils in the Dambrath Kingdom seem to have gone through some reshuffling of power, and it's said that this has to do with the disappearance of Beelzebub..."

The church of the God of Murder seemed to have worked with the Barbarians more than once, to the point that they even shared such classified information.

"Also... We are working hard on making inquiries regarding the location of the Scarlet Tiger and where they get their supplies. I'm sure that there will be results in the near future! Under the gaze of my god, everything

they do is clear as day!”

The priest’s eyes were bloodshot, and he looked a little sinister. This quickly dissipated.

“Sigh... Even the God of Murder can’t be trusted...” After the priest left, Madam Tillen lamented, looking worried.

“Could it be that powerful greater gods have fallen to the lower planes like in the rumours... This is truly a period of great unrest...”

# Chapter 929: Emissary

Cyric was an ancient and very famous god. His divinities were in murder and conspiracy, and he was a powerful greater god. He was an ancient god that had even outlived the dusk of the gods! It was said that he knew numerous ancient stories, and had an undefined relationship with the gods, though it was one more of hate.

However, there was a strange rumour in the past few hundred years. It was that this god had gone insane, and was even becoming a demon. This deviancy could be like a matter of life and death for the gods.

Such a situation was growing more and more obvious in recent times. He was sending down all sorts of contradictory prophecies, and the priests could not get used to it.

“Sigh... the God of Murder has gone insane! The orcs in the north are building an empire, and there are traces of devils and demons in Dambrath and on the outer seas... Perhaps only the dark ages are comparable to this...” Madam Tillen sighed.

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“I see a future with devils and demons around...” On the Scarlet Tiger, Leylin observed a crystal ball on soft goose leather padding. He was in a dark cabin, and there was a complicated look in his eyes.

Using the power of magic to foresee the future was something only astrologers and oracles could do. They had their own methods— Some used tarot cards, while others used the trajectories of celestial bodies.

Arcanists had a similar skill, and with his experience in the Magus World Leylin could do so as well.

“The opponent’s main forces should be in Pirates’ Cove. We will obtain absolute victory in this operation, and we’ll find traces of a devil there...” Leylin put the crystal ball down and used a white silk cloth to wipe at his hands, speaking with conviction..

“I think there’s something wrong with you...” Isabel was reclined on the

door, looking like a loyal bodyguard, her eyes now filled with curiosity, “I don’t remember you training in prophecies. Also, the oracles don’t do as you do...”

“Hehe... This is a method I saw in Silverymoon. Don’t think too much into it...” Leylin laughed slightly. While the fact that he had become a high-ranked wizard was a secret, he had already told Isabel about it, giving her confidence.

Marquis Louis had been able to do as he wished in the outer seas with just the power of a high-ranked wizard as well. He had also absorbed the Black Skeletons and Tigershark Pirates, pushing the Barbarians to the brink. If not for Leylin’s appearance, he would probably have become the sole tyrant of the outer seas.

“But things are different now! The disaster of the Pirates’ Tide has attracted the attention of too many powerful beings...” Leylin sighed. The outer seas had not been developed that much in the past, and the terrain and organisations were very simple. A barbarian tribe was already terrific then.

However, in current terms, they were nothing. This was why Leylin was a little uneasy, attempting to predict the future.

While the World of Gods’ ability to screen this type of spells was too powerful, gods and legendary beings could do this easily. Leylin did not believe that the Barbarians could do the same.

“That’s good then...” Isabel was all smiles as she spoke, before her expression abruptly changed.

Rumble! Kachak! A slight noise sounded, along with voices of the pirates’ distress.

“Seems like they found something on the deck... Let’s go...” Leylin smiled as he followed Isabel to the deck. At this moment, the pirates were circled around two figures.

One of the two was Karen, while the other was an assassin dressed in black form-fitting clothing. Sharp blades clashed endlessly, and the winds



they produced left the pirates with no courage to go forward.

“Karen, stop playing around!” Leylin tapped his finger, and a terrifying cone of flames blasted forward, accurately hitting one of the figures. The raging flames immediately devoured it.

“That was just a puppet,” Leylin look towards the mast, “Is that right?”

“Hoo hoo! As expected of the one who established the Scarlet Tigers and defeated Marquis Louis, Sire Leylin!” Laughter that sounded like an owl could suddenly be heard, and a distortion emerged from the side of the mast to form a human figure.

“We meet again, Lord Leylin! Let me introduce myself. This humble servant is Arfo, a priest of the mighty God of Murder. We met once at Pirates’ Cove!”

Arfo was currently dressed impeccably like a priest. It was unknown when he had arrived on Leylin’s ship.

“How dare you!” Karen had noticed that the figure in the flames had disappeared, revealing the original appearance of a high-ranked illusion and turned grim.

“Wait!” Just as Karen was about to charge forth, Isabel beamed as she pulled her back.

“You must be very gutsy, huh? How dare you play tricks on my people?” Isabel stared at Arfo, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

“The great name of the Scarlet Witch has spread in the open seas. I never thought it would be such a beautiful lady,” Arfo looked to be somewhat intoxicated.

“Good, good!” Isabel took two steps forward, a smile on her face. All of a sudden, she made her move. The Red Dragon Sword was instantly unsheathed, and faint draconic roars sounded out.

A tremendous spiritual force field extended and caused all the pirates to back off, while the priest looked alarmed, “Dragon aura!”

The fiery-red sword produced a clear cry, flames spilling over in the air.

Hss! The priest took several steps backwards, looking terrified at the charred marks on his wrist.

“Karen is one of mine. It’s not up to you to bully her!” Isabel looked to have no intentions to kill him and slowly sheathed her sword with a snort. This immediately gave rise to gratitude in Karen’s eyes, as well as some shame.

“I never thought the Scarlet Witch wasn’t a demon sorcerer. You’re someone who inherited the bloodline of a red dragon, and even have a legendary item!!” Arfo looked somewhat awkward while pondering over this.

Such a huge difference caused him to flare up at the thieves that had collected this information,

‘While there’s a similarity between demonification and becoming a red dragon, it shouldn’t be to this extent. They should be killed!’ Just a slight deviation or mistake in intel could cause irreversible consequences. Such a huge change immediately put Arfo on his guard.

“Who do you represent?” Leylin asked while snickering inside. Using Isabel’s status as a Dragon Warlock to hide her demonification had also been one of his plans. After all, red dragon sorcerers also had the ability to manipulate flames and grow scales. This would be enough to confuse people.

Demons were beings the churches would always crack down on ruthlessly. It was better not to have dealings with them. Sorcerers, on the other hand, were fine. Most importantly, Leylin had not explained anything himself. Everything had been assumed.

“I come representing the will of my god!” Arfo looked serious as he spoke.

“Do you have a prophecy from the mighty God of Murder?” Leylin looked at him, a teasing glint in his eyes. However, that only scared Arfo.

“N- No, but our bishop has recieved intent from my god!” When it came to his faith, Arfo naturally did not dare lie as he recalled the order he had

received.

‘Have the outer seas descend into chaos? Just for a massacre, you provoke the two largest pirate groups? What kind of joke is this? Damn it... Ever since the bishop received god’s grace, he’s become more irritable and crazy...’ However, as a subordinate, he had no right to make any suggestions and could only carry out the orders of his superior.

“Since it’s the intention of the church, let’s have a listen shall we?” Leylin brought Arfo to a meeting room. The pirates automatically stood at two sides, eyes trained on Arfo. It was as if the moment Leylin gave the order, they would chop him into mincemeat, and that gave him immense pressure.

“Well then, emissary, what are your suggestions?”

“The dark world of the outer seas needs to be unified. We believe that the Scarlet Tigers are more suitable for this than the Barbarians.” Arfo did his best to suppress the fluctuations in his heart, saying words he did not mean. Wizards could easily detect any changes in mind or mood, and he would be seen through.

“... To show our sincerity, we are willing to provide intel regarding the Barbarians and help you achieve victory...” Arfo placed a sheepskin scroll on the table as he spoke.

“Oh?!” Leylin found this hilarious as he took a look. This was an exquisite map of the sea, marking out the location where the Barbarians resupplied. One large island had obvious blood-red marks.

“These are the areas where the Barbarians resupply. The last mark is where the barbarian tribe resides.” Arfo glanced at Leylin and spoke with confidence.

“The island where the barbarian tribe stays?” Isabel gasped, “Are you trying to create a lasting enmity with the Barbarians?”

“Since you’re already enemies, why not take it to the extreme?” Arfo spread his arms like a scoundrel.

“Haha... haha...” After a long period of silence, all he was met with was

Leylin's crazed laughter, "You said it well. You said it well! Since we're already enemies, how about we take it to the extreme?"

Just as a smile bloomed on Arfo's face, something happened...

# Chapter 930: Island

“Kill him,” Leylin indifferently waved his arm, as if he were chasing a house fly away.

“Why?” Arfo’s expression immediately changed, his body flashing with the undulations of a teleportation scroll.

However, the bright light shattered immediately, leaving him in despair. Numerous weapons struck out. One filled with red qi, which was almost on par with a legendary dragon, immediately made mincemeat out of this emissary.

Only after they subconsciously acted did the pirates respond, bodies beginning to tremble slightly. Dear gods! They had actually killed the priest of an actual deity! While the pirates were capable of anything evil under the sun, they still held reverence for the gods.

“Isn’t this just a priest? If he’s dead, he’s dead. There’s something more terrifying than this to deal with next...” Leylin clapped his hands indifferently. Red flames descended and burnt the body to ashes, causing the pirates to feel as if they were in a dream.

“So, his information was false?” Isabel’s attention was on something else.

“No, the information is true.” Leylin shook his head and rolled the map up, “Give this to our navigator and have him go on the offensive while we head along this route.”

“You still...” Isabel found herself unable to keep up with her cousin’s thoughts.

“While the map is real, he has malicious intent. I have enough strength now, so I have no choice but to kill him!” Leylin laughed as he spoke, his eyes cold.

He had been too weak during the Pirates’ Tide, and had even needed help from the Barbarians and the Thieves’ Guild. At that time, he had to tolerate these people’s sneaky actions. But things were different now: he

was a high-ranked wizard and an arcanist, far exceeding others of the same rank.

He had Tiff under him who had legendary strength, and Isabel had become a Dragon Warlock which allowed her strength to increase rapidly. While her bloodline limited her, it wasn't an issue until she became legendary herself.

On top of that, the Faulen Family was not the same as before. They might not rule the outer seas, but their power controlled most of the seas' regions.

With such strength, Leylin was the king through and through. Was there a need to make compromises?

On top of that, if the priests of the God of Murder truly were powerful, why would they still scheme and plot to stir up more tension between the two sides and not take over this region themselves?

Hence, Leylin was sure that they did not have favourable impressions of neither himself nor the Barbarians, and should be making plans to eliminate them all at one go.

"The God of Murder..." Leylin used the A.I. Chip and instantly found all the information regarding this greater god.

'While he is very old, he's known for being temperamental. There have been recent rumours that he's going insane. Given that he's like this, he will probably find it difficult to react quickly even if a branch with a bishop in charge were annihilated... Also...'

Leylin looked through the description displayed on the A.I. Chip's screen, a look of fear flashing across his face.

'He once fought with Distorted Shadow and announced that he killed this great rank 8 Magus...' Leylin now had a profound understanding of the might of Distorted Shadow. It was impossible for him to fall so easily at this god's hands.

'Things started changing from that time. Cyric started to become more insane and unreasonable...' Leylin stroked his chin, looking to be deep in

thought, 'Was he seriously injured in battle, causing the change in temperament, or was he tricked by Distorted Shadows and affected by the power of distortion?'

While the dusk of gods was over, the shadow Magi left behind in the World of Gods were not easily dispersed.

'Whatever it is, the claws that the God of Murder extended into the outer seas must be cut off!' Leylin decided and announced, "Let us set off!"

The tremendous Scarlet Tiger thundered, like a deep sea giant monster advancing to a battlefield.

Such a huge movement of the Scarlet Tigers had naturally attracted the attention of many organisations in the outer seas. The Barbarians had also assembled all their warriors in Pirates' Cove, and a life or death battle was coming up between these groups. This would determine the ruler of the outer seas.

Such an enormous change immediately made many people fear the consequences. They knew full well that no matter the winner, this would be doomsday for them.

Even more crazed beings were making preparations in the shadows, hoping to get some benefits from the battle. They hoped to wipe out the two large pirate organisations so that they could become the kings of the dark world!

"He killed my child, Arfo!"

Rumble! The flames suddenly rose several times in size, reflecting the distorted face of the bishop underground.

"Y- Yes, my lord!" The thief's voice quivered as he made the report. Ever since the bishop had gotten their god's grace, his personality had also been affected. He had become very stubborn... and crazy!

For instance, the bishop would definitely not provoke the two pirate groups into a deathmatch to wipe them out together before.

"Hah... how despicable... I want to kill him. Kill Leylin!" In the hidden

room was a statue of Cyric. There seemed to be a layer of dark red smoke around it, causing some changes. At times, the bishop looked sinister standing under the statue, and at other times poised. He was basically a madman.

“Hehe... It’s also good that he’s dead. Arfo should have gone to hell long ago. He did well, because that’s saved me a lot of trouble!”

“My-My lord, I’ll take my leave now!” Seeing the bishop in this state was also very stressful for the thief. He reported all this with fear, trying to shuffle backwards.

“Since Arfo is dead, why are you alive?” The bishop turned back, glaring at the thief. His gaze was so chilly the thief felt like he’d fallen into a house of ice.

“No, that’s none of my business, my lord!” Knowing that things did not spell well for him, the thief turned and ran, but it was too late.

The black flames rumbled around and swept through the area, enveloping the thief and causing him to squeal like a dying pig.

Seeing the thief gradually disappearing in the flames, a sick smile appeared on the bishop’s face. After he was done executing the thief, he knelt before the statue and lowered his head, beginning to pray, “Keke... Soon, my master. I will sacrifice more flesh and souls to you!”

The statue gazed at the bishop below coldly, the dark red rays around it becoming more dazzling...

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“It’s Fire Slave Island. This is it!” It was impractical to get the pirate fleet to completely encircle the island. However, with the help of magic, it was not difficult to seal off a few shipping routes.

Leylin gazed at a completely red island through his telescope, one that had a volcano on it.

“Based on the intel, Odge’s barbarian tribe should be staying back and increasing their numbers here...” He put the telescope down.



“All fighters are to leave the boat. We will massacre this place!” he ordered.

One could be completely unscrupulous in war, but this was still taboo. Leylin would not have the courage to do such a thing in the past. The moment he did, the other party would also head over to Port Venus and attack his family. Now, however, he had the wizard tower. Leylin even hoped Odge would take the initiative, and seek his own death at Port Venus.

The order was sent down quickly. Numerous pirates got on little boats and headed to the shore like ants.

“Robin Hood, Ronald, Karen.” Leylin spoke more slowly.

“Boss!” Robin Hood came to Leylin’s side and respectfully waited for instructions.

“Take the fleet and leave. Only come when I send out the signal!” Leylin ordered.

He could tell that once news of him attacking this area got out, the Barbarians would definitely pounce here like madmen. When the time came, Leylin definitely did not want his pirate fleet to be damaged.

It would be too troublesome to attack Pirates’ Cove, so if he could draw the opponent out here, why not?

“I can’t even imagine the heat and terrible environment here. Why did the Barbarians choose this place?” Isabel cut apart the vines blocking her way. There were broad green-leaved plants that dropped dew with a pungent smell. It caused her to frown.

“These barbarians migrated here. The safety of the tribe is of the utmost importance. Since you think they won’t like this place, they can do as they wish...” Leylin explained.

He had nothing to worry about once they were on the large island. As long as he knew the general location, large life force undulations couldn’t be hidden from him.

“Boss! We’ve encountered resistance on a mountain pass up ahead. It’s barbarians!” A pirate said, having just run over.

“Kill him, we don’t need prisoners.” Leylin nodded indifferently. The pirates wouldn’t mind killing them even if they were the same race, much less people of another.

Soon enough, Leylin passed through the stronghold and saw the ground full of barbarian corpses. Many wounds were still leaking blood, and these ones looked smaller and weaker than average.

“Seems like these are the old and weak, females and children. Odge must have pulled all the strong youths to his crew.” Leylin nodded, no longer having any doubts about destroying the tribe.

Honestly speaking, Odge was a very wise leader. Not only did he resolutely bring his race to the outer seas, he had also survived tenaciously. A tribe like this needed external help and resources to develop, and for that reason they were forced into piracy.

He was very capable, able to mould them into one of the three large pirate groups in the outer seas and even gain control of Pirates’ Cove. It was a pity that he was in Leylin’s way. His only fate was to be purged...

# Chapter 931: Altar

The raging flames continued to blaze. The piercing screams and wails never ended, accompanied by the roars and manic laughter of pirates.

Barbarian corpses piled up in this place one after the other, the blood splitting to form little streams. Once Leylin decided to attack this place, the Barbarian tribe was completely done for.

As Odge had taken most of the strong and the young, all that were left behind were a bunch of frail, elderly, female or children beings. It could be said that in front of these vicious pirates, resistance was pointless.

“This barbarian tribe seems to hold some secrets...” Leylin touched his chin, a devilishly charming smile on his face as he arrived at the heart of the tribe.

The sacrifices were made here, but it was to some unknown god. A large piece of obsidian was carved into a firm altar, on which there was a large animal skin flag and strange crimson runes.

In front of the altar were a few struggling barbarians, all of them unbelievably old.

“You of another race, do not come here!” they exclaimed. They were so frail they looked like reeds. A few youths next to them held on to the last spears and weapons they had, trembling as they aimed at the invader with eyes full of fear.

“A barbarian priest? A sorcerer?” Leylin watched these barbarians who already had one foot in the grave and sensed the power of their bloodlines. He could not help but nod to himself.

“Scram!” Arcane spells burst forth, forming terrifying large elemental hands that tore the few sorcerers into shreds. Their stubborn resistance was futile, and such strength instantly left them at a loss.

A few arcane fireballs rumbled forth, burning the rest of the barbarians to ashes. Leylin stepped over the corpses to arrive at the altar, nothing in his way.

“Spirit? Soul? Or is it without a conscient...” As he felt around the coarse notches carved into the stone, Leylin closed his eyes.

‘Are these barbarians trying to gather divinity with the power of their community?’ With tons of experience, Leylin immediately saw through their plans. The power of faith far exceeded extraordinary force. With years of worship and sacrifice, this place had already begun to develop traces of a primal power.

The altar had strong faith within it. There were spirits of powerful beings mixed in, those who had died over time, and the foundation was currently very firm. Just a bit more time could really have given birth to divinity.

This was how many ancient tribal gods had been born. A high-ranked barbarian could use this bit of divinity to cross the threshold of becoming legendary. They could even become a demigod with their advance, combining that with their faith to ignite godfire.

As he too had plans to become a god, Leylin could comprehend this thought process.

“As for the person chosen to become a god, it should be Odge, or do they have another powerful pawn? How ambitious...” Leylin stroked his chin.

There had always been many intelligent people in this world. As the outer seas did not have the attention of too many gods yet, becoming a god in the outer seas was much less difficult than in the continent. For this reason, Odge had set his sights on this area, which coincided with Leylin’s plan.

“Is this a god of the barbarian race? With how weak the outer seas are, a demigod would immediately unify the place, making it a playground for the barbarians...”

Leylin’s eyes glinted, “Very creative, but it’s a pity that you met me.”

Leylin had long since treated the outer seas of Dambrath as his territory. While the barbarians had their own plans, he would have to disappoint them.

“The spirits are valiant, guarding the tremendous power of faith and soul origin tightly.” Leylin observed the obsidian carvings and animal skin runes, an unenthusiastic look on his face, “Seems like every barbarian that dies will return to this place...”

This was the hope of a race! In the World of Gods, a race without protection from a god would not have a future. Mixed with their hot-bloodedness and sacrifices, it was both inspiring and tragic.

Leylin shut his eyes, and he felt like these spirits had encircled him. A tremendous malicious intent descended, “Scram! Scram!”

This was no illusion, but the power of rejection from the altar itself.

“Tsk tsk... How powerful does the unified heart of an entire race get, with blood sacrifices urging it on?”

“Such strength! I wish to defeat it. I shall strike down the ascension of your race, and crush your hopes completely!”

A deep and dark power could instantly be seen in Leylin’s eyes.

“Devour!” Leylin willed it, and the altar creaked like it couldn’t bear the weight. The ground began to shake as if there was an earthquake, creating numerous dark holes.

Heat! Lunacy! Energy that was filled with soul force surged out from the altar like a tsunami.

“Mm...” Leylin’s expression was incomparably sinister for an instant, all sorts of emotions flashing in his eyes. The barbarian spirits were extremely crazed and vengeful, launching forth with all sorts of snarls and counterattacks as they began their last struggle.

It was a pity that this was a minor issue for Leylin. After all, he was experienced with souls.

“Hss...” The phantom of a Targaryen emerged in Leylin’s mind, and in one mouthful devoured the numerous souls and consciences. In the face of Leylin’s soul origin, the attack from these valiant souls were as weak as ants.

Varied soul force burst forth as they shattered, carrying berserk emotions and numerous memory fragments.

“A soul is a small matter. The issue is that there’s still these berserk emotions within the soul force...” Leylin sighed.

The basic requirement to absorb divinity was that one was legendary, and this was not without reason. Those who were yet to cross that threshold wouldn’t even be able to live through the attacks of these souls.

“God... I pray that you protect our barbarian race!” “You must make the barbarians the most powerful race!” “Please ensure the survival of the barbarians...” “I want to have meat. I want meat everyday...”

Such chaotic thoughts appeared in Leylin’s mind that they could cause a regular person to go mad. Even someone with legendary strength could acquire a mental disorder, the chaotic soul energy causing cracks in their memories.

However, Leylin had the A.I. Chip. He also had prior experience in this area, and his own soul origin was near rank 7. He could still take this.

“Hss...”

“I am the limitless Jörmungandr, the master that devours all things!” The Targaryen phantom appeared in Leylin’s pupils, and the power of devouring appeared, forming spirals that devoured all the chaotic soul origins at one go.

After being converted, the strength surged into Leylin’s sea of consciousness.

The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded at this moment. [Beep! Host has taken in a large amount of energy, determined to be soul origin essence. Absorbed!] Large amounts of icy streams of air converged in Leylin’s mind, allowing his spiritual force to revolve rapidly.

[Beep! Host has absorbed soul energy. Spirit +1] The accumulations of the barbarian tribe over countless years had made things easy for Leylin, and even allowed him to raise his spiritual force.

Leylin looked at his hands and murmured, “My spiritual force has increased a bit. I feel like every small increase in stats past fifteen points is a huge advance.”

The A.I. Chip’s prompts continued. [Beep! Host’s spirit has broke through, becoming rank 16 arcanist!] At this moment, his stats were refreshed.

[Leylin Faulen. Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 16 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 11. Vitality: 12. Spirit: 16. Arcane energy: 160 Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.] [Progress on Weave analysis: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2:100%, Level 3:100%, Level 4:100%, Level 5: 67.35%, Level 6:41.91%, Level 7:22.33%.] [Spell slots available: Rank 7(2), Rank 6(5), Rank 5(7), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] The advancement of arcanists required growth in both spiritual force and soul force, as well as the comprehension and sensing of arcane energy. However, with Leylin’s attainments in magic with his main body, he already surpassed many legendary arcanists. There was practically no bottleneck for his advance, and his spirit breaking through automatically led to a rise in his rank.

‘The barbarian tribe hasn’t formed a divinity yet. Just a bit of the power of faith mixed with soul energy can help me increase a rank? Perhaps I should focus on finding information in this area...’

In Leylin’s eyes, the power of faith was the power of emotion, and also soul force. There had been no bottlenecks in his advancement, and all he needed was enormous energy and his ability of devouring. When all the conditions were met, he could quickly advance.

For Leylin, this was also a shortcut to more power. As long as there were barbarian worshippers, it was possible that they had formed great soul energy like this, be it in the outer seas or various other areas in the continent.

Of course, if an altar had truly gathered divinity, Leylin would not dare devour it. If not, his own temperament could change, and that was not

something trivial.

Becoming the patron saint of the barbarians would be even worse than killing himself.



# Chapter 932: Mage's Sword

Outer seas, on board the Barbarians' ship.

"AGH..." Odge suddenly dropped to his knees, roaring in pain.

"Dear, what's the matter?" Madam Tillen rushed to his side and helped him up.

"My family's sacrificial altar... It's gone! The response has been completely cut off..." Odge spat out the words through gritted teeth, and the implications in his statement made Tillen pale in response.

"We haven't caught up to them?" After they had received the news, Odge had immediately set off. However, they had to conceal their movements and the barbarian lands in Fire Scale Island were very far from Pirates' Cove.

Originally, this had been done for their own safety. But something like this happening would make it extremely difficult to mount a rescue.

"We must avenge them!" Tillen bit her lip so hard that a trickle of blood spilled out. Since their sacrificial altar had been destroyed, it was obvious what had befallen the members of their tribe.

Her heart dropped. It wasn't just one or two barbarians that had fallen. Everyone in the tribe, be it the elderly, the frail, the women, or the children, had perished. The souls of hundreds of years of the tribe's experts, their sacrifices and devotion, had been completely destroyed.

Even if she wasn't a barbarian, Tillen could imagine how this sort of aftermath would lead to the Barbarians going berserk.

"Ah... In my name as Odge, the king and leader of the barbarians, I vow to the gods that I'll wrench that damned wizard's skull off!" Odge roared, slicing his cheek with his dagger. Boiling dark red blood rolled down from the cut, making his boorish face seem even more malevolent and terrifying.

"Oh! Kill him! Kill him!" The barbarians below him all saw red, as their family and children had all been at Fire Scale Island. There was no chance

that they had survived.

The fox woman Tillen gritted her teeth, but spoke out in the end, “Odge! I believe that now isn’t the best time to fight him, he must have prepared a trap for us!”

After the words left her mouth, she could no longer continue speaking. This was because she saw the expression in Odge’s eyes, that look of undying, frightening hatred! After what had happened, forget a trap, Odge would traverse hell and high water without the slightest hesitation.

At this moment, even if she had come to advise on the situation, her persuasion would not have the slightest effect.

‘Is this part of his plan? Using the power of hatred to lead these barbarians into a trap...’ At this moment, Madam Tillen suddenly felt a deep chill in her heart, caused by that noble wizard.

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Fire Scale Island was within their sights. Dense black smoke continued to pour into the horizon, and the entire island seemed to have descended into hell. Seeing their tribe’s land wrapped in a great fire, the barbarians all descended into frantic roaring.

“Find them! Tear them apart!” Odge tightly gripped Madam Tillen’s shoulder. Rivulets of blood appeared on her skin.

“I will!” Madam Tillen vowed. After saying this however, she realised that she did not need to use tracing spells.

This was because several ships from the Scarlet Tigers appeared in her line of sight, and they seemed to have not left in time. Tens of small barbarian corpses were hung from the mast as bait.

Roar! After seeing those corpses, the barbarians collectively went berserk. Odge brandished his enormous saber and the other sailors rowed with all their might. There was only one wish in the barbarians’ hearts– to find those damned robbers and get their revenge!

The Barbarians were the only ones allowed to bring death and suffering

to other races in these regions of the outer seas. Now, they were suffering the fate that they handed down to others.

Madam Tillen's heart suddenly grew sorrowful, and a single tear rolled down her face. She could already see the shadow of her own death, and could not escape from it.

Mmmmmmm! The deep sound of a bugle horn could be heard, bringing to one's mind the coming siege.

The Scarlet Tigers' elite troops emerged and completely surrounded all of the Barbarians' ships. They were like an enormous pocket wrapping around its goods. In their fury, these simple-minded barbarians did not sense the danger before them at all, and immediately took the bait.

"Kill! The boss is giving 5 gold coins for every barbarian's head!" Ronald loudly ordered, and the reward was spread widely through the use of signal flags.

Boom! Boom! The goblin cannons boomed without end, and near them were the sounds of dwarven artillery firing volleys of gunfire. Under Leylin's command, the Scarlet Tigers had slowly come up with their own style of combat.

Roar! Roar! Row after row of barbarians collapsed in a flicker of flames. Even their tough skin could not withstand the combined power of gunpowder and magic.

Odge grew even more berserk at this presentation. After the long-range battle had ended, it was time for the traditional methods of jumping and boarding ships. Odge immediately ignored the charge of a pirate towards him, lifting the fellow up by his head.

Krrch! Krrch! The human pirate's complexion twisted, and rivulets of blood flowed down from his forehead. Crazy roars sounded as this unfortunate pirate's skull burst like a watermelon in Odge's palm.

Chhh! Blazing hot white light flashed past, and the surrounding pirates were directly slashed into two halves by the saber's qi.

As the strongest in the barbarian tribe, Odge was a high-ranked warrior.

His barbarian bloodline and the support of magic items allowed very few below the realm of legendaries to rival him.

It was a pity that all of this was as negligible as a grain of sand in the face of the Scarlet Tigers. A scarlet red figure suddenly flew from the opposing ship, letting out a powerful clear cry in midair.

Roar! A domain of intimidating draconic power extended from the ship. This oppressive power stemming from a bloodline made Madam Tillen take a few steps back in fright. After, she saw a winged half-dragon creature swoop down at great speed, a longsword burning with raging flames intercepting Odge's saber. An enormous crack appeared on his blade.

'A human demi dragon? No, it's a dragon's disciple! This power...' Madam Tillen dumbly looked on at Isabel who was covered in red scales, with a despondent expression on her face, 'Is this the bloodline of a legendary dragon? But how is this possible? Wasn't she corrupted by demons?'

Madam Tillen did not know what power a successor of a legendary dragon's bloodline could wield, but now it was made clear to her.

"The Scarlet Witch?!" Odge looked at the crack on his enchanted saber with a pained expression on his face. This was the weapon he used most after all, and it had helped him cut off the heads of many troublesome enemies.

Now however, a crack had appeared on the enchanted saber after just one clash with the witch.

"A legendary item!" Odge looked at the blazing red longsword in Isabel's grasp with an increasingly ugly expression. He sensed an unknown danger coming from that weapon.

"Don't let her weapon touch you, and be careful of her dragon breath attack! I'll help you!" Madam Tillen's expression was very anxious, and she readied several amplification spells in her hand and was about to cast them.

“I am your opponent! We meet again, beautiful lady.”

Rumble! The raging flames of a fireball engulfed them, blocking Madam Tillen’s way. The entire area was thrown into chaos, with barbarians and pirates fighting wildly. One of the barbarians fell on occasion, and their head would be chopped off immediately.

Blood stained the ground, but even in this hellish scene Leylin had nary a speck of dust on him. He even greeted Madam Tillen in a refined and courteous manner, as if he was the most respectable noble.

“Leylin Faulen...” Madam Tillen called out the wizard’s name through gritted teeth, her eyes slowly filling with fear. That man’s grasp of human nature was even more terrifying than the devil’s.

It had not been long since she had seen a true devil in Neville, but the feeling that he gave her was not as evil and as profound as what she felt in Leylin’s presence.

“It has been four or five years since we last met, hasn’t it? Madam is still as beautiful as before...” A sincere smile broke out on the noble baron’s face, and Tillen felt that if she gave him her hand, he would have kissed it in greeting without the slightest hesitation.

However, the eyes of the wizard who stood across from her were ice-cold, and he looked at her with a face utterly devoid of emotion.

“I apologise, my beautiful lady. I don’t have much time left, so can I ask you to hurry up and die for me?” In a single second, the light and breezy conversation turned dangerous. Wind howled, and Leylin smiled slightly as powerful magic converged. An earth-shattering attack was cast resolutely, ignoring all the beauty that Madam Tillen possessed and indifferently sending her to her death.

This sorrowful feeling made Madam Tillen’s heart feel depressed. Her feelings lasted only for a moment though, and afterwards she no longer had the capacity to reflect on it.

Berserk energy particles converged into a splendidly brilliant longsword. The swordpoint had a spiritual quality to it, and it was directly thrust at

Tillen. A strong wind seemed to directly slice at the skin on her face.

“Mage’s Sword! A rank 7 spell! You’re already a high-ranked wizard!” Trickles of blood dripped down, but Madam Tillen’s face was still filled with incredulity. She finally knew how she had lost. A high-ranked wizard could completely crush the barbarians here.

‘But he’s only a little older than 21 years old! With this power, he must be a genius that even the gods will envy...’ Madam Tillen was unable to think anymore after this. The sharp Mage’s Sword pierced through the layers of her defence, directly running through the fox woman’s bosom.

Even though she had been a sorcerer and the chief wizard of the Barbarians, Tillen’s attainments in magic were only on par with Ernest. She had only achieved that through her bloodline power. She was simply unable to endure a single blow from Leylin.

# Chapter 933: Kill

At this moment, the victor of another battle had also been decided.

Dragon Breath! Isabel was still in the state of her draconic transformation. The flame-red scales on her body were just like a dazzling armour that looked like freshly-cut flowers. She looked like the incarnation of a valkyrie.

After she saw that the fight would drag on, Isabel activated her bloodline abilities without the slightest hesitation.

Dragon disciples would inherit the spellcasting abilities of a red dragon. The bloodline that Isabel possessed was indeed that of a Legendary red dragon. Her spellcasting abilities would gain an extremely powerful boost.

The frantic flames consumed Odge in a flash, and no matter how determined and how tough a barbarian he was, he now let out painful wails.

Sharp! Break! From the looks of it, Isabel had immediately activated the abilities of the Red Dragon Sword.

In a flash of light and a crisp snapping sound, Odge's peak-ranked alchemised saber suddenly split apart.

With its obstacle removed from its way, the Red Dragon Sword unhesitatingly pierced through Odge's heart. The blazing flames destroyed all the vital organs in his body immediately.

"Ah..." Odge lowered his head with great difficulty and looked at the scorched black flesh on his chest. The light in his eyes slowly dimmed.

"...No!" Madam Tillen let out a mournful wail. She summoned energy from some unknown well of strength and unexpectedly struggled to crawl next to Odge's body.

"My... beloved..." She held Odge's huge lifeless hand, her eyes filled with content as if she had grabbed hold of the most precious thing in the entire world, and slowly shut her eyes.

“What a sad and beautiful romance... Isn’t it?” Looking upon them, Leylin and Isabel did not try and hinder them in any way. They quietly watched this pair of eternal soulmates pass into the afterworld.

“I really do feel that it’s rather unlike you to say that sort of thing!” After hearing Leylin’s idle comment, Isabel speechlessly rolled her eyes.

“Also... Why are you this impatient?” Isabel looked all around them. Now, all of the barbarian pirate crew had been forced into a weak position.

After Odge and Madam Tillen had been slain, the remaining barbarians grew even more frantic. In the end however, they were ultimately left to struggle in the throes of death.

After the final few barbarian shamans had died, the entire barbarian pirate crew’s destruction was inevitable.

Under such heavy suppression, the remaining barbarians crumbled at last. They jumped into the sea one after another to flee, but they were shot dead by Robin Hood who had long anticipated their retreat.

This was the trouble of naval warfare. Once they had lost, it was difficult to flee. One could only win absolutely or lose completely, but once you lost it was very difficult to free oneself.

Leylin’s luck had always been good. Rather than calling it luck, it was better to say that he had the support of planning well-devised strategies.

Isabel turned towards Leylin. Since he was the planning type, seeing him choose to pursue a fast-paced fight and unhesitatingly massacre the barbarian tribe and even use their own people as bait was unexpected. His methods stank of shortsighted vision.

“You could tell? Then there is no harm in you guessing what guards I’ve prepared in advance...” Seeing his cousin mature, Leylin’s heart was rather gratified. She could be considered his greatest helping hand in the outer seas.

“It can’t be... The priest and thief from last time!” Isabel only needed to think about it for a moment before her eyes flashed in understanding.



“Mm!” Leylin nodded, waving his hand carelessly.

A translucent wave rose, with a small water screen floating atop it.

Although there was no indication of their identity, the sailors onboard radiated a uniquely murderous aura.

“Are these... Pirates? Ones which were groomed by the god of murder? They’ve always been hiding in Pirates’ Cove, I never thought...” Isabel breathed in sharply. Until now, she had always believed that the pirate crews in the outer seas now only consisted of the Scarlet Tiger and the barbarian pirate crew. She had neglected those fragmented little pirate crews.

In reality however, these fragmented, small-sized pirate crews were the most important strength of Pirates’ Cove! They formed the majority of the ships within the Tide of Pirates.

Even a small part of those in service could assemble into a power force to reckon with.

“Luckily you discovered them already, otherwise after we engaged in mutually assured destruction with the barbarians, these locusts would descend. The consequences would have been unbearable...” Isabel said, with a grave expression on her face.

She now no longer had the slightest doubt in her mind that the church of murder were not just ordinary fishermen.

“Mm, you’re absolutely correct!” Leylin agreed with Isabel’s point.

“In reality, the reason why I avoided using Pirates’ Cove as the place for this final battle, apart from not wanting the Barbarians to have a favourable location, was to avoid these maggots of the dark...” The corners of Leylin’s lips quirked up into a sneer, “However, now that we’ve discovered their plan and made the preparations after destroying the Barbarians, what have we got to worry about?”

“What do you mean?” Isabel hesitantly asked. She stood by Leylin and smelt the special scent of bloodthirst.

“Let’s welcome them and kill them all!” Leylin’s eyes flashed as he made up his mind, “Now is the best time, the entire church of murder in the outer seas have all assembled here. Once they’re all dead, it will deal a great blow to the church.”

“A blow?” Isabel had never thought that Leylin’s ambition would grow so large to the point where he would dare to strike down a true god’s church.

‘Without getting rid of them, how can i spread my own religion...’ Leylin smiled coldly to himself, ‘There is a dead calm here in the outer seas, and the dark world’s greatest religion is Cyric. Once he is cut off from his lackeys in the secular world, all the faith in the outer seas will belong to me...’

In reality, this wasn’t a question of benefits.

Leylin had long taken a fancy to the outer seas as his base, and had prepared to establish it as a base for his followers. Thus, there had been a clash with the existing religion here.

The first was Cyric, because he had the biggest influence in the outer seas, and even had quite a few of the pirates as his followers.

In addition, this god was an evil god. Publicly fighting him wasn’t an issue, and on the contrary it would perhaps earn him favour from the benevolent gods.

It was possible to predict that in the future, Leylin would sweep across the outer seas and possibly eliminate all the native religions and evil gods in one fell swoop.

“Don’t worry, cousin. The god of murder’s influence isn’t that strong in the outer seas, and he is suppressed by many other benevolent gods... Additionally, even the Thieves’ Guild is not entirely under his control...” Leylin had acquired a lot of inside information on the three great guilds after travelling in the continent.

Cyric could only be considered a shareholder in the Thieves’ Guild and not a chairman. There were still many other gods supporting the organisation

from the shadows.

The Warriors' Guild was the same, and those gods would not permit some true god to monopolise their channels.

Even the narrow-minded Wizards' Guild was not monopolised purely by the Weave Goddess, and still had the God of Knowledge Oghma and others dividing up the goddess' believers.

Consequently, his fight against Cyric and attacking the Thieves' Guild were two entirely separate matters.

"So it's like this... After all, he's a powerful true god," Isabel's eyes were full of anxiety.

Needless to say, not even a weak god would willingly relinquish his own territory, let alone suffer a big loss to their believers.

Even if Cyric's influence in the outer seas was very weak, he wielded great power on the continent. He controlled many high-ranked military powers from the shadow.

Dispatching one or two Legends over to fight for him was something that was entirely possible.

Legends were the ultimate decisive force in the entire Prime Material Plane. Once such a high-ranked expert arrived, Isabel was very aware that there was no one on her side who could offer the least resistance.

Ordinary people could not reach the realm of Legend. Everything that the Faulen family possessed was nothing in the eyes of a Legend.

"Even if a legendary comes to hurt my family, they'll have to step over my dead body first!" Isabel declared firmly, tightly grasping her red dragon longsword.

Leylin was naturally aware of the resolution in her eyes, but did not speak of his intended plans to her.

Cyric could possibly be fly into a rage and send legendary over from the continent. However, this required time. Perhaps by then, Leylin would have already advanced to become a Legend himself!

In addition, if one wanted to develop, it was absolutely necessary to forcibly plunder the benefits that originally belonged to others. Naturally, this would lead to conflict.

Leylin had chosen the outer seas, and it was already the least controversial decision he could have made.

If he had chosen to start developing in the continent, perhaps he would have already attracted Legend-ranked experts over to take him down.

‘Ultimately, it’s all a question of strength! With enough strength, even if I take over the outer seas and slay the priests of the church of murder, what else can i do?’ Cyric and Malar, these chaotic evil gods, were already held in poor opinion by the public. Leylin could thus use any means he wanted to deal with them.

‘Choosing the right faction is of the utmost importance. Since the good faction is out of the question, I must not lose the lawful faction...’ Leylin stroked his chin as he pondered the situation meaninglessly.

“My lord! The Barbarians have been destroyed! Only five ships have been sunk, the rest are now under our control!” Just when Leylin and Isabel were about to speak, Ronald had completed his mission and bounded over to excitedly report to them. There were still traces of barbarian blood on him.

“Mm, prepare to launch plan 2! Take all the heavily damaged captive ships away. We must prepare to fight the next battle,” Leylin lightly ordered.

“Hm? We still have enemies left?” According to Ronald’s thoughts, after destroying the barbarian pirate crew, the Scarlet Tiger was now the strongest crew in the entire outer seas.

# Chapter 934: Assassin

“As long as we are the kings of the outer seas, our challenges will never cease...”

Leylin smiled, “This time, it’s only a few little mice who overestimate themselves... Ronald, how do you think we should deal with them?”

“Of course we should mercilessly cut off their heads and claws, and store them in oil bottles!”

Ronald answered with a murderous spirit. For those that challenged their status and profits, there was only one answer, as was law of the pirates in the outer sea— To kill them all!

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The shadow of the sail danced. Numerous sailors and pirates yelled as they controlled the sail and steering oar, allowing the pirate ship to sail more quickly.

Amongst them all, on the largest ship, a bishop was frowning while having a bad feeling about this.

“Rogers, make the ship faster! We need to hurry there as soon as possible!”

“Understood, master!” A pirate captain next to the bishop answered respectfully, “But this is the fastest we can go...”

“Is that so? Then why is it that the Scarlet Tiger and the Barbarians’ Tsunami can go faster than eighteen knots?” The bishop frowned.

“That’s because those are large pirate groups. Those two are also the main battleships that have been enchanted!” Rogers thought inside but did not dare speak his thoughts. After hesitating for a while, he answered as if put in a spot, “Those are individual abilities and nothing to do with the speed of the fleet...”

“No, no. You’re all trying to deceive the mighty God of Murder and his priests!” The bishop watched Rogers, facial muscles contorting to become

incomparably sinister.

“No, that’s not it... Master, my loyalty to the god... No, please forgive me! Please forgive me!” The captain of the pirates, who had seen the ruthless methods of the bishop, immediately knelt while looking absolutely terrified.

This accusation was not something trivial. Recently, this bishop had become strangely bloodthirsty and insane, and would occasionally kill people because of small matters.

The captain, Rogers, was now beginning to regret responding to his recruitment.

Pu!

However, before he could plead and beg for forgiveness, a black dagger had slashed through his throat and cut apart his windpipe. Large amounts of blood spurted out.

Rogers’ eyes rolled back, hands grasping at his throat tightly. Blood unceasingly flowed from between his fingers, causing guttural groans from his throat.

The struggles of a dying man ended quickly. The captain, who had been lively and frisky all this while had turned into a corpse in a instant.

The surrounding pirates froze, beginning to wish they could hide their heads in their chest.

“Dispose of him! Also... increase the speed. Any questions?” The bishop glanced at the assistant pirate next to him.

“No– None at all! I guarantee you, my lord, that there’s no issue at all!”

The assistant had been scared stupid, but after seeing the chilly glint in the bishop’s eyes, he immediately felt sober and shouted.

“Then go, or else this is how you will end up!”

The bishop waved his arms, no longer caring about those pirates who were doing everything in their capabilities. Gazing into the distance, he had a profound look in his eyes.

“Damn it! That darned little noble! I shouldn’t have let him off during Pirates’ Tide!”

The bishop’s plan had been perfect, where he would provoke both sides and help the weaker one. Once the Scarlet Tigers and Barbarian Pirates weakened, his team would gobble up these two organisations and become the king of the outer sea.

He even had plans to unify the dark world and make the outer seas independent, and even construct a godly realm on the ground here!

However, all of this had been wrecked by the darned noble.

Veins began to show in the bishop’s eyes. He’d never thought that the noble would be so gutsy as to kill the emissary he had dispatched.

“Such a fearless and disrespectful being must be executed immediately, and then nail his soul on the wall of the faithless as he howls in anguish...”

As a religious person, the bishop immediately loathed Leylin with all his heart.

A person who held no respect for the gods could never become a lamb of his master. If Leylin could not be subdued in terms of his mind, then he would have to destroy his body.

From ancient times, this was how power worked.

However, he had no idea that when the gods started out, they were also just as fearless. This was the joint belief of all those heroes whose names remained in historical records

If they could not succeed, then they could only roll off a cliff and turn into the corroding soil underneath.

While he did not know of this concept, the bishop determined to have blood.

He wished to eliminate this being as soon as possible...

“There’s still time. The Barbarians must have just fought them not long ago... Even if my plans are slightly affected, the Barbarians’ strength

should be enough to cause immense damage to the other side. When the time comes...”

While the bishop was immersed in his fantasies, he suddenly gaped at the dense number of sails in the distance, at the horizon.

The Scarlet Tiger ship took the lead. The bloody skull and dagger symbol had all of the pirates becoming restless.

Gods! The Scarlet Tigers was the finest pirate organisation in the outer seas. He had basically heard them expand and gain reputation, and now that they were going to fight them, it was impossible for him not to feel stressed.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

The Scarlet Tigers unhesitatingly opened fire. Like table knives, the many ships cut the huge fleet apart into numerous fragments like butter.

Compared to how the pirates at the lowest rung depended on their elite troops and morale, the Scarlet Tigers wanted to leave their opponent far behind. This was an unequalled confidence in themselves from cutting off the heads of countless enemies.

“Do you see it now?”

Leylin handed the commanding to Ronald and Robin Hood. After all, he was more proficient in casting spells. From the many years he had not been around, he was also unfamiliar with the group.

Knowing one’s flaws and doing his best to make up for it was the attitude of those looking to improve themselves.

While I’m not suited to some roles, I can choose people who would do better and control them.

If not, someone wanted to do everything well would only tire themselves to death.

“Seems like Robin Hood and Ronald are doing very well!” Leylin said to Isabel next to him while laughing..

“They are the people you’ve nurtured. Are you trying to brag about your



extraordinary foresight?” Isabel was actually very astonished. Leylin seemed to have a pair of special eyes, and he would never go wrong when it came to judging people.

However, in order not to make Leylin too cocky, she worded her answer huffily.

“No! I just...”

Just as Leylin was preparing to answer, his expression suddenly changed and he abruptly pushed Isabel aside.

A translucent figure arrived before him, as if traversing through space.

Shadow Jump! The powerful ability of a high-ranked assassin, and a high-ranked technique that could only be comprehended by assassins nearing Legendary! It allowed one to shift locations through the shadow dimension and attack enemies instantly.

This ability was basically everyone’s nightmare!

When a wizard like Leylin was in close quarters with a thief and was the one who was being attacked in surprise, the result was obvious.

This high-ranked assassin did not have any excess movements, and lacked even the elation of completing a mission successfully. There was only an apathetic and dead look in his eyes. The black dagger that held a powerful curse inside had already pierced through the defences and into the area where Leylin’s heart was.

“No!” Isabel immediately went crazy, transforming into half-dragon form and pouncing over.

The feeling of meeting flesh and the scalding blood spurting out finally gave rise to a glimmer in the eyes of the assassin. With a burst of strength in his right hand, he planned to draw the dagger out and leave.

After all, fighting with a high-ranked swordsman was not something for an assassin to do. He had assassinated the leader of the opposing side, and that was enough!

Surprisingly, he was unsuccessful in plucking the dagger out. The

assassin froze, and was stunned to see flesh 'sprouts' appearing in 'Leylin's' chest. They were like the vines of plants that bundled up the dagger tightly.

Just that moment of being stunned left him no chance to flee for his life.

Boom! 'Leylin's' chest exploded, and numerous bloody tendrils burst towards him and bound the assassin tightly. Like suckers, they were already trying to pierce through the skin and absorb fresh blood.

"Necromancy? No, no..." A shocked, coarse voice sounded from under the assassin's veil.

"That's just a Flesh Puppet, a spell I made just for you!"

A teleportation door opened to reveal the real Leylin.

"You should be the high-ranked assassin who tried to assassinate numerous bishops of varying churches during Pirates' Tide, right? This is a rather great gift!"

"So... you've already become a high-ranked wizard!"

The assassin's eyes did not fluctuate at all, allowing the bloody vines to take over his body. It seemed that he had lost all will to escape.

"Stop pretending. All of your methods are visible before my eyes!"

Leylin spoke coldly. Numerous spells shot out. With Dimensional Anchor locking on, even the shadow plane had been sealed.

"Damn it... you!"

Now that his last trump card had been seen through, the assassin was now no longer as relaxed before. He was then killed with Leylin's Finger Of Death.

"Bastard, do you know how worried I was for you? At least discuss this with me beforehand!"

# Chapter 935: Pendant

“I’m sorry, dear cousin! At this point, it’s better to get things done before we discuss things...” Leylin waved his arm, and another teleportation door opened.

Isabel stepped out of the teleportation door and immediately heard the uproar from the surroundings, as well as enraged shouts. Without any excess movements, she activated her bloodline abilities and the hidden techniques of the Red Dragon Sword

Dragon Aura Domain! Fireball! The legendary dragon’s spiritual domain and blazing fire rumbled, causing all the pirates to cry out miserably as they were sent flying. There were traces of charring all over their bodies.

The other pirates in the distance were also shrieking as they lay immobile on the ground. There was no way out for the weak in the face of the spiritual domain of dragon aura, and they would only be massacred by their enemies.

In actuality, the dragon aura of a regular dragon was still just average. One from an ancient or primordial dragon could take out even most high-ranked Professionals, and even affect legendaries to a great degree.

“Teleportation doors? High-ranked wizards? And a dragon sorcerer!” The God of Murder’s bishop cried out in alarm, light shining around his body.

After seeing Leylin step out of the teleportation door as well, his pupils shrank, “It’s you! You’ve already advanced to become a high-rank wizard?”

“Cut the bullshit...” Leylin gave the bishop a disdainful glance, the arcane spell he’d already prepared launching forth.

Mage’s Disjunction!

Boom! Boom! Crackle! Numerous spell rays shattered, returning to form the original magic item. They returned to the ring in the bishop’s hand, then his necklace, followed by his luxurious clothing.

One after another, magic items exploded on the bishop’s body. As he had too many on him, he was unlucky enough but to have to flee naked.

“A rank 9 disjunction? A high-ranked wizard above rank 19?” Uncaring of his own image, the bishop sunk into shock. In a few years, the opponent had become a high-ranked wizard, which shocked him to no end. On top of that, he was already a rank 19, very close to becoming legendary.

However, the power of Mage’s Disjunction had been shown right in front of him, which was something he could not understand at all.

‘This is the might of arcane spells...’ Seeing the bishop who was now completely in the nude, Leylin sighed inside. He was a high-ranked priest who was at least rank 17, and his wizard ranking would not be enough to subdue the priest. The opponent possessed a large number of powerful magic items.

However, being an arcanist allowed him to bypass the limitations of spell slots and the Weave. As long as he had enough arcane energy and the correct spell models, any spell under the legendary realm could be cast for a price.

This rank 9 Mage’s Disjunction, for example, was a spell used specifically to deal with magic Professionals. Its focus was very powerful, and all items below legendary would be undone under this spell.

It could be said that arcane spells were the bane of all wizards! Most of the battle might of wizards depended on their magic items, and being stripped of them would be a deadly blow!

On top of that, the heartache of having the magic items formed with blood and tears, made of materials and resources that had been gathered painstakingly, was enough for wizards to cough up blood.

A prime example of this would be the bishop now. With his wealth and the numerous spells and items to aid his escape, Leylin’s surprise attack alone was not enough to kill the opponent.

Now, however, all of the preparations he had made had been unravelled under Leylin’s spell, completely losing their effects. Most high-ranked priests’ divine spells were for buffs and healing. There were few that were meant for killing. Leylin’s spell had taken out most of the bishop’s strength.

“Damn it... How did you advance so quickly?” The bishop’s face was almost green, eyes now bloodshot. No matter how much he had overestimated Leylin’s strength, he would never have imagined that Leylin was extremely close to becoming legendary.

It was this huge oversight that led to his failure.

‘This is just the effect of a Mage’s Disjunction spell. If it’s the legendary version, that would be the nightmare of all legendary wizards! Not only legendary items, even divine weapons could be damaged...’ Leylin’s eyes showed his thirst and intoxication. He then landed his gaze on the bishop.

“Wha– What do you want?” The bishop still held no fear for Leylin. There was only immense regret; regret that he had not prepared more.

“What I want? That’s what I should be asking you, my dear bishop!” Leylin answered with a slight smile. At this moment, Isabel had abruptly sent out a few Dragon’s Breaths and burnt a few high-ranked assassins to ashes.

Upon seeing this, the corner of the bishop’s eyes began to twitch. These high-ranked assassins had been great helpers that he had nurtured with care. While their power was lacking in comparison to the one that had attacked Leylin, they were all elites! Now, however, their corpses lined the area, destroying all of the bishop’s hard work over the years.

The defences of a Dragon Warlock’s scales were exceedingly terrifying. On top of that, she had a legendary item in the Red Dragon Sword. These assassins’ high-ranked enchanted daggers were no match at all, and once they crossed swords their lives were easily ended.

Meanwhile, the battle between the Scarlet Tigers and the bishop’s pirates began to show who was on the winning side. The high-ranked pirates that had been hastily gathered were no match for Leylin’s elites that had gone through countless battles.

The sounds of yells closed in, and even the warship that was the main force was caught up to and surrounded by the pirate ships. Numerous fleeing pirates surged out like the tide. Leylin seemed unruffled in the situation, a confidence inherent to his very being.

“Bishop. I haven’t dealt with your church before, but you show malicious intent against us. Care to explain?” Leylin watched him, the glint from the A.I. Chip strengthening.

This bishop gave him a very different feeling from many priests. He’d seen his fair share, like the Gold Priest Xena who was in charge of the church of wealth on Faulen Island. The bishop wasn’t like that.

[Beep! An abnormal energy reaction has been detected within the host’s body.] The A.I. Chip performed a full body scan in front of Leylin’s eyes. Many dark red spots had appeared on the translucent model, making it look demonic.

‘As expected... Is this the contamination from abnormal energy?’ Leylin wondered inside, ‘It’s a high-ranked priest, so this contamination should come from divine force!’

In Leylin’s eyes, the holy light of a high-ranked bishop had now been contaminated so badly that it was beyond recognition. No matter what kind of god, divine force was better when it was pure. However, what Leylin saw was divine force that had been contaminated and warped.

‘Has the God of Murder really gone mad? He doesn’t even care about his priests... Also, this power of distortion...’ Leylin felt a chill in his heart.

Legends said that Cyric, the Greater God of Murder, had begun to go insane. He was even planning to transform into a demon. His divine realm had signs of falling to the abyss, and it looked to be a possibility now!

The only being able to influence him that greatly would be Distorted Shadow!

‘As expected of an ancient peak rank 8 Magus! Even after falling, he can still cause his opponents so much trouble...’ Leylin could not help but sigh inside.

“Hm?” The bishop’s eyes raised slightly. In this situation, Leylin’s words sounded like he was amenable to persuasion.

“This... I can explain...” The bishop immediately gave Leylin a reason. Backing him was a true god, and a greater god at that. It was

understandable that Leylin feared him. In the prime material plane, there had never been anyone with the guts to go against a greater god!

This was his belief in his god.

‘The plan to use military force has completely failed, but it won’t be bad if I can pull him to my side and make him a follower...’ Traces of dark red light flashed in the bishop’s eyes. He could not help but unclench his fingers from around a pendant he’d been clutching tightly.

“Now!” Leylin’s eyes flickered, and an invisible spatial undulation flashed with a bright light.

“Hm?” The bishop was stunned, and immediately felt a sharp pain at his wrist.

Pak! His right hand fell to the ground, bright red blood seeping out. A miniature statue of a god fell down.

‘He had no plans of complying!’ The bishop’s eyes went wide, and insanity flashed within. The only hand he had left began to grab towards Leylin’s heart.

“It’s too late... Finger of Death]” Leylin sighed. The dark rays from his hand disappeared into the bishop’s forehead, causing the light in his eyes to dim.

Thud! The bishop’s corpse fell heavily to the ground, causing the pirates to break down.

The rest of the matter was naturally left to his underlings. Leylin stood beside the Bishop’s fallen right hand and saw the small pendant, looking deep in thought.

‘God Descent? The material is strange, and it’s even immune to the Mage’s Disjunction attack...’ With this thought, Leylin picked the pendant up.

It was rather small. It was a miniature statue of a god, with thin silver chains threaded through it glimmering brightly.

# Chapter 936: Greed

Buzz! The statue of the god began to rumble, divine force rippling like waves in water. It was as if it was about to come alive.

However, with the external activation not coming forth, the pendant restlessly shook a few times and then unwillingly stilled, losing its sheen.

"The divine summoning failed, huh. Apart from the divine force here, there is also the presence of the divine realm's coordinates and even the conscient of a god..." Leylin muttered.

At this moment, he felt an extremely bitter conscient radiating great power from the pendant, as if its rage was about to overflow.

'I'd need to worry if this was the true body, even if it's an avatar... But what's a trifling conscient like this?' Leylin harrumphed, and a Targaryen phantom appeared in his eyes.

"Hss!" The conscient of a near rank 7 descended, annihilating all signs of the conscient lingering in the pendant. Just before that conscient dissipated, the raging divine force calmed down like a wave in a tranquil sea.

"Not bad at all! The divine force contained in here could perhaps give me an unexpected surprise..." An expression of glee spread across Leylin's face.

The divine force of gods, to put it bluntly, was just a high-ranked power in a different form. It was considered venomous to others, and clerics could only receive the divine force of the gods they worshipped. However, it was all a supplement for Leylin.

'What a pity... If not for those powerful gods, I would have long since broken into many churches and robbed them of their divine force...' Leylin began his deductions.

Divine force, divinity, godfire, worshippers, divine spark; these were what the gods needed the most in increasing order.

With his current strength he could barely absorb some divinity, but it



would destroy the foundations of his own cultivation. Needless to say, godfire or divine sparks were even more destructive for his body.

As for divine force? That was still well within Leylin's absorption capabilities. Moreover, Leylin had deliberately digested the divine force of certain gods. Until now, he had only managed to have chance encounters with Malar and Cyric.

These two crazy and sinisterly evil gods had overlapping domains, which laid out a foundation for Leylin's future plans.

'Looking at the divine force stored in this pendant... It should be enough to increase my spirit a little, or even balance the other aspects of my stats...' Leylin rubbed his chin. After eradicating the original conscient in the pendant, the divine force was now ownerless. Leylin could now absorb it slowly, with the greatest efficiency.

Through digesting this divine force Leylin would be able to analyse the process, helping him understand Cyric's divinity. If he met other gods of different domains, he would be able to create a whole new divinity all for himself!

'After tossing away this thing, even if this bishop managed to survive, he wouldn't have a happy ending... No! He would be even worse off after his death!' Leylin looked at the corpse on the floor and sighed.

Gods held control over the souls of their worshippers, and this was a high-ranking priest on top. Leylin hadn't completely destroyed his soul just now. Once it was inspected by the God of Death, this priest's soul would definitely be sent to Cyric's divine realm.

As for what punishments the cleric would receive, no more words had to be said.

"What a pitiful fellow..." Leylin was, of course, not sympathetic in the slightest bit. He quickly tossed this matter to the back of his mind.

"It seems like they were small crews roped in from Pirates' Cove. Apart from the elites of the churches, there aren't many forces would could execute something like this!" Isabel trod on the face of a pirate captain,

using their robes to wipe clean the Red Dragon Sword as she grumbled.

With the activation of the bloodline, she'd also inherited a warrior-like thirst for war.

"Yes. Had they been given time to train we would've had a much bigger problem..." Leylin nodded his head in approval, very soon ordering Ronald to clean up the mess.

As dusk approached, the sky above the sea was dyed a crimson red. The entire region was littered with the remnants of broken ships and boats. Splintered masts and flags covered half the place, and not too far from that scene were many floating corpses, blood continuing to ooze and trickle from their bloated bodies.

The enormous pirate crew slowly left, leaving a trail of destruction behind them. From this day onwards, everyone would know that two epic battles were fought in this forsaken region, devastating and annihilating two giants of the seas in one stroke.

"This atmosphere and scenery... I really want to lift my voice in song...!"

Crash! Rumble! A figure wearing lavish noble robes descended from the sky. He exuded an aura of charisma and elegance, yet a pair of black wings spread from his back. Apart from the difference in colour, this figure looked just like an angel, with many beautiful features. However, his image was shattered the moment anyone looked into his eyes.

"That Baron Leylin... He rules the outer seas from today, eh? I really am looking forward to it..." This person was obviously Neville, but his pupils had now turned a silvery hue, with no traces of affection in them. With just one glance into his eyes, one would feel their soul turning frigid.

Neville's black wings shook slightly as they supported his weight. At this moment, this demon looked at the Scarlet Tiger ship sailing away, as he pondered deep in his thoughts. 'Strong, determined, decisive, brave...Once a soul with these qualities falls, the strength that would manifest would definitely be able to give birth to a greater devil...'

"As expected, it's a devil huh?" An indifferent voice sounded behind him,

which turned made Neville freeze in his motions.

He turned his head around slowly, looking at the young noble wizard that should have left. Yet he was now floating in the air alongside him with his arms crossed, a hint of mockery flickering in his eyes.

“Hello mighty wizard, ruler of the outer seas! I am Neville, of the third hell. I hereby extend my greetings to you, with utmost respect!” After giving Leylin a once-over, Neville greeted Leylin decorously, with his right hand on his chest.

“I believe that in the future there will be a day where you’ll require my services!”

“One cannot trust a deal with devils. Not to mention that you tried to lure me into a ploy... Anyone who tries to challenge me will never live past the day...” Leylin uttered his words icily, and a silver spell formation wrapped Neville up.

“Wait... I can still give you... Many things that you would not think of! Material possessions of the prime material world, authority that cannot be challenged, and also many beauties...” The silver spell formation seemed to be able to suppress devils. As his black feathers came into contact with the light barrier, they burnt up to release a charred smell.

“The promise of a devil? Hahaha...” Leylin smiled faintly, his golden pupils turning a deep hue that was darker than the abyss. The phantom of a Targaryen appeared behind him.

A terrifying devouring energy burst forth from the spell formation, completely engulfing Neville within.

“This devouring power... as well as laws... You are...!” Neville’s eyes flashed with understanding, but before he could utter the truth his body vanished into the spell formation.

“The ruler of the third level of hell, the Duke of Greed... Mammon, huh?” Leylin uttered his breath and closed his eyes, relishing in the energy that he was absorbing.

[Beep! Host absorbed a large amount of energy. Agility +1, Vitality +1.]

The A.I. Chip voice intoned.

Very soon, another notification appeared, and it caused Leylin to become gleeful.

[Host has devoured a devil from the third hell. Laws of devouring have been activated, obtained information on laws of greed] “Isn’t this the devouring technique of my main body?” Leylin muttered. His main body controlled the laws of gluttony, and through constantly devouring these laws he would gain a higher enlightenment of them. The devil from the third hell had enlightened him a little in that aspect.

“My main body’s injuries have begun to heal faster than normal then... Its support has increased...” Leylin was elated. His stats had now changed:

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 16 Arcanist. Strength: 13. Agility: 12. Vitality: 13. Spirit: 16. Arcane Energy: 160. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Elementary Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.] “I have also absorbed some information on the laws of greed? It seems like Beelzebub was indeed one of the dukes of hell. Even after making changes to it, it is still highly adaptable to the laws from the abyss!”

Leylin gazed towards the horizon. “The outer seas are now my base, impenetrable to outside forces. Be it from hell or any divine realm, no threat...”

A high-level flight spell lit up, and very soon Leylin’s figure was just a black dot in the distance, slowly disappearing into the horizon.

More repercussions were brewing and intensifying in the aftermath of this event...

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In another part of the continent, in the midst of a gloomy valley.

An aura of death permeated the air, and there was a black church at the valley’s center. Magical light filled the area, and even legends would perish within it.

Just as the bishop was about to perish, a white-browed priest raised his head in the church.

“Men!”

“Your holiness!” Several dark robed priests answered immediately with reverence in their eyes. Standing in front of them was a core member of the Church of Cyric, a legendary priest!

# Chapter 937: Divine Force

“Jesfano, that piece of trash. Not only did he die, he also lost the master’s token...” The old man’s voice was incredibly hoarse, and it held an unendurably strange tone as he pointed out an earth-shattering fact.

“What? That happened at the Dambrath outer seas?” These black-robed priests exchanged glances, seeing shock in all of their eyes.

They were unwilling to think about what had happened to Jesfano.

In the Underdark, the druid elves that angered the spider empress Lolth would turn into terrifying half-spider monsters. For Jesfano, whose soul was in the hands of his god, he would be in a worse state.

Even the black-robed priests felt sorrowful on his behalf., but it didn’t last for long. The old man slowly scanned them, the whites of his eyes brightening slightly, “Jesfona was already a high-ranked priest. We’ll have to dispatch a legendary to be able to find out what happened. Who’s free right now?”

One of the priests muttered to himself, then continued, “Lord Shadow Mask’s whereabouts are unknown now, while Crimson Eye is at the barren west. It’ll be very inconvenient for them...”

“As for my own subordinates, the north is still rather unstable. A few lords have been pursuing Queen Alustriel, and there still haven’t been any results...” another black-robed priest reported. This was the pain of large organisations. While their influence was spread throughout the prime material plane, it was not so simple to make use of their high-tier forces.

“How’s the Cadaver Collector doing?” Since the old man had ordered this, he must have his own plans.

The last one hesitated for a while before speaking, “He has yet to complete his experiments...”

“Tell him to rush to the outer seas once he’s done. I want him to skin the scalp of the sinner who had the gall to kill my master’s priest!” The elderly man spoke slowly, and then knelt in front of the idol and began to pray,

immoveable. He was like the most solid statue himself.

The black-robed priests glanced at each other and retreated.

.....

Leylin was completely clueless about the matters on the mainland, but he had his own predictions. He had returned to Port Venus undisturbed, and hid in his wizard tower.

“This serenity should be maintained for a period of time. Even if the God of Murder’s church wants to take revenge, the time taken for them to investigate and dispatch men should be enough for me to advance...”

Leylin was now seated in the core of the wizard tower. There were terrifying isolation runes on the walls around him, and the tower genie was strictly monitoring everything. With its help Port Venus had become the harbour with the best security. Crime rates were currently very low, which attracted even more merchants into business here.

Leylin knew very well that even more trade was coming in. That was the result of eliminating the Barbarians.

‘Cousin should know that they can attack Pirates’ Cove and treat that area as an eternal base...’ Leylin placed the steaming cup on the table, a ruminating look on his expression, ‘I never thought I would become the source and driving force of chaos in the outer sea...’

At this thought, Leylin could not help but look at the other item on the table. This was a pendant of a strange make, containing surging strength within. Yet, it had lost its own spiritual nature and turned into an enormous source of energy that anyone could use.

“Now that I’ve removed the conscient and sealed it, the God of Murder shouldn’t be able to sense it anymore, no?” Leylin did not mention Cyric’s name. This was cautiousness on a fundamental level. Just mentioning a god’s name would allow them to sense things.

‘The information in the Wizards’ Guild stated that greater gods can obtain 15 to 18 words of information on the ones who call their truenames, regardless of where they are...’ Leylin stroked his chin.

This ability was somewhat similar to a part of the abilities of great rank 9 Magi, who were capable of everything and knew everything. It was a pity that this was just a part of it, and was a unique law that had been generated specific to the World of Gods. There were far too many ways to evade it.

‘Also... such a tremendous divine force... What a huge gift!’ Leylin spread his fingers and began to rub on the surface of the pendant. Threads of chaotic energy had been transformed by his devouring power, becoming the purest dark gold. Leylin absorbed it unceasingly.

Leylin now had given up the vulgar method of devouring everything at one go, and had switched his method to making fine adjustments and changes continuously. While the divine force of the God of Murder was powerful, it seemed to impure, and the power of the Distorted Shadow was continuously seeping in from it. What Leylin needed was to refine the purest divine force and use it on himself.

As the divine force was poured into himself, a golden mist formed around Leylin, like he was a god cast of gold.

The A.I. Chip’s prompts kept sounding out. [Beep! Host has absorbed large amounts of energy essence. Determined to be a greater god’s divine force. Effect similar to eternal grace from the god.] [Host’s stats have increased, Strength +1. Agility +1. Vitality +1.] As the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded, Leylin felt like his body had been enhanced. Terrifying strength burst forth from all his cells.

“As expected of a greater god’s divine force...” Leylin sighed with satisfaction.

“A.I. Chip, assess the value of all the divine force!” He commanded.

[Beep! Mission established. Constructing model of host’s body. Beginning simulations...] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s orders. Within seconds, it had a comprehensive conclusion.

[Beep! Preliminary results show that the pendant will be used up completely in 145h 12min. Host’s average stats estimated to reach 15, will advance one rank as an arcanist.] “Is that so? That’s not bad... On top of



that...” Leylin saw the A.I. Chip’s prompt below. [Beep! Analysis of level 5 Weave at 100%. Host has obtained all rank 5 spell models, is now immune to forgetting spells. No materials needed to cast rank 5 spells.] There was a new change to the A.I. Chip’s interface, in the portion related to the progress on the Weave.

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0: 100%, Level 1: 100%, Level 2: 100%, Level 3: 100%, Level 4: 100%, Level 5: 100%, Level 6: 53.33%, Level 7: 34.97%.] ‘So divine force is also effective at deciphering the Weave...’ Leylin nodded, ‘It also seems to have something to do with me becoming an arcanist. Now that I’ve somewhat broken away from it, the analysis has quickened quite a bit...’

Becoming an arcanist was a huge advancement for Leylin. It wasn’t just a change in combat ability, he could now completely break through the Weave that limited wizards.

With the restrictions of the Weave, high-ranked wizards after rank 15 would find advancing extremely difficult, Becoming a legendary was also incomparably harsh. It was easier for legendary warriors; becoming a legendary wizard before turning three hundred would already make one extremely young!

Leylin had a feeling that, after experiencing the dusk of the gods and the rise of the Netheril Empire, the gods had consciously limited the abilities of the spellcasters and prevented them from improving and growing.

However, this did not apply to arcanists. As long as they had the theories and a foundation, as well as enough resources, there was nothing stopping arcanists from advancing! However, the difficulty for arcanists lay in constructing theories applying to the higher ranks or even legendaries. This was much harder than for wizards.

In ancient times, the difficulty in arcanists advancing far exceeded that of the wizards. But Leylin was different. His main body was a near rank 7 Magus of laws! His foundation was extremely solid for the nonlimited arcane arts. With enough capabilities, he could constantly improve.

With the recuperation of his body and restoration of his law of

devouring, as well as Cyric's bishop's 'altruistic' offering, he was pushed into the fast lane of advancement.

'Only legendaries are high-end battle powers in the prime material plane. I must become a legendary as soon as possible; only then will I have the confidence and capital to separate the outer seas...' When it came to his future development and plans, Leylin practically had a complete set of steps to follow.

'Before this, I need to crack down on the faith of the natives and the various devil and demon worshippers, as well as the followers of evil gods...' Leylin got up slowly, the great energy in his body turning into terrifying streams of air in the private room.

'I'll need to alter my outer appearance. It wouldn't be fun to be misunderstood as related to the God of Murder!' With a thought, all of Leylin's divine force was converted into the purest energy. The faint golden light on his skin completely disappeared.

"Master, the guests have arrived outside the tower!" The tower genie spoke respectfully, her little face appearing at this moment.

"I'll greet them myself!" Leylin nodded.

He headed outside the wizard tower and saw the figure of Gold Priest Xena. Beside her were the priests of a few other churches, though they were only around rank 10.

"Bishop Xena, everyone else, welcome to my wizard tower!" Leylin had a cordial smile on his face. In that moment, it was as if spring had arrived and all sorts of beautiful flowers were blooming.

'This power of influence... How terrifying! What state is his spiritual force in now?' While having shock in her eyes, Xena similarly revealed a smile, "Lord Baron, you're too courteous! As guests, our gifts are lacking. This isn't good manners..."

# Chapter 938: Meeting

After giving them a tour of the tower, Leylin brought the priests to the drawing room. The metallic golems arrived quickly, presenting tea and snacks in elven porcelain.

“May I know why Lord Baron invited us here?” Xena took a look at these golems that were about as strong as rank 10 Professionals, and increased Leylin’s rating in her mind.

Beside her as a representative of the Goddess of Wealth’s church, there were also priests from the Gods of Knowledge and Suffering. However, Xena was the highest-ranked, and the influence of the Goddess of Wealth was the greatest here. It allowed her to act on behalf of the other two.

“Before all that, I’d first like to give you two gifts!” Leylin clapped, and another golem came forward, placing two boxes in front of them. Once they were opened, a pungent smell wafted out with large amounts of lime powder. It caused Xena to furrow her brows. She slowly drew closer.

“This is...” She suddenly took several steps backwards after seeing what was inside.

“Ah...” “It’s actually...”

If Xena had reacted that way, the other two priests had even larger reactions.

“Lord Leylin, are you using this to scare us?” Xena’s tone was of dissatisfaction, as the box contained two sinister heads. Showing heads to these priests was no sign of goodwill.

“Hehe... I’m obviously not offending you. Please take a closer look...” Leylin had an easy smile on his face.

After confirming that Leylin would not fall out with the church of wealth, Xena endured the nausea and discomfort and began to observe the sinister faces in the box.

After taking a closer look, she found something was wrong. “Hm? This ...”

The two other priests also seemed to have noticed something as well, delight showing on their expressions.

“Lord Leylin, this is...” The priest of the God of Suffering, Avdonia, began sounding unsure.

“Indeed, this is the high-ranked assassin that killed numerous men of the clergy during the Pirates’ Tide.”

Leylin pointed at the box on the left, “As for the one next to him, it is the bishop of the God of Murder hidden in the outer seas, Jesfano!”

“Hah... On behalf of all my comrades that met harm, I thank you!” Xena covered the boxes and sighed. The two other priests also thanked him happily.

During the Pirates’ Tide, the God of Murder had dispatched his subordinates to assassinate those of godly duties without regard. This had resulted in massive losses on the gods’ end. The churches that the three priests in front of Leylin represented were also included in the scope of the attacks, so it could be said that they had a feud with these two people.

The fact that Leylin had given them these two heads as gifts made them rather pleased.

“Well then... What does Lord Leylin wish to speak about?” The priest that had come in the bishop of the God of Knowledge’s stead was one that looked like an elderly scholar. The man called Salilus questioned Leylin with an intelligent glint in his eyes. After hearing his words, Xena and Avdonia focused on Leylin.

“Actually, these two heads were surprises that I obtained when exterminating the notorious Barbarians...” Leylin explained slightly.

“The Barbarians? You mean the culprit that started the Pirates’ Tide causing heavy casualties in the outer seas? They’ve been wiped out?” Xena was rather surprised, while Leylin snickered inside.

By defaming the Barbarians over the long term, especially with the king’s announcement, the Barbarians were now complete criminals. There was no way to absolve themselves of this reputation.

“Mm. They weren’t just pirates, they were connected with the God of Murder’s church!” Leylin declared, which then earned him flattery reserved for young heroes from Salilus.

“But...” When Leylin continued however, his tone completely changed, which made the three priests aware that Leylin was about to come to the main point.

“I believe that the outer seas as they are right now are in urgent need of a purge of faith in evil gods. This applies especially to those pirates and natives...” Leylin spoke in a low voice, his true intentions now revealed.

“A purge of faith?” The three of them exchanged glances in their surprise.

“Yes, a purge!” Leylin nodded resolutely.

While he treated the outer seas as his trump card, he could not offend all of the gods. Cyric and Malar’s reputations were rotten to the core, so that didn’t matter, but the few churches on Faulen Island needed to be roped in to his side. They could be considered as the Faulen Family’s natural allies.

As for the unlucky bishop of the God of Murder, Leylin was sorry to say that he could only be treated as just another stepping stone.

“Also... when it comes to dealing blows to the devils and demons, there are many ways we can cooperate in the future. I myself have come up with many new spell formations to detect demons and devils...” Leylin looked extremely furious.

Getting the favour of the good faction via proclaiming his wish to attack the devils and demons was a part of his plan. He could keep subduing them in the shadows to expand his strength, which made it like killing two birds with one stone.

“Oh? Please allow us to discuss this for a while...” Xena looked towards the priests beside her and answered, finding herself put in a spot.

From Leylin’s actions, it was apparent that he was making a declaration to dominate the outer seas. Most importantly, with the annihilation of the

Barbarians and uprooting the God of Murder's church, there now seemed to be no other opposing forces on the sea.

As those of the clergy, they would first have to consider the benefits to their churches. Everything else was secondary.

Unifying the outer sea and cracking down on faith in evil gods and devils was unquestionably beneficial for the gods they had faith in. Of course, this was only if they stood on the same side as Leylin and worked together with him.

'He has the ability to destroy the Barbarians in secret... Seems like the rumours that the Faulen Family has control over the Scarlet Tigers is true...' Xena glanced at Leylin, who was all smiles, and pondered over this.

'With huge armed fleets on the surface and a pirate group in the shadows, as well as huge trade benefits and shipping routes supporting him, it is undeniable that he shall be king of the outer seas. Rejecting his goodwill at this time is very unfavourable to the goddess' upcoming plans...'

Xena was actually very unwilling to see a single organisation becoming the dictator of the outer seas. She would rather this region be a place for free trade. However, she was currently left without choice.

The moment she infuriated a large organisation like this capable of unifying the outer seas, there would be a huge blow to trades in this region. This was also disadvantageous to the spread of faith in the Goddess of Wealth. Xena kept weighing her options.

'But... attacking the evil gods, devils and demons?' Xena shot Leylin a glance. While she had no clue what he was actually thinking, doing this meant she could tell what faction Leylin was in. At the very least, he was not on opposing ends with the Goddess of Wealth.

"In this regard... Please give me some time, my Lord. I need to discuss this with other members before I can make a decision!" While she already had a general inclination to agree, Xena still answered this way.

"The same goes for us." At the other side, Salilus and Avdonia gave the

same answer.

“Of course! This is just my intent. My family also has no plans of sending out troops on a large scale as of yet...” Leylin knew that these priests needed the permissions of their churches and even gods, which was why he didn’t pressure them. Whatever it was, this would be beneficial to them. He was sure that those with foresight could see this.

“As for the new detection spell and spell formations that you mentioned...” Before leaving, Xena displayed her strong interest in what Leylin had mentioned.

“Those are things I put research into and created unwittingly. They’re about half a fold more effective than ancient detection techniques, and the same goes for the range!” Leylin spoke indifferently, but that only caused the priests’ eyes to glint.

Demons and devils were the most hated beings in the prime material plane of the World of Gods! Altars and spells that could detect and distinguish them, especially those as effective and with as large a range as Leylin had said, were definitely the dreams of the churches.

“To be able create new spells alone... I was actually doubtful of my Lord’s talent in spells, but my doubts have been set aside.” The priest of the God of Knowledge, Salilus, spoke with conviction.

Even if it was the simplest distinguishing and detection spells, being able to create a whole new spell model meant that Leylin’s knowledge in terms of spells had reached a very profound level. Wizards like these were more capable of reaching the realm of legendaries. This was how it was recorded in many documents. Leylin had exhibited his abilities here, and Salilus could not help but brighten up.

“Many thanks for the praise. I can discuss matters related to this more comprehensively if you wish to!” Leylin was, on the surface, still a follower of Oghma. Naturally, he had to give this bishop preferential treatment, as well as give the other two some pressure.

“Of course, of course!” Salilus nodded with his eyes wide, while the other two looked wary.

After sending the three priests away, Leylin strolled back to his room.

‘There aren’t anymore issues in persuading them...’ he thought, ‘I’ll have a reason to purge the outer seas and call for help. All that’s left is to make preparations...’

By purging the faith of the natives in the outer seas and stealing their soul strength, he could constantly advance, speeding up his contact with the legendary realm. In the meanwhile, he could also expunge the devils and demons. This was Leylin’s main plan that would never change!



# Chapter 939: Demon Experiment

Faulen Island, the basement of the wizard tower. Within the negative energy pool.

This was a place where wizards conducted taboo experiments, with dimensional spell formations specifically to summon demons and devils. Hence, a powerful binding formation was an essential protective measure for this place.

Researching demons and devils! Obviously, once priests or paladins found out, he would become a wanted man, a sinner that all the humans would call out.

It was a pity that most high-ranked wizards had to make use of negative energy to advance. There were few who followed some lesser-known paths. After becoming a legendary wizard, those madmen might even completely disregard the gods and brazenly go against their ban, becoming involved in the domain of arcane spells.

In the eyes of those strictly forbidden scholars, the gods were merely a group of powerful wizards. Who exactly was up there was a function of luck and one's birth.

Due to their pursuit of truth and their research, wizards often harboured thoughts of becoming treacherous, and were hated by the gods to the bone. They had then done all they could to create the Weave in order to limit the spellcasters.

Unfortunately, even with the annihilation of Netheril and the crippling of most wizards through the Weave, legendary wizards still walked the path of doubting the gods. The immense pressure they exerted caused even more vigorous backlash, which was in a way very ironic.

"A dimensional summoning spell formation? While I can only summon beings from various planes within the crystal sphere, it's still not bad..." Leylin now stood at the edge of a spell formation with various runes drawn all over it, possessing an inquiring look on his face.

After sending the three priests away, he focused entirely on research in arcane spells. He was already a rank 16 arcanist, and it was obvious that he would perform practical experiments in this area.

“There seems to be a very powerful limitation in summoning spells within the World of Gods. There are also different factions. Of course... anyone can summon demons, as long as they are controlled well after that...” Leylin murmured to himself and activated the runes on the spell formation.

“Though it’s my first time using this, I guess I’ll summon demons. After all, I’ve gotten familiar with devils, but haven’t gotten the chance to observe demons myself...”

Demon summoning! As this was the first time, Leylin had not planned to summon a particularly powerful demon. However, after casting the spell, he suddenly found his spiritual force connecting with a large, deep, dark and chaotic plane.

“Is this the abyss? This power of space and chaos...” The abyss was currently known to have hundreds of layers, and most of it was definitely undiscovered. There were even rumours that the ninth level of hell had initially been part of the abyss and been separated.

With Leylin’s current spiritual force, it was impossible for him to advance to far into the abyss, even with spells and spell formations supporting him. He could only tour the surface layers.

“Mm! There’s a confusing and chaotic soul aura here, but it feels infinitely tiny. This should be a type of abyssal worm. That’s too weak... But then this one is too powerful. I think it’s approaching the rank of legendary. Everything is so different... I give up...”

With his fine spiritual force control, Leylin had more choices than other wizards. Finally, after a generally searching the area, he found his target, “A powerful soul aura and a strength that isn’t too strong or too weak. It’s you! Summon!”

The planar coordinates locked onto the target, and Leylin saw a teleportation gate opening. A strange, terrifying demon was teleported

over.

Kukaka! What entered Leylin's sights was a huge demon that looked more like a bald eagle on two legs. It was completely naked and had large wings on its back, the disgusting red chicken skin evident. Its human arms were tipped by incredibly sharp claws.

It did not hesitate to attack once it saw Leylin. The bloodlust, chaos and insanity within the soul caused his eyes to widen slightly.

"This should be a Vrock! While evolved from abyssal worms, it should be considered a mid-ranked demon! On top of that... this amount of chaos and level of attack... Hmph!"

Leylin huffed, the binding spell formation he had prepared beforehand flickered with dazzling light. Tens of lightning rays formed a huge prison. The Vrock's talons clashed with the electricity, and it immediately caused a huge sound. Large amounts of black flames began to blaze within, causing even the Vrock to retreat pitifully. There was finally some fear in its eyes.

"This guy only knows to be tough on the weak but is afraid when treated harshly!" Leylin shook his head, his right index finger pressing on his temple, "A.I. Chip, scan it and gather data!"

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan.] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin's commands. Soon enough, a 3D scan appeared in front of Leylin, detailing its stats.

[Name unknown. Race: Vrock (Tanar'ri) Strength: 16 Agility: 17 Vitality: 15 Spirit: 13 Feats: 1. Demon Skin 2. Flight 3. Corrosive Aura 4. Ability similar to magic. Description: This is a mid-rank demon. There is chaos and evil of the abyss in its very soul. Unless its mind is controlled, one will definitely be met with a powerful counterattack.] 'It's the model of a high-ranked professional, and its stats in all areas surpass them!' Leylin evaluated dully, and then saw its faction lights and soul temperament. 'What kind of insane and chaotic soul is this! It even has such an evil feeling...'

It had to be said that while he'd heard of this before, actually meeting

one had Leylin losing completely hope in demons.

“They’re just a bunch of evil lunatics with power in their hands!” After seeing its temperament, Leylin finally understood why the demons kept losing in the bloody battles with devils. While they were all evil existences, these beings that hid within chaos were just unworthy of his attention.

“The chaotic temperament from the abyss? Where is this coming from?” Leylin had a searching look in his eyes. He observed the Vrock trapped by the binding formation, the intense gaze causing even the insane demon to feel some fear.

“I don’t have much time, but I do have patience for my first specimen!” Leylin had an apathetic expression as a small, silver surgical knife and other tools suddenly appeared in his hands.

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“While the flesh itself is filled with a filthy power of chaos, the temperament of demons seems to be rooted in the soul itself...” The laboratory was now completely empty, and there were only bloodstained bits of bone left here. Some creature’s last wails seemed to linger in the area, filling the place with a frightening aura.

However, this did not affect Leylin at all. After washing away the blood and dirt on his hands, he focused on studying the potion in the test tube he held. A dark red liquid could be seen in the test tube, a dark light within shining with varying amounts of intensity as he shook the tube. It seemed evil and frightening.

‘This is the potion that was made from extracting the demon’s energy. A.I. Chip!’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled as he ordered.

[Beep! Item Name: Middle Demon Potion. Effect: Raises vitality and strength of all beings below 10 points by 1 point. For those with these stats below 15 points, vitality and strength increases by 0.5. Ineffective for all professionals above rank 15. Description: This is a potion with powerful demonic energy. Drink it if strength is desired, although be fearless of the corruption to your soul. You might fall to the abyss forever.] “Not a bad result. What a pity...” Leylin sighed. While this potion was pretty good at

boosting his underlings' strength, the demonic corruption that would result was a huge issue. If he wanted to continue working in the prime material plane, then his underlings could not be a group of demons!

However, his underlings could not be too weak either. He was preparing to nurture talents for the church he would build.

"What a bother! While I'm unafraid of such corruption, it won't be the same for others..." Leylin muttered, "I need to adjust the soul to remove the corruption, which would increase the costs too much. This can only be used as a reward, and not an ordinary potion to be passed down..."

'And... the abyss?' Leylin stroked his chin, recalling that mighty surge of chaos he had felt before.

'Chaos is a rather powerful law. After grasping it, I might even be able to command strength even more powerful than greater gods and work together with the abyss. Unfortunately, it doesn't suit me at all... I should head to the abyss and hell after becoming legendary to take a look.'

With Leylin's abilities, the abyss and hell were good choices to reincarnate in. However, Leylin had pondered over this and then given up. Compared to the prime material plane, these two areas were far too dangerous. There were battles everywhere and basically no peace whatsoever.

Right after reincarnating, Leylin would be at his weakest. How could he gamble on this?

"Even if I wanted to try my luck, would I, an invader, still be cared for by the World Will?" Leylin had a feeling that even while the World Will was in a deep sleep, its malicious intent towards Magi would not disappear so easily.

However, with his law of devouring, he would certainly be able to let his talents shine if he were to enter the abyss and hell. Leylin had no hesitations when it came to that!

# Chapter 940: Intermediate Perfect Body

Within a dim room. Powerful golden divine force was raging like stormy waves as it gushed out of a small statue. It was then absorbed by a huge black vortex in mid-air. Completely transformed, a pure energy gathered at the body of a quiet figure sitting there.

Powerful divine force condensed to form a faint figure of light, a thread of divinity sparkling as it emerged.

‘The analysis of divine force has slowly given me information over divinity...’ Leylin pondered over this. In the eyes of Magi, this so-called godhood was merely an elementary understanding of the power of laws.

A true god had comprehended one law completely. From there, one would ignite their godfire to join the ranks of the other true gods, a process improving comprehension of laws as they grasped them.

“But... The World of Gods has unique rules of their own. With the power of faith, comprehension of the laws can be hastened. The power of laws possessed after becoming a true god can also be boosted through faith. With the comprehension of laws as the core, one can rob or present this divinity that comes from faith...”

It was extremely difficult for the inhabitants of the World of Gods to surpass the limitations on their own bodies and obtain divinity. Unless one was lucky enough to get into the good graces of the gods or pick up a divine weapon with divinity hidden inside, this was basically impossible.

However, having already grasped the true essence of laws, Magi didn’t find it too difficult to create divinity as long as they had enough materials.

‘Honestly speaking, divine force is actually the material to form divinity. It takes other gods too much energy to transform it, to the point that they’re unwilling to do so...’ Leylin studied the statue in his hands. The divine force within was almost completely depleted.

“Even with all the divine force stored inside being able to raise the my average stats, I still can’t form any real divinity...” Leylin muttered to

himself. After absorbing all the divine force within the statue, his strength had improved just a bit. He now had a better understanding of Cyric's godly duties and domain, but he still could not condense divinity. This was not an issue in technique, but just that there weren't enough pure ingredients.

By his estimation, he would require all the divine force from a god's avatar to condense the divinity he needed.

"Eliminating an avatar?" Leylin stroked his chin, beginning to ponder over the feasibility of this matter.

It wasn't possible for a god to descend on the prime material plane in their true body. Their personifications were at most high-ranked legendaries and saints, about as strong as rank 5 or 6 Magi. They would also lose their holiness, and could therefore be killed.

Of course, even the avatar wasn't someone Leylin could deal with easily.

'I completely understand Cyric's divine force...' Leylin reflected, 'With multiple domains like murder, massacres, conspiracies, and death, he has entered the ranks of the greater gods. An avatar from him would be the cream of the crop...'

In Leylin's eyes, however, of all of Cyric's laws, the only ones Leylin found worthy were those of massacre and death. These two domains were very formidable, and they were what Cyric had relied on to enter the ranks of the greater gods.

It would take a tremendous amount of divine force to condense a divinity in these domains.

'Even if he's gone insane, this is still far too difficult... I should change my target...'

Ever since Leylin had started out here, he had only offended two gods; the God of the Hunt, Malar, and the God of Murder, Cyric. This had naturally been done after some pondering. As the path he had chosen caused conflict with these two gods, becoming hostile was obvious.

'Malar is only a lesser god, and his avatar would be easier to deal with. I

don't want anything to do with his domain of hunting, but it won't be hard to transform it into a divinity in massacres...'

Only middle gods and above in the World of Gods could transform divinity between similar fields. However, any rank 8 Magus could do so. This was the result of differences in comprehending laws.

With Leylin's temperament, those benevolent and honest roles meant nothing to him. Not only was his soul unsuitable for that, it would also pollute his path to becoming a rank 8 Magus. Hence, he had few choices.

With research on ancient Magi like Distorted Shadow, he now had a better understanding of his own path.

'My path is definitely inclined towards 'evil' for this world. Will I completely walk the path of a rebel?' Leylin stroked his chin, 'Based on the novels from my previous world, rebels never lead good lives. That's rather... interesting...'

'But... the power of devils will definitely give rise to massacres and death. That's rather fitting...' The corner of Leylin's lips suddenly turned up in an evil smile.

He did not fear sin on his path to eternity, nor did he mind grasping evil laws.

Boom! At this moment, the miniature statue in his hands exploded. His continued absorption over this period of time had completely exhausted the divine force within.

"Is it depleted already?" Leylin closed his eyes. The cells all over his body greedily absorbed this pure energy that had been transformed, and there was even a huge improvement on a genetic level. At this moment, the A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded.

[Beep! Host has absorbed pure energy. Effect similar to eternal grace from the god. Strength +1, Agility +2, Vitality +1, Spirit +1.] [Host's spiritual force has broken through, rank increasing. Host is now a rank 17 arcanist. Arcane Energy +10.] [Obtained spell slots: rank 8(1), rank 7(1), rank 6(1), rank 5(1)]



All his stats had now exceeded 15. Power erupted in Leylin's body, and it felt as if every cell was dancing in elation as if they had broken through their shackles.

[Beep! Host's stats have all reached 15. Feat Elementary Perfect Body has become Intermediate Perfect Body.] The A.I. Chip's prompt continued to show.

Afterwards, the explanation of the Perfect Body feat was refreshed. [Intermediate Perfect Body. Host's genes have been optimised. Characteristics of exemplary beings has been strengthened, and host has obtained mid-rank resistance to toxins, fire, cold, and corrosion. Endurance in varying environments has been increased by large degree.] Leylin's stats changed. [Leylin Faulen. Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 17 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 17. Arcane Energy: 170 Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.] [Spell Slots: Rank 8(1), Rank 7(3), Rank 6(6), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] [Analysis of Weave: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 53.33%, Level 7 34.97%. Level 8 0.11%.] 'So all of the divine force and demon potions recently have allowed me to rise to this point?' Leylin nodded, looking satisfied.

The rise in his arcanist ranking allowed him to reduce the consumption needed for arcane spells. Besides for rank 9 arcane spells, he would not need to pay any price at all. The rise in his wizard ranking also allowed him to obtain a rank 8 spell slot, which was pretty good.

"And then... Intermediate Perfect Body?"

Leylin wondered about this. The advancement in his perfect body meant he was transforming into a higher-grade lifeform. Once he became a legendary, he would probably get a Greater Perfect Body or even Legendary Perfect Body as his feat.

"Even those old legends must have endured long periods of training to improve their stats, allowing them to possess a Legendary Perfect Body.

However, at the rate that I'm improving, my feat with the Perfect Body alone after becoming a legendary would allow me to catch up to legendaries who have been amassing strength for so long..."

"Also, a powerful vessel would allow me to make preparations to take on more power!" Leylin had a feeling that once his Perfect Body reached the legendary domain, there would be huge advantages to absorbing divinity and even igniting his godfire to become a god.

"Whether it's the remaining evil organisations in the outer seas or dealing with the God of Murder, all this would require me harnessing great power..." The Faulen Family might have become a king of the outer seas, but lacked the power to completely control the situation!

Only by quickly becoming a legendary could he fearlessly take on the attack from the God of Murder's church, and therefore make the outer seas a solid foundation for him to become a god.

"My speed of advancement is already very fast. If I want to continue, the only method would be making use of the faith of the natives in the outer seas..."

# Chapter 941: Agreement

Leylin's progress slowed once he became a rank 17 arcanist. He performed experiments on negative energy and other planes everyday within his wizard tower, and occasionally taught some apprentices. He led a leisurely life.

As he possessed crucial techniques and strength, he was not in the least bit anxious. And just as he expected, others could no longer hold themselves back.

"Lord Baron... Were you really the one to create these three spells? Detect Demon, Detect Domain, and Sense Devil?"

Xena did not seem to be in the best mental state. There were dark bags under her beautiful eyes, and it was apparent that she hadn't had a good rest in a long time. For her, this was something unthinkable.

"Yes!" Leylin answered with a smile, and he then saw Xena's eyes that were full of shock and astonishment that she could not hide.

"The many gods will definitely notice your contributions to the World of Gods!" After obtaining an affirmation, Xena immediately guaranteed.

This was because Leylin's invention was far too astounding.

Even if the paladins had spells like Detect Evil, its categories and scope were far too narrow. After personal testing, Xena found that the spell models that Leylin provided far exceeded the detection methods from before, whether in terms of accuracy or scope.

The effect it would have on the operation of dealing with demons and devils was obvious.

Xena's eyes were now full of fervor as she watched Leylin. If she could offer up these techniques to her goddess' church, she might even have the confidence to compete the next 'Holy Coin' church election!

"I've always had zero tolerance for evil organisations!" Leylin's experiment showed how 'righteous' he was, but he was snorting away inside.

He himself was half an Archdevil, so making a few techniques to detect devils was far too easy. Having met a high-ranked person from their faction, being betrayed and sold out was just the devils and demons being down on their luck.

With this, Leylin could also show his resolution in his faction.

Of course, as the person who created these detection techniques, Leylin had long since come up with their respective defences and counter spells. Of course, he had given all those to his own devil underlings.

‘It’s wonderful to use another’s strength to eliminate your enemies...’ Leylin assessed to himself, ‘If these spells grow widespread, then all the devils and demons hiding in the mainland will face heavy losses. It’ll be a chance for my worshippers of gluttony...’

Thankfully, Xena had no idea of what Leylin was thinking, or else she’d definitely attack him.

“But I can only sell the spell scrolls and alchemic items related to this to you. The basic spell model has to be kept a secret. At the moment, I will only be selling them to you three and your churches,” Leylin’s next words caused Xena’s expression to change.

“After all... my Faulen Family is merely a small power that’s unable to go against the devil and demon forces of the whole continent. You wouldn’t wish for our Faulen Family to be massacred by violent devils and demons, would you?” Leylin watched Xena, looking helpless. While this Gold Bishop’s expression changed, she still had no choice but to acknowledge this.

Even Xena had no confidence to say that the church of wealth would definitely protect the Faulen Family, because this was impossible.

Those devils and demons definitely did not care for the Goddess of Wealth.

“Mm, alright. You will also need to swear that you will never leak news that I am the seller!” Leylin spoke seriously. While dealing blows to devils and demons was good, he did not want to invite trouble. This was why it

was necessary to take all these steps as well.

Most importantly, there was a limit to the spell scrolls and alchemic items that he was selling, so that the effect could be regulated. With the ability of Magi and arcanists to seal things, Leylin was confident that he could press this advantage for over a century. Even a legendary wizard would not be able to decrypt his spell models.

In addition, with his 'pitiful' speed, there was a limit to the spell scrolls he could make. Part of the time was also needed to be spent on research. Hence, the actual damage to the demons was rather slight.

Based on his speculations, being able to wipe them out of the Dambrath Kingdom within a decade was something very amazing.

This would prevent certain powerful demons and devils from being driven to action in their desperation. With such a long period of time, they would have the time to come up with plans and deal with it.

By selling this stuff, he could also rope in the three churches. He'd already considered the possibility of them joining hands to pressure him. Firstly, the three of them were in the lawful good faction, and would never use sinister methods. With their three gods controlling each other, he would also have the chance to benefit from them all.

Only a legendary, with decisive power in the prime material plane, would be a sufficient foundation to protect the interests and safety of his organisation.

"... I understand... After this, I'll contact the other two churches." Xena gave Leylin a look, having thought of many things in that instance, "Our church of wealth is very much in favour of the Faulen Family expanding in the outer seas!"

"Thank you very much! Oh, I've already prepared the specific spell scrolls. The price is ten thousand gold kro, so please come and get it anytime!" Leylin smiled winningly like an unscrupulous businessman. The church of wealth had money after all, and who was he to say no to that? They were more than capable of paying for this.

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After the exchange of benefits and agreement, the Faulen Family's inclination of unifying the outer seas was unstoppable. They'd already subdued other, smaller nobles, so they met no opposition on that front. The rest were like Marquis Tim of the Gold Thornblossoms, too afraid to oppose this.

After seeing the three churches standing by the Faulen Family, he was already scared shitless. Tim knew how ruthless Leylin was. He had dared massacred the Baltic archipelago, and after gaining support from the churches he was fearless. If Tim had the courage to fight back, he would end up in an even worse state than the old Marquis. He was a smart man, and obviously made the right choice.

In that moment, the outer seas belonged to the Faulen Family's to do as they wished. Only the ships that had the family's flags could move around in the outer seas uninhibited.

Recently, there were even rumours that Tim and his band of nobles were planning to petition to the Dambrath King to consider the Faulen Family's expansion and 'outstanding contributions', in hopes to raise Leylin's feudal rank and give him more land.

With all the troubles on the surface dealt with, Leylin focused his attentions on what was going on in the shadows.

"There are actually only two forces in the dark world of the Dambrath outer seas. One is the evil force with the pirates in power, but with the annihilation of the Barbarians, they now pose no threat. The other is the native islands with their faith in evil gods..."

Using a conjured water mirror, Leylin was now deep in a frank conversation with his cousin Isabel.

She had already completely taken over Pirates' Cove and turned it into the Scarlet Tigers' base. It could be said that the fall of Pirates' Cove meant that the outer seas' pirate world had been unified. There would no longer be any forces on the sea that could match the Scarlet Tigers.

“Also... The native tribes’ belief in the evil gods is something very troublesome. They are rather ignorant, greedy, and savage, and believe in natural spirits. They rely on beings with great might to shelter them, and become a huge threat to passing ships...”

As the noble child of a merchant of the seas, Leylin had long since gotten a deep understanding of these native tribes. Even if the Dambrath Kingdom had entered an age of discovery in the seas and gone through generations of migration, there were still few ‘civilised people’ in the outer seas than natives.

It was said that further into the deep seas, there was a large continent where an empire built by the natives existed!

Hence, in order to completely unify the outer seas, he could not let go of these natives’ tribes, especially since they had natural spirits that had formed after hundreds or even a thousand years worth of offerings.

These primitive totems had, with years of faith from the natives, obtained immense strength. Possessing divinity or even igniting divine flames was nothing special from them.

“I hope you can head the elimination of the native tribes in the outer seas, in the regions that we know of.” Leylin spoke to Isabel through the communicator.

He now somewhat had a group of underlings with reasonable strength, and there were some things he did not have to do himself. In that sense, he’d turned from a pawn into the player.

In order to truly leap out of the chessboard, he’d at least need legendary strength. To take part in the games of the gods, he would need to be a member!

“Make records of all the natural spirits and totems with legendary strength and above, and also the native tribes that believe in the Goddess of the Ocean. Let them off temporarily.” Leylin had consistently been taking advantage of the weaker ones and afraid to go head on with the powerful. Nothing changed here.

“I understand!” As a senior pirate, Isabel knew full well the terror that the Ocean Goddess could inflict. There were many amongst her own men that followed her. Once she was provoked in the ocean, then one would only be engulfed by boundless storms.

Isabel could even imagine that once she ordered those pirates to attack the Ocean Goddess’ church or altar, those pieces of trash would collapse in their fear.



# Chapter 942: Mishap

“First ensure the safety of the shipping routes. If there are those you can’t deal with, make a record of them and leave them to me!” Leylin went through things to take note of and then ended the communication.

“With the expansion of the outer seas, there should still be many left even after eliminating those too powerful or with powerful backings.” Leylin’s eyes glinted with wit, immediately recalling the barbarian altar from before.

“I don’t need that many. As long as I find around 10 of the natives’ sacrificial areas like that of the barbarian tribe, the accumulated energy should be enough for me to advance and even get close to the realm of legendaries...”

Leylin willed it, and the outer seas immediately grew lively. With the Scarlet Tigers taking the lead, numerous pirates yelled out as they swept through the native islands close to important shipping routes.

Besides those with powerful backers or the protection of powerful beings, basically all the native tribes were purged. Most of the adult males in these tribes were killed, while the rest were turned into slaves.

With abundant supplies, the price of native slaves in the outer seas fell steeply by 50%, causing many slave traders to go bankrupt. Of course, in this whole disturbance, the Faulen Family made use of prompt news and abundant resources to gulp down much of the share in the sales of the slaves.

With such a storm, the little businesses could only be crowded out. The true big shots would use these methods to massacre the market and remove all competitors in their way. They could then monopolise the market.

Leylin could be said to be very familiar with this. With the war, all sorts of loot and slaves were shipped to the Faulen Island. There were even totems and ritual items for evil gods here, which actually helped Leylin to learn a great deal.

Within these items were some form of power of faith. Leylin found this useful. Through these years of hard work, the power he held gradually took shape. He need not bother himself with many things, because his underlings would take the initiative and do everything well.

This was the advantage of being the master of a large organisation.

‘No wonder even gods would create churches and work hard to operate them. While they look like saints, the intent behind it is rather similar...’ Leylin found that he now had a better understanding of the methods of the gods. Afterwards, however, something snapped him out of his thoughts.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The faint sounds of shattering could be heard from Leylin’s shirt tail, causing his expression to change.

Leylin reached down and came up with several fragments from a crescent shape ruin. This was supposed to be a complete crystal, but had now shattered into numerous tiny pieces. The luster on it dimmed in an instant.

“Is there trouble?” Leylin’s eyes did not waver as he mumbled. This was a communication rune he had made especially for his cousin, which could bypass most spatial separation.

This sudden alert meant that Isabel had met with a very problematic issue on the outer seas. She had no choice but to cut off all communications, a desperate step.

“Send down the message that I’ll be leaving for a period of time” Leylin told the tower genie dully. The intellectual core quickly understood Leylin and carried out his order. Ernest headed to his drawing room directly.

“Why are you leaving now? Don’t you know that our experiment has reached a crucial stage? Oh! Also, the trade of your family is the best it can be! Poor Leon needs to calculate bills all the way till deep in the night everyday...” Ernest spoke, as if blaming Leylin.

“We can set the experiment aside. Anyway, those gem kelp that we were observing need another two years until they have fully matured. There’s

also nothing to worry about with the family business. If anything happens, look for my father, Baron Jonas. The churches will also help you as much as they can!”

Leylin rolled his shoulders back.

“Fine... Seems like you’ve made up your mind. Can you tell me why?” Ernest looked curious, “Let me guess... it’s... for a woman? Am I right? Only beautiful girls could make someone of your age more boyish...”

“What do you mean by ‘more boyish’?” Leylin stared at him, speechless.

He was most worried about the Scarlet Tigers that he’d established suffering a huge blow. The safety of his cousin Isabel was also of utmost importance. Of course, she was a beautiful woman, but this had nothing to do with what Ernest was talking about.

“Oh, teenagers... don’t worry... I’ll explain to your father!” Ernest winked suggestively at Leylin, a suspicious look on his face.

“Fine, fine.” Leylin shook his head and walked out. He had a feeling that Master Ernest must have noticed something, and everything he was doing was on purpose!

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At the same time, a blazing fireball was launched from the Red Dragon Sword. In that instant, all the thorny vines wiggling in the air were burnt to ashes.

“It’s the seventeenth time!” Isabel huffed, though her gaze was still strong, “Everyone, retreat to the cave. Quick!”

Red Dragon Transformation! Dragon Breath! Following that, Isabel unhesitatingly activated her bloodline force and turned into a half-dragon with fiery-red scales and a pair of large wings extending from her back.

The heated conical flames formed a triangular blank space. A few natives who could not evade in time were struck by the flames, and became huge chunks of ashes.

“Damn it, there’s something wrong with this tribe!” As she guided the

surviving men into the cave, Isabel cursed and grabbed a black rock by the side of the cave.

This operation had started swimmingly. The tribe they were going to wipe out did not have the protection of true gods like the Goddess of the Ocean. There were also no legendary natural spirits and totems here, so they were rather weak.

However, just as Isabel prepared to destroy the huge tribe in one go and make all of them slaves, a series of unthinkable things happened.

This tribe actually had relations with the rumoured native empire, and they had coincidentally met with their support forces! At the thought of the unpredictable killings in the forest, Isabel turned glum.

The black rock in her hand produced noises before ultimately shattering, turning into fragments of lime and sprinkling everywhere.

Such a violent scene immediately caused the pirates to shrink back, afraid that her palm would arrive at their heads next.

This was the most solid greenstone! Through the polishing and corrosion of an unceasing water flow, it had grown lustrous and hard. It felt indestructible, but it was like white bread in her hands.

“Pfft, a bunch of cowards!” Isabel disdainfully turned back. With her remodelling as a bloodline Warlock and the fusion with the legendary dragon’s blood, her power was increasing by the day.

By using the Dragon King’s Mystic Might meditation technique, Isabel could sense her strength was increasing. It was as if a dragon resided in her body! If not for her underlings dragging her down, she would find it easy to break out of here alone.

“The signal has already been sent out. Hmph! Once Leylin’s here, I’m going to burn these disgusting monkeys to death!” The sword in Isabel’s hand glimmered with light. Crimson qi immediately destroyed numerous tropical trees, revealing the elite native warriors and their summoned creatures.

They were now in a gigantic tropical rainforest, and there were native

tribal warriors everywhere. What attracted Isabel's attention the most were actually the elite warriors from the empire.

'Based on their dialect, the reinforcements are the Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors?' Isabel recalled the information she had obtained before.

The system of Professionals in the World of Gods was huge. Besides the most common warriors, thieves, and so on, there were countless other hidden professions, such as the arcanists.

There could even be systems of power from the dark era in remote regions.

The native empire had their own system of professions, which Isabel thought to be a normal occurrence.

'I just don't know if there are gods in the empire of natives.' Isabel suddenly considered this. While they were base and lazy, and the power of faith they offered less pure than even that of regular people, the amount was still pretty good.

If they could find a new continent with the native empire with no gods, then even a god would go green in envy!

Rustle! The natives that had been scared off by Isabel's attack shrank back, while Isabel looked on every corner of the battlefield. A slender figure soon appeared behind a broad-leaved tree.

"How is it, Karen? Have you found their commander?" Isabel asked without hesitation.

"No!" This was the pirates' scouting captain, the half-drow Karen. She was shaking her head regretfully, "The leader is very vigilant and seems to have great anti-detection abilities. I can't find their core..."

"Damn it! We can only wait for reinforcements..." Isabel sighed. She began to feel deeply uncomfortable at the thought of being unable to complete Leylin's mission, though she couldn't quite tell why.

# Chapter 943: Trap

Numerous elite natives formed a heavily-guarded defensive line within the tropical rainforest. Behind them were several crudely constructed tents.

Based on the traditions of the natives, these tents were adorned with colourful feathered decorations on the surface, as well as some runes smeared on with fresh blood.

“Has Special Envoy Agigikro caught them yet?” asked a native who was evidently their leader. He wore a large golden crown on his head, but looked rather slender, almost bony; it was a stark difference. This man was currently watching another white-browed native.

This native called Agigikro had evidently experienced much over many years. His eyes showed his wisdom, and he was half a head taller than the leader, which showed that he had been raised in a more nourishing environment.

“They are very powerful followers of another religion. The elite Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors that I brought couldn’t even take a blow from that monster in human form! To force them to come here, I’ve already lost 27 elite warriors...”

Agigikro was evidently not this leader’s subordinate, and his tone made him sound like they were on equal terms.

“Also... I’ve only come here to accept offerings to the empire and had no intentions of taking part in this!”

After seeing that this envoy was beginning to get mad, the native chief grew restless, “But... With these outsiders and those of another religion around, my island is now getting increasingly unsafe. My people are losing their lands. If you weren’t here, I might have chosen to abandon this place and find a land that those blue-eyed ones can’t see...”

Seeing that his complaints and chattering did nothing to convince Agigikro and only made him more enraged, the head wrung his hands and

looked to be in pain, “Fine... Fine... To thank you for your help, my friend, I can offer you some things privately. They’re all...”

After hearing a whole bunch of promises, Agigikro’s frown smoothed out. The islands around this place weren’t much to those from the natives’ continent. However, this one place was different. This chief in front of him was the only way they could procure the specialties of this place, and they were very precious in the empire.

If not, Agigikro wouldn’t be so kind hearted as to help him fight off the invaders.

‘Perhaps... I should find a chance to beat the method they get their tributes from out of them...’ Agigikro looked towards the head, eyes glinting with a chilly gaze like a poisonous snake hidden in the shadows.

While this was a mere glance, the head was already beginning to get uncomfortable, “Well then, about those invaders... What do you say?”

“Them?” Agigikro froze, and then looked furious. “Those who have the gall to kill so many of my men will never be let off easily. I’m going to skin off their scalps and use their bones as musical instruments, eternally hung in front of the doorframe to my house.

“But... They seem to be powerful beings who’ve grasped evil strength. If we go in with dull strength, we’ll also have casualties. On top of that, the terrain is hindering us... Hence, I believe we can push the timing to attack them back. What do you think about tomorrow night?”

Agigikro’s eyes were filled with a sneaky luster.

“Tomorrow... Night? You mean—” After hearing this, the head’s eyes brightened.

“Exactly. With that around, those of another religion can only embrace the eternity of death, no matter how many of them there are...”

At this thought, the head applauded, now in a better mood. The tent was pulled open soundlessly, and then a group of girls with different-coloured fruit plates balanced on their heads flitted in like butterflies. They had eyes like black pearls, and their lips were extremely charming. Every part

of their bodies held vitality that only youth possessed.

The maids respectfully put the fruit plates down. There were all sorts of precious tropical fruits within, while the plates themselves also emitted a charming golden light. They were made of pure gold.

“Envoy, there’s still much time till tomorrow. How about you take a look at what we have planned here?”

The head smiled and he clapped. A group of musicians began to play elegant tunes, and the girls began to dance gracefully. The provocative dance had a unique beauty to it, and in that moment the tent began to undulate with youth.

Agigikro stared hard at one of the dancer girls, who was the most beautiful, and he began to peel a grape while looking intoxicated. The head, who was watching, snickered inside. On the surface, he looked ready to flatter the envoy more.

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While the natives danced to show happiness and prosperity, Leylin had secretly arrived at Pirates’ Cove. This place had now turned into the Scarlet Tigers’ main base, and any barbarians or organisations related to the church of murder had been uprooted.

The Scarlet Tigers had conducted a purge after occupying this place. Powerful ammunition had exploded on half of the dock; blood still stained the port from that day.

However, pirates lived like locusts. The scattered pirates reappeared after the purge of war, like bamboo shoots in the rain. The bars and dancing halls were open the whole night, and the place seemed dazzling and prosperous.

This motivated more sailors to turn to the path of piracy. While most were killed, the lucky ones who survived did strike it rich and turned into a new legend. This encouraged generation after generation of pirates.

“My Lord!” Now, in the core residence of Pirates’ Cove, Ronald and Robin Hood’s foreheads were dripping cold sweat as they watched the



young noble in front of them.

While Leylin had not released his aura, the pressure he gave them was enough for them to feel like they were in front of a dragon. In this situation where Miss Isabel was heavily surrounded, it didn't matter if this was an error on their end, but they knew they could be hanged for this.

Knowing how terrifying Leylin could be, the thought of fleeing did not even rise in their minds. They could only keep praying that Leylin could show them some benevolence.

"I took a look when I came. The construction of the harbour went well. Robin Hood, you've put in much effort!"

Unexpectedly, Leylin did not begin to reprimand them first thing. His approval immediately had Robin Hood feeling slightly better, "Many thanks, young master! I only did what I had to do the best of my abilities!"

"And you, Ronald!" Leylin then glanced at the middle-aged pirate next to him.

Through years of experience, this subordinate that he had recruited now had the aura of someone at the top. His strength had also grown by a large amount, as was expected of a seedling that Leylin had chosen himself.

"My Lord!" Robin Hood went down on a half-kneel, "I am in charge of the sea routes. No matter what happened, I am partially responsible for this. Please forgive me!"

Much time hadn't passed since the establishment of the Scarlet Tigers, but a few groups and factions had already formed. While most were under Leylin and Isabel, there were still others.

Compared to a general like Robin Hood who had come straight from the garrison, Ronald who had entered midway lacked confidence. Of course, this might also have to do with Leylin having too much power.

"Since this has happened, I'm not going to put the blame on anyone. I just hope we can solve it as soon as possible..." Leylin waved his arms. He'd already had some expectation that this might happen. However, as long as there were people around, the losses could be quickly replenished,

which was not an issue.

“I’ve looked through the records in the meeting, and you aren’t in the wrong. You have no need to worry about it...” This was the main point. Otherwise, Ronald might not even be able to walk out of this room.

“My lord...” A warmth surged in Ronald’s heart, and his chest felt stuffy, yet he could not say anything.

“Enough. Who are you putting this show for?”

Leylin stopped Ronald and then spread out a huge sea map on the table. This was the most complete map of the areas the Scarlet Tigers’ had gathered. There were also some areas added in that had been explored by the Barbarians or other pirate groups. At a glance, the entire Dambrath outer seas could be seen vividly in his mind. This was a priceless treasure.

“Come, Ronald. Mark the route that Isabel has taken this time!” Leylin took a vernier caliper and moved it around, and then passed a red marker to Ronald.

“Yes, my lord!” Ronald took a deep breath and calmed himself down. Meanwhile, after recalling some memories, he drew a crooked red line on the map.

“As most of the outer sea native tribes have been wiped out, Lord Isabel’s hunting targets are now closer to the deep sea... In the previous sail, we communicated. Things had been normal up till this point!”

“The red coral sea? That’s rather close to the outer regions...” Leylin glanced at the area Ronald had marked out on the map.

The red marking was the most southern part of the map, and extremely close to the boundaries of the outer seas. With a few days of sailing, she could sail away from the scope on the map.

“My cousin... I already reminded her not to go too far...”

Leylin sighed as he shook his head, “There are far too many native tribes in the south, and things are complicated. There are even rumours of the native empire there. She was trying to wipe them out with just one pirate

fleet... sigh..."

# Chapter 944: Ritual

“Ready a ship and men. I’m going to leave immediately!” Since he had confirmed the location, Leylin would obviously go on a rescue mission immediately. Robin Hood and Ronald listened respectfully. Not long after, they had everything prepared...

A day later. Isabel had just met her life’s largest crisis in the rainforest.

“What... what the heck is this?” A powerful draconic aura spread out, and a few black monsters were burnt to ashes.

These black monsters had a strong, dark-red fog around them. They were shaped weirdly, as if formed of soil.

Rustle... Rustle... Even if it was burnt off by the flames, the dark red gas gathered once more to spawn more monsters/

“Damn it! They can’t die?” Karen used her dagger and pierced into a monster with three human heads, one each belonging to an elderly, a middle-aged man and a youth. However, the injuries quickly recovered and even swallowed her dagger. Sensing the immense danger, Karen could only abandon her weapon and leave.

“Only powerful attack spells or the explosion of qi from a high-ranked Professional can truly hurt them!” Isabel was now in her half-dragon form. Those fog creatures quickly evaded a powerful Dragon Breath, and that finally gave the two a path to retreat.

“I never thought that there would be such strange things in the forest!” Isabel gazed at the moon on the horizon. The moonlight, which should be bright, was now stained with a layer of purplish-red and looked incomparably evil.

Things had originally been going smoothly. After withdrawing from the rainforest, the attacks and searches of the natives had weakened, and she was even considering escape routes. But the night held a huge surprise for them.

“It’s like the whole forest turned into a ghost region!” Isabel looked alert.

The danger here far exceeded her expectations.

“Hehe... play with me!” The forest seemed to change under the purplish-red moonlight, dark red fog filling the area. A large banyan tree twisted abruptly, and numerous vines turned into flexible arms that grabbed at Isabel. A baby’s face appeared on the trunk.

“Even my dragon aura is useless? What the hell is this?” The crimson Red Dragon Sword exploded with burning qi. The conical flames from Dragon’s Breath were launched unceasingly, causing the giant hands that formed webs to be ignited and fall off. This finally allowed Isabel to clear off an area to move into.

“Hehe... It doesn’t hurt at all!” The large banyan tree had pulled itself out of the soil, the many roots turned into countless tendrils. Dark red fog lingered, and the vines that had been cut off and burnt regrew.

“I won’t be able to hold on at this rate...” Glancing at the other side, where her subordinates were heavily injured, Isabel could not help but force a smile.

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Many natives were gathered outside the rainforest, looking solemn. At their centre was a tremendous altar.

Twisted and evil runes, dark red in colour, were present around the altar. Blood plasma was smeared on it, and the droplets of blood that rolled downwards along the cracks of the stone made it look exceedingly terrifying.

Many of the natives now wore fancy feathers and hide. They kept chanting and praying to the altar. On the altar was the face of a young female native who seemed pure and holy. However, her eyes had lost all signs of life, and there was a large wound on her wrist.

Evidently, an extremely evil sacrifice was being done here, and the target was no known god, devil or demon.

The chief looked like a worthless person in imposing clothing to Special Envoy Agikikro. He glanced at the man and suddenly asked, “I never

thought the enemy would enter this forest, that's a great help for us. I wonder if this will affect us from getting our offerings?"

"Please do not worry! Our ancestors have carried out the sacrifice numerous times. There won't be errors..." The native head could do as he pleased in his tribe, but he did not dare show any sign of negligence to the envoy of the empire. Droplets of sweat even appeared on his forehead.

"I've even invited our tribe's great priest for the sake of success. With a group of powerful followers of another religion being the sacrifices, the effects will be much better than before. The number of offerings might even be several times more than usual!"

The native head had a flattering smile in his eyes, "When the time comes, I can gift you a few extra!"

"Thank you very much then!" At the thought of the miraculous effects of the product, Agigikro immediately revealed a smile.

Meanwhile, however, scorn flashed in his mind, 'These darned swines who only roll around in the mud all day! If not for the offerings only appearing here and needing to be extracted with specific talents found in their tribe, the empire would long since have occupied this place!'

"It's beginning!" The head called out. He naturally had no idea about how the envoy of the empire was scorning them.

"Hm?" Agigikro focused on the altar.

A layer of murky dark red fog shrouded the top of the forest, breaking through some boundary with the deaths of the pirates. It began to extend towards the altar, causing the chief to look delighted as the chants increased in volume.

Dark red fog continued to spread, like a huge beast that had opened its ferocious mouth. A lot of it gathered to form a large eight-clawed spider.

"Leave this place quickly!" The great priest was the first to run upon seeing this fog spider, fast and nimble. The other priests did the same.

"Ah..." "Save- ..."

A few native guards that ran a little too slowly were swallowed by the fog. Before they could even complete a sentence, they collapsed and died. Their bodies withered in an instant as if they had lost all life energy.

The fog spider grew more vivid after swallowing all this life. It came to the altar, its terrifying, ferocious, and ugly mouth making contact with the girl.

Ka-chak! Ka-chak! With the fog spider's work, the young native girl's body made a few strange movements, like a puppet controlled with strings.

Upon noticing this, the great priest halted and that focused his attention on the altar unblinkingly, "Alright. The mighty Balulukulu has already taken in enough lives. It will no longer be dangerous."

The purplish-red moon was at its most dazzling, practically a little sun. The fog spider seemed to have met its goal, and it dove into the orifices of the native girl.

Gulu! Gulu! The girl's flat and smooth stomach strangely began to expand, and numerous warts began to move, as if a colony of mice was living under her skin.

"It's a success!" The great priest cheered, and brought the other priests to the side of the altar. They flipped the girl over to reveal her stomach. She looked like a woman who was ten months pregnant, with a dark red tattoo in the shape of a spider on her fair back. It was like a living image, and very vivid.

"The grace of Balulukulu!" The great priest looked solemn as he took an obsidian knife from an apprentice and began some chants. After cutting his own forehead and thumb and smearing a few markings with blood, he placed the black blade at the swollen stomach of the girl. There was a cold glint in his eyes as blood spurted everywhere.

"Is this the sacrificial ceremony here? As heard from rumours, it's very unusual!" After seeing something so bloody, Agigikro could still converse with the head next to him at ease.

“Hehe... this is the best method that my ancestors found after thousands of tries!” The head now had a prideful expression on his face, “Well then, envoy! Please accept my gift!”

With the chief’s nod, a priest took a golden circular plate and brought it over. On it were a few blood-red crystals the size of chicken eggs, still stained with blood and pus on the surface.

“Balulukulu’s crystals!” Agigikro’s eyes were fixed on the item on the plate, and he looked intoxicated.

This crystal was a specialty of the natives, only found on this island. If someone strong swallowed this, they would gain extraordinary strength provided they survived the aftereffects.

That was not all. The higher classes in the native empire had even found that burning these crystals produced a unique gas. It would give rise to an incomparable ecstasy, and was a luxurious item that the higher class enjoyed. It was extremely expensive.

“Being able to obtain this on this trip makes it worth it!” Agigikro looked impatient and nodded to a warrior to take the golden plate.

At this moment, however, an abrupt voice interrupted them.

“This really is good stuff. Can I take a look?” It was as if an invisible force pulled at things in the air. The blood-red crystals flew from the golden plate, entering the hands of a noble youth.

“Hm? Who is it? Take him down!” Having had such an important item stolen, Agigikro roared hysterically. Immediately after, many native warriors pounced forward.



# Chapter 945: Nightmare Island

As a special envoy from the native kingdom, Agigikro had also brought a batch elite fighters with him.

This included the Forest Hunters and Amazon Warriors. They were the ones who had attacked and held Isabel as well as her underlings back, and forced them into the dangerous forest.

Now, however, a youth had suddenly broken through all these people's defences and arrived at the core circle. He was even threatening the safety of the two leaders here, so how could they not be furious and terrified?

Along with Agigikro's enraged yell, countless Forest Hunters brandished the lances in their hands and, alongside the Amazon Warriors with strange tattoos on their bodies, immediately surrounded Leylin. The sharp weapons even formed a storm that aimed to tear Leylin to shreds.

However, Leylin's expression was rather interesting. He cared little for these enemies and instead stared unblinkingly at the crystal in his hands, as if it was the only thing that mattered.

"When I got onto the island, I already had a feeling that something was off. My instincts shouldn't be wrong. This power..." Leylin's eyes glinted with wisdom.

"Kill him!" At this moment, numerous natives roared as they pounced forward.

"Die, you weaklings!" Leylin, who was immersed in studying the crystals, waved his hand in annoyance.

Arcane spell— Missile Storm! Explosive Cloudkill!

With immense penetrative force, the arcane missile ruthlessly went through the neck of an Amazon Warrior, and then opened a gaping wound on one Forest Hunter's chest.

Numerous spells were launched, giving rise to waves and waves of blood being spilt.

After the Cloudkill spell, it converged to form a black tornado that disintegrated all the natives that had fallen, and even caused the corpses to begin corroding.

In the blink of an eye, the native elite fighters surrounding Leylin turned into one corpse after another.

“How is it possible? Is– Is he a death god? Or a devil? Or demon?” Agigikro watched Leylin who was standing within the tornado, muttering in disbelief. He knew the strength of his subordinates very well.

The Amazon Warriors could use their bare hands and kill a Sawtooth Tiger, while the Forest Hunters could wrestle with pythons and alligators in the tropical rainforests. Now, however, they were falling in large numbers like grass being mowed, the speed at which they were going down far exceeding his expectations.

“Go!” “Kill them!” Now, yells were sounding from all directions. The pirates that Leylin had brought along were beginning to make their move.

“Get here!” Leylin pointed, and Agigikro as well as the native head was grabbed by a huge stone hand, pushing them till they were before Leylin.

“Agubaba... Klagila...” At this moment, Leylin saw a native smeared with oil all over his body and feathers stuck on him. Like someone having epilepsy, he began to twitch while facing him.

“A spellcaster? Is this a curse? That’s so weak! This is just too weak...” He pointed lazily, and a ray of light struck the head of the great priest, white and red spilling everywhere.

Seeing the honourable great priest’s body falling headlessly, all the natives completely crumbled. Leylin, who was standing in front of them, was like an enemy that they would never be able to resist. He was as omnipotent as a god in the sky.

The voices of the pirates outside gradually drew closer. In no time, Robin Hood and Ronald arrived before him.

“Boss! There are approximately a few thousand people in this tribe, but those here should be their military. They’ve been defeated...”

Robin Hood reported. Those who had come from Pirates' Cove could be said to be the best of the best, and there were already a thousand powerful pirates. Compared to the natives, they had an absolute advantage.

"Mm, clean things up here. Try to catch them alive if possible. I have uses for them!" Afterwards, he sized up his own prisoners and the blood-red crystal in his hand. The crystal now emanated dazzling rays that gave rise to a look of intoxication in Leylin's eyes.

'My instincts can't be wrong. This is dreamforce! While there are slight differences, this is power that belongs to Dreamscape!' From the moment Leylin had gotten onto the island, he had sensed that the native island was enveloped by a layer of strange power. After seeing the dark red fog forest and the natives' offerings, he could confirm that there was actually dreamforce here— a power that hailed from Dreamscape!

This discovery immediately aroused his interest.

"My— My lord, please forgive me. I am an envoy of the empire. You can't..." At this moment, Agigikro who was being grabbed by the large hand suddenly spoke in the language of the continent. While he stammered, Leylin could somehow understand him.

Leylin came before Agigikro, and as if seeing hope, he began to speak with as much energy he could muster, "Let me... go. I can... pay the price of ransom..."

"Seems like there really is a native empire!" Leylin's palm landed on Agigikro's forehead. "If it were me in the past, I might be very interested in this, but now... I think I'll do it myself!"

Memory Retrieval! Leylin's pupils were shrouded in white in that moment, and Agigikro looked to be incomparable pain, as if he was experiencing some torture.

"Grace of the Balulukulu? Using this as anesthesia? What a waste..."

Leylin, who moved his palm away, had a general understanding of what had transpired. Agigikro, who had experienced magic, had now turned into a drooling idiot.

“Envoy of the empire. The skills of the native races, and Nightmare Island...” Leylin arrived before the native head and did the same as before; he immediately found the information he wanted.

“So... that’s what it is?” The general context appeared in front of Leylin in its entirety.

During the dusk of the gods, not only was there the invasion from the Magus World, other powerful beings they had subdued had also entered this area as retinue. Amongst which was a powerful Magus who used dreamforce!

Of course, due to the unique laws of the World of Gods and the gods being unexpectedly stronger, the Magi of laws from the Magus World met with huge losses. Even the Magus who was proficient in dreamforce had fallen here.

It might be just a part of his body or some item he brought with him in battle that fell into the prime material plane. Coincidentally, it fell onto the island, causing such a unique environment here.

The powerful radiation from high-ranked Magi could easily modify an island. When it was the night of a full moon, the forest in the island would usually see strange events. The first to notice this were the native tribes. They could not explain this occurrence at all, and could only pray as if the reason for these happenings was a godly spirit.

After tens of thousands of years of exploration and bloody, unreasonable experiments, they finally had a better understanding of the laws of dreamforce, and attempted to extract and use it for themselves.

Perhaps it was because of the contamination from staying here long-term, but only the natives in the tribe had the ability to extract the dreamforce crystals. Of course, they called this grace from Balulukulu and tried to eat them in order to gain strength.

“They say the ignorant have no fear. So true!” Leylin stared at the crystal in his hand. In his eyes, this ‘refined’ item was still full of many impurities. If swallowed directly, there was a 90% chance of death, while the survivors would obtain some specific ability after incitement from dreamforce. This

efficiency was far too low.

“As for the ecstasy from burning the crystals? Dreamforce definitely can give people great mental joy, but that will also lead to contamination. The upper class in the native empire must be in a terrible state...” Leylin shook his head, and began to use the A.I. Chip and scan the crystals.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan...] A ray of blue light shot out from Leylin’s eyes, not letting off any corner of the crystal.

Soon enough, the A.I. Chip gave an answer. [Beep! Scan completed. Determined to be Dreamscape Origin Force Crystals. Similarity to that in database at 98.77%. Discovered unknown mutated composition.] ‘Mutual complementation? That’s not a surprise. For the World of Gods, dreamforce is the most adaptable force. Regardless of where a being is, dreamscape can exist as long as they have intelligence. Hence, there’s a very high compatibility...’

Leylin observed the mutated composition chart that the A.I. Chip and sank into deep thought.

If it was some force from the Magus World, the World of Gods would definitely expel it. However, dreamforce’s compatibility was rather high, and after modifying a portion, it could still live on here tenaciously.

‘Just from this, it’s obvious that the Magus who had control over dreamforce had attained great power and was at least rank 8. He had probably even found his own path, and was a peak rank 8 existence that had already fused laws...’

This discovery had Leylin sighing in awe. The ancient times was truly the Magus World’s golden period. Any Magus was incomparably powerful.

There had been the peak rank 8 Distorted Shadow, and now he’d discovered another powerful Magus who grasped dreamforce.

‘Dreamforce... is powerful. If I can tell the rhythm at which it weakens, then it’s much more powerful than the average law... In addition, dreamforce can accommodate time and space, and it’s very good choice!’

After all, in Dreamscape, all time and space could be warped. Using

Dreamscape to sustain the power of time and space wouldn't be dangerous. For Leylin, this was like a pillow being presented to him while he was taking a nap.

‘The powerful Magus who could grasp dreamforce must have known the rhythm at which dreamforce weakened and made use of it. He found a way to evade that...’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled.

# Chapter 946: Fleeing

“With how powerful Magi who comprehend laws are, just a fragment should contain a portion of his conscient and memories. There might even be a chance of getting some inheritance...” Leylin muttered, “I must get that Nightmare Wizard’s inheritance!”

Dreamforce had always interested Leylin. The A.I. Chip stored the progress on his work the data from his continued experiments. He’d never given up studying it.

Rank 7 Magi needed to grasp powerful laws, while rank 8s needed to find their own path to fuse these laws, using a certain power as the base.

Leylin’s goal was immortality, and he had definitely considered the future properly. If possible, he definitely wanted to use the origin forces from the Magus World and World of Gods to fuse his own laws. It was a pity that this was impossible. He might alarm the two World Wills, and on top of that there were other existences that wouldn’t allow him to do so.

Dreamscape was the next greatest power. It surpassed big worlds like the Purgatory and Icy Worlds, and if not for its weakening phase the two strongest worlds in ancient times would have been joined by a third.

Dreamforce at its peak was the most powerful origin force beside those of the Magus World and World of Gods. Only a path that fused laws with dreamforce would stand up to Leylin’s ambition!

However, to completely analyse dreamforce and find ways to evade the weakening phase was still a huge and arduous task for him now. Even with help from the A.I. Chip, he estimated that it would require over ten thousand years.

Instead, a bright future was right before him. As long as he obtained the legacy of the Nightmare Wizard, then the issue with dreamforce could be immediately solved! With such a huge temptation, Leylin’s inquiring footsteps were unhindered by the great dangers within the forest.

“Captain! We’ve interrogated the prisoners. Miss Isabel was forced into

this forest. Every full moon, the forest will be filled with great danger, and nobody has ever survived!” Robin Hood was extremely glum, while the knife at Ronald’s hip was stained with blood, his expression dark.

“I’m going in,” Leylin suddenly spoke.

“Captain!” “My lord, let me go!” Robin Hood and Ronald immediately persuaded him not to. From their point of view, they had already lost Isabel to a trap, and if Leylin too were to disappear within it all that awaited them would be the ire of the Faulen Family.

“Don’t worry, I’m confident in myself. Tell the pirates not to get close to the forest and the dark red fog. It’s best they retreat close to the coastline...” Leylin waved his arms and spoke resolutely. He inspired more fear than even Isabel in the older Scarlet Tigers, and his orders were carried out decisively.

“Is this contamination from a combination of mutated dreamforce and the laws of the World of Gods?” Leylin put on his wizard robes and wore his dragonhide armour. The Red Dragon Staff in hand roared, and the cries of the dragon soul inside could somewhat be heard from the crystal grabbed by the dragon claw.

As he had rejected the pleas of Robin Hood and the rest, he was now alone. That meant he could use his strength as he pleased. The pirates would only have been a burden in areas contaminated with dreamforce.

“A.I. Chip, begin transformation!” Standing at the side of the forest, Leylin immediately commanded.

[Beep! Transferring Dreamscape spell model, fusing with arcane spell information. Begin creation of arcane dreamforce spell model!] The A.I. Chip loyally carried out Leylin’s order.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Eternal Light!” Leylin pointed his right index finger forward, and a milky-white flame flew from the tip of his finger. It grew with the wind, reaching the size of a pumpkin in an instant.

The dark red fog dissipated under the pure white flames, revealing the original appearance of the forest.



“A.I. Chip, scan for energy undulations!” Leylin flipped his palm over, and the shattered alert rune appeared once more. A scan gave him the general direction, and he disappeared into the thick fog.

The moment any dark red fog entered his surroundings, it would be engulfed by his Eternal Light spell. It formed a strange isolated area around him.

Leylin’s decision to explore the area was naturally because he was confident in himself. He could rely on arcane dreamforce spells!

With his research in the Magus World, he possessed many spell models for dreamforce spells. Using his arcanist inheritance, he could easily convert them for use in the World of Gods. There was no issue at all given the A.I. Chip’s powerful analysis and calculation abilities.

“Dreamforce spells are the best way to deal with beings contaminated by dreamforce,” Leylin sighed.

A dark red fireball immediately burnt a strange ent up ahead to ashes. Unlike Isabel’s, his attacks left the monsters with no chance of revival.

‘I’m close... Over there!’ All of a sudden, Leylin’s brow twitched. A large pair of wings instantly sprouted from his back, allowing him to soar into the sky...

Meanwhile, Isabel’s crisis had reached its crescendo.

“Scram!” Angered cries and terrifying flames caused a large centipede to take several steps backwards.

“Keke... too weak... too weak...” Strange human faces were sticking out of this monster’s outer shell. Amongst them were those belonging to the pirates under her, their eyes emitting a red lustre as they began to snicker.

Her draconic flames left not a trace on the monster’s shell, as if it had a defensive power that made it hard to destroy.

“Become a part of me!” One of the faces opened its mouth, corrosive green liquid spraying out like rainwater.

Even the dragonscale defence sputtered upon contact, steam billowing

out. The immense pain from the corrosion caused Isabel to frown hard.

“Quick, come!” Karen appeared at the side, pulling at Isabel’s arm and running.

“I never thought it would just be the two of us left. I shouldn’t have come in.” Isabel now looked regretful.

“This is not the time to worry about that. Sister Isabel, I’ve taken a look around. The dark red fog wall seems to show signs of dissipating. As long as we hang on for a while longer, we can exit this place!” Karen encouraged her.

“Leave... haha...” Isabel now looked extremely pathetic, but much of the damage was to her mind. She had never thought she would see such strange things as she had this day. It was more than she had experienced in her lifetime.

After she had brought her subordinates and retreated into the forest, all sorts of weird things had appeared when night fell. At the beginning, she had thought it was some sick joke, but she soon found that she had to pay for that in blood.

Trees that could walk, flowers and grass that could sing, stones that had qi, the dead being able to revive, numerous clowns... All sorts of things she could not even name attacked them in succession. They were grotesque and variegated, almost causing her to think that she had gone insane.

The subordinates under her fell one by one, gulped down by either real or imaginary beings. Now, only she and Karen were left.

“That centipede monster is very strong and at least has legendary strength. Does that mean we can only evade... Hm? What is it, Karen? Are you hurt?”

Isabel looked at Karen beside her. The half-drow now had her back to Isabel, shoulders trembling slightly.

A palm touched Isabel’s shoulder, and her expression immediately changed, “There’s no heat. You’re not Karen!”

“Hehe... adorable little captain, if I’m not Karen, who else can I be?” Karen turned back, light shining on half her face. However, Isabel’s pupils only shrunk. Her beautiful face had now split from the middle, revealing terrifying white razor-sharp teeth, as if her face had turned into a large mouth.

“Damn it, what the hell are you?” Isabel yelled. Terrifying flames formed rings of fire that were several metres long, managing to get ‘Karen’ to back off.

“Heehee... What could I be?”

Rumble! The earth split, and the human-faced centipede appeared once more. Karen snickered as she dug her hands into the centipede and fused with it. At the end, the monster that looked like Karen completely disappeared, its only remnant a pale face.

Chi! Chi! The huge centipede let out earth-shattering cries, cold air bursting forth from its mouth. The surrounding trees and soil were covered in a layer of ice.

“It has a clone with a power of ice, and can’t die. Gods... Could this be some sort of special variant of god?” This was the only conclusion Isabel could come up with. The terrifying chilliness began to freeze her body, causing even the dragonblood in her body to still.

“No, I can’t die here!” Isabel looked resolute as the red scales on her body exploded.

“Blood Explosion!” The bloody red fog blocked the ice off, finally giving Isabel a route of escape.

# Chapter 947: Rescue

Blood Explosion wasn't sorcery. It was an unknown spell recorded in Dragon King's Mystic Might that allowed a Dragon Warlock to burn their bloodline in exchange for ultimate strength. It was something used when left without choice, a decision to make when in complete despair.

While the blood fog hindering the chilly fog, Isabel now had a path of escape. However, she had now reverted to her human form and could no longer transform. On top of that, the areas that had been covered in dragon scales turned into a mass of bruises.

However, her desire to survive still pushed her to advance forth in the fog forest.

"So I can't hold on anymore?" The haemorrhaging blood and injuries caused everything to blur, and it all turned into darkness.

"Hm? Boss!" Before collapsing, the last thing she heard was a voice of surprise.

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"Ugh... I'm not dead yet?" Isabel raised her right arm and caressed the Red Dragon Sword, the burst of warmth from the sword sheath instantly making her feel relieved. While she felt just as weak as before, having a weapon in her hand would allow her to die with more dignity.

Isabel laughed wryly as she began to assess her surroundings, 'It's rather small here, and I seem to be in some enclosed environment. There was also that voice I heard before I fainted...'

"You're awake!" A muffled voice sounded by Isabel's ear, and her pupils widened slightly. It was Karen's voice!

"Where- Where am I now?" Isabel asked slowly, her eyes doing their best to adapt to the darkness as they looked for traces of light.

"We're inside a hollow tree. We haven't escaped danger yet!" Karen did not seem to be in the best state either, as she stumbled over her words, "He-Hehe, I'm guessing you saw a monster that looked a lot like me, right?"

I also met with great danger with someone I knew well!”

Isabel was not so easily convinced, “Who’s the vice captain on our ship?”

“Three Ears, although he was struck a fatal blow and eventually crippled in the last naval battle. Karen especially pressed her lips to Isabel’s ear, “Also... I know a lot more private information, such as what you hide under your pillow...”

“Enough! I believe you’re the real thing!” A flush rose on Isabel’s cheeks as she interrupted Karen.

“This is such a critical time, and that is what you decided to point out?” Isabel’s low voice was filled with anger.

“We need to change our mentality,” Karen said solemnly, “Did you notice that these monsters have held back from killing us? It’s like... What’s an appropriate word... Teasing us. Yes!”

“You mean...” Isabel had the same thought.

“Exactly! I think those monsters feed on human emotions. They keep scaring us to cause despair...”

Karen sounded agitated, “Beings like this exist in the Underdark as well. That’s why I’m doing my best to hold in the fear and unease in my heart. Surprisingly, I haven’t bumped into any particularly powerful monster, and have managed to hold on till now...”

As a half-drow from the Underdark, Karen evidently had a better understanding of such evil monsters. It was a pity though. Her ideas may have been valid in the World of Gods, but dreamforce wasn’t as simple.

Still, Isabel now had no choice but to believe her, “In other words, I can deal with them easily if I suppress my emotions?”

“I can only say there’s a slight effect, since completely obliterating all emotions are things only legendary mind flayers can do...” Karen had a wry smile on her face.

“Also... be careful not to experience intense emotion. It will only attract more powerful monsters!”

“I understand...” Isabel nodded, “These things only seem to appear at night. As long as we can hold on till sunrise tomorrow, we might be safe...” Isabel now had no thoughts of bringing more men to explore the area. She only hoped to escape as far as possible.

Rumble! The surface of the ground trembled slightly, and a strange monstrous laughter sounded out. Isabel began to get nervous, “Be careful, something’s here!”

She could see the human centipede crawl over slowly through the hole in the tree, large amounts of saliva dripping from its head. The surrounding trees were pushed away, revealing the sinister and terrifying human faces on the shell.

“Relax, as long as we calm ourselves, it can’t find us...” Karen’s voice trembled, evidently still uneasy at this life and death gamble.

‘Don’t think too much. No! Don’t think about anything, and don’t have any emotions!’ Karen thought to herself as Isabel tightened her grasp on her sheath.

It seemed like their prayers had been answered. The giant centipede didn’t seem to discover them as it wandered past the large tree.

‘It really worked!’ ‘We did it!’ Isabel and Karen exchanged a glance, looking hopeful and excited.

Huala! The large trunk was split apart all of a sudden, revealing the two. They stared in shock as the giant centipede swayed back and forth.

“Keke, is this a game of catch?” The faces on the shell kept changing until a child’s face appeared, speaking in a young voice.

“What a pity... You thought calming your emotions would help you escape Zelos. How childish!” The human face warped, becoming that of a middle-aged pirate. The voice grew older as well.

“Hehe... the game’s over! Become a part of me!” The large centipede yelled, the numerous faces on its shell separating themselves and turning into white human silhouettes with masks. They moved slowly, looking blank as they surrounded the two.

“No, why did this happen? Did we guess wrong?”

“This is a nightmare. This has to be a nightmare! No... let me wake up! I want my mother...” Karen was the first to break under the immense pressure, seemingly laughing and crying at the same time.

“Damn it, I knew women aren’t dependable at critical moments!” Isabel cursed, her sword being thrust into a white figure to no effect. They were still slowly surrounding her.

“There’s no way... There’s no way at all... I’ll really die here...” Isabel seemed bedazzled in that moment, her life flashing before her eyes. A hint of tenderness appearing in her gaze, “Unfortunately...”

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Flying Palm!” Just as the white figures were about to completely surround them, a black figure fell from above. Powerful spells shot out, pulling the dark red fog together to form a large palm.

Thud! The large palm pressed down abruptly, and countless white figures were crushed. With a swipe, the rest were sent flying.

“Thankfully, I got here in time!” Leylin turned back, glancing at Isabel’s expression as she looked shocked and elated, “Are you two alright?”

“We’re fine! I’ll leave this to...” Isabel felt very suffocated, and only managed to say this at the end before fainting.

“Has her stamina completely run out? And this one...” Leylin watched Karen on the ground, who had been scared stupid, “She looks like she was terrified. Not surprising; not everyone can bear the shock of experiencing dreamforce...”

“Keke... another one! Another one that will become a part of my body!” The large centipede’s head now split open, revealing an old face filled with wrinkles. The other fragmented white figures were inhaled into its body, and masked faces appeared on the crust.

“Such a large being contaminated by dreamforce... it’s at least a legendary, hm?” Leylin looked up, elated, “Just the radiation alone can create a legendary being here... Whatever is here must be even more

astounding!”

“Kid, you dare ignore...” The centipede monster began to howl, and more cysts appeared on its body. They looked ready to explode.

“I have no time to play with you right now. See you next time!” Leylin was the absolute master of this region contaminated by dreamforce. He didn’t even frown, feeling no fear.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Distract Dream!” Dark red undulations spread from his hands, and their surroundings strangely went silent.

“Let’s leave first!” Making use of this rare opportunity, Leylin grabbed Isabel and Karen as he spread his wings. He flew to the edges of the forest where the dark red fog converged like a cage.

“Open!” Leylin exclaimed, and arcane spell energy poured into the Red Dragon Staff, blazing flames breaking through the lock. With a few flashes of his body, he disappeared into the horizon.

He was still unable to deal with the large centipede and naturally would not waste his strength on that.

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It was now morning. Isabel, who had recovered most of her strength, arrived outside the tent. She then saw Leylin, who was studying the edges of the forest.

“I’m sorry... We were completely wiped out. I’m the one to blame for all this...” Isabel gritted her teeth and stammered.

“This was really an accident. Others would have had the same results.” Leylin was focused as he took samples of the soil, while Isabel looked fearfully at the forest. The lesson she was taught in there was etched into her mind, and she hoped that she would never return to this place in her life.



# Chapter 948: Faith Totem

“You’re just in time. I’ve given Karen a tranquilising potion, and she should be starting on the road to recovery. Bring them all back to Pirates’ Cove!” Leylin stowed a test tube into a box where things were carefully separated.

“We’re going back? Then what about you?” Isabel asked in surprise.

“This place is very interesting, I’m getting ready for some extended research. There needs to be someone overseeing things at Pirates’ Cove...” There was a fanatical expression in Leylin’s eyes. Most wizards liked to research all sorts of strange things, which was why Isabel was not the least bit suspicious.

Still, the danger she’d experienced before had made her rather anxious, “But things are too dangerous here...”

“Don’t worry, wizards always make preparations for this. I’ll also need you to send me some magic materials and daily essentials periodically.”

Whether it was the confidence in his tone or his successful rescue of her yesterday that moved her, Isabel finally agreed.

“Fine... You have to be careful. Perhaps I could stay here?”

“No. Nobody besides you has complete control of the Scarlet Tiger. This period is very crucial...” Leylin told her seriously.

After spending a lot more time persuading her, Leylin finally let his cousin take most of the pirates and leave. Watching the ships sailing away in the distance, he could not help but sigh.

‘Now, this Nightmare Island shall be mine...’ He nodded, arriving at edges of what was now called Nightmare Forest. There were already a few pirates in wait.

“My lord, command us as you will.” While they looked exceptionally ferocious, they could only withdraw all their fierceness in front of Leylin. They even had pleasing smiles, looking more harmless than little rabbits.

There was no way around this. Leylin's reputation had scared them out of their wits. This was their true leader, so how would they dare be careless now?

"Mm. Build me a house here, I'll be staying for a while." Leylin casually pointed at an empty area.

"No problem, you'll see a villa soon. Iron hook Calon is very honoured to serve you!" The pirate at the front bowed respectfully, and after Leylin nodded he brandished the whip at his waist, "Heard that? My lord wishes for a villa to be built here. Start work immediately!"

Pak! Pak! It had to be said that the pirates who were now foremen were rather good talents. With their fiendish threats, the rest of the native slaves soon understood what they wanted and began to clear the base and start cutting down wood.

"Mm, not bad!" Leylin nodded in praise. After gaining his approval, Calon raised his head with more pride, as if he had obtained some incomparable honour.

'Based on the memories of the native chief, the nightmarish phenomenon only appears during the full moon of every month. It is otherwise a normal forest...' Leylin then looked towards the forest. The dark red fog had long since dissipated, and there was even a layer of white mist at the surface of the greenery. Nothing looked special about it.

'I only get tens of hours for research every month. That's just too short. Looks like I'll have to stay here for a long time...' Leylin thought, and he sighed.

If those who'd comprehended laws in the Magus World knew of his thoughts, they would definitely go green in envy. A chance to study dreamforce and obtain the legacy of the Nightmare Wizard was something they would scramble for even if it would take them tens of thousands of years.

Leylin's regret only stayed for a moment. He then began his intense research.

Ruins from Magi were even more dangerous than the World of Gods' wizard ruins. They were filled with unknown variables, and with an existence dealing with dreamforce, there was now a higher difficulty in his exploration.

"Even the most surface layer of dreamforce contamination has created a legendary monster. Deeper down, it definitely gets more dangerous... Thankfully, I've already obtained firsthand information, so I'm not without direction..." Leylin glanced at the tremendous Nightmare Forest, a zealous look in his eyes.

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Spring left and autumn arrived. In the blink of an eye, a year had passed.

The island that Leylin had named Nightmare Island now looked completely different. The native tribe had completely disappeared, having been killed or sold as slaves.

There was now a two-storey villa next to the forest. The garden at its front had blooming golden tulips, and violet wisteria climbed all over the fence. A faint aroma lingered in the air.

By the flowerbed, Leylin now held a white watering can as he leisurely took care of the plants in his garden. The soil around the roots of his flowers quickly grew damp as they greedily absorbed the water. Sparkling droplets of water remained dazzling on the petals and stems.

'Time passes so quickly. People at home and my cousin are very dissatisfied with how long I've stayed here...' After finishing the work at hand, Leylin picked up a white towel and wiped his hands. He then sat on a rattan chair amongst the flowers as he began to admire the fruits of his labour.

However, the A.I. Chip's light didn't dim from within his eyes. It continued to conduct precise simulations, performing analysis and calculations.

"With all these years of study, there's finally results..." Leylin saw the map that the A.I. Chip projected. On the translucent viewport, Nightmare

Island was now separated into three layers. Nightmare Forest was only on the first.

‘The ancient Nightmare Wizard’s inheritance has sunk underground. The forest here is a structure formed from some vaporised dreamforce that’s similar to a secret lock?’ Leylin looked grim.

The legacy of such a terrifying existence of laws was something even his main body had to approach cautiously. With his strength as a clone, every step had to be taken prudently, or he could just die too easily.

“Thankfully, with the information I had before on Dreamscape, as well as the mutations to dreamforce in the World of Gods, finding a few methods to break through the lock is still simple...

“However, what’s important now is to increase my strength...” Leylin headed into the villa and entered a secret room. He saw the many strangely-shaped rock carvings, totems and the like, and looked deep in thought.

These sculptures and decorative figures all had a very boorish style, and were also extremely incredible. They were filled with primitive daydreams towards exemplary strength, but what was more similar was the power of faith on them. Golden rays shone brightly as they illuminated the room.

“Immature power of faith?” Leylin muttered to himself. All this was loot from the Scarlet Tigers’ attacks on the native tribes. They were items that those natives worshipped, filled with primitive power of faith. There even valiant spirits and some sort of nature spirits in there as well, albeit sealed.

‘While I avoided native tribes protected by the Ocean Goddess or nature spirits of legendary strength, the outer seas are boundless. There aren’t many of those...’

Leylin wandered aimlessly to a piece of blood-red animal skin. On the dark brown surface of the flag was a double-headed wolf totem, drawn in bright colours. Varied and dense power of faith spread from it, and the strange wolf seemed ready to pounce out at any moment, but was held back by the strong seal.

‘This one is halfway between a dark soul and a natural soul. It hasn’t even obtained divinity, so how can it go against Isabel, a Dragon Warlock?’ Leylin sensed the valiant spirit on the flag. It had already grown sharp teeth and pointy ears, and a wart began to bulge at its neck. Evidently, the soul of the ancestor of the natives was already turning into a double-headed wolf.

‘A poor guy who’s held by the power of faith...’ Leylin watched the confused valiant spirit, eyes not showing any pity.

This valiant spirit must have been some kind of hero in the original tribe. He had been worshipped extensively after death, and the faith of the tribe had intertwined with their worship of him. Had he completely transformed, a new god would have been born one day.

Unfortunately, Leylin’s path conflicted with his. In that case, what else was there to say?

‘Thankfully, these faith totems did not transmute divine force, or I might not have been able to absorb them...’ Leylin raised his right hand, a faint Targaryen figure emerging in his eyes as terrifying devouring power enveloped the animal-skin flag.

“Innate skill– Devour!”

Whoosh! It was like a long dragon drinking water as threads of golden light were pulled out of the flag with a formless force, disappearing into the dark hole. Immense power of faith, with souls and intense emotions mixed in, was devoured by the formless black hole, turning into the most pure origin force.

In the time of a few breaths, the dark golden lustre on the animal skin flag completely died down, and the wolf totem had now lost all life, turning into a dead item.

[Beep! Divine force absorbed, increased energy reserves by 3.8%. Total progress: 89.77%!] The A.I. Chip prompted.

“As expected of the offering of a small tribe. It’s too little!” Leylin shook his head, looking dissatisfied. With a wave of his hands, the other statues

and totems soared in the air.

The tremendous black hole devoured all these elementary sacrifices in an instant, turning them into the purest energy source. Afterwards, Leylin saw the numbers on the A.I. Chip's screen beginning to rise steadily.

# Chapter 949: Probe

[Beep!] [Beep!] The value rose continuously, very soon reaching 100%.

Bang! Bang! The totems and primitive statues lost their lustre, and hairline cracks began to appear on their bodies.

‘These were all primitive gods. Did I just kill over a dozen deities?’ Leylin chuckled inwardly at the thought of it, and very soon he tossed this matter to the back of his mind.

Although these primitive totems hadn’t gained divinity, it was worth mentioning that the power of faith was extremely strong. The problem was that one god’s faith was another’s poison, and this faith was heterogeneous. Only someone like Leylin, who’d mastered the law of devouring, could easily expel the thoughts and consciences within them, turning them into the purest of energy that he could use.

After the reserves had reached 100%, the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded out. [Beep! Divine force reserves completed. Beginning to transfer energy to the main body, simulating divine grace!]

Leylin’s reserves depleted quickly, and soon he’d expended it all. Compared to the previous times when he had absorbed the energy, this time round it was much more powerful!

[Beep! The host has undergone a divine baptism. Spirit +1]

[Beep! The host’s arcanist rank has increased to 18! Arcane Energy +10!]

[Beep! Obtained one rank 8 arcane spell slot, one rank 7 arcane spell slot, and one rank 6 arcane spell slot!]

Very soon, Leylin’s stats had undergone changes too.

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 22. Race: Human, Rank 18 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 18. Arcane Energy: 180. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification.]

[Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%,

Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 76.88%, Level 7 51.30%, Level 8 19.60%.]

[Spell Slots: Rank 8(2), Rank 7(4), Rank 6(7), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???).]

“This is the power... of divine grace?” A surge of power swelled through Leylin’s body, intoxicating him. It was only now that he learnt how powerful the gods here were.

“So all that matters is divine grace. If I ignore the divine force requirement, I can also turn a pig into a legendary?” Leylin’s improvement in strength right was akin to having received divine grace from a god, except that he obtain it through other means.

“It seems like Alustriel isn’t just a Chosen, she also has some of Mystra’s divinity. She is at least rank 25, and coming face to face with a legendary would not faze her one bit...” The situation in the north was still in a mess, especially the borders between the orc empire and the humans. That had turned into a place of unrest where darkness and chaos were prevalent.

“It seems like that queen has been devastated and is planning to live in seclusion?” Leylin rubbed his chin. He still held a hidden card in the north; Tiff was living there in territory he owned. It was possible for him to intervene in the battles and tip the balance of the scale.

‘However this is also a blessing in disguise. The north has attracted the attention of the central continent and the gods, which makes it easier for me to carry out my plans in Dambrath...’ Leylin pondered before leaving the secret room, without casting another glance at these sacrificial items which were much too mundane to him now.

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Night fell, and the full moon appeared. A thin red fog had spread around Nightmare Forest starting at dusk.

A group of pirates and human slaves had retreated Immediately, as if the fog was their nemesis. Some of the human slaves even knelt in the direction of Nightmare Forest, praying loudly despite the whips of the



foremen.

“Damn it! How many brothers has this cursed forest taken from us already?” Calon wiped the cold sweat off his body as he looked in apprehension at the forest enshrouded in the mist, his knees buckling weakly. His only thought now was to run away if something was off in the slightest.

Having served Leylin for the past year, he had seen the workings of this sinister forest. Despite repeated warnings, there were still foolhardy pirates who approached the forest on a full moon, and they never appeared before him again.

The numerous events had etched the memories of this forest deep in Calon’s mind. His fear of it had long surpassed what he held for those monsters lurking in the deep seas, and equalled what he felt for demons and devils.

‘Good heavens! Our Lord is actually conducting his research in this place, he really doesn’t fear death! Almighty Goddess of the Ocean, I seek your blessing in leaving this cursed area at the next available chance...’ Looking at the maroon-coloured moon and the mist enshrouding the forest, Calon prayed towards the gods piously for the first time...

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“No matter how many times I’ve seen this, it still moves me...” Leylin stood at the edge of Nightmare Forest, fully armed. He stretched out his hand and grabbed a trace of the dark red mist, his eyes filled with emotion.

‘The dreamforce from another world seems to have reached an accord with the laws of the World of Gods, developing a mutual tolerance...’ Dreamforce was common in other worlds as well, and it underwent a necessary mutation to adapt to the laws of the World of Gods. If other beings who had comprehended laws learnt of this they would go insane over the discovery.

‘Without a doubt, this could be the reason why the Overgod’s conscient fell into slumber. Otherwise, it absolutely would not allow this sort of

malignant tumour to smoothly grow...' Leylin stroked his chin, watching the dark red dreamforce in his hand twist into a variety of forms.

"A.I. Chip, establish mission: Investigate the feasibility of transmuting external powers into the World of Gods!"

[Beep! Mission established, added to secondary investigation list!] The A.I. Chip loyally reported.

"Nightmare Island... What surprises will you bring me?" Leylin's lips curved into a smile as he slowly melded into the forest, his figure swallowed by the dark red mist.

"The dreamforce in this forest completely explodes outwards during the night of a full moon, but normally even ordinary creatures can pass through the forest." A milky white flame lit the path ahead of him, and all Leylin could see on either side were trees.

At this moment, the forest seemed to take on a life on its own and all the trees became ents. They hugged their shoulders, shying away from the bright light of the everlasting flame. They even spared to the time to whisper to each other, "Hurry! Look! That human came again..."

"Hey! Ouch! You stepped on me, it hurts! Don't you know that it's very rude to step on an old person's head?" An aged voice came from beneath Leylin's feet. Leylin soon discovered that the green rock that had originally been there had grown tiny little hands and feet, and was now uprooting itself from the soil. An elderly face even appeared on the surface of the rock.

'Is this a Life Activation technique? It seems to have been corrupted.'

Under the influence of the World of Gods' transmuted dreamforce, the entire forest seemed to have come to life. Various unimaginable things were running to and fro.

"Oh, human! You have returned. Are you looking for Zelos?" A squirrel greeted Leylin, perching onto the shoulder of a giant ent.

'Zelos? Is it that giant centipede? Is it his turn to come out?' Leylin nodded, "No, but could you tell me where it is?" He withdrew a pine nut

from his pocket and tossed it to the squirrel as he spoke.

“Mm, my favourite!” The little squirrel immediately stuffed the pine nut into its cheeks, its teeth quickly gnawing through the thing. Its words were rendered rather unintelligible as it ate.

“Zelos has been looking for you all this time! It’s in the east... No! It’s already here, run!” The little squirrel immediately took the pine nut and left, the nearby ents following it in succession. The area quickly emptied, leaving Leylin standing there alone.

‘How lucky! Every night of the full moon, a different creature becomes the strongest one each time. I’ve seen a Nightmare and a walking piano before. Compared to them, unravelling the mystery behind a giant centipede is much easier...’ Leylin had a relaxed smile on his face.

Bang! Bang! An enormous black shadow suddenly erupted through the soil. It had innumerable feet, and a humanoid face rose out of its shell. The face, that of a youth, turned its crimson eyes to gaze coldly at Leylin.

“We meet again, giant centipede!” The Red Dragon Staff in Leylin’s hands suddenly shout out a red light.

“No, I am Zelos the Third. What you met before was my father. You should not have trespassed here, intruder!” A droning voice came out of the youthful mask.

“Very well, this damnable dreamscape period has complicated everything significantly...” Leylin looked at this giant centipede with a serious expression. “Are you going to obediently get out of my way, or do I have to slaughter you?”

“Vile human!” It was clear that his attitude had infuriated the centipede. The giant monster roared loudly, bearing down quickly on Leylin with its entire body.

# Chapter 950: Memory

Bang! Rocks and soil were sent flying everywhere, and the place where Leylin had just stood immediately turned into a giant pit in the ground.

‘Extremely fast, with great strength. As expected of a defensive creature that was contaminated by dreamforce...’ Leylin assessed the centipede indifferently from the very edge of the pit.

“Human, you have provoked me! I, Zelos the Third, will make you pay the price!” The giant centipede shouted. Face after face separated from its body, each transforming into a strange, humanoid figure.

“I’ll be honest. You’re much easier to deal with than a Nightmare that can use dreamforce skillfully or a walking piano that can’t be dealt with via normal magic.” Finishing this earnest declaration, Leylin pointed the Red Dragon Staff at the centipede.

“Soul Burn!”

Roar! A powerful draconic aura erupted from the staff. The red dragon’s soul seemed to endure some torturous force on the staff’s tip. It shrunk as its spirit withered considerably.

A surging red energy glowed at the end of the staff, transforming into the upper body of a mature red dragon.

Roar! This monster which had appeared so abruptly had reached legendary strength, and a swipe from its enormous dragon claws sent the centipede flying. Afterwards, this legendary dragon spat out its dragon breath!

Bang! Bang! Bang! The ground trembled continuously, and even the dark red mist in the air was dispersed considerably. The enormous red dragon phantom dissipated, only leaving behind a giant imprint of a centipede monster on the ground.

The monster looked very miserable and the summoned mask creatures had been completely exterminated. Even the armour it wore seemed to be rather damaged.

“Ow... How could the power of the normal world harm Zelos the Third?” The centipede monster had been torn in half, its breastplate shattered to pieces. Its fiery red energy core was even exposed, but the mask on its skull did not show the slightest hint of suffering. It continued to absorb traces of dark red mist that repaired the damaged shell.

“Of course the power of the ordinary world cannot harm dreamscape creatures, but what if dreamforce was used as well?” Although he saw that the creature was being rapidly restored, a smile of success still flashed across Leylin’s eyes.

“Arcane dreamforce spell— Void Blade!” Some unknown force caused the dark red fog to condense, transforming it into an arc of light.

“If one wants to break through the first layer of the Nightmare Forest, you need to make a sacrifice to Sibyl!” After two years of slow and fumbling analysis, Leylin had developed an exceptional understanding of the Nightmare Forest’s surface layer.

“Giant centipede, become my sacrifice!” The dark red blade of light flew from his hands and streaked cleanly through the centipede creature’s exposed red core.

Enormous cracks appeared on the surface of the core. A crisp sound rang out as it exploded loudly, shattering like glass.

The whimpers and howls of many aggrieved spirits lingered in Leylin’s ear as confused souls poured out from the centipede monster’s wounds. These souls took the form of the natives of the forest, and there were a few familiar-looking pirates mixed in with them.

“Open the path with souls, Sibyl’s sacrifice!” Leylin’s hands sketched out numerous runes at lightning speed as he chanted ancient words out loud.

Bzzt! A layer of suffocating energy swept across the forest. Many souls were gathered together and became a gorgeously lit passageway.

“The blood of a witch, a dark raven’s wing, and the dark matter from Manter’s sacrificial rites... The conditions have all been fulfilled!”

A sound of muffled thunder came from above as Leylin’s actions seemed

to have given rise to some chain reaction. Violet lightning blanketed the sky!

Ka-cha! Bang! The passageway of souls rushed forward in a flash, and an enormous tunnel seemed to appear in the ground. The floor began to rumble as if an 8-point earthquake had been triggered.

“Was it a success?” Leylin’s figure emerged from the smoke and dust. He waved a hand, and a dark red hurricane immediately swept away the dust to expose a devastated landscape.

The giant centipede monster and the spell array from before had vanished without a trace. The very earth seemed to have cracked apart, revealing a crevice that was unfathomably deep.

“The power of the lock has been broken, revealing the entrance to the lower layers,” Leylin jumped into the crevice without the slightest hesitation. The turbulent darkness below gobbled him up as if he had leapt into the mouth of some giant monster.

The air whistled past his ears loudly, and spots of fluorescence constantly flashed in the darkness like fireflies.

“My research indicates that the Nightmare Wizard’s inheritance has three locks total. The higher locks are closer to the World of Gods...’

The creatures in Nightmare Forest were bigger than those of the normal world. The deeper inside the forest one went, the greater the contamination of dreamforce. Even laws began to distort at a point.

Leylin had deduced that the third level of the lock would not have such constructs as time and space, instead being a mere assembly of thoughts and concepts. After all, it wasn’t difficult for dreamforce to contort spacetime at its strongest.

“No matter what, I have to at least see the remnants of this ancient Nightmare Wizard...”

Thud! Thud! Leylin suddenly felt a strange sensation from the solid ground. He stood rooted in place.

“Not granite... but mahogany planks?” Leylin raised his head, and sunlight shone gently into the room he was in. Motes of dust could be seen floating in the air, making the place look hazy.

“Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!” A lady with a kind and gentle expression stood before Leylin, and her husband sipped on coffee as he read the newspaper. She gave a red haired boy a poached egg as she instructed him.

‘What’s happening?’ Leylin’s brows furrowed and he felt a chill down his spine. He tried to react, but found that he had completely lost all energy. He was now only a spectral observer, forced to just stare at the scene.

‘Dreamscape! I’m in dreamscape! This is the second floor of the lock, countless fantasy dream worlds!’ Leylin was suddenly enlightened.

‘This must be the Nightmare Wizard’s memories of his youth...’ Leylin now looked at the little boy tucking in on a high seated chair and hastily wolfing down a meal. His legs were dangling off the ground as they shook, giving off a comical vibe.

“I know, mother!” The red haired boy promised and began to quickly finish eating his food.

“When I send you to the wizard later, you must remember to be polite at all times! Honey, why don’t you say a few things to him too?” The wife glared at her husband.

It was only then that the dead husband raised his head from the newspaper, revealing a perplexed expression, “Yea, you can do this!”

“Ah, the grace of gods! Someone save me, I can’t stand this any longer. Don’t you know how important today is for little Ardin?” The wife seemed to turn estranged.

“I know, I know! It’s just Poffert isn’t it? I once...” The middle aged man reminisced the past.

“Stop boasting of those adventures you claim to have had. No matter what, you’re just an inspector on the roads of the city...” It was apparent

that the wife did not believe a word that her husband said.

“I’m done eating!” Ardin pushed his plate away as he stood up.

“Oh! Wait... Milk! Your milk!” The woman called out behind him.

Ardin ran very quickly, soon leaving his mother in the distance as he left the simple house.

Boom! A fiery explosion suddenly occurred, and blazing flames filled the scene. Shrapnel grazed past Ardin’s face, leaving behind a cross shaped wound on it.

Leylin felt like he was watching a movie, unable to help in a time of tragedy.

‘No! If I go all out, I might be able to...’ The flames engulfed Leylin whole, but could not affect his body in any way. A phantom Targaryen appeared as terrifying devouring power took form in Leylin’s right palm. He grabbed a broken glass.

Boom! He felt an immense force immediately, as if he was clutching onto the claw of a dragon. The whole world began to shake as if rejecting his existence.

‘Even if it’s dreamscape, I cannot tamper with this... The memory is just too vivid...’ Leylin began to deliberate over the situation.

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Soon after, the trembling of the world stopped and the void swirled.

“Hey kiddo! Are you awake now?” The scene changed as little Ardin opened his eyes and rubbed his face. The sharp pain from the touch caused him to inhale a deep breath.

“Don’t look anymore, you’re disfigured now... Hehe... Not bad, you’re to my liking...” An ancient voice spoke with a tinge of mockery, as if it contained all the evil in the world. It would cause one to cower in fear.

Little Ardin raised his head, and only saw darkness in front of him, just having taken on human form.



“Huehuehue... I’ll give you a chance because of your father. As long as you manage to survive, you will become the disciple of the Nightmare Wizard...” The darkness disappeared after the black figure spoke, revealing a pack of hungry grey wolves which eyed the little boy ravenously.

Leylin had learnt his lesson this time, and only watched on coldly at the struggle between little Ardin and the wolves. His gaze was indifferent, only with the occasional flickering of light from the A.I. Chip.

“This should be a small world close to Dreamscape. Also, the way this Magus chooses his students is rather savage...” Leylin knew that back when he was still a human, he had no chance of dealing with these creatures.

# Chapter 951: Transformation

The second layer of Nightmare Island was constructed of numerous dreams. Leylin now wandered through many dreams, looking for an opportunity to break through.

He felt weightless again, and found his surroundings changed once more. Ardin had now grown into a young man, but the scar on his cheek had not disappeared. He'd activated some sort of talent in that life or death fight to successfully survive the attack, and was now an apprentice of the Nightmare Wizard.

The Nightmare Wizard's method of teaching his apprentices was very crude, and he had several apprentices like Ardin who were treated almost inhumanely. Many died, and only Ardin's desire for revenge allowed him to persevere and strengthen himself rapidly.

Many of these dreams involved him with a female junior, creating some of his most tender memories.

"Next is a great darkness... That must be the reason he transformed..." Leylin muttered to himself, both hands waving to create strange runes as he broke through this dream, entering deeper levels.

What appeared in front of him was darkness was so dense that it could not dissipate. Endless malicious intent converged to its limit, attacking his senses and almost turning him insane.

'Nothing can hold me back!' Leylin looked indifferent as he took a step forward.

Bzzt! Bzzt! The darkness separated, revealing orange dots of candlelight. There were many fragmented and incoherent scenes here.

"Keke... dear apprentices, your last test is to kill each other in this pocket dimension. Only one can survive, and that person will absorb all of your life forces and ingenuity, becoming my most outstanding disciple..." The Nightmare Wizard laughed wildly, sending all of his apprentices to a bloody pocket dimension.

Ardin clenched his fists, glancing at the female apprentice who was like a white lotus next to him. She now looked slightly pale, and while she at most could be considered graceful, she still had a unique aura that captured his heart.

‘No! There has to be another way! There has to!’ Ardin bit his lips till blood was spilt.

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‘The next dream should be in a bloody pocket dimension...’ This level of darkness was nothing to Leylin. With a slight caress with his right hand, he seemed to push a curtain aside.

However, the next scene surprised him. Torrential rain fell, and terrifying dreamforce spread everywhere. The area looked to be full of debris, and there had evidently been a great battle here.

“Haha... Ardin, my dearest disciple, are you going to betray me?” The Nightmare Wizard formed of numerous shadows watched the young Magus in front of him. This was obviously Ardin, who now only wished for his master’s death. He’d lost one of his eyes, and the other had turned purple.

“Do you not know that my nightmare clones have spread across the whole world? Without the determination to destroy the world, don’t you know you can’t kill me?” The Nightmare Wizard laughed madly, a dreamforce spell forming a three-headed helldog. Hellfire blazed as it ruthlessly pushed Ardin to the ground.

“I was the one who taught you all your magic, so what are you going to use against me?” He continued to snicker wildly as the bloody eyes of the figure stared at him, “Speak... how do you want to die?”

“I want you to die!” Ardin yelled, his arms surrounding the three-headed dog.

Awoo! Terrifying hurricanes formed at his forehead as a red eye opened up. Streaks of green veins protruded from it, shooting out rays that dissipated the fog and absorbed the dispelled dreamforce.

“Ah... Ah...” Ardin’s clothes burst bit by bit, and he turned into a monstrous giant of five metres, with a horn, red scales, and a third eye between his brows.

“This is... the physique to absorb nightmares! How is it possible? I’ve already checked it before, you can’t have this bloodline...”

“Nothing is impossible, old man. Die!” Ardin, who had turned into a giant, grabbed forward in the air. Dark phantoms were pulled out of the dreams of numerous intellectual beings, and then exterminated.

“So your true body was hidden in Dreamscape. I found you!” Ardin exclaimed, and then seemed to open a channel straight to Dreamscape. Powerful dreamforce forced the old Magus out.

After seeing the old man, the black figures from before pounced forth, the injuries they had transferring over to him. The old man’s expression quickly changed as he coughed up black blood.

“Hehe... as expected of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the rumoured favourite of Dreamscape! Cough cough... He actually managed to link with Dreamscape and expel my true body... cough cough...”

Mouthfuls of black blood spurted out from his mouth, but his gaze as he watched Ardin was like he was seeing treasure.

“Cough cough... The Nightmare Absorbing Physique has the natural ability to link with Dreamscape and absorb its origin. What I’ve been pursuing all my life has finally appeared before me...” The old man’s eyes were filled with fervour, like a devout follower finally meeting his god.

“Are you done yet?” The giant walked over to him, the scar from the knife wound now seeming more jagged and obvious.

“I ensure you that even your truesoul will be crushed, and I won’t give you the chance to enter the astral plane!” Tremendous Dreamscape origin force poured into Ardin, to the point that he could even somewhat sense laws.

Rumble! After the powerful tremors, Ardin returned to his original state. Traces of black blood still flowed from his right fist.

“Henceforth... I am the Nightmare King!”

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Light flashed, and the scene changed.

“Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!”

Ardin’s mother urged him repeatedly...

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‘As expected, the dreams are repeating themselves. Is this a maze formed of the life experiences of that Nightmare King? If I can’t break the seal and find the entrance to the third level, I might be trapped to death here...’

Leylin watched the scenes a second time, feeling like a movie was being replayed.

‘But...the Nightmare Absorbing Physique! I never thought it actually existed! Ancient records say that those with such a physique are the darlings of Dreamscape, and can even have Dreamscape origin force poured into their bodies. They are treated even better than the children of planes... This physique can absorb a large amount of dreamforce and compensate for its weak phase, the Nightmare King must be incomparably close to rank 9...’

“But... How do I get out of this dream maze?” The A.I. Chip’s light shone in Leylin’s eyes,

“Based on the A.I. Chip’s observations and calculations, there were 38 key points in the dreams just now that could have changed his fate. There are 34198 chances to indirectly change it... but most important is probably the lost memory of the battle in the pocket dimension... I’ll try them one by one first...”

“Plan 1...” Leylin pushed at the milk on the table, causing a large cup of milk to splatter onto Ardin’s clothes.

“Ah! What’s going on, Ardin? Your clothes!” The housewife cried, “Are

you going to meet that esteemed wizard in this state?"

"I'm sorry, Mama! I'm going to change now!" Little Ardin ran into the next room and began to change his clothes.

As expected, his efforts had led to Ardin staying inside the house. Immediately after, a huge explosion burst out and enveloped the building...

Lights flashed, and the scene changed again.

"Little Ardin! The great wizard Poffert is here to recruit an apprentice; you must succeed this time!" Ardin's mother urged him repeatedly...

"Alright! Looks like killing Ardin won't work. I need to try something else..." Leylin had no choice but to watch this scene unfold again, and he began more tests...

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'Getting him to escape and then study under the Nightmare Wizard... fail!'

'Saving his parents and having the whole family move to another city... fail!'

'Accident during experiment, finding a new strength system... fail!'

"It's already the 17,862nd time... My spiritual energy can't hold on much longer... But I've already found the key to proceed to the key memory region!" Leylin now looked resolute. The scene had changed to the time when the Nightmare Wizard had wanted the apprentices to kill each other.

"After so many experiments, I finally found the key point. Dreamforce, stop!" The scene froze with Leylin's will. Be it the crazy laughter of the Nightmare Wizard or the worried apprentices and Ardin biting his lips, everything stopped like a statue.

The world lost all its colour in that instant, turning monochrome like a photograph.

Leylin headed to the female apprentice that Ardin had feelings for,

staring at the jade pendant on her chest. It had a white lotus on it.

“Break!” Concentrated dreamforce passed through the pendant like a needle, and the entire scene seemed to shatter like porcelain. The dream no longer repeated, and everything descended into darkness.

Two paths flickering with dark red light appeared in front of Leylin, and there were even strange eyes on him from the back of the paths.

“One of these two should lead to the third layer, and the other should be the sealed memories...” Leylin stroked his chin, “If I were the Nightmare King, finding out that an outsider dared peep on my sealed memories would make me...”

# Chapter 952: Present

Leylin had a critical decision to make. At one end was heaven, and the other hell. He could enter the third layer of the island to find the legacy of the Nightmare King. On the other hand, the consequences could be dire for entering the hidden memories.

Of course, Leylin was unsure of the way this king thought. Perhaps he wanted to share his memories with other Magi, and wanted to slaughter those who wanted to get the legacy.

‘Most importantly... all detection methods are useless. I have no idea what’s at the end of the paths...’ Leylin’s scalp began to tingle.

He was a fairly conservative person. While he’d braved many dangers, he only did things when he had a 70-80% assurance of success. This half and half situation caused him to hesitate.

“I hate things that are so difficult to grasp like luck. It kills me...” Leylin complained. His luck was average, but he hated having to do things like following the will of the heavens.

Right now, however, the choice wasn’t in his hands. The surrounding dreams began to shatter and would soon affect him. They wouldn’t pull him into another cycle, but rather, twist and crush him into powder without leaving even his truesoul behind.

“What do I do? Do I choose one at random? With this probability, it’s too...” Leylin began to get nervous. This was a rather new feeling, and he was somewhat savouring it.

“Left... I sense large amounts of chaotic concepts and coordinates on the left. This should be the third layer!” After a lot of analysis, Leylin gritted his teeth and made his decision.

Whoosh! At this moment, however, something sounded in his body, causing his expression to change. He looked down abruptly to find that it was from his bag of holding.

‘It’s that thing!’ Silver light flashed, and an ancient animal-hide scroll



appeared in front of Leylin. Fresh blood still dripped from stains on it, and sound, light, and even the shattered time and space began to distort in front of the scroll.

“This is... the power of distortion! The might of Distorted Shadow!” Leylin muttered, “As ancient Magi or even allies, Distorted Shadow’s remains alarmed the Nightmare King?”

Boundless distorting power took shape, and the two dark red paths were affected as they twisted and fused under this energy.

Bzzt! Bzzt! After the light dissipated, the two paths had become one, forming an even larger spatial gate. Blood red dreamforce runes flickered on it.

‘What a sly Nightmare King. He even had this planned!’ Now, Leylin didn’t even have a choice. He rubbed his nose and turned grim, glancing at the scroll before stowing it away.

The surface of the scroll was now very soft. It squeezed under pressure from Leylin’s fingers, no longer having the power it once did. It was like an ordinary magic scroll. However, he did not dare underestimate this thing.

‘This scroll has Distorted Shadow’s strength and even conscient sealed inside?’ Seeing that this item was adamant on following him, Leylin could only roll his shoulders back and accept it.

This body was a mere clone after all. At worst, he could abandon it even if it caused grievous injuries to his main body. With enough strength to protect himself, he naturally feared nothing and had the guts to try everything!

“No matter what it is you want me to do, you have to give me benefits first!” Leylin’s eyes glinted with intelligence as he placed the scroll away, streaking into the spatial gate.

The third layer of Nightmare Island.

“As expected... The extent of dreamforce contamination here is even worse. This place has only the purest intent...” Leylin now found himself unable to sense his own body, only able to exist as the most fundamental

form of his soul and conscient.

He was surrounded by a boundless universe, filled with the feeling of weightlessness. Leylin seemed to be a lonesome boat in the turbulent seas.

There was no concept of another existence around, and only nothingness. Leylin had no qualms in believing that he would stay like this until the world was destroyed if he did not make the first move.

Having lost his body, his sense of time began to slow. He had no idea whether seconds had passed or tens of millennia. All he felt was that the sense of self he had was gradually vanishing.

‘No, this won’t do! I have to persevere. Once my sense of self disappears, my truesoul will also disappear...’ Leylin abruptly burst forth with strength, and his willpower took control all his thoughts. His body suddenly condensed and became distinct.

“Hah... How is this third layer of defence constructed? Even the essence of Magus concepts are dissipating...” Having reinforced his sense of self, Leylin glanced fearfully at his arms that had formed once more.

“This is the lost land... And also the place where the Nightmare King lost his self...” A few black feathers fell, and Leylin found a black crow was ‘flying’ towards him.

In this void with only concepts and no matter, a crow was something very strange. What caused Leylin even more astonishment was that it could move about freely in this void.

“We meet again, Mister!” The black crow combed its feathers and greeted him happily.

“Have we met before?” Leylin asked, confused.

“Hm. To me it’s in the future but for you it’s in your past. My future form is a single-eyed owl.” The crow was a chatterbox.

‘Single-eyed owl!’ Leylin immediately recalled the time after he’d advanced to rank 5, when he’d been afflicted with a Dreamscape curse. He’d obtained a present from the owl within a dream then, allowing him

to come into contact with dreamforce.

“My apologies, but may I know who you are?” Leylin asked the question he wanted to.

“Me? I’m just a mass of concepts. I shall exist as long as Dreamscape survives...” Leylin had a feeling that this crow or owl or whatever it was wasn’t speaking the truth, but he did not fixate himself on that.

“You’re saying this is the place the Nightmare King lost his sense of self? What does that mean? Has he fallen? Who did it?”

“As long as the Nightmare King did not want to die, nobody could make it happen. Here, however, he abandoned his sense of self. This means he’s completely dead, without even a fragment of his truesoul left behind...” The crow seemed to know about matters of ancient times very well.

‘If he’s abandoned his sense of self, doesn’t that mean he’s committed suicide? So when the Nightmare King invaded the World of Gods, he was already determined to die?’ Leylin had a feeling that perhaps the Nightmare King Ardin had died long before. After the bloody battle in the pocket dimension, the Ardin that still existed had only been a walking piece of flesh.

However, he was far too powerful, to the point that he could not even kill himself. Was that why he needed help from the gods?

‘As expected... High-ranked Magi mostly have mental issues. It’s too serious with the Nightmare King. I can’t become like him in the future...’ The example this senior set gave Leylin a good warning.

A real peak rank 8 Magus would never be able to fall if they did not want to die. This was the case with Distorted Shadow. He had already died for tens of thousands of years, and yet could still create trouble. The Nightmare King was bent on dying, which is why he had truly died...

“Well then... Magus, tell me your intent in coming here!” The crow opened its beak, its two black beady eyes looking mischievous.

“I...” Leylin gritted his teeth and spoke anyway, “I hope to obtain the legacy of the Nightmare King. At the very least, I want to find a method to

evade the weakening of dreamforce!”

“Grasping dreamforce? Caw caw... that’s not very easy. Are you sure you want to do that?” The crow asked.

“I’m very sure.” Leylin answered seriously, eyes filled with resolution from his pursuit of truth. There was no fear of death.

“Caw caw, good! I see Ardin’s shadow on you...” The crow cawed, and its body started changing.

Whoosh! It suddenly swelled, turning from the size of a dove to that of a large evil dragon, jet-black neck showing dense black scales. Its beak widened to reveal sharp teeth like those of sharks.

Ka-cha! A strike of blood-red lightning fell right on the forehead of the strange black dragon, turning into a bloody third eye!

“This... this...” Such a tremendous change had Leylin stunned.

“Accept it! This is a gift from Dreamscape!” The strange black dragon howled, the bloody third eye turning into a ray of light and disappearing into Leylin’s forehead.

Agony! Leylin felt everything go black as he felt himself being torn into, collapsing into a dead faint. Large amounts of dreamforce flooded into him like a tsunami, enveloping his body completely in a huge crimson cocoon.

When the tide of Dreamscape weakened, the crimson cocoon had disappeared. Only the black crow was still around.

“Old friend... After helping you this time, I’ve repaid all my debts to you...” The crow murmured to the air, its body becoming less corporeal as it disappeared into the vast nothingness.

# Chapter 953: Rank 19

Rumble! The pirates witnessed a marvellous scene outside the forest. The thick red fog that shrouded the forest transformed continuously, dissipating to reveal the original lay of the land.

The earth trembled as numerous small cracks and even pits appeared in the ground. At the very center of the island, the bare mountain peaks issued a wrathful roar. Fiery lava shone faintly as it flowed over with agitation.

“This is bad. Earthquake! The island is about to erupt... My Lord! Where is the lord?” Calon didn’t care at all about those worried native slaves and pirates. He rushed to the border of the forest in search of Leylin’s figure. This wasn’t due to loyalty; he knew that if he dared to abandon Leylin and flee in secret, the enrage Scarlet Witch would flay him alive!

The island was flooded with an aura of death and despair. Many creatures fled from the thickets, the small cracks in the rocks, and through underground caves to escape. It became an exodus, and even the little ants had bored out from their tunnels beneath the ground.

“Damn... Damn! How could these natives have settled their tribe on a volcanic island? Why weren’t there any signs before?” Large droplets of sweat beaded on Calon’s forehead.

However, the gods above seemed to hear his prayers. Just when Calon was prepared to abandon everything and flee, he finally spotted Leylin’s silhouette near the forest border.

“Oh, thanks to the Ocean Goddess! My lord, you’ve finally appeared, let’s quickly leave this place!”

Leylin seemed rather distracted however, and he caressed his forehead as if he didn’t hear a single word that Calon said. Just when Calon was considering carrying this lord’s body away, Leylin’s eyes finally regained their vigour, “This place is now useless, let’s go!”

“Yes Sir!” Calon’s eyes were overflowing with hot tears. He felt as if he

had just heard the most pleasant words he would ever experience in his life.

The pirates were masters of handling ships. Although they had wasted quite a bit of time, they still managed to leave Nightmare Island before the volcano fully erupted.

Rumble! Strong black flames rose into the skies, covering the bright white moon. Only in the skies of Nightmare Island would the moonlight become purple on the light of the full moon, and now it would never happen again.

The fiery red lava flowed in streams resembling human arteries as they snaked across the entire volcano. It even spread relentlessly to the area outside of it.

‘I never thought that the island was on a fire ley line. Once the dreamforce suppressing it was gone, the volcano immediately erupted... Perhaps this eruption was even more berserk because of the long suppression. This entire Nightmare Island probably won’t exist any longer...’ Leylin looked expressionlessly at the distant island, which was now engulfed in lava. Right now, all his attention was captured by the A.I. Chip’s information records.

[Beep! Sustained unknown influence, scanning has suffered interference. Effect has been temporarily lost!]

[Beep! Intense interference... Currently...] ‘The third level of the lock relates to memory. It made the A.I. Chip unstable for a while too... Really terrifying...’

However Leylin shifted his attention to the densely packed prompts below it:

[Beep! Host’s truesoul has suffered unknown interference, probability of radiation to the body in the Magus World is 98.77%! Initiating separation! Experiencing interference... Separation has failed, unable to complete the task!]

‘Ah...’ Leylin breathed in a lungful of cold air, ‘So even my main body’s

truesoul was affected. Dreamforce is truly nefarious and frightening.’ After displaying this record, the A.I. Chip’s information seemed to flow even more smoothly. It seemed as if the earlier interference had completely disappeared.

[Beep! Host has absorbed a great amount of energy essence! Determined to be mutated dreamforce! Initiating absorption!]

[Beep! Host has absorbed mutated dreamforce! Spirit+1!] [Beep! Host’s arcanist ranking has increased, currently rank 19. Arcane Energy+10. Obtained Feat: Dreamscape View, Obtained Specialty: Illusions] [Beep! Host’s soul has advanced. Level 6 Weave fully analysed. Host has obtained all rank 6 spell models and is immune to forgetting them. No materials are required to cast rank 6 spells.] [Beep! Host has advanced to rank 19. Spell slots obtained: rank 9: 1, rank 8: 1, rank 7: 1.] Below these messages were introductions to the two feats.

[Dreamscape View: Host possesses the ability to see through Dreamscape, can now look straight at the souls of other people. Any concealment will be rendered immaterial, and nothing can hide from the host’s eyes.] [Illusions: Host automatically grasps illusions, granting an additional 20% to the power of illusory spells.] The A.I. Chip once again refreshed Leylin’s stat window:

[Leylin Faulen, Age: 24. Race: Human, Rank 19 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 19. Arcane Energy: 190. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape View. Specialties: Arcane Energy Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions] [Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 77.99%, Level 8 38.21%, Level 9 0.11%.] [Spell Slots: Rank 9(1), Rank 8(3), Rank 7(5), Rank 6(???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] ‘I’ve finally reached rank 9 of the Weave. Is this the limit of the Weave’s casting ability?’ Leylin shut his eyes and sensed the Weave’s network across the entire World of Gods. After the first 10 levels of the Weave, after rank 0 to rank 9, there seemed to be an even more vast world out there. However their souls were tightly shackled,

unable to continue connecting to the Weave.

“It looks like the forbidden domain of the gods exists past rank 9,” Leylin muttered to himself.

He had his own hypotheses on what came after the ninth level of the Weave. It could very well be the gods’ divine spell network, the ‘personal’ network that the gods had made for themselves.

‘Using the Weave to transmit divine spells? It could very well reduce the consumption of the gods considerably, and make it easier for them to cultivate followers. Ha, these gods have calculated it all very well, however...’ Leylin controlled himself from speaking any further, as it was not something he could deal with at his current level.

‘I’m close to becoming legendary now. Being rank 19, I’m only half a step away. I should refine my own power as quickly as possible, stepping into the domain of legendaries. Only true legendaries have a say in the continent.’

A rank 20 only had a few extra spell slots, not much different from a rank 19. The difference came in the refinement of their power, something that allowed them to perfect their theory.

Leylin thought of records chronicling the advancement of wizards. Although every legendary could still advance further, they had all walked to the peak of their own paths. Their theoretical knowledge was extremely rich.

‘It’s even more complicated to become a legendary arcanist. I need to condense my theories into a skill tree or a circulating energy loop. However, this won’t be a problem for me. All that’s left is the work on refining energy...’ Leylin touched his forehead, a puzzled expression on his face.

The previous situation with the third level of the dreamscape lock surfaced before his eyes once again. Only now, his forehead gleamed pure white, as if there were no abnormalities.

‘The final gift, what on earth did it mean?’ His visit to the nightmare



world had allowed him to absorb a great deal of dreamforce, and pushed his ranking to rank 19. However, Leylin was not granted his greatest wish of obtaining the Nightmare King's inheritance, and the method to avoid the exhaustion of dreamforce.

‘Was this created by Dreamscape?’ Leylin looked at his hands. The white palms contained unyielding power, but Leylin felt that his corporeal body had already been perfected to its limits. However, at every day and in every moment, he still tirelessly absorbed the nearby light and electromagnetic waves to refine his power. This was all to break through his bottleneck.

‘After walking out of Nightmare Island, I keep feeling that I have changed greatly. Yet I can’t place my finger on how exactly I’ve changed...’ Leylin’s eyes held a trace of suspicion.

“Where are we headed, milord?”

“Mm, let’s go to Pirates’ Cove first!” Leylin replied. When he turned his head however, all he saw was Calon who had fallen to his knees in shock, his complexion deathly pale.

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing! There’s nothing wrong! Your humble servant has bad eyesight!” Calon had a flattering smile on his face. He left at lightning speed while murmuring to himself, ‘I must have drunk too much rum, how can Lord Leylin have three eyes? And those blood-coloured patterns on his face, ha... Haha...’

Calon shook his head with all his strength, as if trying to shake the memory of Leylin out from his head. However, he discovered that no matter what he did, his arms and legs still involuntarily trembled. He could only crawl his way back to his bedroom with the support of the wall.

“Three eyes and blood-coloured runes?” What Calon did not know was that his mutterings in the ship’s hold had all been heard by Leylin. After he left, Leylin conjured up a water mirror with a wave of his hand.

What appeared in the mirror was the appearance of a young noble. His complexion was a little wan, with sky blue eyes as deep as the ocean. His

golden curls fit with his thin lips, and he was handsome, without any abnormalities whatsoever.

# Chapter 954: Nightmare Form

What Leylin saw in his reflection did not put him at ease. He instead grew even more grim, “Is this an evolution of the true soul?”

He touched his forehead, and all of a sudden he felt an intense pain that caused him to close his eyes. The next time he opened them, he found a red streak at the middle of it.

Whoosh! Water droplets dispersed to reveal Leylin’s serious expression.

“The physique to absorb the energy from nightmares... from a bloodline?” Leylin rubbed at his forehead, now at a loss...

.....

“A.I. Chip, check my bloodline!”

All sorts of scanning runes were activated within the wizard tower, and scanning light immediately gathered upon Leylin’s body. He was back on Faulen Island.

He’d met up with Isabel for a bit at Pirates’ Cove. He’d decided on the next path for the Scarlet Tigers, and was then at ease to solve his own issues.

He’d already given control of the tower to the A.I. Chip. He was using its power to check the abnormalities on his body.

[Beep! Mission established. Scanning... Host’s blood is 99.99999% pure-blooded human.] “So nothing can be found? Use the atomic microscope, and level 2 antimatter observation. Continue scan.” Leylin sounded grim.

[Beep! Obtained host’s blood. Magnifying specimen...] The A.I. Chip immediately showed a screen with Leylin’s blood sample. 100,000x, 1,000,000x... The image was magnified ten million times.

Leylin had to reach the smallest unit of his previous world, the limits of the sub-atomic level, to find the problem.

“This...” Leylin’s eyes widened. He saw a few strange black dots amongst wandering photons.

“Lock on to that. Enlarge it!” The black dot moved extremely quickly, but at the end, it was still successfully caught by the A.I. Chip. Slowly, the appearance of the dark shadow appeared in front of Leylin. This was a hexagonal structure with strange patterns on it.

The patterns were rather complicated, in the shape of dark red flowers that gradually evolved into a scaly giant with three eyes. The bloody third eye at the middle seemed to have a will of its own as it stared at Leylin indifferently.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Leylin took several steps backwards, the surprise on his face more evident.

“As expected... my body was implanted with a portion of the Nightmare Absorbing Body’s bloodline abilities at the third level...” With his main body imbued with the power nearly equal to a rank 7 Warlock, Leylin was definitely no stranger to bloodline power.

“I just wanted some information. What are you giving me bloodline strength for?” Leylin now felt himself growing dizzy. It was like a beggar asking for some humble pie being given a mountain of gold.

What kind of physique was this Nightmare Absorbing Body? It was one of the most powerful bloodline abilities, something that allowed the Nightmare King to immediately start a massacre the moment he activated it. With the origin force of Dreamscape, he’d shot up to become a peak Magus of the ancient world in one go!

Leylin was very vigilant of such good luck.

‘It’s too impractical. There has to be something off about a strange event like this. Even if Distorted Shadow was giving me benefits in exchange for making use of me, this is a little too much!’

Leylin was never afraid to expect the worst of his enemies. These sudden benefits implied a huge danger was to come!

‘But... I never thought this Nightmare Absorbing Body wasn’t a physical thing. It can even affect the truesoul, including my main soul in the Magus World...’ As an outstanding bloodline Warlock, Leylin knew that sort of

bloodline ability would fuse inseparably with his soul. It would also radiate into his main body in the Magus World through strange channels.

‘The power of Dreamscape can bypass the crystal sphere? Just a temporary energy transmission path alone would be terrifying... I must definitely grasp this strength!’ The ability of dreamforce to pass through two large worlds caused determination to rise in Leylin’s heart.

‘I’m going to take the bait and toss the hook back. How’s that?’ Leylin stroked his chin, a slight smile appearing on his lips. Even Distorted Shadow could not guess that he had the A.I. Chip, and could find any issues.

This would be the greatest misstep in the plan Distorted Shadow had in store for him! Of course, he might have been thinking too much. All this could be a opportunity for him, but he had always liked to be prepared for the worst.

‘A.I. Chip! Begin task: study this bloodline force!’ Leylin looked ruthless. Even if this would interfere with his analysis of the Weave, he would not find it a pity!

.....

Months passed in the blink of an eye.

Leylin was sitting cross-legged within the wizard tower, the doors and windows tightly closed as isolation runes flickered inside. If an outsider saw him as he was now, they would be scared stupid or treat him like a monster.

Leylin was now nearly a giant at almost three metres tall. His body had red scales and strange patterns on it, his face so sinister that it could drive children to tears. There was a slight crack on his forehead, shining blood red.

Formless power was attracted to this lustre, transforming into a dark red fog as it seeped into Leylin’s skin and became something more powerful.

“This strength is...” Leylin’s mind followed the path of the undulations and found the source, followed by scenes:

-The old butler Leon looked proud in Port Venus, "Our young master Leylin is..."

-In Pirate's Cove, an old pirate was teaching a few new pirates a lesson, "When you come out here, foresight is the most important. There's someone more frightening than the Scarlet Witch in our crew..."

There were even more, though they were all scenes within the north and Dambrath Kingdom. The large batch of devil worshippers that Leylin had gathered as Kukulkan were now transmitting an unending amount of fear.

'This isn't faith, but some emotional force one level lower than faith... What's going on? Why can I take this power in now?' One could only absorb faith after becoming legendary, much less this sort of low-level emotional force.

However, Leylin soon found that he could easily absorb this emotional force in nightmare form, boosting his strength.

"Could it be that..." Leylin muttered to himself, closing the third eye between his brows. The numerous scenes disappeared, and the channel for emotional force closed.

"As expected... The power of the Nightmare Absorbing Body can take in all emotional forces aimed at me. The effectiveness and rate of conversion is even better than gods, and most importantly... I'm not even half a god yet..." At this moment, Leylin realised the terror of this ancient physique.

'A.I. Chip, has anything been found?'

[Beep! Statistical model of host's bloodline force has been established, running with no abnormalities. Found no remnant spiritual brands.] The A.I. Chip answered loyally.

"There's still no problem? There's nothing left in my bloodline? Is this a real gift?" Leylin shook his head, dispelling the nightmare form. He shrunk once more, returning to his original appearance.

With the A.I. Chip's help, his grasp of bloodline force far exceeded the expectations of everyone else. Now, he could basically switch between the two forms smoothly.

“The Nightmare Absorbing Body is a special physique from Dreamscape. Seems like I’ll have to head over to that world a few times in the future...” Leylin muttered to himself, “In addition, with the rate the physique absorbs emotional force, I might be able to raise my arcanist ranking very soon...”

At this moment, the tower genie’s clear voice interrupted his thoughts, “Master! Gold Priest Xena has come to pay a visit!”

“Xena? Get her to wait for me at the drawing room!” Leylin shook his head, draping a white bathrobe around himself.

“But my form after the second transformation might lead to some associations. It’s best to use it as little as possible in the World of Gods...” A moment later, Leylin had tidied everything up and met the priestess of the Goddess of Wealth in the drawing room.

“Wizard Leylin truly is great at making me wait. It’s already been two years since the last time...” Xena glared at him, looking annoyed.

“Ahaha... my apologies! I’ve been immersed in an experiment. Anyway, hasn’t Master Ernest continued the trade of the devil and demon detectors?” Leylin laughed and then changed the topic, “May I know what you’re here for today?”

“You’re in great trouble!” Xena took a deep breath and spoke cautiously.

“Oh! Have the people from the God of Murder’s church made their move?” Leylin got it right in one go, since there were few large organisations he had offended.

“Yes! One of their legends, Cadaver Collector Soros, has completed his experiments and is about to come to the outer seas...” No matter where it was, a legend was a big shot. Xena was worried that this genius wizard would not be able to pass this hurdle.

“But... from how he’s been acting, we know he’s inclined towards attacking devils and demons. Our church has dealt with him, and the intel we got is proof of that. Unfortunately, we don’t know what he’ll do...”

Actually, Xena did not think well of Leylin’s future. After all, that person

was a legendary! There wasn't even a half-step legendary in the outer seas, so a true legendary would be able to suppress everything.

The existence of a legendary was an important standard for the prime material plane to judge the size of an organisation!



# Chapter 955: Soros

“Legendary?” Unexpectedly, Leylin did not panic at all after hearing the news. He instead asked with interest, “Please tell me what you know. We have our deal on sharing information.”

Xena rolled her eyes at him. “Cadaver Collector Soros is the honorary executioner of Cyric’s church. He likes to torture his target’s mind, causing them to crumble and commit suicide before he takes their body. He shot to fame 281 years ago...”

She spoke as if she was making a report, expressionlessly introducing this person generally. Still, she couldn’t keep up the facade and ended up staring at Leylin.

“Lord Leylin! You’re still young and possess such astounding talent. It isn’t a mere dream to become a legendary, but you need to accept reality. Pledge to join Goddess Waukeen’s church and hide in the mainland. Our goddess will shield you...”

Xena was sure Leylin would understand, even though he would have to abandon the outer seas, including Port Venus and all other industries.

After all, the church of wealth was more conducive to Leylin’s potential than all the organisations in the outer seas. With the value he was showing and how he was steadily raising his strength, he seemed to have more than a 50% chance to become a legendary. This was definitely an investment worth making for the church of wealth.

However, Leylin’s answer did not match up to her expectations. “Thank you very much for your kind intentions, but I won’t give up my work here...”

She frowned slightly, watching Leylin discontentedly, “Do you know what a legendary is? Cadaver Collector Soros is an infamous assassin. Even if we sent out a legendary to protect you ourselves, you could still be killed, much less...”

“I know all that!” Leylin interrupted her, looking apologetic, “I saw Her

Highness Alustriel at Silverymoon. I read and studied about legendary wizards, and I know that numbers are nothing to a legendary...”

Leylin knew the terror of a legendary better than anyone else. They grasped the power of domains, similar to what a dragon’s aura cast. No matter how many low-ranked Professionals were pit against one, it was useless.

In addition, legendaries had refined their life essence, and could absorb and control divine force, walking the path of godhood.

However, the path that Leylin had chosen was entirely different from Xena, which was why he reacted differently.

“Are you trying to face off against a legendary head-on? Just with a wizard tower? You’d probably be destroyed within seconds...” Xena felt insulted by Leylin’s arrogant tone, and especially by that resolute gaze that said he didn’t need charity.

“You...” She felt humiliated and discontent, but all that soon faded away into shock. “The– The spell rays on your body...”

“My rank rose a little during these past two years of experiments.” Leylin sounded calm, as if he were describing something insignificant, yet Xena almost choked in surprise.

While they were both high-ranked wizards, rank 15s were nowhere close to rank 19s. One had just entered this grade, while the other had reached the peak of wizardry, beginning to step into the domain of legendaries.

‘Two years! In less than two years, he’s already become a rank 19 wizard!’ Xena froze as she watched the spell rays that Leylin intentionally leaked.

‘A genius. A genius of the World of Gods! No, this is more than just a genius, he’s probably a monster! Outside of Chosen, he’s even faster than close combat Professionals as a wizard!’ Xena zoned out slightly. With his aptitude, she was now sure that he would definitely become a legendary if he didn’t die this time!

“Apologies! I was too harsh with my words...” Now treating Leylin as a to-be legendary, Xena’s tone became more respectful.

“Actually, Mister Leylin, I still stand by my previous suggestion. With your talent, there really is no need to tackle your enemies head-on in the outer sea. The church of wealth shall forever be your shield...” Leylin naturally showed his gratitude towards Xena’s kindness, but he did not relent on his decision not to dodge this, leaving Xena helpless.

After sending her away, Leylin returned to the training room alone, looking deep in thought.

‘Cyric’s counterattack is later than I expected...’ The presence of a legendary meant nothing to Leylin. After all, Tiff had become a legendary long ago, and he’d personally led a team to kill a legendary dragon. Normal legendaries did not terrify him at all.

“However, I can’t disclose Tiff’s identity or transfer him here. This makes things complicated...” Leylin stroked his chin, eyes brightening, “I should use this opportunity and try that...”

“Tower genie!”

“Master!” The female form of the tower genie emerged, bright eyes full of anticipation.

“Seal the place off. Nobody is to bother me for now, not even Ernest. Is that understood?”

“Yes!” The tower genie’s primary objective was to carry out Leylin’s orders. She obviously had no objections to this. With Leylin’s will, the apprentices and even Ernest were moved out of the tower, emptying it out.

“Sigh... I don’t know if this kid can do it...” Ernest naturally knew something only higher-ups did here. While things were calm in Port Venus, he could tell that this was the calm before a storm.

The pressure that a legendary could cause was far too immense. Leylin’s operation was thus misunderstood to be a dangerous action to raise his strength quickly. Ernest was naturally worried.

He definitely knew how intelligent his student was. There were a few materials to raise strength quickly in the research of ancient wizards. However, there was a steep price to pay.

“I hope he doesn’t go too far...” Ernest had a helpless smile on his lips. Ever since Leylin reached adulthood, he could no longer persuade Leylin even as his master.

While he was still Leylin’s teacher in name, Ernest knew that there was nothing he had taught Leylin other than foundational skills. Yet, he had obtained even more than he’d given.

“I believe in him. Sometimes, he’s someone who can create miracles!” Ernest kept encouraging himself, “It’ll be fine! It’ll definitely be fine...”

Meanwhile, the wizard who Ernest was worried about was not conducting any taboo experiments within the tower. However, in some sense the method Leylin was using to gain strength was more dangerous than the methods of ancient wizards.

“There aren’t any living beings in the tower any more. I don’t have to worry about my secret being discovered or leaked... begin!”

Whoosh! A layer of dark red patterns appeared on Leylin’s skin. He swelled strangely, and broke through his casual clothes in an instant. His forehead also split vertically to reveal the third eye.

Nightmare form! Leylin was now demonstrating the Nightmare King’s Nightmare Absorbing Body.

“Absorb the wandering emotional force...” The vertical eye on Leylin’s forehead opened slightly, emitting red light that broke through space to connect to all emotions related to him. It was like a spider web.

Reverence, fear, love, hatred...

Dense emotional force was originally formless and therefore useless. However, the vertical eye turned it into a dark red fog that was then devoured by the Nightmare Absorbing Body. This force was intensified, and the blood-red runes on his body grew more dazzling.

“In essence, faith is just extremely dense emotion. It contains energy dispelled from soul undulations. The Nightmare Absorbing Body is terrifying. As long as it has to do with the host body, any emotional force, no matter how meagre, can be used...”

Leylin's eyes were now completely blood red, and a large serpent appeared behind him. This was the Targaryen, big as the world, with black scales, devilish wings, terrifying claws, and a single horn at the top of its head.

"Hss!" The Targaryen had now transformed slightly. Traces of dark red fog shrouded its body, causing its scales to begin turning dark red.

A strange vertical eye appeared between the two snake eyes, splitting open.

"Ahh... Devouring power, erupt!" With Leylin's control, the power of devouring and dreamforce worked together flawlessly. The Nightmare Absorbing Body took in the vast jumble of emotional force, and Devour transformed it into the purest energy.

After who knew how long, the A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded, like the sweetest melody he had ever heard. [Beep! Energy reserves at 100%, sending to main body...] A warm surge spread throughout his body, extending to his very soul. The sound of a crystal shattering sounded, and Leylin sensed his soul go through another evolution. His very essence was baptised.

# Chapter 956: Dream Eater

[Beep! Spirit+1.] The A.I. Chip sent another prompt as many stats began to change.

[Beep! Host's arcanist ranking has advanced. Host is now a rank 20 arcanist! Arcane Energy +10.]

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 20. Spell slots obtained: Rank 9(1), Rank 8(1), Rank 7(1).] [Beep! Host's stats have changed.] [Leylin Faulen, Age: 24. Race: Human, Rank 20 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 20. Arcane Value: 200. Status: Healthy. Feats: Sturdy, Erudite, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape View. Specialties: Arcane Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions] [Progress of Weave Analysis: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 81.23%, Level 8 38.86%, Level 9 11.29%.] [Spell slots: Rank 9(2), Rank 8(4), Rank 7(6), Rank 6(???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4(???), Rank 3(???), Rank 2(???), Rank 1(???), Rank 0(???)] 'I'm finally rank 20. All that's left is becoming legendary.' Leylin shut his eyes. He felt an enormous wall blocking him at this moment, the boundary of the legendary realm.

As a non-religious Professional, he would enter the legendary realm at rank 21. This was the greatest power in the central continent, giving one the ability to determine the state of any region and absorb divinity itself.

'I still have one rank left to become a legendary... If I wasn't worried about the contamination from the power of emotions, I could use the law of devouring to absorb most of the energy. Perhaps it would've been possible to become a legendary directly...'

Although he thought this, Leylin did not have the slightest regret. The foundation was the most important thing. A lot of emphasis was placed on one's foundation in the legendary realm, and Leylin did not want to advance without caution. It could lead to detours in his future path.

[Beep! Nightmare Absorption abilities have been activated! Host has obtained a bloodline ability— Dream Eater!] The A.I. Chip sent yet another

prompt.

“Is this the bloodline magic ability by any chance? With Nightmare Absorption’s power, the power of this magic technique should be incredibly terrifying, shouldn’t it?” Leylin muttered to himself irresolutely. He could be said to be an expert in exploring bloodline magic and putting it to use.

Once the abilities of a Warlock were combined with the power of this ancient bloodline, the results would be sure to surprise him.

“Bloodline ability— Dream Eater!” Leylin looked at the A.I. Chip’s window on the skill, and discovered nothing besides the name.

‘Even the A.I. Chip has no records of it in the database. Seems like it’s an entirely new magic ability. I can only rely on myself to explore it and perfect it...’

.....

Soros the Cadaver Collector was an expert wanted by the church of justice. His extensive criminal record was difficult to chronicle; he’d even massacred an entire town before. However, the man himself was someone who’d always been shrouded in a dark robe.

Nobody knew that under this cloak, the church of murder’s legendary ‘honorary executioner’ was a boy with a warm and sunny aura.

“Many thanks, Uncle Newman!” Soros slid down from an ox cart piled high with foraged grass, thanking the old man in front of him.

“Ah, it’s nothing much. No one would reject a polite and obedient child like you a ride. Is this your destination, young fellow?” The driver of the cart was a wizened old man. His arms were lean muscle, beaten by the weather. His face was wreathed in a carefree smile, revealing his sparse teeth. He had a scattered beard that looked like iron wool.

“Mm! I want to go to Port Venus, I heard it is the most prosperous port in the outer seas,” The tall youth’s expression was a little bashful, but his eyes were filled with determination, “I want to earn money there, and then I can... Oh! This is my gift for letting me take your cart.”

Looking at the pretty little shell in the youth's hand, the old man's smile bloomed even more happily, "Haha! Well work hard, youngster. I wish you the best!"

'The spiritual influence of despair held within that shell, I wonder how long it'll take to kill him off?' After leaving the cart, Soros lowered his head. His eyes held a trace of darkness as he laughed demonically.

If that old man saw how he looked now, he definitely wouldn't have let Soros hitchhike on his cart.

"I still need to keep this identity a secret... Such a pity," Soros licked his lips. When he lifted his head again, his expression had already changed into that docile and harmless smile he had shown before. His youthful appearance easily gave others a favourable impression.

"Big Sis, could you please give me..." Soros chose a random inn to stay in. His words caused the middle-aged woman who was the proprietor of the inn to light up brightly. The village woman gave him a room for half the price.

Soros' face only darkened after he entered the room and made sure he was alone. "Damn it, that disgusting hog had actually dared to provoke me... If not for this mission... Oh right!"

The tall boy clasped his hands, "After this mission ends, I'll give this town a bloodbath. It seems that our revered god likes sacrificial rites like this anyway... Hehe..."

As a legendary, and a criminal wanted by many of the good churches, Soros knew how much his identity weighed on their minds. Powerful beings definitely had their own set of perverse fetishes, and Soros' was to put on an innocent image and wait for the very last moment to reveal his true self. He would watch as his target broke down.

He felt more twisted joy from this sorrow than any divine grace could give him. Of course, Soros himself would not explicitly admit this point.

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Soros moved towards Port Venus the next day, having gotten ample rest.



He headed for Leylin's wizard tower.

'This defense system is well thought out. The detection spell formations are activated constantly... Something like this is pretty good for a place like the outer seas.'

A look of pity flashed across Soros' face. 'Leylin is extremely wary, he'd see through any disguise straight away. Well, it isn't a big deal. I have many other skills, and this will be a good time to test them out.'

Sudden Strike! Soros' body floated up into the sky, and an illusory gold claw struck the wizard tower. Red alarms flashed immediately.

"Warning! Detected energy waves with legendary power. Tower has taken 35.99% damage!"

"Found it! So it was here all along?" Soros' pupils contracted as he merged into the shadows.

He followed the energy pathways of the tower, and arrived at a laboratory before he emerged once more. This place was likely where the core of the tower resided, and he looked at the frightened noble wizard in front of him.

"Le... Legendary! You are waging a holy war..." The young wizard seemed to be frightened silly, and his teeth clacked when he spoke.

"Only a legendary-ranked wizard tower could hold me back!" Soros' face was full of mockery, the same way a golden lion would look at a rabbit. As if in accompaniment to Soros' voice, the tower genie gave off a high pitched tone, "Intruder alert! Current location: Core Laboratory. Deploying magic gargoyles... bzzt!"

Soros made a slicing motion with his finger, cutting the image of the tower genie into pieces.

"You don't have to take out these toy gargoyles..."

Bang! He immediately turned into countless black figures, and the gargoyles that surged from the defense mechanism were all destroyed, with no life left in them.

“Tower core 87.99% destroyed, operations ceased!” At this point, the tower genie could not even muster a hologram of itself. Only its voice rang out, as if coming from an old gramophone.

“How... how is this possible?” The young wizard’s legs buckled as he sat on the floor, staring listlessly at the ceiling, “But I’d spent...”

“This place is just like a backyard for someone in the legendary realm.”

Soros enjoyed the process of toying with his prey. The young wizard cried out, his eyes bloodshot as if he was a gambler who had lost everything. “No! I still have...”

Roar! The young wizard’s robes tore apart into pieces, releasing a mighty draconic aura. He’d become half-dragon, and his skin was topped by scales. He spewed flames from his mouth, destroying all the glass apparatus in the laboratory.

“A half-dragon? The bloodline of a dragon species? This is your trump card?” Soros’ brows furrowed, before he released his own aura. The air in the vicinity was blasted away, giving rise to a vacuum. “What a pity, everything you do is in vain. The only thing left for you is death...”

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“Rumble!” The mighty tower collapsed, sending smoke and dust billowed high up into the sky. Soros walked out of the rubble, carrying a freshly severed head that still had blood trickling down it.

The draconic scales faded, revealing the pale visage of the late wizard. His eyes no longer had any trace of life, glazed like that of a dead fish.

# Chapter 957: Death

“Something seems off...” Soros raised his right hand as he stared into the aggrieved eyes of the incapacitated young wizard. Still, his sense of touch and various detection techniques confirmed that he was already dead.

However, even Soros had to admit that this wizard was extremely talented. He’d become a near-legendary at such a young age, possessing a powerful dragon bloodline. His battle might was already greater than that of some rank 20s.

“You were a genius... It’s a pity, mortals should never provoke god...” Soros seemed to lament in pity as he gently closed the eyes of the wizard.

At this moment, multiple figures from Port Venus had already discovered that something was amiss. They ran over, while some high-ranking priests chose to fly there directly.

“The Goddess of Wealth’s church huh...” Soros shook his head in disdain, but did not choose to engage. He disappeared without a trace.

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Within the God of Murder’s church, the bishop looked at Soros with a pleased smile, “Well done, my child. Now, let us offer this sinner’s head to our revered god...”

Buzz! Cyric’s statue let out a loud rumble once it received the sacrifice, golden divine force rippling out into the air. The sculpture soon seemed to come to life, taking the shape of a man with a wicked face.

“Worshipper Soros, you’ve done well. You shall get the rewards you deserve!” The voice of his god’s incarnation was extremely deep and magnetic. Soros felt an immense amount of divine force descend on his head as it sounded.

“This...This is divine grace! And of the highest grade!” The bishop cried out hoarsely from the side. Seeing the traces of dark gold light falling on Soros’ head, he couldn’t maintain a neutral expression any more. The ancient scripture detailing the sacrificial rite fell to the ground.

“And divinity too?”

“Are you questioning our revered Lord’s decision?” Accepting copious amounts of divine force and divinity, Soros now looked like a golden statue. Lightning occasionally streaked within his eyes. The benefits he had observed this time was extremely huge. The God of Murder had actually raised him by a rank and even granted him divinity!

“No, I wouldn’t dare. Our god has chosen you, and you shall be his emissary on the continent!” A trace of fear arose in the bishop’s eyes, but his reply was still clear and distinct.

The foremost authority in any church was the god themselves. Directly under them would be the Bishop or Chosen, and from one standpoint Soros’ status was now equal to that of the the bishop. The difference between the two was merely the amount of divine grace they had!

“Haha...” Being able to look at his former superior squarely in the face, Soros laughed in a carefree manner, forgetting the uneasiness that he had felt despite finishing the mission.

He disappeared into the void without a trace, and a single vertical eye appeared.

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30 years later, Soros slammed an old wizard into the ground as he laughed, “Haha, Madrid, you have never believed that you would land in my hands one day huh!”

“No...This is not possible. Why are you this strong? Your progression is too fast!” Madrid’s body was littered with injuries, and his voice was barely audible.

“This is all the grace of the god!” Soros grabbed the collar of this wizard, “Back then you were stronger than me in every way, and even managed to become a legendary and steal Vanessa’s heart. But now, you’re as weak as a dog...”

“Kill me... Kill me...” The helpless wizard mumbled.

“I won’t you off this easily! You’ll be repaid the suffering and anguish I felt all these years...” Soros carried the wizard away. The vertical eye appeared once more, forming a crack in the void to reveal crimson light...

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200 year later, in the church of the God of Murder.

“Cough cough...” The lord bishop looked at the dagger lodged in his chest, and the high ranking officials across him. He turned his head around in disbelief, and saw the sinister look on Soros’ face.

“You...you actually...”

“Old fool, the cardinals and the honour guard have chosen to abandon and betray you. You’re past your time now!” Soros’ smile was even more malevolent than before.

“Our god... Will never forgive...” The bishop clenched these last words out of his teeth before his body combusted.

An immense conscient descended to the planet, “Soros!”

“My Lord, you are the emissary of death, the supreme amongst the stars...” Soros knelt onto the ground.

“You have successfully conspired to kill the previous bishop. Well done! I hereby appoint you the next bishop of my church!”

“I will dedicate my life to walking the path you’ve chosen. I shall throw the entire continent into chaos and conduct many massacres...” Soros affirmed, his eyes turning slightly bloodshot.

The vertical eye behind him was now more than half open, yet nobody could discover its presence.

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Time trickled by, and the church of murder grew under Soros’ charge, spreading across the World of Gods. Soros himself had managed to ascent to godhood, becoming a lesser god under Cyric.

Several thousand years later, he grew increasingly dissatisfied with

Cyric. He waged a holy war, managing to defeat and absorb his former master, becoming the Greater God of Murder, Massacre, and Death.

Soros continued these wars after, building a system of faith where he was the one and only deity. Finally, he usurped the Overgod's throne. He now sat on the highest pedestal of the World of Gods' divine hall, his gaze passing across the rivers of time and into eternity.

At this moment, the vertical eye behind him fully opened its eyes!

"Hmm? Who is it?" Soros felt an immediate threat to his life. It was a warning that came from the depths of his soul, a feeling that this attacker could consign him to eternal damnation.

"Why is there someone else in the highest of realms, is there something that can transcend the entire world?" The throne split into half as Soros turned around with a look of disbelief.

At this moment, the giant vertical eye was omnipotent, its gaze crystal clear, as if nothing in the world could escape its eyes. A trace of crimson mist appeared, gnawing at the corners of the World of Gods.

Soros felt his hair stand on end once he saw this vertical eye. It was like this eye had been observing his every moment in life.

"What are you? A devil?" This feeling of being pried on caused immense fury to arise in this sovereign.

"Hah!" Divine force gathered in Soros' hands, turning into a purple lightning that could split the world in half. This lightning formed a spear that landed in his grasp.

The spear was thrown, and it tore the void apart as it moved, carrying the various blessings of the gods.

Boom! An attack which could annihilate gods struck the vertical eye, yet not a single sound was produced. It was as if a speck of dust had come into contact with a rock, dissipating just like that.

"How...is this possible? I am the sovereign! The world origin force is at my fingertips!" Soros staggered backwards, the fear in his heart growing

stronger.

“I’ve seen the creation and annihilation of the world, the rise and fall of many tribes. Only the foolishness of mortals is eternal in the rivers of time!” The information struck Soros at the deepest part of his soul, and he understood the underlying meaning within.

“A mortal? How can I be a mortal...” Soros let out a hollow laughter, before his face contorted. He discovered that he had turned a mortal, mere flesh and blood. This feeling of falling from heaven caused him to suffer a mental breakdown.

However, the vertical eye did not give him any chances for a mental recovery. It opened up and gazed at Soros.

Rumble! The whole world was devoured by the red vertical pupil, and Soros was but a struggling speck of dust, screaming in anguish before finally disappearing into the pupil of the eye.

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In the room of an inn, Soros’ sleeping head was sharply twisted to one side. He was dead.

Leylin rubbed his temples outside the inn, seemingly exhausted. “The power of this Dream Eater spell is really terrifying. To construct a complex world, even if it’s fake, is just too difficult for me right now...

“But it was all worth it...” Leylin’s face could not help but change at the pleasure of devouring Soros’ entire dream. This ability to devour dreams also allowed him to absorb the target’s memories, experiences, and even more. It caused him to feel full from the essence of his very soul, and Leylin knew that he had fulfilled all conditions to become legendary. He only needed to digest what he’d absorbed.

“If not for using Dreamscape Vision and entering Soros’ dream, I might not have had it this easy... It seems that the best way to use this Dream Eater skill is to first lure the enemy into a dream and combine with a spell. Distract Dream could do it...”

Having acquired what he wanted, Leylin disappeared from the inn

without a trace. The outer seas basically belonged to the Faulens right now, and although it wasn't easy to conquer the entire territory, the pirate forces would pave the way for them to expand their territory.

Leylin had sorted the information to identify suspicious activity and targets. He would personally confirm it all with his eyes.

Soros had just been unlucky this time, like a beautiful butterfly having flown into an intricate spider web. Caught by Leylin's Dreamscape Vision, all attempts to conceal himself were to no avail.



# Chapter 958: Spear Crusader

The tranquility of dawn was broken by an ear-piercing scream. With two buckets by her side, the innkeeper looked at a lifeless youth on the bed. This boy, who'd made her heart flutter yesterday, had now lost all traces of life.

"No external injuries nor any traces of spells. His identity certificate is forged..." The public security officer felt a headache coming on as he hurried over to inspect the scene. His many years of experience had told him that this case was going to be very troublesome.

"Can it be some acute illness?" The public security officer spoke in an imposing manner to mask the nervousness that he felt.

"Find a priest to come and pray over him, then send the corpse to the burial mound..." Seeing this officer unwilling to let things get out of hand, the plump lady didn't hesitate to agree.

They downplayed this death through various procedures, and finally invited someone to bless the burial. However, this person wasn't an official priest. It was an acolyte handling the menial tasks of a church.

The acolyte did not even have the cultivation to cast a rank 1 holy spell, let alone find out what was wrong with Soros' corpse. After a quick blessing, he let the the men in charge of burying the corpse carry it away.

The one in charge of burying the legendary-ranked Soros' corpse was a filthy, skinny, middle-aged white man who reeked of alcohol. His blackened teeth carried a putrid odour, and he thoroughly searched through the corpse once he was outside the city. He was looking for little valuables that the corrupt official hadn't discovered.

"Hehehe... What a fair skinned boy. A pity that the officer already squirreled away his purse and other things..." Soros' corpse had been stripped even of its shoes. Every inch of his body that could have contained gold was looked at by this man.

Soros was a legendary however, and his priceless bag of holding, spatial

ring, magic artifacts, and other items had been taken away by Leylin. The officer had grabbed the gold that was left, leaving nothing for this man to take.

However, just the set of clothes and shoes alone was enough to satisfy him.

“Hehe... This kiddo is rather rich. All these clothes are worth at least 30 bronze pieces. I can visit Mary once or go to the pub and drink all night...” The man looked at the stark naked corpse, nodding his head in satisfaction.

“Since you’ve given me this much, I’ll dig your grave bigger than the rest.”

“This is the outcome of a legendary like Soros, huh? What a sorrowful scene!” A sinister voice mocked throughout the surroundings, scaring the man away. “Who, who is there?”

Zip! An icy blade flashed, and the man dropped to the floor with blood gushing from his body.

“A legendary who was among the top ten experts of the church couldn’t even escape death...” The void warped as the figure of a high-ranked thief appeared. He masterfully picked up Soros’ corpse, and the expression on his face grew darker.

“No... this isn’t right! How can his body only be as resilient as a regular human’s? He was a legendary!” The high-ranked thief cried out, “If not for the top secret information I received from our bishop, I would have treated him as a regular human as well!”

“What’s more... The most important thing is that the soul has disappeared completely... Such ruthless measures...” The pupils of the thief narrowed, and he felt that a terrifying presence was in the vicinity. He did not dare tarry longer, and immediately vanished with Soros’ corpse.

He was only a high-ranked thief in the church, nowhere close to being legendary. If even Soros had died here, wiping him off the face of the earth wouldn’t be a major issue either. The thief knew this clearly, and there

was no way he would stay another moment.

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Church of Cyric, within the gloomy valley.

The bishop had received this news as well.

“I have already contacted our god. It seems like Soros’ soul did not enter his divine realm, instead vanishing mysteriously.”

“Was it some sort of confinement spell?” A high ranked thief chimed in from the side.

“No, not confinement. It’s completely missing! Even... Even our god’s imprint had completely vanished...” The bishop grew extremely solemn. Legendaries were the foundation of a church, yet one of theirs had died just like that. It was an enormous blow even to an organisation like theirs.

Furthermore, the ability to wipe out a legendary without a trace left the others extremely uneasy. The bishop closed his eyes and pondered before speaking in an icy tone, “Find out everything for me! Everything!”

“Yes!” The thief bowed respectfully and left to pass on the orders.

Although there was no evidence, he was very clear in his heart that all of this was linked to Soros’ primary target, the noble wizard of Faulen Island.

‘An expert who managed to kill a legendary! Having me investigate this monster... Aren’t you asking me to go and die?’ The high-ranked thief lamented to himself, ‘Luckily this is just an investigation mission. It looks like even the Lord Bishop himself won’t carelessly go against this person...’

“Faulen Island’s Leylin?” The high-ranked thief had a premonition that this wizard was the man of the moment in the World of Gods. No! Having showcased this power, this wizard was now a powerful player who could shake the entire continent!

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Leylin did not pay the slightest attention to these conjectures and the dark clouds looming in his future. After he quietly murdered Soros, he

peacefully returned to the wizard tower without alerting a single person.

What was truly terrifying was the unknown. If he revealed his ability to kill legends, it could lead to excessive fear of him. He needed to slowly digest the power he had devoured.

“The Dream Eater ability is truly the most terrifying bloodline power. The bloodline abilities it gives are also extremely demonic and powerful...” Leylin sighed.

He was a rank 20 wizard, while Soros was a legendary expert. Using an analogy in the Magus World, it was like a Crystal Phase Magus squaring off against a Morning Star. The gap between the two was as wide as that between heaven and earth.

And still, the Dream Eater ability acquired through his bloodline had allowed Leylin to kill Soros easily. Nothing as insane as this had ever happened even in the ancient times.

The barrier between ranks 3 and 4 was one of a qualitative change from spiritual force to soul force. Even an army of rank 3s would be slaughtered by a Morning Star, yet Leylin had managed to win across this gap!

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin commanded. The A.I. Chip had already collated all the previously collected data, and it displayed the information on this bloodline ability.

[Nightmare Absorption bloodline ability: Dream Eater: Allows host to infiltrate the target’s dream world, constructing an illusion and causing their true soul to degenerate. The host can then devour the target’s dream world and absorb everything. Warning: If the target’s soul force is too powerful, or they see through the dream world, it may injure the host in an unpredictable manner! As the host’s bloodline concentration is limited, it can only be used once every 10 days.]

“So it’s a battle between souls using an illusory technique. However, with my main body’s experiences perhaps nobody except a god coming in person can best me in that regard...” Leylin had a premonition that this bloodline ability would be his most important hidden killer move.

“Besides, using Dream Eater to devour energy seems to be even more effective than before. I can gain everything that belonged to my opponent, and even walk down their path to power once for myself. The benefits from that will be immeasurable...” Leylin felt that he seemed to have found the reason why that Nightmare King was incomparably powerful.

The legendary body of Soros the Cadaver Collector comprised of all his experiences as an honorary executioner. Leylin had effortlessly obtained all of this, and all that had been left was a decaying corpse.

After devouring the soul of a legendary and obtaining all his experiences, Leylin had reached the threshold of the legendary realm.

“Ascending to become a legendary! Refining my power is the first step, and the next is to cultivate my spiritual conscient and construct an inner circulatory system... I have already fulfilled all of these criteria.” Leylin’s eyes flashed brightly. His aura began to dampen as he entered deep meditation.

Just at this moment, a visitor had arrived at Faulen Island.

“Lord Jeffries!” Xena, the Gold Priest of Waukeen’s church, bowed deeply with respect at a middle-aged man.

“My lord has travelled a long way. I have already prepared accommodations and everything else, I entreat my lord to...” Xena’s voice was humble as she spoke. This person was Jeffries, the Spear Crusader! He was a legendary expert of the church of wealth, and his status and reputation was far above that of a Gold Priest like her.

“There is no need of that for now. I didn’t come here to seek pleasure. You had better hurry and take me to see that wizard. It’s difficult to protect a person being targeted by the Cadaver Collector...” Jeffries the Spear Crusader had a head of long silver hair, an aquiline nose, and thick lips. He gave off a resilient and ascetic aura, and his eagle-like eyes revealed the endless turmoil within him.

Although he did not intentionally release his aura, the elemental energy particles in the surroundings continuously swirled around him. This was a legendary, the goal of all Professionals in the prime material plane!

# Chapter 959: Legend

“Understood. I’ll have it done immediately!” Xena lowered her head to show respect, while she sighed on the inside. ‘They’ve even sent this lord over. Looks like the church thinks very highly of Baron Leylin...’

She could tell the favour the church had for this baron. After all, he’d created two great sources of revenue and improved their methods of detecting demons and devils. She hadn’t had much hope with her proposal, but the fact that they’d immediately sent over the legendary Spear Crusader showed his value!

‘It’s not just his talent, but also the possibility of him becoming a legendary.’ Only a future legendary was worthy of the church’s investment. Thinking of this, Xena couldn’t help but envy Leylin.

“I heard that he’s created many magic items to detect devils, and even our church can’t make sense of them. That wizard has left us all pleasantly surprised...” While he was annoyed at being dispatched so urgently to deal with an ordinary human, Jeffries was rather curious about this young wizard.

“He’s really a rather interesting person...” Xena could only continue speaking as Jeffries asked questions, but she soon discovered a strange expression on his face.

“What’s wrong, my lord?”

“These undulations? Perhaps...” Jeffries stared at the hill outside Port Venus, focusing on the wizard tower that stood tall and grim.

“Where is this Leylin right now?” he suddenly asked.

“He’s inside the tower. I heard he’s been conducting some important research. This child really doesn’t know his priorities...” Xena spoke without thinking.

After which, she was stunned to find that Jeffries was hurrying towards the tower, “Wa-Wait! My lord, are you planning to meet the wizard right now? At the very least, you should...”

Jeffries seemed to have no plans of listening to her. He only proceeded forward, looking to be in disbelief.

“His expression... Did something happen at the wizard tower?” Xena seemed confused, and she glanced at the tower in the distance.

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At this very moment, Leylin was indeed experiencing a transformation within the wizard tower.

Normal Professionals on the continent entered the legendary realm at rank 21. This involved a refining of strength, and it was as difficult as it was for rank 3 Magi to advance to Morning Star. It was a sort of qualitative change, an upgrade to the very soul.

Having experienced this once before, and with Soros' own experiences of advancing this stage wouldn't pose any difficulty to him. The A.I. Chip was working furiously, and large amounts of data flashed by Leylin's eyes to form a few prompts.

[Beep! Arcane spell network construct completed. Host's internal cyclic foundation constructed.] [Beep! Host's spiritual force has reached the limit, breaking through and solidifying. Host is advancing to the legendary realm!] At this moment, Leylin felt his soul and the Weave growing chaotic. It felt as if his soul was being attacked by the Weave.

‘If I was an ordinary wizard, it would be exceedingly difficult for me to advance under such circumstances. Thankfully, I have long since become an arcanist, so my relationship with the Weave isn't as close as it was before...’ Leylin manipulated his spiritual force with his powerful will, allowing everything to progress steadily.

Finally, under immense pressure from the outside world, the misty spiritual force in his sea of consciousness abruptly gathered at the centre, forming a rainbow-coloured crystal. It felt as if some invisible bottleneck had exploded, and Leylin's entire soul seemed to be soaked in a hot spring. It left him feeling very comfortable.

[Beep! Host's spiritual force has experienced a qualitative change. Spirit

+1.] The A.I. Chip prompted.

[Host has advanced to rank 21 and has become a legendary.] A huge shock seemed to impact Leylin's very soul, to the point that he grew slightly absent-minded.

[Beep! Host has become a legendary arcanist, and has broken through the outer Weave. Contact with the inner Weave initiated.] Leylin's spiritual force broke through some restraints at that moment, moving past the surface levels of the Weave into a deeper domain.

"Is this... the inner Weave?" From his broad perspective, Leylin could see that the Weave was a network that surrounded the World of Gods. It had layers like an electrical network, and he'd gotten access to a golden network within.

This was a channel for divine spells, numerous instances of which descended from their respective divine realms like stars. They were sent down in exchange for faith.

'With control over the inner Weave, the gods treat it as a channel for divine spells?' Leylin immediately thought back to the arcanist records, 'Some arcanists who break through the restrictions of the Weave attempted to steal divine spell slots from priests. This remote power system, the profaning of priests. While this caused discontent and a death sentence from the gods and churches, arcanists were poorly regarded to begin with. One more issue meant nothing...'

The benefits of breaking past the outer Weave weren't limited to being able to observe and channel divine spells. Leylin could now cast legendary spells.

Leylin was already as strong as the legendary arcanists of the Netheril Empire. Once he grew familiar with and recorded down the legendary arcane spells he had, even gods' avatars wouldn't be able to frighten him.

The A.I. Chip continued to flash it's prompts..

[Beep! Advancing to the legendary realm has strengthened feats. Sturdy has become Legendary Sturdiness. Erudite has become Scholarly.] [Beep!



Host has obtained legendary specialty: Origin Force Detection, replacing Arcane Energy Detection.] More information about the feats and specialty was shown below.

[Legendary Sturdiness: Rigorous tempering and advancement has rendered your body comparable to that of a legendary beast. Regeneration has been strengthened.] [Scholarly: Having accumulated a tremendous amount of knowledge, including many secret inheritances, you have explored many of the secrets of the World of Gods. Appraisal has reached the maximum level, allowing you to appraise any material from the World of Gods.] [Origin Force Detection: Legendary arcanists were not satisfied with casting spells using elemental energy. They set their sights on the deeper secrets of the world, discovering the existence of the world origin force. They named it origin energy and tried to control it, engendering the ire of the gods with their deep research.] “Origin Force Detection? Making use of the origin force? This is something only beings who have comprehended laws can do...” Leylin sensed the majestic origin force sea of the World of Gods, feeling slightly disconcerted.

The Magus World only gave him an opportunity to absorb origin force once every century as a near rank 7. And this was after he made a compromise with other beings of laws. It was evident how precious world origin force was. No wonder the gods eliminated the arcanists, they were trying to steal their ‘meat’.

“Even if I can use it, I definitely can’t make it obvious, or the gods won’t let me off...” A legendary wizard with research into arcane spells wasn’t much. However, one who could make use of the world origin force would definitely force the gods to act and crush him.

Leylin felt that there was an increasing number of secrets he possessed. Revealing any one of them would leave him consigned to eternal damnation.

“In any case, I already have a lot to worry about. What’s one more? Let it be!” Leylin easily come to terms with this.

[Beep! Host’s stats have been refreshed. Stat box refreshing.] The A.I.

Chip projected a 3D image of Leylin, the numbers having gone through some changes.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human, Legendary Rank 21 Arcanist. Strength: 15. Agility: 15. Vitality: 15. Spirit: 21. Arcane Energy: 210 Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Scholarly, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape Vision. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions.] [Analysis of Weave: Level 0 at 100%, Level 1 at 100%, Level 2 at 100%, Level 3 at 100%, Level 4 at 100%, Level 5 at 100%, Level 6 at 97.83%, Level 7 at 66.56%. Level 8 at 34.55%.] [Spell slots possessed: Rank 9 (3), Rank 8 (5), rank 7 (7), rank 6 (???), rank 5(???), rank 4 (???), rank 3 (???), rank 2 (???), rank 1 (???), rank 0 (???)] “Hah... It’s been over twenty years since my soul split and entered the World of Gods. Am I finally at the peak of the mortal world?” Sensing the boundless strength within his body, Leylin sighed in relief.

He had finally reached the domain of a legendary! This was not just the peak strength that a mortal could achieve, but the beginning of an exemplary road!

In order to digest divinity, ignite godfire, and become a god, being a legendary was a definite prerequisite.

In addition, after becoming a legendary, the chance of dying was small as long as he was not too reckless, since the gods could not send their main bodies down.

Now that his safety was covered, Leylin focused on something else.

“Now, I need to obtain as much divinity as possible and digest it, and then ignite my godfire before becoming a god. I’ll then get my main body to descend... Yes! Only about a year is left till the floating city appears. I could try to obtain it...”

Leylin’s movements were never hindered by anything. What he pursued was only truth and eternity! Everything else was like passing clouds to him.

# Chapter 960: Great Waves

“I already contacted him via magic. He should come out immediately...” Xena stood behind Jeffries, looking puzzled, “With my lord’s status, is there a need to stand on ceremony?”

However, Jeffries had no intentions of explaining himself. On the contrary, he stood even taller, like a pike that could pierce through the heavens, eyes fixed on the main entrance of the wizard tower.

“He’s here!” Jeffries exclaimed softly.

Rumble! The main entrance opened to reveal Leylin, looking apologetic in his golden-purple wizard robes, “I never thought Lord Jeffries would come himself...”

‘Hmm? Why does it feel like Leylin has changed...’ Xena sized up the young wizard in front of her, bewildered. While he looked just as young and handsome as before, she had a feeling that he had undergone a huge transformation.

‘It’s his aura! He’s giving me the feeling of being on equal terms with Lord Jeffries... How is that possible, when Jeffries is a legendary? Oh!’ Xena seemed to think of something, and then vigorously shook her head, as if trying to shake the thought out of her mind. ‘What am I thinking? How is this possible?’

“Indeed, my Lord. You have entered the realm of legendary.” The moment Jeffries said this, the entire group broke out in a ruckus.

‘So... So he’s really entered the legendary realm. How long has it been since we last met?’ Xena covered her little mouth, looking stunned. She wasn’t the only one to forget herself in the moment, the others began to create a disturbance as well.

This was a legendary wizard! The Faulen Family would now shake the outer seas!

Legendaries held peak strength in the World of Gods. They could influence the change of rulership, and were even more important to a

kingdom than the king. A kingdom without protection from a legendary could not last long.

“Although I did sense the energy from your breakthrough, I never thought it would be you. Your age, it’s...” Jeffries smiled wryly, “... Actually, even us old folks find it hard to believe...”

“Age!” It was only at this moment that Xena and the others reacted, “Right, Lord Leylin is not even 25 yet! Gods! A 25 year-old legendary, and a wizard at that! It’s the hardest profession to advance in!”

There was too much shocking news, and the entire area turned mute, as if everyone had been shocked stupid by Leylin’s miracle.

“Heavens... Gods... this...” Xena now had no idea how to describe Leylin’s aptitude, ‘I’m very sure that he must be some miracle in the wizarding world! He’ll definitely be written down in the records for eternity, and his achievements will be narrated to our later generations...’

“I was just lucky!” Leylin had a good-natured smile on his face. Whatever it was, since the Goddess of Wealth dispatched a legendary to protect him, he definitely had sensed their goodwill.

“Come, let’s go in and discuss this further!” Leylin seemed to only have Jeffries in his sights.

“Let’s go!” Jeffries appeared amiable to someone of similar rank, and Xena and the rest only found this natural. A legendary would only take another of the same level seriously. Similar strength was the prerequisite to associating with one another, this was the law everywhere!

.....

The God of Murder’s church.

An old bishop was reading the information in his hand as he muttered to himself, “Legendary might and also a secret trump card that can kill other legendaries... seems like the rise of the Faulen Family in the outer seas can no longer be stopped...”

“Make it known that our men have to be very cautious while

investigating! Try not to be discovered by him!"

"Understood, Lord Bishop!" A black-robed priest quickly bowed and left, knowing that they would give up their plans of revenge for now.

There weren't all that many legends even in Cyric's church. The fall of Soros had already dealt them a huge blow, and before knowing what Leylin had up his sleeve it was not a good idea to take such a risk.

The God of Murder never cared about honour anyway, and he was the best at conspiracies. With enough time, they could definitely bribe someone and break in, finding out all the secrets of this young legendary wizard!

.....

Within the Dambrath Kingdom. The aging king had abandoned his afternoon entertainment for a report from a trusted aide.

Hearing what was said, the king went silent for a long while before speaking in a low voice, "So that wizard has already become a legendary?"

"Yes, your majesty! Lord Jeffries of the church of wealth has proof of it." The person speaking was the king's trusted aide, as well as the leader of the court wizards.

There was a tartness in this silver-eyed wizard's smile. He was only a high-ranked wizard himself, and Leylin advancing at such a young age was a huge blow for him.

"You're a wizard yourself. You should know this best, speak without reservations and I'll trust in you." The king rubbed his temples in distress, and then waved his arms.

"Understood, Your Majesty!" The high-ranked wizard thought for a while, and then spoke, "Legendary strength is the peak in the secular world. It can even..."

"I know, I know. Get to the point," The king answered in annoyance.

"Alright!" The high-ranked wizard took a deep breath.

"Our first priority should be to avoid angering him. Thankfully, our

information shows that he has good intentions towards us. He is a court wizard himself, and that status is something Your Majesty granted him... I believe we can also do what Marquis Gold Thornblossom proposed... Actually, a legendary wizard in our kingdom will surely be helpful in our diplomacy...”

“Granting a title?” The king took a deep breath and made his decision, “Then let’s do that. Take care of it for me!”

.....

In a city near the north, the God of Justice’s church. A slender knight was piously praying to a god’s statue.

Divine force that was bright and full of righteousness rippled about her body, causing the young female knight’s face to glow.

At this moment, a benevolent old priest walked over, “Rafiniya, the church has a mission for you to complete!”

“Grandma Maria!” Rafiniya immediately helped this priest who was so old she would pant with a few steps, “I am also a member of this church. On top of that, you saved my life. If there’s anything I can do, please tell me!”

“Good...” Maria gave a summary of what had happened at Faulen Island, and then said, “The church wants you to be the envoy. After all, you are friends with him...”

“Leylin? I’ll need to think about it...” Rafiniya bit at her lips.

After the priest left, the image of the young wizard appeared before Rafiniya’s eyes, and all that she had experienced with him appeared vividly in her mind. Sulking after her attempt to get Leylin to help Silverymoon had failed, she’d headed to the battlefield on her own, arriving at the broken city.

Gravely injured in the war, she was saved by the paladins of the God of Justice and accepted their call. She grew faith in the God of Justice, and joined Tyr’s church. Perhaps from the attraction from her very nature, she improved very quickly and was now already a formal paladin!

With her training going well, she'd assumed her past was no longer important. Yet, such a thing was happening now.

"You... You've already become a legendary?" Rafiniya muttered to herself, and then recalled the hot-blooded knights that had backed her up at Silverymoon. Their bones had all turned into ash.

"Those that chose to help are mostly dead, while you who chose rationale became a legendary. Are you trying to mock me?" Rafiniya suddenly began to chuckle, the glimmering rays on her body now more distorted than ever.

"God! Please forgive me for my lack of resolution before. I promise to stand by justice, and even death will not make me feel fear!" Rafiniya immediately knelt by the statue and began to pray, looking decisive and cold.

'Even if you've become a legendary, I won't give up on my dreams and my path. At the end, I'll definitely prove to you that your decision was wrong! The only things in the world worthy of protection are love and justice!'

.....

As news of Leylin's advancement spread, an increasing number of envoys from various organisations arrived at Faulen Island, causing Port Venus to be even more prosperous.

Along with the envoys came large merchant groups, and all the merchants in the surrounding seas now chose to trade here. After all, the protection of a legendary was a considerable boon in the World of Gods.

Ordinary merchants only needed a fair and safe trading environment. This was only possible with enough strength! What was more persuasive to them than a legendary?

# Chapter 961: Preparations for Ascension

The vacant manor on Faulen Island was opened up once to welcome the honoured guests from the continent.

Baron Jonas had sent all the manpower he had, but he was still a little undermanned for the guests that were still pouring in. What's more, guests from the western desert and the northern lands were still on their way to the island. These organisations had to travel far and wide to reach them. Even if they had received the news by magic, the emissaries would reach Faulen Island later than the other guests.

Very soon, the guests had no choice but to seek lodging in the inns of Port Venus, which was a huge opportunity for the merchants here. The prices for various items had increased manifold.

As Baron Jonas scurried around to tend to the guests, he was also suspended in a state of disbelief. Fortunately, butler Leon was around to tend to things, so order could still be maintained.

'My son has already become a legendary?' Baron Jonas and his wife felt as if they were on an emotional rollercoaster. While they weren't at the peak of nobility, they still had a certain understanding towards the power system in the world of gods.

A legendary was a powerful entity that could influence an entire kingdom! Bards would forever sing hymns of their tales, the tales of these beings at the apex of power! Right now, their son Leylin had achieved such an accomplishment too!

Right now, the esteemed guests were also fervently discussing this youth who had become legendary.

"Hehe... A legendary who has yet to reach the age of 25! Lord Leylin has broken the record in the continent!"

"There are rumours that he is a favoured soul of the Goddess of Wealth, there are no other plausible explanations...."

"A favoured soul can only advance quickly as a cleric, and even that



would require a large amount of divine force....” Evidently, this emissary was more privy than the others to the powers of the extraordinary and rankings in the power system. “From my observation, this Leylin must have had some sort of extraordinary talent, which would explain his progress...:”

“Rumour has it that he’s taken up piracy in the past, and he’s even conducted taboo research relating to Netheril!” A voice filled with annoyance and hostility sounded, apparently belonging to someone who treated Leylin as his enemy.

“That’s indeed a problem before one becomes legendary, but almost all legends engage in such dark research. To use this to condemn him is just... Also, for his past as a pirate, haven’t you seen that even the Dambrath court’s chief wizard is here?” This deep voice spoke with a very logical stance, which stumped even the hostile emissary.

Only a while later did someone lament, “This is a legendary we’re talking about...” The voice reverberated throughout the room.

Amidst the fervent discussion between the forces, Leylin chose to hole up inside the wizard tower, seldom seen by the public eye. He was draped in comfortable robes within his chambers, his golden hair gently resting on his shoulders.

A dark red light glowed under this golden hair, making him look extremely sinister. Leylin hadn’t taken on the nightmare form completely, but his body was covered in dark red runes. A red line appeared on forehead, radiating a light of dreams.

In this state, he was able to grasp the power of faith and emotions much easier. Using dreamforce as a catalyst, he could see the actions of each and every person that he chanted his name, their joys and sorrows, and everything else...

After entering the legendary realm, his body and soul had achieved a quintessential upgrade, the beginning of his journey to godhood.

A legendary could already sense the faith of any worshippers, and even respond in return. If one was able to amass a following of devout

worshippers, they could accumulate faith over a long period of time, progressing in their own strength and giving rise to divinity. They could even ignite their godfire, becoming a demigod.

However, the churches all suppressed the worshippers of anyone who hadn't become a complete god. Forget legendaries, even divine beings and demigods weren't spared.

This unspoken rule showed Leylin the hostility the gods had towards someone joining their ranks. Unless one could become a god immediately, or had the backing of a powerful god themselves, it was very difficult for a being from the material plane to attain godhood. This was a perilous path riddled with danger.

The divine hall was now extremely packed, and they did not wish to see any other newcomers joining them.

'Even without this restriction, legendaries, divine beings and demigods would still find it difficult to compete with the churches of true gods...' Leylin sighed.

Legendary experts could only vaguely respond to prayers, and divine beings could only respond somewhat more clearly. Demigods could bestow divine spells, but only up to rank 5. Only those true gods who had their divine spark were able to bestow rank 1 to rank 9 divine spells.

The ordinary people of the prime material plane were not fools. It was obvious who they would choose in this competition. The gods had leveraged many restrictions on the powerful mortals, all for the sake of protecting the source of their faith.

'Although I'm still only a newly advanced legendary, my sensitivity to the power of faith is greater than some weaker gods thanks to Dreamscape Vision. Apart from not being able to bestow divine spells, I'm much different compared than a true god. The most crucial point is that Nightmare Absorption can even absorb the power of emotions. This source of strength is greater than what those true gods have...' Leylin assessed his strengths and advantages.

A legendary's response to their followers' prayers was like that of an old

handphone with a bad signal. Nightmare Absorption was like an extra antenna, greatly amplifying Leylin's sensitivity to the signals he received.

Although the power of emotions was weaker than that of faith, there were more sources of it. The quality may not be equal, but emotions far exceeded faith in quantity. This was too crude and complex for gods to use, but Nightmare Absorption disregarded such things, allowing Leylin to make effective use of that power.

It increased Leylin's probability of ascension more than fivefold.

And indeed, this was what Leylin was looking at now. Having become a legendary, he'd placed his sights on godhood. He could not halt his steps because of a little bit of praise and admiration from those in the secular world. He always had to look up at the stars above.

"To become a true god, one must not lack godfire or divine rank. Godfire is just a transformation of divinity once it has accumulated to a certain level. To attain divine rank, the legendary first has to comprehend laws, combining them with the power of faith from their worshippers..." Leylin already had a great deal of experience in all the aspects required for his ascension to godhood.

'The faith of their worshippers and the power from their prayers can help gods comprehend laws, allowing them to form a special structure called the divine rank... The laws of the World of Gods are really quite bizarre...' Leylin thought. As for the divine spark, it was an emblem of a god's strength. Only those who had ascended to become a true god could possess this.

A divine realm was also something that only true gods possessed. It was an external plane used to accommodate the souls of their worshippers, and it also served as a hideout for themselves.

In their divine realms, gods could wield amazing power. The ancient Magi had not understood this during the last war, and some had even died to that mistake.

'The divine spark and divine realm aren't too far off in the future. The most crucial point is to accept some potential worshippers and try to

obtain divinity. I can then continue to accumulate worshippers, soon igniting my godfire to become a demigod.

‘I need to select my first worshippers carefully. Their prayers and philosophy will affect my domain and my divine realm. Clerics will be the most important, they help raise gods.’

Leylin began to feel rather vexed as he thought of this point. Although the seas around the Dambrath Kingdom were at his disposal, this was a developing area. There weren’t many cultured and civilised people here.

Beelzebub’s worshippers weren’t even worth thinking about, it wouldn’t be wise to let a group of devils function as priests and clerics. Leylin seriously suspected that those worshipers would pray their way into Beelzebub’s stomach in the end.

One reason Leylin had accepted Beelzebub’s worshippers was that they were an established power. Another was to quickly raise his own strength. After advancing to the legendary realm, he was certain that he could take over Beelzebub’s entire worshiper network, and obtain a secret church whose members could be found all over the continent.

This framework would only nurture clerics the next generation. This was a worrying delay. He’d already put his plans into action though, having his followers in Dambrath accept orphans and the like, sending them to Viscount Tim for secret training and instruction.

He also had a few plans to migrate people to the outer seas.

‘I need to pay more attention to the race of the worshipers. Although racial gods are very powerful, it’s far too limiting...’

# Chapter 962: Friend

Leylin was inside his secret chambers in the wizard tower, using a portion of his Nightmare Absorbing Physique powers. Many dreamforce runes had appeared along with his vertical eye.

This state allowed him to sense the prayers of his worshippers extremely clearly, and also pulled tremendous amounts of energy from their emotions. It then allowed him to absorb it, which served to strengthen him.

It was exceedingly difficult to advance once one entered the legendary realm. However, to Leylin it was like walking a level road. He was enjoying the feeling of constantly gaining strength, and he continued to make his plans for ascending to godhood.

‘It would take too much time to move somewhere else, and spreading faith is a problem as well... While the quality of the worshippers would be high, there’ll be too few of them... It’s better to turn the devil worshippers, and have the natives of the outer seas worship me as well...’

Leylin’s eyes closed, and the blood-red eye between his brows cracked open. He continued to think as dark red patterns covered his body.

Worshippers were a very important resource for a god. They provided an unending amount of faith while alive, and became petitioners in death, similarly continuing to support their god. They could even turn into valiant souls or holy spirits, comparable to rank 5 and rank 6 Magi!

This was why all gods took good care of their worshippers. The faith of evil gods wasn’t allowed to spread.

There was even a specialised God of Protection known as Helm, and he dealt specifically with these matters. Verifying a true god’s qualifications and deal with belief in false gods were all within the scope of his divine powers.

As the continent was so vast, worshippers of devils and demons could develop in secret. A new legendary like Leylin would not be the target of

much attention.

Inside the prime material plane itself, Leylin now had enough status and strength to protect himself. Even so, a few churches could band together, sending high-ranked and legendary Professionals along with an avatar to kill him in mere minutes.

‘I should work in the shadows and be more careful. I can’t arouse suspicions... It’s best that I amass strength quietly and become a true god. I wouldn’t have anything to worry about then...’ While deep in thought, Leylin completed his meditation and absorption of the power of emotions for the day. He transformed back into the youth.

“Master! The Spear Crusader Jeffries has come to visit you. He’s already been waiting outside for half an hour...” the tower genie appeared and reported, “Additionally, the Dambrath Kingdom and church of justice have sent special envoys to you, requesting private meetings.”

“God of Justice?” Leylin frowned. Nobody inclined towards evil had a good opinion of this person. “I haven’t dealt with them often enough... Could they have found out that I killed a paladin before? No, that’s too trivial... Whatever, all will be clear once I meet them...”

With enough might to protect himself, Leylin was no longer as cautious as before. After all, as long as he did not collude with devils and demons, plot to bring chaos to the continent, or spread his own faith and try to become a god, no large organisations would willingly offend him.

However, out of politeness and his status, Leylin still met with Jeffries.

“My sincerest apologies! I was stuck in meditation...” Leylin looked apologetic.

“Hehe... It’s nothing at all. Only a wizard as meticulous as that can achieve the results you have, Lord Leylin...” Jeffries revealed a sincere smile. Truth be told, he admired Leylin’s hard work. He’d seen many talented geniuses, but never one as disciplined as this wizard.

The puppets served a scented tea along with snacks. After some idle conversation, Leylin asked in puzzlement, “I wonder what my lord is here

for...”

“Oh! Actually...” Jeffries slapped his forehead, looking flustered as if he had only just recalled this.

“Legendaries are already at the peak of the mortal world. For this reason, there are a few established rules we need to follow. Since I’m the one who first witnessed your advancement, it’s my duty to explain them.”

“Ah, yes.” Leylin nodded. Any world with extreme powers had a concept similar to no first use. If not for that, constant wars would destroy the world no matter how large it was. “I obviously won’t refuse. Do I need to sign some sort of contract?”

“No, not at all! They’re just conventions that you need to obey...”

Jeffries’ waved his hands while he smiled more warmly. He began to go through the rules one by one, and Leylin listened attentively.

“We don’t really have many restrictions. We shouldn’t initiate battles in densely populated areas, collude with devils and demons, spread our own faith privately, and things like that... Also, since you’re a legendary wizard you can’t cast legendary spells or conduct experiments that could pollute a large area.”

In general, the restrictions weren’t too stringent, but what surprised him the most was that he didn’t have to sign any magic contract.

‘Then again... These are all restrictions in their own right. No legendary would be willing to attach such an act to themselves unless they’re masochistic. Also... the fact that legendary wizards study material on arcane spells is an open secret...’ Leylin suddenly understood.

“Cough cough...” Jeffries’ smiling face seemed to be saying ‘good that you know.’ He continued seriously, “Alright then. Lord Leylin, I welcome you to to the continent’s alliance of legendaries. We hold meetings every year, and all new members are welcome to join. It’s taking place at...”

“I will attend, if time permits.” Leylin still planned to obtain the floating city, but he didn’t reject Jeffries outright. Having obtained what he wanted, the Spear Crusader left in delight. Waukeen’s church had given him a

valuable gift as well.

After he left, Leylin then met the special envoy from the Dambrath Kingdom. This person was supposedly the court's chief wizard. This envoy's ranking meant nothing to Leylin, though, and thankfully the other party understood this. He was rather courteous, and did not put on any airs.

At the least, Leylin knew why this court wizard had come here.

First was title. His father Jonas was made a Marquis, and a word from the king rendered the barren islands around Faulen Island a part of his fief. In reality, these islands had already come under Faulen influence, effectively being their land anyway. The king was just formalising this, but it still made Leylin elated.

Even if these islands made up a tiny area, the sea region that he had control over far exceeded the lands of any Marquis, the size of half a kingdom. In actuality, the king had basically given them half of the outer seas.

Of course, this was his right as a legendary wizard. Leylin's own title had been upgraded as well. He was now an honorary duke, similar in status to this chief wizard in front of him. While they were indirect, Leylin understood these kind intentions.

Leylin chatted with the wizard for a while after he happily accepted it all. It was more like he was giving the court wizard some tips, and when the time came the wizard left reluctant yet satisfied. A legendary wizard's lessons weren't an easy thing to come by.

"Tower genie... Send over the envoy from the church of justice." Leylin had spent most of his time as a legendary training and strengthening himself. He also met with envoys from various organisations, and although it was somewhat annoying he had to do it anyway for the sake of expansion.

Seeing the projection of the tower genie disappearing, Leylin stroked his chin, "Hmm... I should put upgrading the wizard tower in my schedule. There's so much to do..."



.....

Leylin had never had a good impression of the God of Justice's church. This was obvious from the order of the people he was meeting. However, the envoy left Leylin slightly surprised.

"Long time no see, wizard Leylin!" A female knight bowed politely, "On behalf of the God of Justice's church, I sincerely congratulate Lord Leylin on your advancement to the legendary realm. We hope to be able to work together to safeguard the justice in the continent."

"I shall accept your blessings then!" Leylin watched the long-legged female knight in front of him as he recalled the past, "It's truly been a long time, Rafiniya..."

"Come to think of it, I haven't asked you about what happened after you left. When did you enter the God of Justice's church?" Leylin first got Rafiniya to take a seat with an enthusiastic smile like a good host, and commanded a puppet to send over a plate of tropical fruits.

"Come! Try some special produce from the south. It's rarely seen in the north..."

"Thank you..." Rafiniya had a complex expression on her face as she picked up a purple fruit similar to a longan. While she had fantasised about meeting Leylin, she'd never thought it'd be in this situation. For some reason, Leylin's nonchalant expression caused fury to erupt in her heart.

# Chapter 963: Plea For Help

At the thought of the task that the church had entrusted to her, Rafiniya suppressed her emotions and forced a smile. “This is pretty good! The captain mentioned it before in the north...”

‘Not bad. It looks like you’ve matured a little after entering the church, though it’s a pity that it’s not much use.’ Sensing her emotions, Leylin snickered inside. ‘Unfortunately, She’s far too naive.’

“Right, I still don’t know what happened to you...” Leylin now held a cup of hot tea like a child wanting to hear a story.

“Once we separated, I returned to Silverymoon and met Her Highness. Then, I took part in the city’s final defense...” Rafiniya laughed wryly, eyes glazed over as she immersed herself in her memories, “... Well, that’s what happened. That paladin saved me, and after I recovered, I joined the God of Justice’s church and have been working hard to protect the refugees in the north...”

“Right...” Leylin nodded gravely. He could sense that the devil mark he’d planted on her had already formed a perfect balance with the God of Justice’s strength.

‘A soul that’s balancing on a dangerous path? That’s even more interesting...’ Leylin’s thoughts didn’t make their way to his face. “I’ve heard of the God of Justice’s blessings. Is there anything else?”

Leylin looked unhurried as he held his cup, and Rafiniya wanted to sigh deeply. However, she thought back to her orders and spoke gravely, “I’m also here to ask my lord for help.”

“Help? What help?” The rising steam blocked the teasing look in Leylin’s eyes.

“It’s related to the north. We’ve already made contact with Queen Alustriel, and we’re trying all we can to help her restore the country. However, we currently lack strength and manpower, especially in terms of legendaries. While the church is doing all it can to help, there also similar

problems in other areas...”

Tears began to well up in her eyes, “On account of those innocent commoners who are suffering in the north, I hope you can help us. After all, you were once helped by Silverymoon...”

‘How naive,’ Leylin shook his head, ‘You’re trying to invite a legendary without any form of payment?’

While he had gotten a lot of knowledge from Silverymoon, it was all earned from battle achievements and many other things. He didn’t feel like he owed the city anything.

In addition, he’d have to fight the orc empire if he joined this war. Even if Gruumsh was being suppressed by Mystra and Tyr, their emperor Saladin alone was a huge problem.

“I have something very important to do for now, I’ll be in the west for a while...” Leylin answered, causing the light in Rafiniya’s eyes to dim.

“However...” Just as she felt complete despair, Leylin changed his words, “I might be able to come to the north if you wait a while.”

“It won’t be a problem at all! We’re only preparing right now, and it’ll be years before we begin. I can wait!” Rafiniya stood up, looking emotional, “Whatever it is, thank you very much. The commoners who are being trampled upon by the orcs in the north will never forget your contributions...”

“Mm,” Leylin answered speechlessly, rolling his eyes inside. ‘If I didn’t have to go to the north for a bit to get something, do you think I would agree to this?’

Watching Rafiniya leave, Leylin stroked his chin as he sunk into deep thought. ‘I never expected this. Tyr’s church has already made contact with Alustriel, and they’re even trying to help her rebuild her kingdom. It seems like the God of Justice has plans for the north...

‘It is surprising that Alustriel agreed to this. Either Mystra and Tyr came to some sort of compromise, or she was moved by the refugees in the north. With her personality, it’s probably the latter...’

Tiff had informed Leylin that the humans in the north weren't faring well. Other than the few lucky ones who'd managed to make it into the southern human nations, everyone was dead, exiled, or enslaved by the orcs. After all, the brutish creatures did not know agriculture, and needed human help in that department.

However, the feeling of a master becoming a slave felt terrible, and they were definitely treated worse than before. While Saladin was a wise emperor, he was still an orc. He needed to consider things from the orcs' point of view.

In addition, even if the orc empire sent down order after order about it, slaves were still abused or killed for entertainment. The humans in the north were in a living hell right now.

After seeing this situation, Alustriel, who had been living in hiding, had probably changed her mind. After all she was the type that was soft-hearted and unable to watch the weak plead for help. Were it not for Mystra's backing and her own strength, such a personality would have killed her countless times over by now.

'How many gods are gambling on the turbulence in the north? Mystra will definitely want to make a comeback. Tyr has made his stance clear, but his true intentions are still unknown. What do the other gods think?' Leylin's brows furrowed slightly.

He'd been small fry in the past. No matter what he did, he would not attract attention from the gods. However, things were different now. Legendaries could affect battles with avatars, and his own stand would be important.

Leylin now had to consider every move carefully, else he might immediately form enmity.

'Whatever it is, the moment I help Alustriel rebuild Silverymoon I'll become an enemy of all orcish gods. The human gods have a questionable stand themselves...' Leylin rubbed his eyebrows and sighed deeply, 'But there is something I must get my hands on in the north. Even if it's dangerous, I'll need to give it a try!'

‘In order to get out of this uninjured, my strength will be key!’ Leylin’s target had never changed. No matter what the future held, he would never be wrong in working hard to increase his own strength.

‘I won’t be able to advance in rank significantly in just one or two years...’ It took centuries to increase in ranking after entering the legendary realm. Leylin was already extremely fast. Still, he was weak compared to avatars and the better-known legends.

‘Raising my own rank is too slow a way to strengthen myself in the short term. I can only rely on other items...’

The rules in the World of Gods were very stringent. Legends with high-ranked legendary items or divine weapons evidently surpassed all ordinary legends in terms of strength. Leylin now placed his focus on this aspect.

What divine weapons existed that could amplify one’s strength more than a floating city? A floating city was the most suitable artifact for a legendary arcanist in Netheril’s era. The two combined could even match a lesser god!

Besides Netheril’s greatest accomplishment in the Mith energy core, every floating city needed to merge with a semi-plane. This made every complete floating city equivalent to a divine realm. It was basically an impregnable stronghold!

‘If I obtain that floating city, I can do whatever I want in the prime material plane. I needn’t even be afraid of the gods’ avatars!’ Leylin himself was already a legendary arcanist. If he obtained that floating city, he could probably become even stronger than the legendary arcanists of Netheril’s time!

After all, the depth of Leylin’s research as a near rank 7 Warlock in the Magus World far surpassed that of ancient arcanists.

‘The first order of business is to deal with matters in the outer seas. I’ll then head for the western desert.’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled as he made his mind.

In the following days, Leylin met different envoys with great statuses. They had come from huge organisations in different parts of the continent, all offering Leylin their blessings on his advancement as well as gifts. However, they didn't know him very well so there weren't any deep conversations.

Leylin was glad to see this happen. Without conflicts of interest, he mixed well with the many envoys, and everyone was happy.

Afterwards, Leylin hosted a huge ceremony. He officially accepted the congratulations of other small groups as the edict from Dambrath's king was announced.

The Faulen Family were now a lineage of Marquises, and were basically free to do anything in the outer seas. With a legendary wizard like Leylin there, the family's glory and honour would last a long time. After all, wizards had long life spans.

The outer seas would count on this legendary to maintain this freedom. With all the small organisations nearby joining the Faulens, the entire outer seas had basically separated from Dambrath. The Faulen Family's glory was only just beginning...

# Chapter 964: West Desert

The World of Gods was vast and boundless, with the prime material plane being the core foundation. It had many other planes above and below it, and between them were an unimaginable number of scattered semi-planes. The combination of all this formed the mysterious ecology of the World of Gods.

All sorts of elementals, fleshly beings, angels, devils, and demons led to joys and sorrows, intense emotions and all forms of beautiful and bloody battles over race.

With its location and other advantages, the prime material plane had become the area with the most intense competition. Be it the gods up above or the devils and demons down below, everyone cast their greedy eyes on this place. Even the most barren western desert was contested.

Because some secret information had leaked, a few special existences had already placed their focus on this place.

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The western desert was at the edge of the continent. It was huge and barren, containing parts of numerous empires. The occasional black sandstorm made it a forbidden region for all life, and only a few desert races managed to survive near oases.

Living in such harsh conditions, the natives of the western desert were fierce fighters, and everyone the place produced was extremely ambitious and terrifying. They were widely known for their bloodthirst.

While the western desert was extremely barren and there were few signs of human inhabitation, there were still a few merchants who would come to purchase its specialities, and there were some who especially came here to experience this environment. They would use the harsh environment of the desert to discipline themselves in their faith, breaking through the limits of life. Some even attempted walking through the desert, reaching an unimaginable realm upon success. Of course, most people died.

Most bodies were buried by the sands, while some became food for the desert's creatures.

It was now the prime season again, and merchants and adventurers headed towards the place. The traders went annually, while the adventurers dreamt of gold. There were also mercenaries, and those seeking to temper themselves once again in the severe environment of the desert.

Everyone headed west, towards wealth, power, passion, and sexy dancers...

The town called Narwick was in the outer regions of the desert, formed around a little oasis. Its name translated to corner or edge, and it prospered as the entrance to the western desert as well as a point of service.

Various merchant groups and tourists from all over the world entered this place in the trading season, practically filling the entire city. Beings of all races and alignments walked the streets, and there were goods from everywhere in this place.

Some individual merchants chose to sell their goods here, getting more time to head deeper into the desert. It also attracted more business.

Scimitars made of refined ore from the depths of the desert, female slaves who were so flexible they were said to be boneless, those slaves from the native tribes... There were many items from ruins here as well, both originals and fakes filling the market.

A white-robed wizard entered Narwick in this prosperous time.

"It's the annual opening day? How lively!" Leylin nonchalantly watched the passersby and the many stalls, his footsteps never halting as he glanced past what were said to be treasures from the ruins found deep in the desert.

With his foresight, he could definitely tell that most were fake, and the rest weren't valuable enough for him. He would definitely have to pay a terrible price for those.



The entire city was filled with people of various races and all walks of life, which helped him widen his perspective. Warriors, thieves, assassins, bards... There were even rare wizards and swordsmen who were unique to the desert. These people were guarding merchant groups or forming parties for adventure. There were even some lone wolves who gave off a very dangerous aura.

‘These people should be hoping to make some wealth while the black sandstorm’s dissipated...’ Leylin shook his head inside. This desert was rumoured to be formed during a great battle amongst the gods. It had once been beautiful and fertile land, with numerous powerful civilisations.

Astounding ruins now hid beneath the yellow sands, and some people were lucky enough to uncover some and strike it rich overnight. This motivated generation after generation of adventurers and explorers to enter the ends of the desert, fearless of death as they looked for traces of the past.

Leylin too needed a guide to bring him into the desert, until he reached the Frostfall Valleys.

‘Even if I’ve bought a map, it’s too vague. A mere piece of paper can’t explain the dangers along the way either...’ While thinking this, Leylin entered a bar.

His senses were flooded by the clamour the moment he pushed the door open, the smells of alcohol, meat, and perfume entering his nose.

This place was evidently a combined bar, inn, and stage. It was loud, and a musician in strange clothing was beating the drum at his waist. A dozen passionate women danced to this vulgar beat, wearing clothing that revealed their belly buttons. Their eyes were tender, and red veils covered the lower halves of their faces, only making them seem more mysterious and tempting.

Gold hoops moved across fair legs that stamped to vigorous moves as bodies swayed. The bells and tassels intertwined smoothly.

The guests cheered endlessly as they watched this graceful dance. The occasional merchant was so intoxicated they threw silver and gold coins

on the stage, causing the atmosphere to grow more heated.

“Not bad...” Leylin nodded slightly. He could sense the aura of a few powerful beings in the inn. A few merchants were evidently being guarded by high-ranked Professionals.

He then glanced past them and focused on a large round table on the right. A swordsman decked in white took up the entire thing, yet nobody protested it.

He wore a veil and white turban unique to the natives, and his long narrow eyes gave off a sense of coldness. A black scabbard for a scimitar lay at his waist, the shaft having no ornaments but still giving Leylin a slight sense of danger.

‘A near legendary swordsman? He’s probably the strongest in the inn...’ With Leylin’s current rank, he’d not caught the attention of this man after spying on him. Casually throwing a gold krona at the attendant in front of him, he was respectfully invited to a seat at a table.

“Give me lamb chop, vegetable soup and fruit juice...”

Compared to steak that was tender and full of fat, lamb chop had a unique fragrance. With the seasoning that was similar to pepper as well as the unique meaty texture, it was drool-worthy.

Once his stomach was filled, the attendant came over to tidy up. A golden lustre flickered between Leylin’s fingers, “Tell me where I can find the best guide, and this gold krona is yours...”

“You wish to enter the desert alone?” There was a trace of greed in the attendant’s eyes, but he seemed to be put on the spot as he spoke, “The best guides have been hired by the large merchant groups. The rest are probably not better than me in terms of knowledge of the desert... It’s very dangerous to enter the deserts alone. It’s best that you join a group or form a group with other mercenaries...”

While he really wanted to earn this gold krona, the attendant still advised him tactfully.

“Is that so... Whatever it is, I like people who aren’t led by their greed.

This is yours.” Leylin had never hoped for much anyway, so he nodded and put the coin on the table.

“May the gods protect you, esteemed customer!” Not expecting anything, the attendant was pleasantly surprised, “If you don’t mind, I could help you contact a few adventuring groups...”

“There’s no need for that!” Leylin waved his arms. Low-ranked Professionals would just burden him now. Besides, he had a clear goal, and entering a group would only cause strife.

After sending him away, Leylin picked up a glass of dark red wine, as if slowly appreciating it. In actuality, the A.I. Chip’s detection was operating at its limit as it gathered information from around him and tidied it up.

This sort of place was where information circulated best. With the A.I. Chip’s unusual abilities of gathering and sorting information, Leylin soon had a general idea of the identities of the people in the hall and the organisations they belonged to.

“... A month later... Frostfall Valleys...” At this moment, a conversation conducted in hushed whispers could be heard, causing him to freeze.

Making use of the movements of drinking his wine, he nonchalantly glanced to the side at the swordsman he’d taken note of. There were now a few others seated around him, whispering to each other as they discussed matters.

One of them was evidently a wizard, and she drank some clear water as her right arm secretly created a noise barrier. Unfortunately, this much was the same to Leylin as not doing anything at all.

‘A month later... Isn’t that the time that the floating city will appear? The location’s right as well!’ Leylin then turned grim, “It looks like I’m not the only one with information about the floating city. This is going to be troublesome...”

Fortunately, Leylin had somewhat expected this. There were many arcanists interested in the floating city after all, and it was hard to guarantee that others hadn’t found this secret in historical records and

deduced the time and location of its appearance.

# Chapter 965: News

‘My luck is still pretty good. A guide appeared of their own accord...’ Leylin glanced at the white-robed swordsman and his group, a hint of blue shining in his eyes before he left immediately.

The wizard of the group watched their swordsman freeze. She asked with surprise, “What is it?”

“Nothing much. Something felt off for a moment.” The swordsman looked slightly baffled, his right hand on his scabbard as he took a look around. He sat down once more, looking puzzled.

He’d felt a chill up his spine that moment, as if death was right before him. However, that sense of danger had disappeared before he could take stock of the situation.

“You’re being paranoid. We can’t leak news of our mission...” A black-robed person spoke in a low voice.

“Perhaps that’s it,” he said as he sat down. His hand was still on his scimitar, though, and his frown didn’t dissipate.

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Leylin had already left the area, and was now strolling along the bustling streets.

‘His senses are good. Even if it was only for an instant, the ability to sense my intent is quite impressive. He’ll probably become legendary in a few years’ time, but that’s only if he can survive this...’

His noble attire, rosy cheeks, and extravagant accessories were signs of wealth, and they caused many small peddlers to pay attention to him.

“Take a look at this, esteemed customer. Old Jafar has the best things here...” One in particular held a golden scepter up for Leylin to see. It was an old white man with golden hair, “Take a look at these patterns and decorations... I unearthed this while I was still an adventurer, braving deadly danger in an ancient ruin. It’s said to hold the secrets of the ancient Sun Dynasty within, and it can be yours for just one hundred kronas...”

“Ancient Sun Dynasty?” Leylin halted his footsteps, a teasing smile on his face. He watched this Old Jafar do all he could to introduce the item.

“Indeed! It was a dynasty from a time before this place became a desert. Legends talk of a large golden river, flowing not with water but honey and milk. The land was filled with golden words in that era, and this scepter contains a secret of theirs...”

“Your name is Jafar, yes?” Leylin stopped in front of the stall, watching this old man who was evidently not a human from the deserts, “Why did you settle here?”

“Sigh... I met the mother of my children during my life as an adventurer. I naturally can’t leave...” Jafar chuckled. Although he seemed honest, there was still a sly look in his eyes that could not be concealed.

“So? Since we’re both from the south, I can sell it ten kronas cheaper. The Goddess of Luck is smiling down on you...”

“I’ll take a look...” Leylin seemed interested, and he crouched down in front of the booth.

“All these things are from ruins?” Jafar had placed decorative ornaments on a greasy black cloth, and some of them still had a layer of rust on them. It gave the illusion that he was speaking the truth.

Unfortunately, Leylin had acquired the Scholarly feat when he’d advanced to the legendary realm. His appraisal skill had hit its limit, and he used the A.I. Chip to immediately see through these fakes.

“This looks pretty good. It’ll look good on my wall...” Leylin ‘appraised’ a dark gold mask that was carved in the likeness of a cobra.

“Of course! How can there be nothing decent from the ancient ruins for an esteemed guest like you?” Jafar’s face wrinkled in his delight.

“This, this, and this. I want it all...” Leylin acted like a deceived noble, buying seven to eight items. Jafar’s smile was so wide he couldn’t close his mouth.

“This too, and these...” Leylin continued to point at things with both

hands, basically buying everything in the stall.

“Old Jafar is going to get rich at this rate...” The surrounding peddlers all stared hard at Jafar in envy.

“I’ll buy all of this... Hmm... there seems to be an issue with carrying them...” Leylin looked troubled.

“No issue, there’s no issue at all!” Jafar quickly discarded the items Leylin didn’t want, his movement faster than a high-ranked thief. He placed the four ends of the cloth together and bundled the items up. “How about that? So easy. I can even send this to your inn...”

Old Jafar had a cajoling smile on his face, “That comes up to 1372 gold kronas, and I’ve already given you a discount...”

“Umm...” Leylin appeared like those generous guests that were easily cheated, “Fine! Do you accept bills from the church of wealth, or will you come with me as I withdraw the gold?”

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Every market had a church of wealth, and a huge market like the western desert obviously wouldn’t miss out. The small town had one to serve the merchants.

Leylin sent the extremely thankful Jafar away once they exited the church, turning a corner on the street.

‘I never thought I’d find something great from a peddler...’ Leylin flung the bundle in his hands, and all the fake gold items clattered to the ground like trash.

‘A legendary magic beast hide with some information on it...’ Leylin stared at the greasy cloth, blue light flickering in his eyes. This was what he’d set his sights on, the cloth Jafar used to display his goods.

‘I wonder how he managed to get this hide. Could he really have been an adventurer?’ Leylin stroked his chin, but didn’t linger on the thought. He’d paid for the items, so this was his now. He couldn’t be bothered with how Jafar had gotten his hands on it.

‘Just the material alone is worth the price. I’ll need to have the A.I. Chip decipher the information on it.’

Leylin knew the history of the west desert well. It had once been the core of Netheril, and in its days of glory been filled with fertile land and a huge population. Unfortunately, with Netheril fading away and wars involving gods occurring in the place, the west had become a desert.

If not for that, why would an arcanist who leapt through dimensions keep his floating city here?

‘This encryption... It doesn’t seem like an arcanist’s, but there’s still some exemplary strength... It even contains the secrets of a lost civilisation...’ Leylin’s eyes glinted. If Jafar learnt of the secrets of this hide, he’d probably grow so annoyed with himself he’d just commit suicide.

Leylin was in a great mood now that he’d obtained a treasure. He walked out of the corner and then glanced through the items in the stall with more focus. With his foresight and experience, no treasures escaped his sights.

Unfortunately, that had been the only one. Nothing stuck out to him after that.

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“Boohoo... Please help us. Please help us...”

Some cries attracted Leylin’s attention at this moment, leading him forward. A large crowd had formed a huge circle up ahead, and caused a disturbance that Leylin took notice of as he drew closer.

In the middle of a circle was an adventurer and a crying little girl.

The adventurer had fallen down, looking like he’d met with great hardships in life. He was no longer young, and his lips were blue. It looked like some sickness had acted up all of a sudden.

“Uncle, uncle! Please wake up...” With such a huge crowd watching, the girl’s cries made her seem even more helpless.

“He must have gotten poisoned. There are many dangerous beings in the



desert nearby..." An experienced mercenary went up, touching the adventurer's neck and pulling up his eyelids to check, "Unless I have a specific antidote, I can't do anything. Do you know what poison it was?"

The little girl froze after hearing this, and began to bawl more sorrowfully, "I-I don't know. Vivian is so useless, sniff... uncle..."

"Sigh... Unless a high-ranked priest is here to cast Neutralise Poison, he's..." The mercenary looked around, "Who amongst you is a high-ranked priest?"

The crowd avoided his gaze, evidently not wanting to be involved in this. A death would cause the guards to come here, and the interrogations and the like would be very time-consuming. They could even be blackmailed by shameless jailors and officials, which caused most of the crowd to leave.

The area was bustling with activity, yet they pretended not to see the little girl and the adventurer who seemed to be breathing his last. There was a great sense of detachment in this place.

"Little girl, we need to look for other methods... At the very least, we'll need an inn..." The mercenary looked troubled, obviously seeing the impatient urging from his companions. He halted midway his speech, realising that no inn would take in an adventurer on the brink of death, and he was only making things difficult for himself.

"Sigh..." With this thought, the mercenary too looked agonised and placed a small bag of copper coins in front of the wailing girl, "Take these and bury your uncle well!"

He then left quickly in large strides, as if afraid of something.

# Chapter 966: Implantation

The streets were bustling with life, starkly contrasted by the sorrowful cries of a young girl. The bystanders dissipated quickly, death something they'd seen all too often in the desert. They were all in a hurry to strike it rich, so who would care for something like this? A few thugs even eyed the coin pouch in front of the girl.

They were also looking at her person. Even though she was very young, beauty shone through her crying face. There would probably be many people who'd want someone like her. Selling her to child traffickers would be profitable.

'Interesting... How will things progress from here?' Leylin watched on with his arms in front of his chest, apathetic like a god up above. He wouldn't be moved by the lives of these individuals.

His focus suddenly shifted in another direction, at a monk that headed over slowly. He had a pugilistic aura, with short brown hair, thick eyebrows and a weak-looking gaze. He only wore coarse sack clothing, with patches all over it making it look tattered. He only wore one shoe.

The monk even had a putrid smile, causing the crowd to distance themselves from him.

'A monk!?' A trace of fear shone in Leylin's eyes. This person was powerful, already at the legendary realm.

Monks were people devils did not want to meet at all. They rejected the pleasures of life, their staunch souls not corroded by anything. Meeting a legendary monk was like hitting a jackpot.

'There's a monk here at this time... Does it have anything to do with the floating city?' Leylin frowned. That adventuring team with near-legendary strength wasn't worthy of his attention, but he'd have to focus on this monk's actions. Were their targets the same, another variable would be added to his plan.

"Let me try..." The monk approached the crying girl and spoke with a

hoarse voice, as if he had not drunk water in a long time.

“Boohoo... It’s not use. The mercenary just now already said that unless you’re a high-ranked priest...” Vivian wept, but still passed the coin pouch filled with copper to him, evidently treating him as a beggar.

“Thank you, kind-hearted young lady, but I can’t accept any gifts or money...” He smiled gently, and then moved closer to the unconscious adventurer. “It’s the Hellthorn Flower, a common and very poisonous flower seen at the edges of the desert. But it’s already mutated a few times... This will be difficult.”

A bundle of warm light emanated from the monk, and seeped into the body of the adventurer on the ground. The healing light caused the adventurer to improve visibly.

The spell naturally attracted the attention of bystanders, and someone with good eyesight soon exclaimed, “Poison Removal? No, that’s True Resurrection!”

“A rank 9 divine spell that one has to be rank 19 to cast...” Everyone froze, their eyes trained on the monk with reverence. It was a respect for strength. Seeing the situation changing, the thugs disappeared into the corners of the streets, leaving in the blink of an eye.

“Ugh...” The bruising on the adventurer’s lips dissipated, and he blinked before opening his eyes completely. He looked at the little lady in front of him. “What’s wrong, Vivian? Where am I now?”

“Uncle! Uncle, you’re awake!” Teardrops sparkled on Vivian’s face as she threw herself into his embrace.

“Uncle, you fainted on the road. It scared me so much! This grandpa saved you,” Vivian said as she pointed to the monk.

“Thank you very much, grandmaster!” The adventurer knew his adventures much better than the girl did, and therefore understood the strength and abilities of the person who had healed him. Upon hearing this, he immediately got up to thank the monk, and then reached for his coin pouch.

Priests required a fee to cast spells on their believers. A high-ranked divine spell was very expensive.

“There’s no need for that... We clerics are duty-bound to help the injured and dead...” The monk shook his head and rejected the man with a smile, and then swaggered into the market. However, nobody dared to underestimate him this time.

As he left, the monk’s dark eyes scanned the area Leylin had been in. Seeing nobody there, he looked puzzled.

Only after the monk’s figure disappeared from the streets did the adventurer leave with the girl. It was then that Leylin walked out from the shadows.

“Tsk tsks... as expected of a legendary. His senses are better than that swordsman...” Leylin sighed, heart heavy. If this man was also here to contest for the floating city, things would be very troublesome for him. And his instincts told him that this was almost certainly the case.

‘Ugh... It seems like more than one organisation knows about the appearance of the floating city...’ Leylin looked grim, ‘Looks like I’ll need to make my move as soon as possible...’

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Night soon fell. Lights and fire emerged everywhere in the market, illuminating the dark area.

The market bustled with activity even at night. However, once the moon crawled halfway across the sky, the shops that had been boisterous before turned completely silent. The merchants and the rest entered their dreams after a long day.

‘Dreamscape View!’ Leylin currently stood at the top of a tower, eyes flickering with strange red lights as a red crack appeared on his forehead. Scattered spots appeared all over the town in his vision, twinkling like the stars in the sky.

These various starlike spots were actually the dreams of different people. Those that were whitish in colour belonged to the weakest

commoners. Professionals were much more dazzling, while high-ranked ones were bright as torches. The legends were like pillars of light reaching into the skies, obvious in an instant.

‘The dreams of regular humans are far too weak. If I’m not careful, I could kill a whole bunch...’

These dreams showed Leylin things that hadn’t been revealed in the day.

‘First is Jafar... Hmm, that beast hide was something you picked up by accident. No wonder you didn’t know its true value...’ Shifting his attention from a dim speck, Leylin glanced towards the west, looking serious.

‘As expected of a legendary monk. I can’t see through him, nor his dreams... Not like I intend to deal with him anyway. Dream Eater is a trump card, and I’d be foolish to cast it even before I see the floating city...’

Without alarming him, Leylin found his main target. There were dazzling dreams in the inn, like pillars of light. Leylin could see them through Dreamscape, and almost visualise a young man who’d been practising his sword skills from a young age.

‘Here you are...’ Leylin smiled slightly, launching dark red dreamforce that formed a winged eyeball.

“Go!” With Leylin’s command, the eyeball flapped its wings and flew into one of the dreams.

With the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, Leylin’s grasp of dreamforce had reached great heights. With the different system of power being applied on him, the target didn’t even notice the eyeball.

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Many merchants aimed to make use of the cool weather in the morning, walking the path of hopes and dreams. The high-ranked Professionals began their journey as well.

“What’s wrong, Allerie?” The white-robed swordsman asked the wizard journeying with them, puzzled.

“It’s nothing much. I just recalled my dream last night, and it was a little disgusting...” The wizard had a terrible look on her face, and she retched. There were dark circles under her eyes, as if she hadn’t had a good rest the whole night.

“Dream? Disgusting?” The swordsman was startled, but he didn’t ask further.

“Yes, it was just a dream!” she repeated, as if trying to encourage herself. However, at the thought of the vivid dream, the wizard couldn’t help but tremble, even as a high-ranked spell caster.

She’d actually swallowed a winged eyeball whole in her dreams! It had been exceedingly vivid, to the point that her throat still remembered that disgusting and greasy feeling.

“Could this be some specific curse... No, no, I’ve already checked properly. There’s nothing strange. That was just a nightmare. But... why did I dream of that...” She looked confused and touched her forehead, “Looks like I’ll need to get something to soothe my nerves tonight...”

Within the town, Leylin glanced at the map in his hands while looking deep in thought. The situation of the little group appeared in a crystal ball next to him, the point of view that of the wizard.

“The implantation was successful. Now that I have their position, they won’t be able to escape...” Leylin was rather satisfied with his work. These guides would make his own journey more convenient.

Having them show the way, he could follow their path at a distance. There was no danger or trouble whatsoever. Watching them from such a large distance, it was impossible for him to be discovered.

# Chapter 967: Skeleton Lich

Berserk energy from the four elements roared in a large semi-plane outside the prime material plane, causing ripples in the sky. The sky seemed to distort and shatter.

There was no sun nor moonlight here, only a sparkling ambient light. Layers of ashen-white bones littered the ground, their height unknown. There were some little white flowers growing out of eye sockets, the most beautiful flower buds blooming. Numerous vines crawled over the bones, as if subsisting on them.

A gale blew past the area, and it was like a rain of flowers as the plants dispersed to reveal bones on the ground. This plane was actually formed of all sorts of bones piled together.

These bones were about the same size as those of humans. Some were exceptionally small but thick, likely coming from halflings and dwarves. There were even some extremely large animal bones scattered in the area, forming little hills.

This semi-plane was one of bones, on the verge of being smashed into pieces. It was hidden in the gaps between numerous dimensions, unvisited for a long time.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! At this moment, a slight cracking sound could be heard from underground, followed by some shaking.

Gulu! Gulu! A hill of bones gave way, and large amounts of smoke and dust were sent flying. Meanwhile, a protruding round head rolled out of a crevice in the ground.

This was a dazzling human skull. The eye sockets flickered with two still flames, and dead black soul force lingered around the area, emitting powerful undulations. The skull's teeth chattered and its jaws creaked, seemingly shaking in confusion.

"I've been asleep for a thousand years..." The skull spoke in a desolate voice, its tone ancient. Only a scholar who had researched the past would

be able to understand it.

Crunch! The skull meshed its teeth together and seemed to spit out something similar to parchment paper. A layer of light flickered, and letterings as well as a map were projected in the air.

“The year where the elemental tides streak through, when the black crows cry out to the blood moon... The Simoshel Canyon... east of Cygnus!” A fire blazed in the skull’s eyes as it found a few sparkling bones, slowly recreating its body.

“The floating city. The best achievement of the arcanist era, able to match up to the gods’ divine realms...” The skull spoke as if it was chanting, an aura of despair from the very soul covering the area like a cloak.

“That floating city is definitely mine! The Skeleton Lich, Illyrio Paxlude!” A staff of bones automatically moved its way to the lich, a blood red gem at its top emitting crimson light.

Roar! The lich tapped the ground with his staff, and it split apart to reveal the head of an enormous creature.

This creature was tens of metres tall, with large bony wings and two heads that looked abnormally sinister. A brilliant soul energy could be seen within the thing’s skull. This was evidently the necromancer’s favourite pet— A two-headed bone dragon!

“Keke... Let’s go, darling...” Strong winds blew, and the double-headed bone dragon flapped its wings, carrying the skeleton lich on its back and entering the terrifying elemental storm. The violent storm seemed to quiet under their might, forming a pitch-dark channel.

The bone dragon roared and disappeared at the end of the plane...

People had gotten wind of this at several other places.

“Abnormal movements from the bone kingdom? Seems like that lich has awoken...”

“Illyrio... It’s really been a long time. I have yet to settle that grudge with



him...”

“The envoy of death, the skeleton lich? How interesting...”

All sorts of mysterious godly conscients flickered all over the world, and then all focused on the bone kingdom without prior agreement.

A few gazes seemed to have their own goals, heading towards the western desert.

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Scorching sunlight fell on the sand dunes, causing heat waves that distorted the air. Practically all moisture had evaporated, and each breath one took in this place was like breathing in fire.

The desert’s surface was reaching the limits of temperature, and could practically roast a person alive! The entire desert looked like a place disallowing of life. Even the scattered cacti around the area had disappeared, and there was not even a hint of greenery.

The leading swordsman looked at the map in his hands, beginning to check the distance, “We’re already very deep into the desert, so we have to do our best to retain our strength. We’ll also need to plan for our items and water... What’s wrong, Allerie? Still thinking about the dream that night?”

Upon looking up, he found the wizard in his group had grown absent-minded once more, and his question revealed a slight annoyance.

“No, I’m feeling better now... it’s just this weather...” Allerie gathered hair behind her ear and felt her dry skin while sighing inside. That dream no longer disturbed her, but the terrible environment in the desert was now giving her a vivid lesson. Even with the protection of magic, she felt this difficult to endure.

Seeing this, the swordsman could only curse in his mind at the nonexistent stamina of wizards. Still, there was nothing that could be done. He encouraged her, “Hang on for a while. We’ll reach the dream oasis soon enough, so you can get some rest there...”

The mention of the dream oasis perked up everyone in the group. They were currently deep inside the western desert, and it was exceedingly dangerous. Terrifying black sandstorms could erupt at any moment.

Even if they were near legendary adventurers, there was nothing they could do in the face of nature; there would still be dangers.

The dream oasis was the only source of water in the depths of the western desert. It was said that this was a moving crescent lake and shrub forest, as well as the only hope for survival that lost travellers had.

“My most recent information, and this map, all indicate the dream oasis is up ahead. We can’t be wrong!” The swordsman yelled to raise the morale. With that hope, the group sped up quite a bit.

However, none of them realised that someone had noticed all their actions from behind them.

“The dream oasis... That place is very close to Frostfall Valley... I might not even have found it if not for these guides...” Leylin was riding a sand scorpion, a winged eyeball flapping in front of him. It showed him scenes of those people.

With the group of adventurers showing the way, he did not need to take detours. As long as he followed the safe path they did, everything would generally be fine. With the distance limiting them, normal detection spells wouldn’t be able to find him.

“Once here... How do I say this... their value is decreasing...” Leylin stroked his chin. In his opinion, this group was the weakest wave of those eyeing the floating city. “But they seem to have a leader. I’ll just put them ahead and see what they attract...”

Leylin patted the scorpion he was riding, and the large beast immediately cried out. Its eight legs alternating in motion as it sped up its advance through the desert...

There was nothing to see along the way in the desert but sand, except the bones of all the monks that had died. Leylin had even noticed a withered corpse with no moisture, one that looked like a mummy.

Monks trained by toying with their lives. Without clear water, they would end up dead, and there were few who would be saved by kind-hearted merchant groups.

“But... it seems too calm...” No longer bothering with the many corpses buried by sand, Leylin urged the sand scorpion to keep moving forward.

The western desert definitely had many dangers. However, there was a group of elite high-ranked Professionals ahead. Besides natural disasters like the black sandstorms, they could deal with anything. Their numbers hadn't even dropped yet.

While it seemed normal, Leylin found something strange. The path to the floating city shouldn't have been so clear.

It was at this point that Leylin's face showed a sudden understanding, ‘It appeared... I never thought that there would be natives deep within the western desert. Could these people be remnants of Netheril?’

At this thought, he gave up his ride and cast a flight spell, soaring into the air while flapping his wings.

Once he passed countless sand dunes, a deep green entered his eyes. In a place where the only thing on the horizon was yellow sand, there was a sparkling crescent lake and a large oasis. Seeing this in an area void of life could move someone emotionally.

However, there were signs of disharmony here. A vigorous fight had already begun near the oasis.

“No wonder I felt something was off. This was the place!” Leylin looked like he realised something all of a sudden.

# Chapter 968: Desert Tribe

A gruesome massacre unfolded by the oasis. A group of men in strange clothing attacked the adventurers from camelback. They wore the trademark attire of the desert people, loose white robes with a scarf wrapped thickly around their heads to reveal nothing but a pair of wolf-like eyes.

Their leader whistled, and the men encircled the adventurers. Some of them drew their bows.

The expressions of these adventurers turned worse. They were already at a numerical disadvantage, and now high-grade equipment was being used against them.

“What are they saying?” Allerie asked the assassin after casting a few defensive spells on herself.

“They say we’ve intruded on their lands, and they will use our blood and lives to wash away our sins...” the leader explained in a hurry, his face dark. “We’re in deep trouble. This is a desert tribe, the western desert is their home. They also possess a strange ability to cast curses!”

“Hacaree! Hacaree!” The desert warriors shouted, some rushing forwards as others released the nocked arrows.

A few bamboo-thin warriors leapt into the sky, brandishing jewelled sabres in a beautiful arc.

“Good timing!” The assassin leader shouted, striking out with the dagger in his hand. Any icy streak felled many of the desert warriors, and the sabres in their hands shattered apart into pieces, looking like dancing butterflies.

“Captain! How could you strike first, and fatally at that?” The other adventurers looked on in disbelief at their leader.

“We don’t have a choice,” the assassin smiled wryly, “The word ‘Hacaree’ means leave none alive...”

They didn’t have the leisure to converse for long. The desert tribe leader

hopped off their camel, dashing towards the assassin. A thick, bulky sabre whistled through the air, just the wind it formed making the assassin apprehensive.

“Howling Moon Art!” the assassin howled. His dagger met the sabre with a clang as qi surged into the surroundings. Countless pits were formed in the desert sands.

“Secret technique— Dual Serpentes!” Just as the two blades were about to clash, the desert leader burst forth with a second weapon. A small dagger appeared in their hand, and it was thrust directly at the assassin’s eye.

“Captain!” The female wizard cried out. She pointed forward with her index finger, “Mage Sword!”

An illusory blade appeared in mid air, deflecting the fatal blow from the desert leader.

“Damn it, get lost!” The assassin unleashed all his strength on the brink of life and death. The muscles in his body began to bulge, and he’d soon turned into a miniature giant. His dagger thrust forth with greater force, sending his opponent straggling backwards.

The tribe leader cried out before hopping away like a nimble swallow.

“A woman?” This assassin felt the back of his neck tingling. The cry had been high-pitched, and his opponent’s eyes were as clear as water. In his carelessness, he’d almost had his eyes gouged out by a woman.

“What now, captain?” A rain of arrows had thrown the rest of the party into disarray.

The assassin gave his orders. “Gather beside Awar, we’ll break through the encirclement. Allerie, concentrate. Support those who need it!”

“Hah! Berserk!” Awar was their group’s berserker, their meat shield. He grunted in a low voice, and the muscles on his body bulged.

“Bull’s Strength! Bear’s Endurance!” Allerie had cast multiple buffs on him from the side.

“Kill!” Awar seemed like a human tank in this mode, the shield in his hand causing blood to spurt as he knocked many desert warriors away.

“Wodarnike! Arberdoniya!” The female desert leader gave a few commands and directed her men in rows of defence. It seemed like she wouldn’t stop until these adventurers were dead.

The assassin inhaled deeply, imbuing a layer of qi in his rusty dagger.

“I’m your opponent!” He was showing tenaciousness in the face of danger, choosing to engage directly with the enemy to buy time for his party.

Shing! The female desert warrior did not say a word. Instead, she crossed her blades and unleashed explosive force. Her body seemed to leave behind an afterimage as she dashed towards the assassin. Her attacks came from all directions, so flexible she seemed boneless.

“Hng! Scorching Gale Blade!” The assassin shouted coldly. His eyes blazed as the dagger in his hand unleashed a storm of attacks. He parried the tribe leader’s attacks with the power of a sandstorm.

“Ooh... This place actually has martial arts techniques...” Leylin leisurely watched on from the air, a layer of illusion magic around him. “The female warrior isn’t at the legendary realm yet, but her techniques are. The desert tribes do have some talents... This group of adventurers is in danger...”

Leylin’s estimates were extremely accurate. The party was in unfamiliar lands and at a numerical disadvantage. It couldn’t be made up for with just a sudden burst of strength.

Thud! Thud! Yellow sand flew into the sky. The desert warriors didn’t engage Awar head on, instead dragging multiple metal chains from camelback to trap him.

Peng! Peng! The berserker continued to roar furiously, but he was still trapped like a bug in a spiderweb, and couldn’t resist at all. His roars grew softer over time, and he turned dispirited as his body shrunk back to normal.

“Not good, his berserk mode has ended!” Looking on, Allerie went forward and shove a spiritual force potion down Awar’s throat, her face filled with worry. Even with the resolution of the assassin, he could not help but be demoralised looking at the current circumstances.

“Hmm... Without any reinforcements, these adventurers will most likely perish here...” Leylin concluded from mid-air. However, he turned solemn as he looked in another direction. Somewhat apprehensive, he distanced himself from the location, “It looks like their backup is here.”

Although he’d covered his tracks with illusory magic, someone at the same rank could still discover him.

A loud, hazy noise sounded from the direction Leylin was looking in. It sounded like the chirping of a thousand birds, and thunder from the sky.

Boom! A bright starlike object appeared in the broad daylight, forming a dazzling afterimage as it whizzed over to the location. As the object drew closer, it became clear that it was a spear. It was travelling so fast that the friction with the air had turned it bright red, as if ready to melt at any time.

Leylin could only see this because of the power of his sight. The desert warriors could only see a dazzling light shooting towards them, piercing several warriors and camels to arrive at their leader.

Facing such an attack, the tribe leader turned solemn. She withdrew both her hands, crossing the blades in front of her chest.

Bang! A loud explosion sounded, and steam rose from the ground. The smell of rust followed.

The dust and sand settled to reveal the absence of the female warrior. Only broken bits of a sabre were scattered around where she’d stood.

“Uwuuu~~” As if receiving some sort of order, the desert warriors immediately turned their backs and fled, not lingering for one bit. Their retreat was quick, and none of them could be seen after a few breaths. Only the flurried tracks of their camels remained.

“It’s our Lord! He’s here!” Allerie squealed, and the assassin and other

members heaved a sigh of relief.

“You guys are late!” A booming voice sounded as a giant metallic arm reached for the spear.

The speaker had curly wine-red hair and a silvery unibrow. The expression on his face was extremely stern, commanding respect and intimidation.

The assassin’s face turned slightly pale, and he spoke in a soft voice. “Our apologies, Lord Rogero. We met with some circumstances on the road...”

“Thank you for saving us, my Lord!” Allerie’s eyes held a tinge of adoration, but Rogero didn’t care about that in the least.

“You bunch of useless creatures! Such a simple matter and you already can’t deal with it...Moreover...” Rogero’s gaze seemed dazzling to Allerie as he looked her over from face to belly. It caused the wizard to turn red.

“You couldn’t even realise you were being followed. You group of fools!” Rogero’s puzzled look began to be replaced with rage.

“Hm? Followed? No way, I...” The female wizard looked blankly at the spear pointed at her, feeling flabbergasted.

Soon after, she looked at her hands in stupefaction. Her original jade-white skin was now covered in thick, pus-filled sarcomas. The tumours erupted, causing her to wail loudly.

Sssii! White smoke rose from the body of the female wizard, and her blood-curdling screams struck fear into the heart of the others. There was no wizard by the time the smoke dissipated, only a puddle of pus left on the sand.



# Chapter 969: Frostfall

“What... What happened? Allerie...she...” The assassin stared blankly ahead.

“What a venomous spell, is it a curse-type magic or a poison element spell?” Rogero squatted by the pool of pus, his expression very grave. “It was ended decisively the moment I discovered a trail... The killer is extremely cunning and cold-blooded, a worthy opponent.”

The other members only realised what had happened now. Awar, in particular, knelt down on the ground, seeming to have a mental breakdown. “Allerie! Allerie!”

The assassin sighed as he looked at the scene. He’d long since known that Awar had feelings for Allerie, but the wizard had only set her sights on the strong. It had left him feeling rather dejected.

Now, the two of them would never be together.

“Is it a venomous curse by the desert tribes?” the assassin asked, looking at the lack of a corpse in the sands. A chill ran down his spine.

“Unlikely. It should be the person who’s been following you from before you entered the desert.” Rogero shook his head, and the spear in his hands whistled.

“Let’s go. We can’t waste any more time. The prophecy is about to be fulfilled, we need to reach the Frostfall Valleys before it happens.”

“Yes, my lord!” The assassin and the rest did not have any objections, and they very soon set off on their journey.

Only the sizzling pile of pus remained, as if reminding someone that it was once a high-ranked Professional.

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“Rogero?” Leylin walked out from the darkness in the distance. “I’ve heard this name before, a legendary spear user. He’s reputed in the western desert, but I never thought he’d be here today...”

“The black crows will soon cry out to the blood moon. I wonder how many experts are yet to arrive, all blinded by greed...” Leylin muttered, his head raised into the sky. He vanished from his spot.

At this point, he no longer needed a guide. The Frostfall Valleys were the sacred grounds of the desert tribes, and they had protected it for generations. He approached the oasis when he reappeared, plucking a desert warrior’s corpse from the sand. Various fragmented memories flashed across his eyes.

Spells which could retrieve memories were already considered rare, but this skill to extract them from a corpse had the potential to shake the world.

“So it’s there...” After getting the information he needed, Leylin formed a giant sand scorpion. He looked into the distance, and with a point of his finger the sand scorpion suddenly seemed to come to life. It sprinted towards his target.

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The scene at the Frostfall Valleys left Leylin somewhat flabbergasted. Corpses littered the desert as far as the eye could see, many of them desert warriors with numerous injuries on their bodies. Their faces were filled with rage and utter fear.

There were traces of a castle here, but it seemed to have been reduced to rubble by a powerful force.

“This doesn’t seem like the style of Rogero and his men...” Leylin stroked his chin and looked at a pair of corpses that had died fighting each other. The desert warrior wore a malevolent expression as he gnawed off the throat of his opponent. The other party had plunged a dagger into his skull. The warrior’s eyes were still moist, as if he’d planned to sacrifice himself to kill his target.

However, there was one thing that could not escape Leylin’s eyes. “An aura of death... Is this necromancy?” He reached out and grabbed some black gases above the corpse.

“It looks like a necromancer came here and raised the undead to wipe out the forces of the desert tribe...”

Necromancy was a school of wizardry, delving into research on the physical body and soul. Necromancers dealt with corpses everyday, and in the dark engaged in taboo research on souls. Only arcanists were more hated on the continent.

However, a truly powerful necromancer had much more prowess than his peers. An army of undead could trample and annihilate kingdoms.

“He managed to crush the desert tribe with an undead army... This necromancer is likely in the legendary realm...” Leylin inhaled a deep breath, and followed the trail of destruction into the valley. The further in he walked, the more he could see traces of a bitter battle. An occasional piece of bone was lying on the floor, seemingly from a broken undead skeleton.

Once he entered the middle portions of the valley, Leylin saw multiple figures amidst a huge field. This place seemed to be a command post of the desert tribe, but it was now reduced to a mountain of corpses. Several people stood facing each other in a confrontation.

Rogero and his men were present here, and Leylin also noticed the legendary monk he was apprehensive of.

The monk was moving a corpse into a hole. It had a soft body and eyes that were clear like water, speaking of their owner’s desire to live. This was the tribe leader from earlier, no longer showing a single sign of life.

“Someone else is here!” Leylin’s arrival roused the attention of others. They observed him with wariness in their eyes.

Leylin naturally didn’t reveal his true features. He instead came in the image of Kukulcan, dressed in a mask and black robes. He looked like the manifestation of evil.

A faintly discernible trace of divine force surrounded the area, preventing any detection or probing.

“What an intense demonic aura!” Rogero gripped the spear in his hands

tightly, and faint sparks of lightning flashed at its tip. The monk stopped his task and gazed at Leylin with hostility.

Although there were several groups of people standing on the field, they were distinctly divided into two sides. The monk, Rogero, and a few paladins were close to each other, evidently having formed a faction.

The other side comprised of a few powerful solitary people. Most of them had masked their appearances like Leylin, exuding an aura of evil as well.

Contrary to those of good alignment, these people did not trust each other much. They maintained their distance from one another.

“Haha... I never thought that it'd be someone from our camp!” The person who spoke was a purple haired woman who carried a snake-headed nine-tailed whip. Behind her were several powerful people.

“Welcome, my friend. I'm Evida, I wonder who you are...” The purple haired woman's eyes were filled with doubt. There were a limited number of legends in the world, and she should have recognised him. However, Leylin gave her a foreign vibe, and seemed extremely dangerous. This piqued the curiosity of the woman.

‘If I can pull this legendary stranger to our side, our God will definitely give me a handsome reward...’ As she thought of this, Evida's eyes grew even more coquettish. Even her words sounded honey-coated, intoxicating and tantalising.

However, Leylin did not bother with her at all. Instead, he chose to walk to a corner and gave off an unfriendly vibe.

‘Damn it, is he blind?’ Evida could only curse him. It made her doubt her beauty.

“Well... Now that we are opposing each other, there are simply no benefits to be gotten!” Evida stared furiously at Leylin and stood out to speak to the good alignment camp. “That skeleton lich has already entered the deeper parts. Do we have to fight here and let it take all of the benefits?”

Despite their lack of trust in one another, the evil faction evidently had strength in numbers.

“We’re here to capture the skeleton lich Ilyo. The floating city is not our concern!” The leader of the paladins was a middle aged man wearing shining armour. He made his declaration in a low voice.

Even paladins had to learn to compromise. If at this moment, they began to shout things like ‘eliminate all evil’, they would only end up ground to a pulp by the evil ones.

“Cough... We want a certain item from the floating city,” Rogero said.

“Very well. Although there are certain conflicts of interest, it’s not impossible to mediate. Why don’t we enter the floating city and obtain our desires with our own capabilities?” Evida suggested.

It was apparent that none of these people here wanted to take action in the absence of a tangible benefit.

When two opposing parties were near equal in strength, truces were common. Even though the good side didn’t mention a word, the legendary monk already took off towards the deeper parts of the valley after burying the corpse.

“Hng!” Evida snorted cutely with a satisfied expression, as she brought her men deeper inside. The two parties too began to make their way in.

Leylin followed casually behind the group and continued his thoughts, “Skeleton lich Ilyo? Isn’t that the powerful legendary? I never thought he would be here too. It seems like the castle being reduced to rubble was his doing...’

# Chapter 970: Judge

This was a lich! They had reached the pinnacle of necromancy, abandoning their bodies and splitting their souls to obtain some degree of immortality. Some extremely powerful liches were even strong enough to face gods!

The skeleton lich Ilyo was someone Leylin had heard of before. Rumour had it that an accidental leakage from one of his soul experiments had contaminated and killed half a kingdom. The paladins had put him on their wanted list, and he was an extremely vile existence that had to be wiped out at all costs.

‘Not all legendary necromancers are liches, but all liches are legendary necromancers... His actions mark him as a high-ranked legendary, above rank 25...’ Leylin immediately decided that the lich as the biggest threat to his operation.

Evida looked around, suddenly asking, “The Dead Sea scrolls passed down by our church indicate that the floating city will appear deep within Frostfall Valley. Do you have any more information?”

The group sunk into silence. Even if they had possessed the information, it wouldn’t be revealed so easily. Rogero was the one who spoke in the end, “We have information from the esteemed diviner Frederic, but the location is even more vague...”

“Then things are going to get troublesome... Ilyo has a partial inheritance from ancient arcanists, and probably knows more about the floating city than we do. He might even have entered the dimensional fortress already...” Evida bit at her lips.

‘Hm?’ Upon seeing this, Leylin shook his head inside, ‘Seems like they don’t have accurate information either. Looks like I’m the one that knows more...’

He couldn’t help but recall the time and location he’d decoded. It would be when the black crows cried out to the bloodmoon, within the Frostfall Valleys slanting to the east of Cygnus.

“It’s about time...” Leylin looked up, gazing into the horizon. The sun descended slowly, the light dimming. The temperature of the region dropped, as was the norm in the western desert. The daytime sun could roast people alive here, and the night could freeze them to death. Few could survive besides some like the sand tribes.

‘It’s the right month and time. The location is slanting to the east of Cygnus? Based on astrology, that should be...’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled as he immediately calculated the precise location of the floating city. ‘If the skeleton lich obtained an arcanist inheritance as well, he should be lying in wait there...’

“Since we know that it’s deep within the Frostfall Valleys in general, how about we split up in our search?” Evida suggested at that exact moment.

“Mm, sure.” Rogero and his group of powerful elites from the good faction naturally didn’t want to mix with an evil person like Leylin. They immediately agreed.

The legendary monk showed his intent with action as well. Numerous figures scattered as they cast many detection spells, everything dazzling Leylin.

Just as Leylin planned to head in a certain direction, an aroma travelled over as Evida followed close behind Leylin, “What is it? Do you wish to head that way, my lord?”

“Mm, I’ll take a look. The floating city will create a huge ruckus when it appears anyway, anyone will be able to find it within the valleys...”

Leylin would always decline invitations from this woman who might have been connected to the gods.

“But the people who enter first will still have better chances. Or am I wrong?” Evida’s beautiful eyes were trained on Leylin as she spoke, hinting at something.

“Do you intend to go this way? I can leave it to you...” Leylin rolled his shoulders back nonchalantly.

This attitude caused Evida to feel doubtful.

“Hehe... How could I steal your path? I was just joking...” She twisted her beautiful hips after she spoke, leading her powerful group away. It caused Leylin to blink. ‘Has this woman discovered something?’

Rumble! Something happened all of a sudden. Brilliant holy light rose from one direction, filling the skies with holiness and righteousness.

“Skeleton Lich Ilyo, face your punishment!” A thick voice resounded in the area, laced with a steely determination.

‘It’s a legendary paladin!’ Leylin and the rest of the evil faction showed fear in their eyes, as if they’d met their natural enemy. They stared at the silver light in the sky.

“It’s the Judge!” “Quick, go there! He’s discovered the lich!” The other paladins cheered, brandishing the blades of light in their hands.

They glanced over a few times at Leylin, as if trying to threaten him. It was like they were children whose parents had arrived. Once their legendary took care of Ilyo, they evidently wouldn’t mind wiping out this evil that was Leylin.

“Keke... Felbard, I see that you haven’t died yet...” A cold snicker sounded out, and a dense wave of deathly soul clouds covered the skies. Even the holy light couldn’t penetrate this shroud. A draconic roar sounded as a tremendous two-headed bone dragon rose from the clouds.

“Die!” the legendary paladin exclaimed, his body burning with holy flames as the sword in his hands turned into a pillar of light that broke the dark clouds apart.

The dead spirits separated, revealing a crystal skeleton wearing a black robe. The lich now stood on the head of the ancient dragon, and a wave of his hands caused countless bones to collapse into a decorated shield, withstanding the paladin’s sudden attack.

“It’s him! Ilyo! That must be the place where the floating city is about to appear... Go!” The immense energy undulations alarmed all of those powerful existences, and they darted towards the battlezone.

‘Damn it... he’s so unprofessional at hiding. I was planning to lead a few



away...' Leylin sighed inside and headed in Ilyo's direction. It was the exact opposite of where he'd intended to go.

Leylin had chosen the wrong path on purpose, hoping to cheat a few of the strong beings. Unfortunately, the appearance of this legendary paladin had spoiled his plans.

"Nobody can obstruct me today" Ilyo announced, and the fire in his eyes blazed brighter as he extended his palm to caress the dragon's head. the bone dragon.

Legendary Skeletal Strengthening! Boost Legendary Minion! Berserk spell rays launched forth towards the bone dragon. It burst out into an earth-shattering angered snarl, launching a terrifying Dragon Breath that corroded everything in it's way.

'Legendary Dragon Breath?' Seeing the attack, the paladin immediately turned grim. He covered himself in a milky-white armour.

Holy Light Protection! Holy Light Cross Slash! A cross of pillars of light rose in the air, colliding violently with the bone dragon's breath. The two consumed each other rapidly.

The terrifying storm formed from a battle between two high-ranked legends finally caused some fear in the surrounding powerful beings. It was only then that they remembered the reputations of the skeletal lich and the paladin.

Of course, there were some who still proceeded fearlessly, and among them were obviously those with similar strength.

'Even his pet is legendary. As expected of a high-ranked legendary lich.' Leylin moved forward unhurriedly, getting closer and closer to the centre of the battle. Terrifying shockwaves swept through the area, but they didn't even crease his clothing.

Evida now looked extremely grim. The black-robed people behind her all took turns to block the stray ripples from the battle. Seeing Leylin deal with the situation easily, she drew closer to him with a charming smile. "You are indeed powerful! I'm sorry, but I think I might need your help

later!”

“My goal is also the floating city, so there’s no way we can work together. The spoils won’t be easy to split...” Leylin apathetically shook his head to reject her.

“You never know. My target isn’t the entire floating city. Besides, we need to work with each other to cope with the people over there...” Evida’s serpent-head whip pointed at the paladins and monk ahead, and she looked relaxed.

“Hm? Crap!” However, at this moment, Leylin’s expression suddenly changed as he retreated a great distance.

“What’s going on?” Evida looked puzzled, and soon felt a surge of spatial force crashing into her body, sending her flying. She coughed up fresh blood, and it trickled down her face. The few black-clothed beings in front of her had been burnt to ashes under the immense force, and nothing was left behind.

Rumble! The lich and paladin who were battling in mid-air simultaneously froze, thrown back by a powerful force. An immense spatial storm formed a tornado that wreaked havoc on the area.

Leylin took a look at the moon in the sky. It now looked crimson.

“When the black crows cry out to the blood moon... It’s time! The floating city will teleport here soon. I never expected the storm formed before its appearance would be so violent...”

# Chapter 971: Shadow City

“It’s the floating city! My floating city is finally about to appear!” The skeleton lich Ilyo burning gaze was fixed on the core of the spatial storm, the fire in his eyes blazing brightly.

Rumble! The air trembled and the earth thundered, and the Frostfall Valleys lamented as if unable to take on the pressure.

Whether those of the good or evil factions, they all gazed up after retreating a large distance, watching the miraculous scene of the appearance of the floating city.

The stars that filled the skies seemed to lose all their lustre, and it was as if a supernova was born in the sky as a star more dazzling than any other descended, enveloping the world with colour.

Bzzt! Bzzt!

Terrifying spatial undulations spread in all directions and in the blink of an eye created a gigantic and deep pit in the ground. The shadow of a dimensional plane loomed over, as if there was a single point of it trying to fuse with the prime material plane!

Even while it was a tiny dot, that was only in comparison between the sizes of two worlds. The tiny point that linked the two unceasingly increased till it formed the figure of the floating city!

This was a large base that was a hemisphere. The shadows of the roofs of many buildings could be seen, forming a large human city.

In the Nether Arcanist Era, the floating city not only was the main area for arcanists, but also a large city and social hub. It could easily fit a hundred thousand people without it getting crowded.

The four elemental plane seemed to have opened a special energy channel as immense energy surged and whistled forward.

It was as if the end of the world for the western desert. If not for there being few people here already, there might have been a terrifying catastrophe or deaths here.

.....

After goodness knew how long, the astounding storm finally dissipated, and everything calmed down.

A dark shadow was projected to the ground, hiding the glow from the stars and the moon.

Leylin looked up and found a large shadow. This was the base of the floating city. This immense and vast city had now completely descended into the prime material world!

Watching the large body of the city as well as the bright arcane runes, the whole world seemed to stop breathing.

Deathly silence! In that moment, even the Legends on the ground sunk into a temporary silence.

“Keke... my floating city!”

Ilyo was the first to react, riding his bone dragon mount and pouncing towards the city.

“Dream on!” The legendary paladin obviously could not just watch as he got to the city and soared up high as if stepping on air, body moving rapidly.

“We’re going too! That’s the floating city, and the only one in the World of Gods! It’s the crystal of the Nether Arcane civilisation...”

Other legends also began to get restless.

.....

In that moment, within the floating city where nobody seemed to be around, sparks flickered within a certain control room. Lights gathered to form flower elves that were around ten centimetres tall.

The little faces now looked stiff as they spat out in a robotic tone, “Dimensional leap completed. Damage to floating city at 1.77%. Energy consumed at 75.99%. Activating maintenance procedures.”

After which, a glaring red alarm sounded as a layer of screen projections

showed Ilyo outside.

He had his bone dragon pet fight against the legendary paladin while he headed towards the city, and was right about to enter the city's territory.

'Discovered intruder. Strength at grade A3, determined to be high-ranked Legendary. Activating energy membrane... Beep! Energy membrane damaged at 52.33%, unable to be activated. Changed to automatic defensive mode. Activating magic missiles with automatic calibration and firing.'

With the commands from the intellectual core, the armours at the sides of the floating city opened up to reveal steel cannons that were like a beehive. In that instant, the floating city turned into a large porcupine!

'Target calibrated. Launching magic missiles!'

Boom! A boiling hot white energy of pillar whistled as it shot out of the cannon, arriving before the skeleton lich in a moment.

"Oh, shit."

The skeleton lich somehow managed to show immense fear on his expression.

Tzz tzz! After the glowing white rays, there was no sign of the lich left whatsoever.

"It-it can't be! That's a high-ranked Legend!"

The terrifying might of the cannon finally scared off the greedy Legends. Only then did they remember what made the floating city so terrifying.

"This is only the automatic cannons without a legendary arcanist working it. The most powerful dimensional cannon of laws and pure energy defensive membrane has yet to appear..." Leylin gazed up at the floating city that was showing off its strength, the fervour in his eyes becoming more obvious.

"But... that bone dragon hasn't disappeared. Seems like Ilyo isn't a high-ranked Legend for nothing..."

Leylin noticed this and slowly retreated without leaving traces behind.

Whoosh... Now, white light flickered. A layer of bone powder turned into a gale and blew by the area Ilyo had disappeared.

The ashes from his bones converged to form a crystal skeleton.

“Tsk tsk... thankfully, I still had a substitute. This amount of strength is as expected of the floating city...”

Ilyo floated in the air but no longer had the guts to just enter. He used the joint in his wrist to and used his palm to support his chin, the fire in his eyes dimming.

“It’s getting difficult... Even with the dimensional leap consuming most of its energy reserves, just the least powerful automatic defences can’t be broken through by a legend as long as the intellectual core exists... If I don’t obtain control over the floating city soon, the personifications of the gods will definitely strike out... Things will be troublesome then...”

Ilyo gritted his teeth, “It’s a pity that I only obtained a portion of the inheritance of the arcanists and didn’t become one. If not...”

At this moment, the floating city produced a loud rumble.

Within the core control room, the personification of the core that were the flower elves had screens that appeared before them, gathering images of the people below.

‘Beep! Discovered arcanists! Activating transmission mode. Starting spell formation to receive them!’

Numerous screens shifted till they locked onto two beings. One had a silver mask and looked extremely mysterious, and it was Leylin, who was planning to make his move!

The other was actually Roglo!

Rumble! With the sound, a bridge of light shot out from the top of the highest building of the floating city, landing on Leylin and Roglo who were caught unprepared.

With a flash of light, the two disappeared.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

Evita froze.

“Crap, the two that disappeared should have been arcanists! The master of the floating city must have set up a certain procedure for his legacy. Only when arcanists appear will the floating city take them in and even transfer the authority to control it!

Ilyo now looked very anxious.

“What do I do? What do I do?”

Just when Ilyo was gritting his teeth, a new situation broke out at the ground.

“I have no choice... god!”

Evita closed her eyes, and the next time she opened them, there were now a pair of dark golden eyes. A tremendous might had descended into her body.

“The personification of a god has descended! So she used the method of having the god possess her body!”

“Has a god already found out about this place? How quick!”

“God!” The guards Evita had brought along, who were lucky enough to survive, quickly knelt.

“We can’t let other organisations get control of the city! They’ve activated a spatial channel, which means there’s a hole in their tight defences! I’ll send you right in, so find it at all costs!”

‘Evita’ spoke unhurriedly, and a faint goddess’ image appeared behind her.

Mighty divine force turned into a terrifying wave that swept those black-clothed people into the city.

The consumption like this must be terrifying, because once all this was done, Evita passed out and crumbled to the ground.

“Now’s the moment. It’s a good chance!”

Making his mind, a rhombus-shaped red-blue metal tile was shattered

and formed spatial force. This allowed Ilyo to go along the gods' tears and enter the city.

Dazzling divine force rays flickered on the legendary monk and paladin, allowing them to enter the floating city.

“Is this... the inside of the floating city?”

Leylin's eyes blinked open as he took in his surroundings.

“Yes! Welcome to Shadow City, where the flowers of the Nether Arcanists never wither!”

A flower elf projected itself in front of him, flapping the translucent double wings behind it as it surrounded Leylin.

“Congratulations, Arcanist! You have obtained a chance to inherit the floating city and all knowledge of the mighty Great Silver Hand!”

“Chance?”

“Yes. As two have been determined to be qualified, one of you will inherit the floating city!”

The flower elf spoke primly, obviously carrying out the will of the original master loyally.

“Speak. What is to be done?”

It was impossible for this intellectual core to go against its procedures. Besides, this floating city was not a ruins of the past, and since the flow of information and firewalls were still intact, using his mind and the A.I. Chip to invade it would be just stupid. This was why Leylin went straight to the point.

“This is the floating city's core energy room, and also where the Mise energy core is...”

The flower elf showed an image. This was within an empty room, where there was a floating ball emitting lights that showed the heat it emitted.



# Chapter 972: Test

“This is your current location!” The fairy showed Leylin a map, indicating his current position within the floating city.

“You must compete with the other qualified person. The first to reach the power room will obtain the authority over the Mise energy core. That will allow you to take control of the floating city and get control over the core...”

The fairy’s bright eyes were trained on Leylin, voice robotic, “Please take note. Master has set up various hindrances along the way, and... Because I do not have enough power, a few invaders have entered the floating city...”

Scenes flashed and separated into smaller squares, allowing Leylin to see the skeleton lich, legendary paladin, monks and other people.

“Have a few worms snuck in as well? With the floating city’s own defensive strength, there should be a few specific methods or gods acting in the shadows that allowed them to break through the outer defences of the city.”

Leylin grinned, thinking back to Rogero who had also been chosen.

“I never expected this... a legendary with a reputation for his combat skills also has the strength of an arcanist! Rogero, you’ve cheated a whole continent... Pretty good... but unfortunately, you met me!”

Even if it was just a conjecture, Leylin knew what the floating city’s master had planned. It was definitely something to do with testing the power of arcanists.

He was now a legendary arcanist. Even in the Netheril era, he had about the same strength as the master of the city, which made him qualified to enter the arcanist elder union and obtain his own floating city. He was obviously unafraid.

On the other hand, Rogero too had become a legendary based on his combat skills. However, even with training hard in private, his arcanist ranking wouldn’t be that high.

In this area, Leylin could overlook his opponent.

“The most important thing right now is to get control over the city before the gods react!” Leylin took a look at the map that the fairy projected, and the A.I. Chip recorded everything before choosing the most suitable route.

“You who are qualified, I hope you can succeed in becoming my master!” The fairy glanced at Leylin’s back, and then gradually disappeared...

After walking through a path styled in a futuristic, sci-fi way, Leylin entered a drawing room.

Chi chi! Two magic golems that looked like monkeys stood in wait, large robotic eyes shooting out red lights.

“Gatekeepers? Even with the A.I. Chip choosing the most optimal route, I need to pass through at least 20 stages. I need to quicken my speed...”

Leylin did not stop walking and walked in between the two puppets, figure disappearing into the path.

After he left, the two magic golems exploded into pieces... At the other side, Rogero was advancing quickly, his lance emitting terrifying qi as he ripped a steel door apart.

“An opportunity! The best opportunity!”

Rogero’s eyes blazed, “I’ve hidden my arcanist inheritance for so long, and I finally have this chance! The floating city will definitely be mine...”

At this thought, the image of his competitor showed up in his mind as his emitted a bloodthirsty air.

“I must get the floating city. All who get in my way must die!”

.....

Compared to the test that the two of them got, the other invaders were treated poorly.

Boom! Boom!

“There’s so much wealth from ancient civilisation, and every single item

is priceless. The price of one would be enough to purchase half of a large city. Why do you still keep chasing after me?”

Ilyo turned and yelled, sounding distressed.

“Destroying evil is the role the heavens have given to me. Did you think mere greed over wealth can confuse me?” The paladin looked resolute as he followed behind relentlessly, causing the skeleton lich to have to run tirelessly and feel annoyed.

Usually, he could just turn back and fight three hundred rounds with the paladin. With the floating city and remains of historical civilisation for him to explore here, having to waste his energy on fighting caused Ilyo to feel his heart bleeding.

“Just you wait...” He knew that paladins had brains like concrete, and could only come up with ways to eliminate him.

“Beep! Detected invader. Automatically activating defence mode. Activating metal golems!” Once the two entered a plaza, a robotic voice sounded out. A large gate suddenly opened as a puppet with armour walked out. Many energy fields surrounded it, causing the skeleton lich and paladin to sense immense danger. They could not help but stop in their tracks.

“It’s the metal golem! The legendary golem!” The lich sounded as if he was sighing in awe, “Such a high-ranked golem is the top secret of the Netheril arcanists. Wizards now can’t create imitations of it...”

Boom!

After this, however, the skeleton lich could no longer laugh. The golem instantly vanished in an instant, and the next time it reappeared, it was behind Ilyo, large steel fist aimed at his head.

“So fast! It’s almost like instant shifting. Is this really a golem?”

Spells flashed continuously at Ilyo’s body as he quickly set up several bone walls, the bone spurs and bone lances shooting towards the key areas of the golem and bringing with them great gusts of wind.

Crackle! The many attacks reached the defensive surface layer of the metal golem and created sounds like rainfall, and then scattered.

Rumble! Ka-cha! The golem cared not for these attacks and raised its huge fist, preparing to strike at the bone wall.

There was a huge whistling sound in the air, and the bones flew everywhere. A defence that a lich had formed with all his strength actually was completely destroyed under this attack!

Boom!

By the time the legendary paladin arrived, all he saw was the lich embedded into the wall. He was perfectly 'printed' onto the wall, neck twisted at a very odd angle. If he was alive, he would long since have died.

Even if he was a lich, the fire in his eyes had dimmed quite a bit, and he was evidently gravely injured.

"You monster full of evil! Prepare to be judged by justice!"

Upon seeing this, the paladin heaved a deep sigh of relief, both hands raising the large sword that signified light and judgement.

'Beep! Enemy discovered!'

However, before the paladin's sword could fall, a metal golem had already arrived behind him, electronic eyes emitting dangerous red rays.

For legendary metal golems, there could be liches or paladins, but all were invaders and needed to be exterminated.

If Leylin had been here, he would have exclaimed 'Such high technology'! Or 'Transformers', but unfortunately, the paladin with an inflexible mind did not have so many stray thoughts.

In his eyes, metal golems like these were not much better than demons of the abyss or devils of hell.

'Beep! Enemy scanned to be model of 'paladin'. Activating extermination plan number 2. Activating extreme gravity engine. Activating nuclear furnace!'

The steel golem made sounds that the paladin could not understand then spread its arms.

Boom! The gravity around suddenly increased, and the ground caved in, now seeming extremely solid.

The chest area of the golem opened up to reveal a red hot furnace that rotated in a turbine, producing a frightening whirr.

“What-what monster is this!”

Noticing that his attack at full power had been easily blocked, his exemplary sword that was almost legendary grade melted in the furnace at the golem’s chest. No matter how strong his mind was, the paladin now held hints of despair...

A similar scene could be witnessed at various parts of the city. The outsiders who had entered without permission were now under terrifying attacks, and there already were casualties.

After all, the floating city was a nest of the Great Arcanists of ancient times, so how could they just allow enemies to barge in?

At this moment, other ‘guests’ had also arrived outside the city.

“I never thought even with the consumption from dimensional leaping, the defences of the floating city is still so terrifying. The divine force that the body I’m possessing can amass is nearly depleted...”

‘Evida’ opened her eyes, gazing at the large floating city while looking expectant.

However, this relaxed look only maintained for a moment. Evida quickly turned to the other side, “Her Highness, Mystra, and others...”

“We meet again...”

A young girl dressed in black walked out from the shadows, having the dignity and coldness that only gods possessed.

She gazed at the empty area next to her, looking hostile.

Golden lights flashed, and numerous orc gods also appeared. They were

all avatars, causing fear to appear in Evida's eyes.

For true gods to descend into the prime material plane, there was the most dangerous truebody saintly form, as well as an avatar and possessing a body.

An avatar was a clone formed of divine force and godhood, while possessing a body would require taking the body of a follower.

In comparison, possessing the body might be safe, but the power could not compare to an avatar.

"After the hall meeting of the gods, there have been few gatherings between many gods..."

An elderly being wearing white, scholarly attire had a wise look in his eyes. This was Oghma, the god of knowledge and a powerful greater god.

"After all, this has to do with arcanists and the floating city..."

The other gods all went quiet, focusing on the Weave Goddess, Mystra.

# Chapter 973: Banishment

“Arcanist civilisation must never be allowed to be revived. That is the bottom line!” Mystra announced first. The many gods who had gathered revealed a tacit understanding.

While they were confident that their avatars could enter the floating city, they were still afraid of the enemy. Who knew if there were traps specifically meant for gods, left behind by the Great Arcanist in the city?

“It’s not advisable to go against it for too long. How about we...” However, just as Oghma broke the silence, an astounding change happened in the city.

Dazzling rays enveloped the city and teleportation rays filled the area, causing it to seem translucent.

“Dimensional leap? No, it’s a random teleportation. Stop it!” The many gods quickly made their moves, using powerful divine force to form a golden sealing web. However, they were too late. The floating city completely vanished, leaving behind gods exchanging gazes.

.....

A while ago.

Near the core power testing room, Rogero stared hard at the blue test tube in front of him, looking nervous.

“The expectations that the Great Arcanist had for his successor are a little too much. Even as a high-ranked arcanist, it’s still too difficult to successfully brew the mild blue light potion. Thankfully, I have this...”

Rogero placed a white crystal under the test tube, and in the moment that it made contact with the test tube, the crystal instantly heated up.

“A stabilising potion that increase chances of success by 50%— The dream stone, Sage Abofeld! Success or failure shall be decided in this moment!”

Rogero took a deep breath and placed another pipette at the mouth of

the test tube.

“If the potion turns blue, that means it’s a success. If not, it’s a failure... There’s only one step till I get the inheritance...”

Rogero prayed the most devoutly he ever had in his whole life. “Whatever god you are, please bless me! If I can succeed this time, I will become your most pious follower...”

It was unclear if a remote god had favoured him, or if this was luck.

The moment after the pipette dripped a bit of the potion, the entire test tube began to boil.

Thick liquid boiled and kept changing colour, till it stabilised to a faint blue.

At the beginning, the blue was not stable, and Rogero could feel cold sweat beading on his forehead. However, the dream stone that that was like white crystal emitted white rays that enveloped the entire test tube.

The mild blue potion stabilised, and he immediately looked elated, “It’s a success!”

He quickly darted over to the crystal door with a large vertical pupil carved in and splashed the freshly-made mild blue light potion onto the eye.

Tss tss!

After the potion made contact with the eye, it was as if sponge met water as it was absorbed.

Rogero looked nervous as he waited for the results, feeling uneasy and nervous.

‘Beep! Brewing of mild blue light potion is successful!’

Time seemed to pass slowly, but it also seemed to be mere seconds. When the robotic voice sounded, Rogero could not help but give a whoop of delight.

Rumble!



The eye rolled and produced the mechanical sound of unlocking. The large door slowly opened, revealing a path straight to the power room.

“Haha... I’ve succeeded. I’ve succeeded!” Rogero roared in his excitement. “As expected, there aren’t many arcanists left around. That black-clothed person might be an arcanist, but his ranking can’t be higher than mine. I definitely was the one to pass the test first, so I’ll get full control...”

While looking emotional, Rogero’s footsteps never slowed.

The path was short. With his speed, he quickly reached the core power room and saw the Mise energy core that was continuously providing the floating city with strength, floating in the air.

“Haha... as expected, I was the quickest!”

Upon seeing that nobody was around, Rogero could not hold himself back and chuckled loudly.

“Mine, mine! The ancient floating city, the remains of the Great Arcanist and all the arcanists’ treasures all mine and mine alone...”

Rogero looked expectant as he headed to the Mise energy core.

He looked moved and greedy as he reached his trembling right hand out.

The fairy appeared nearby, watching on expressionlessly.

“Intellectual core, hand over control to me!” Rogero shouted, “As the master, I’ll definitely treat you well...”

Beep! The fairy nodded expressionlessly, and the flooring under the Mise energy core opened up to reveal something like a control desk. A purple crystal flickered with dazzling rays above.

“Good job!”

Rogero laughed heartily and his right hand reached forward.

However, just a centimetre away from the purple crystal, something happened!

Glaring rays surged and enveloped his body. These were spell rays from

a teleportation spell formation.

The high-ranked legendary arcane spell: Dimensional Banishment!

“No! Mine... my everything...” Rogero looked unresigned as he vanished, leaving behind his voice that echoed in the empty secret room.

“Aha... he took so long to get here. I waited so long...” A transparent human figure walked over from a corner of the secret room. The illusion on his body gradually disappeared. This was Leylin!

He was now yawning, looking nonchalant. “He couldn’t even recognise the dimensional banishment trap. Ha, to think he was a high-ranked arcanist. Looks like there’s something wrong with his inheritance. I’m pretty sure it’s incomplete...”

“But even if he recognised it, the way to get rid of this legendary spell is for it to work once. He made me wait for so long...” Leylin looked dissatisfied.

“Only a legendary Great Arcanist like you can detect the arcane spell trap that master set up!”

The fairy now bowed low to Leylin, “While I’d already confirmed that only you, who is also a legendary Great Arcanist, can take over the city that is the glory of the Netheril era, I had to do this for procedure’s sake. Please be understanding...”

“It’s nothing much... Proceed with the transferring of authority please. There might be more variables from the passing of time...”

Leylin headed to the control desk. The dimensional banishment spell had now been completely removed.

“The Mise energy core... Rumours have it that any item that touches it will be hit with something like a legendary disjunction spell and crumble into numerous particles. How powerful can this be?”

Leylin sighed, right index finger touching the purple crystal.

‘Beep! Confirmation of qualified person. Beginning transferring of control.’ The fairy cooperated with the operation. Leylin felt that his self

linked with the entire city, and that it seemed to become part of his body, and he could even see scenes of the invaders.

[Beep! Obtained control over floating city. Supplementary scan ongoing.] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded. With its help, Leylin could easily control the floating city. In terms of his proficiency, he immediately reached the level of the original owner.

"The energy reserves are at less than 50%, and there are also divine force undulations detected outside?"

Leylin looked at the report and frowned slightly.

"Fairy, begin preparations to teleport floating city. Activate concealing spell formations and spatial location confusion spell formations..."

Leylin commanded.

"Understood, master! The previous master always called me Shaylin, but you can call me something else..." The exquisite face of the fairy broke out in a smile and carried out his order.

"Also, send me to these locations. I still need to take care of a few worms before teleporting..."

Leylin waved his arms high spiritedly, but at this moment, his expression changed.

A strange beast skin scroll automatically floated from his dimensional pouch. The seals that Leylin had put on had all cracked.

The Mise energy core emitted terrifying energy undulations, creating a pillar of light the size of a thumb at the middle, shining on the scroll all of a sudden.

The energy that could break up all matter did not cause the scroll to be damaged, but the luster on it grew more dazzling as it slowly opened up. It revealed an arcane spell model that was so complicated it was terrifying.

[Beep! Discovered high-rank arcane spell model. To scan?] The A.I. Chip asked.

"Yes!"

With Leylin's order, the A.I. Chip immediately scanned and recorded the model. After which, the scroll seemed to be done with its mission and rolled itself back.

"As expected, this scroll isn't something dead but contains some will of Distorted Shadow?"

In Leylin's tests, the scroll obviously sealed something amazing. If it were opened suddenly, it might result in terrifying contamination or curses.

But now, under the radiation from the only Mise energy core in the continent, this seemed to be the correct way to open it. He had been given a terrifyingly complicated arcane spell model.

"This..."

Leylin took a look at the A.I. Chip's taskbar. As the spell model was exceedingly large and difficult, the effects and abilities still needed time to be deciphered. The only thing Leylin could confirm was that this spell had a very high grade!

"The price for all these arrangements and even giving me my bloodline ability is finally showing itself?"

Leylin looked solemn, but his eyes were now full of bloodlust and violence all mixed together.

"What are you standing there for? Teleport quickly!"

Leylin yelled at the fairy who seemed to have been scared stupid.

# Chapter 974: Annihilation

Leylin knew the principle of equal exchange. However, seeing some of the tricks Distorted Shadow had pulled on the sly, he was left in a bad mood.

At this moment, he decided to vent all of his anger on the intruders. The teleportation light shone, and Leylin's body vanished. As for the intruders in the different parts of the floating city, they were about to meet their maker!

.....

It was a complete mess at the arcane field.

The metal golem's head was missing a huge chunk, and the right arm was ripped off. As for the energy core, it stopped functioning completely.

Even though it stood still, but that malevolent and dangerous feeling still radiated from its body, striking fear into the hearts of others.

"Pant...Pant... Thank you!" The legendary paladin half knelt on the ground in the middle of a pool of blood. He was grievously injured.

"Cough...Cough... Saving someone from dying and banishing evil... Cough cough... Is what we were born for..." This was the monk from before, but his injuries were far more severe. His chest had already lost a huge piece of flesh, and blood flowed from his lips endlessly.

Even with the constant healing spells, it was impossible to restore his body to a fighting state.

"The floating city is really this strong... Just one metal golem and it's so troublesome..." The paladin sighed, apprehension still in his eyes.

He fought a bitter and losing battle with the golem earlier. If not for the sudden appearance of the monk, who used his tough body to take on most of the hits, he would have died a long time ago.

"Hey hey... And me? Why haven't you thanked me..." The crystal head of the skeleton lich began to chatter.

Under extreme danger, he put all past feuds behind him and chose to team up with the other two. After an arduous battle they had won, but this demon was unlucky, left with only its head intact.

At the moment, the paladin gritted his teeth and stood up before walking over. "Banish all evil!"

"Wh...Damn! We were allies mere moments ago, how can you just about face?" The lich began to wail, "Help...Save me..."

In actuality, he wasn't afraid at all. As long as his phylactery survived, he could resurrect after death. It just required a very long time.

"Forgive me. Even if we worked together, to eliminate evil is my calling." The paladin stood in front of the lich, holy light forming a sword in his hand.

"Scram!" Teleportation light flashed at that moment, and the paladin grew stupefied as he was knocked away.

"I'm in a very bad mood right now. Tell me, how do you all want to die?" Leylin walked out in the silver mask, looking at the three injured people like a god of death.

This made Ilyo feel as if he had met a demigod being in the distant past. Intense, overbearing evil that can devour everything whole.

"It's that Legendary from the evil camp, now that he has control over the floating city's teleportation portals, does it mean that the authorisation has been handed over to him?"

The crystal skull on the floor tumbled several rounds before stopping, the dark fire in its eyes stopped flickering.

"What an intense evil... The magnitude now is countless times more than before... Had he just been putting up a front all these while?"

The pupils of the paladin and the monk narrowed, as they tracked the item that they were struck by. It was the decapitated heads of the other contenders inside the floating city!

"You are the only intruders left, after disposing the lot of you I will begin

the transfer of authority...”

Leylin’s features were hidden under his mask, so no one knew his current expression. Only his pair of eyes could be seen, cold and indifferent, as if it could freeze the soul of one who looked into his eyes.

The evil black light covered the grounds. Compared to him, the aura of the demon seemed like a kiddy item.

“Cough...Have the others been slain by you?”

The paladin coughed, time to time spitting blood from his lips.

“Most of them had perished under the arcane traps. As for the rest, they have been done in by me. It’s only you three left...”

An icy killing intent was prominent in Leylin’s voice. Suddenly, he appeared behind the legendary monk, “You possess the most threat amongst the three of them...”

“So, let me invite you to go to hell...”

Leylin’s right hand seemed to turn into a pair of devilish claws which tore through the hardened defense of the monk, reaching for the heart directly.

“Urgh... Before this trip, I felt the restlessly during one of my meditation... As if some great evil was about to be borne... Hence I followed my heart and was directed to the western desert...”

Droplets of blood dripped down, momentarily taking away the pain seen on the monk’s face. He inhaled violently, as if pacing back and forth through death’s doors.

“I originally thought that... It was the descent of the floating city, which would bring great destruction to the world. But I know now it’s was due to your existence...”

The monk struggled to force the words out of his parched lips.

“Too much nonsense...” Leylin clenched his fist, and the monk’s heart was shattered into countless bits.

“Dead?”

The paladin and Ilyo’s eyes dimmed, as if seeing something unbelievable happening within minutes.

“Even if I have to ignite my soul, I have to stop the evil in this world...”

The next moment, the monk’s eyes which had dulled violently opened, and emitted light rays even stronger than the sun. His right palm now took on a golden hue as he gently pushed out. The force felt even stronger than being crushed by a mountain, and even the air was pushed away. It was unstoppable.

Legendary technique – Vajra’s Palm!

Boom! The golden palm pushed through the phantom behind Leylin’s back and turned the construct behind into smithereens.

“You’re not bad huh! Old man, is this the legendary ability – Life After Death? You are indeed a powerful and gifted monk, even after your body is destroyed, you are able to sustain life for a period of time...”

The monk’s life was extremely tenacious, and now with this legendary ability, even if his heart was taken and having sustained grave injuries from before, he could still produce such a might.

“Giving your all to beat me huh? Why do I feel like a final boss like the great demon king in the novels of my past life...”

Leylin squinted his eyes, and saw all of the righteousness represented behind the palm of the monk.

“A pity that an attack of this magnitude... It’s not enough to hurt me...”

Leylin mocked, as his nostrils flared. “Let me put you into utter despair...”

The floating city can never land in his hands, if not the world will enter even more suffering...”

The paladin now too struggled to get up, “The final holy buff...”

Radiant rays shone on the paladin, and stopped all of his injuries in their



tracks. Very soon, a sword made of light appeared on his hands.

“In the name of righteousness...” The paladin held his sword up high, the energy swirling into a violent gale.

“Divine Intervention!”

The radiant sword made of holy light carried the intent of killing as it sealed Leylin’s retreat route.

“Blazing Point! Vajra’s Palm!”

The monk ignited all of his life force into blazing fuel. The palm which covered the skies seemed to be able to incinerate anything in its path.

The demon Ilyo who was lying at the side had an extremely unsightly expression. He knew that against this wave of destructive attacks, if he was in Leylin’s shoes, there would be irreversible damage caused!

“I’ve already mentioned it... There’s no use...”

Under Leylin’s mask, there seemed to be... lamentation.

“Right now, I am not someone you guys can oppose...” Against these ultimate attacks, Leylin indifferently raised his hands. “Time...be still...”

Suuu

At this instance, the dust stopped in midair, and the air grew thick and dense. Even those attacks which could destroy heaven and earth were stopped.

Buzz...

After Ilyo regained his consciousness, he only saw the two corpses of the other two legendary being shattered into pieces.

“That moment earlier.... No, this.... This is an arcane spell at the legendary rank... The divine ability of the legends that can stop time. Only legendary ranked arcanists can cast this spell – Timestop...”

“He is actually a legendary ranked arcanist? Haven’t people of this calibre perished a long time ago? Has he survived since the Mise period?”

The dark flame in Ilyo’s eyes continuously flickered, as if struggling with

his thoughts. The performance that Leylin displayed earlier had scared him.

“I can only stop time in this region... It’s still a mile away from fully controlling time. However, power like this is still extremely intoxicating. It is indeed an arcane spell from the limits of rank 8. I could even feel a strand of the laws of time...”

Leylin exclaimed inwardly, before walking to the demon.

“Subjugation, or death?”

“Subjugation? Ahahaha... hahaha, You’re very strong, at the legendary arcanist level, and also control the floating city. However, to want me, skeleton demon, one who has a kingdom of undead army, one who has survived three holy wars and participated in numerous holy wars that even gods had transcended and used human vassals... Me, the great demon king, Ilyo, to subjugate? Hahaha...”

As if hearing something hilarious, the mouth of the skull continuously clacked, evidently in a mocking tone.

# Chapter 975: Phylactery

“Is that right....” Leylin spoke blandly, leaving Ilyo unamused.

Leylin had been of good mind to take him under his wing. After all, this was a legendary expert who could fight many experts at once! He was a treasure trove of knowledge, and a talent in the research of spell models.

Most importantly, he was aligned evil, so there was a possibility of him aiding Leylin.

“Alright... I’ll admit that you are very strong, but so what? As long as you’re unable to find my phylactery, the most you can do is kill me...”

Ilyo put on a front like a dead pig who was unafraid of boiling water.

“Nope! I can choose to seal you for eternity and prevent you from committing suicide and therefore, resurrecting.”

Leylin’s shoes stepped on the crystal skull. Ilyo immediately discovered that his connection with the weave had been completely disconnected. He could not even kill himself now.

“Wait a minute...”

Under such extreme terror, Ilyo finally let up. After all, being sealed was not a fun thing. Moreover, if there weren’t anyone to break to seal later on, it was equivalent to dying.

“Although I could have coaxed you... But you gave me a pretty good suggestion...”

Leylin smiled as he sealed the crystal skull, mockery in his eyes.  
“phylactery huh?”

As the highest achievement of a necromancer, the lich had chosen to store his soul into the phylactery, and obtain eternal life – as long as the phylactery was intact. Even after death, it could resurrect through the phylactery.

As for the phylactery, it was the most protected secret and the life essence of the necromancers. They would store it in the safest of havens,

some even with detection and prophecy-type spells.

To put it in another way, if the phylactery was in the hands of another, the lich would be completely controlled, unless it sought death.

“It’s unafraid because of the phylactery huh?”

Leylin stroked his chin. “With the techniques in the world, finding the phylactery of a lich necromancer is extremely difficult. But...”

In the field of soul research, Leylin had obviously surpassed the world of gods’ standards. Afterall, he had the accumulation of knowledge from a completely different world.

Moreover, in this demonic life transfer, he saw many familiar things.

‘This type of life transfer, together with soul transfer, and also arcanists... No, there are traces of Magus spells in this. It seems like the wizards here have absorbed some knowledge from the Magus World... Although I don’t have a spiritual connection to the Magus World, I can still identify traces of it through this clone... Not to mention I have Dreamscape Vision to peer into its most innermost thoughts...’

Leylin now looked at Ilyo in pity. He couldn’t kill himself even if he wanted to.

.....

Through the Mise core, Leylin teleported into the control room.

“Master!” The flower genie flew to Leylin’s side and rested on his shoulders.

“The intruders have been completely wiped, energy required for the activation of teleportation portal is complete...” The flower genie reported in a rather upbeat tone.

“Alright, begin to move! Make sure to mask the coordinates of the space, I don’t want those gods to find me...”

Leylin waved his hand, before beginning to operate the teleportation system of floating city. The way Leylin handled the operations expertly left the flower genie blushing.

“Hmm? The other gods are arriving now? Too bad, they’re late...”

Leylin smirked at he looked at the screen monitor. He operated the floating city and easily broke through the seals of the gods, disappearing from the Frostfall Valleys.

“He actually got away?” Oghma’s avatar looked at Mystra, as a golden light flashed in his eyes. “Prophetic spells are not working, it seems like the person is very used to the functions of the floating city...”

“To be able to control the floating city this quickly, he must definitely be a Great Arcanist! I never thought that someone from the Mise period is still around...”

“It’s a problem that you must handle now, Mystra!” The gods broke into fervent discussion, venting their frustrations on the Goddess of the Weave.

Mystra inhaled a deep breath before explaining, “Everyone here witnessed the fall of Netheril. I can guarantee you, not one legendary arcanist managed to survive it...”

“No matter what, this is your job. I hope that you’ll be able to handle this matter well...” A golden orc spoke.

At this moment, the other gods were watching on with a degree of schadenfreude. Mystra had always been too powerful, and now that she had suffered a blow, it was time for them to vent their frustrations.

Many of the divine conscients held their discussion in midair before dispersing into different directions, leaving behind Mystra who looked on at the direction of where the floating city disappeared...

.....

In a quiet space of void, with boundless darkness surrounding it, the air current whistled violently, as a floating city quietly sat on the turbulent air currents.

This was the outer membrane of the physical world, where many half-dimensions were produced and destroyed. Even gods found it difficult to follow every space that was created in the outer region.

“Shaylin, send me another report of the energy stored and the armoury stock!”

Leylin sat in the control room and asked the flower genie.

“Yes master! Currently, the floating city has 12.77% of energy reserves! The Mise core will be able to regain its lost energy approximately the time of 271 hourglass trickles... Furthermore, there are damages suffered to the external parts of the floating city, and the 23.7% of the firearms are unable to be used. There are two missing legendary ranked golems, and one which is stopped operating as the damage is over 50%!

The flower genie also pulled an image, which was the golem that the legendary ranked paladin and the monk had defeated.

Right now, it had already been returned to the storage and the many golem constructs had been working to repair it, but the progress was extremely slow.

“Apart from all these, there are 3 main cannons which engages in the laws of secondary energy, 347 homing cannons, and 239812 other various cannons. 80% of them are able to function normally, and two of the main cannons have damages amounting to over 20%...”

“As for magic golems...”

“The arcane garden...”

The flower genie displayed every aspect of the floating city, which left Leylin nodding his head in satisfaction.

“This is really a fortress which can rival that of a divine kingdom in its prime... However, it’s not as it’s full capabilities yet...”

The floating city now had suffered damages and its energy reserves were lacking. Leylin would definitely not choose to use it now to war gods with casualties on both sides.

He had a better use for the floating city.

“Master, that lich has woken now, and kept crying about wanting to see you after sensing something.” The fairy reported.

“Oh? It seems like he has realised it, bring him in!” Leylin beckoned.

Seconds later, a golem walked into the hall with loud thudding on the floor. It carried a giant silver tray. On this tray lay a crystal skull, artistic like an ornament, with two dark glows in its eyes.

“Skeleton Lich Ilyo, will you finally subjugate?”

Leylin toyed with a purple-gold coin in his hands as he asked in a teasing manner.

“My phylactery, how could you find...” The lich wailed. He might have very well attacked Leylin if not for the seal.

“Ilyo, I have to admit this is rather clever. You made the phylactery a metal coin of nobility, and even put it in the hands of a coins collector. It took me some effort to find him and to have it handed over...”

Leylin raised the coin in his hand. It was an ancient coin from the previous dynasty, and there were archaic carvings on the edges. The previous owners had kept it with great care, and the reflection of the light on the coin was dazzling. Nobody would believe that this was actually a phylactery of a lich!

Leylin had read some journals of necromancers constructing their phylactery into everyday objects, some even into pebbles at a seabed, that they could never find it again on their own.

While this could prevent their enemies from finding it, but if they were casually picked up and destroyed, their life would be over.

Compared to them, Ilyo’s method was much more ingenious. The value of the purple gold coin was extremely high, often representing a hundred gold pieces in the previous dynasty. Now it had become a valuable asset for coin collectors and every of its owners would keep it in a good condition.

However, even after so much preparations, it was futile before Leylin’s soul searching method.

“It’s not important how I found it... So? Subjugate, or die?”

Leylin added, “Even if you don’t agree, I will be able to turn you using the phylactery into a golem. This means is enough to deal with another legendary...”

“If you did that, my lifeforce would be stripped almost to nothing, not to mention that summoning me to the frontlines has the greatest risk of me dying... Do I even have a choice...?”

Ilyo muttered and grumbled, but he still chose to serve. “Great arcanist, master of the floating city! I, Ilyo, will pledge my allegiance to you...”



# Chapter 976: Distorted Shadow

“Great!” Leylin clapped and removed the restraints on Ilyo. “Since you’ve chosen to be subservient to me, then we’re on the same side. There’s no need for a contract or anything like that...”

That’s what Leylin had said, but he nonchalantly kept the phylactery into his dimensional pouch under the desolate gaze of the lich.

Compared to any promises, this was the ultimate restraint! With the phylactery, Leylin had plenty of ways to make Ilyo wish he were dead. He knew full well that Ilyo would never dare betray him.

On the other hand, if he were to just give the phylactery back to Ilyo, it was unclear what would happen.

“I will give you part of grade 2 control over the floating city. From hereon, you’ll focus on maintaining the arcane gardens and the golems. Shaylin will transfer the information to you soon...”

Leylin waved his hands.

Since Ilyo was now his subordinate, it was natural that he use the lich as much as possible. After all, this was a scholarly-type wizard, and was probably very useful if nurtured.

Ilyo laughed wryly in answer. If this were in the past and he had countless information as well as authority over the floating city in front of him, he would definitely go crazy in his elation. However, if the price was losing his freedom... That was a little too much...

“Understood, Ma-Master!”

“Shaylin!”

After Ilyo left, Leylin commanded the intellectual core.

“While he’s submitted already, it’s still necessary to monitor him. In addition, if he ever gets near the Mise energy core power room or any grade 1 important areas, I give you permission to kill him immediately!”

“Recorded into main procedures!”

Shaylin looked to have human emotions, but in essence, was an intellectual body formed of a bunch of codes. Her primary goal being to carry out her master's orders, she never hesitated when it came to Leylin's orders.

"Mm. I want some peace now..."

After taking care of all these matters, the floating city was now far from danger and under Leylin's control.

It was only now that Leylin finally had some idle time.

After the flower elf, Shaylin left, it completely went silent. Only the arcane spell lights emitted tender rays of light.

With a flash of silver light at his right hand, the scroll Leylin had obtained from the Netheril Ruins appeared.

"Ancient Distorted Shadow... What do you want..."

The rays from the A.I. Chip shone in Leylin's eyes, "A.I. Chip, how's is the research on this going?"

After getting control over the city, the Mise energy core's tremendous power had seemed to unseal something in the scroll and given Leylin a terrifyingly complicated arcane spell model to him.

Leylin had been using the A.I. Chip to decode it, and only now did he get some idea of what it was.

[Beep! Progress of arcane spell model analysis at 100%. Displaying quantified information.] After which, the complicated numerical data of the spell model showed itself before him.

[Arcane spell name: Calsas' Avatar. Rank 12 arcane spell (???) Effects: Allows the caster to substitute the Weave Goddess and take over control of the Weave. (Minimum requirements: Great Arcanist, 100% analysis of level 7 Weave.) Description: This is a mysterious arcane spell. With the caster's understanding of the Weave, its might changes. Grasping it allows you to become a powerful higher god in an instant!] "An arcane spell that surpasses even a legendary arcane spell... Allowing me to become a

powerful higher god in an instant?”

Leylin’s eyes widened and he stroked his chin, smiling slightly, “Interesting! How... interesting...”

An arcane spell of this grade was obviously not something developed by those great arcanists, but a spell of the Magus World that a peak rank 8 like Distorted Shadow could design.

“This arcane spell model already is out of the domain of arcane spells. It can only be explained with spells from the Magus world. It’s at least a powerful rank 7 spell...”

Leylin muttered to himself. Even his main body only grasped one rank 7 spell, which was Alternate World Incarnation, which already had an astounding effect.

“It’s at least a rank 7 spell there. If the caster’s understanding of the Weave has reached 100% of level 9, that would make this a rank 8 or 9 spell in the Magus World...”

Leylin gasped in awe.

Allowing the spell caster to replace the Weave Goddess and obtain control all of the Weave... What was this?

Based on the rankings of the Magi, that would be like making a Morning Star Magus a peak rank 8 Magus in a moment. That was might comparable to Distorted Shadow, Nightmare King and the Mother Core!

“But... can a frail spirit and mind take on such power? The only probable outcome would be getting control of the Weave and becoming a greater god for a moment, and then dying from the tremendous amount of information and energy being transmitted over. It’ll be like a child who decided to touch a high-voltage power grid...”

Leylin now looked grim, “Even if it’s my main body of a semi-rank 7 Warlock and help form the A.I. Chip, I’ll only barely be able to control the Weave. Due to a difference in my godhood and divinity, my path will be contaminated and be corroded from the conscients of the other gods...”

“But at least I finally know Distorted Shadow’s intentions. So he wants to destroy the Weave?”

Even after death, a peak rank 8 Magus still could leave behind a conscient and not disappear even after hundreds of thousands of years. With a slight chance, he could be revived!

Distorted Shadow seemed to have been setting up this plan before and even given Leylin great benefits at the Nightmare Island. That had made Leylin feel very uneasy.

Now, he finally understood what Distorted Shadow had been planning! His goal was to destroy the World of God’s Weave!

“Hehe... You really think rather well of me!”

Leylin knew that besides being a channel for wizards’ spell slots, it was also used for the priests’ divine spells.

The moment he showed his intentions, he would not only be viewed as an enemy by most wizards, but the Weave Goddess would immediately become his mortal enemy.

The other gods would also not be willing to give up the convenient channel of faith through the weave.

“This meant he would be going against the whole World of Gods!”

“No wonder he chose me! Aside from an outsider like me, even devils or demons wouldn’t be willing to do this...”

His eyes twinkled as he grabbed the beast hide scroll.

“Unfortunately... I won’t be a pawn for you. If I do become one, I’ll do it as the player!”

“Ancient Distorted Shadow... Did you think that your conscient could keep following me in the shadows?”

Leylin spoke in the Magus World’s ancient Byron language, voice hoarse and activating a trace of the power of laws.

After which, a formidable sealing force enveloped the hall. This was

power he had from controlling the city.

Hss...

With immense support from the city and seal from another world, Leylin finally showed off his full strength. A Targaryen figure as large as a world appeared behind him.

Rumble... In the remote, faraway Magus World, Leylin's mighty semi-rank 7 body that had been in a deep sleep caused a magnitude 8 earthquake and opened a slight channel, transferring streams of bloodline force over.

Hss...

A terrifying Targaryen with a single horn, devil fleshy wings and two claws appeared behind him.

There seemed to be slight changes to the Targaryen. There were now traces of dark red fog surrounding it, and its scales were turning dark red. In its eyes that were like stars, there was a blood-red line that seemed to form a third eye.

"Did you think that I wouldn't notice you doing something behind the shadows while I had bloodline power planted in me?"

"Get out here!!!"

Leylin yelled and tossed the beast skin scroll away, his clothes exploding open. Traces of black blood that had been contaminated streamed out from his pores.

A distorted black shadow appeared in the sky, numerous tendrils at the tips. It seemed to want to hold onto Leylin, but with Leylin's yell and sudden powerful bloodline force, was forced out.

Xiu!

There was a sharp whistle in the sky, and the shadow that was Distorted Shadow clashed with the scroll, and then began to burn with phosphorescent green flames.

The flames slowly turned black, and a distorted human figure soon

appeared.

“We finally meet... The ancient Distorted Shadow!”

Leylin panted slightly, but he now felt extremely comfortable. Even his soul seemed to have been refreshed, and his connection to his followers' prayers was now more distinct, as if he could produce divinity at any moment.

“Tss... Your body and spirit fuse perfectly with bloodline force, tss.. No wonder the Nightmare chose you...”

Ancient spiritual force sent over this information, similarly using the ancient Byron language.

“Isn't this great? There's no exploitation whatsoever. We're conversing on equal grounds...”

Leylin watched Distorted Shadow in front of him, the Targaryen behind him spitting out tongue, bloodline force created a dense armour over him.

“Tss tss... Warlock! I need you to destroy the Weave. In return.... I can give you all the inheritances of primordial Magi...”

He seemed to know that Leylin would be difficult to deal with, but more importantly, was aware of the terror of the powerful isolation force of the floating city. He gave up on conspiring anything and proposed a trade on equal grounds.

“Fine, but I will choose when it will be done.”

Leylin did not give even an inch, “What is inside the Weave? I can somewhat guess, but I need you to confirm it...”

# Chapter 977: Back to The North

Leylin observed the trace conscient of a peak rank 8 existence. “Your goal is to revive yourself, right? What does that have to do with the Weave?”

“There are three layers to the Weave. The outermost layer is the channel for all spell slots. The inner Weave is a network of faith and divine force for the gods. Lastly, there’s the core, which is the ultimate seal where the gods have sealed conscients like me inside. That’s also the largest hindrance to us reviving...”

Distorted Shadow sent a spiritual undulation.

“Seal at the core? Conscient fragments? So that’s what’s at the heart of the Weave...”

Leylin’s eyes narrowed, “In that case, there should be many other conscients sealed inside...”

.....

Boom!

After goodness knew how long, Distorted Shadow automatically dissipated, and the beast hide spell scroll also completely vanished.

This was just a dead conscient, and after showing himself, he could not maintain himself for long.

The seal on the floating city was released, and Leylin sank into deep thought, “Revival? This seems to be getting more serious...”

Now, he felt that he had made contact with the greatest secret of the ancient gods’ battle that led to its dusk.

From what was known in the Magus World, the World of Gods had buried numerously mighty ancient Magi of laws, causing huge damage to Magi organisations and leaving them no choice but to withdraw from the World of Gods.

If those rank 7 gods already had the possibility of revival after falling,

then this was even more possible for ancient Magi of laws.

Rank 8 and peak rank 8 existences were already beginning to attempt at containing the laws of space and time in their bodies. Even if they were to fall, their truesoul could still sleep in the long river of time and space, and wait for a chance of revival. They would leave behind many conscients and make arrangements to give themselves another way out.

In the World of Gods, which was the battlefield of a large war, this would definitely happen.

Hence, the gods had worked together to develop the Weave. Using power of the entire world, they had gathered all the conscients of the fallen Magi and sealed them at the deepest parts of the Weave, and even formed the Weave Goddess to guard over it.

However, even though the gods had done their best to scour through the world, there were definitely still some that had escaped. Distorted Shadow was the largest one that had gotten away.

Now, after tens of thousands of years, Distorted Shadow had finally found a Magus suitable to deal with this situation. That would be making use of Leylin, who had used Alternate World Reincarnation and arrived in the World of Gods!

The moment he used Calcas' Avatar, the Weave Goddess would immediately fall. Making use of his temporary hold over the weave, Leylin could destroy the seal of the gods and let out the conscients of the ancient existences of laws.

"Dying here in ancient times and still leaving conscients behind in wait for a chance at revival... These are all at least rank 7 Magi of laws..."

Leylin stroked his chin, clicking his tongue as he imagined this.

"While they're a bunch of dead people who are powerless, the mystery of Magi can't be easily understood by the gods. They can probably regain much of their strength in a short time or even completely revive. That would mean the reappearance of the ancient final war..."

"His plan is great, and he seems to have something planned not just in



the floating city...”

Leylin’s lips quirked in a smile, “Unfortunately... he met me...”

Initially, with Distorted Shadow’s laws, he could entirely cast the power of distortion by making use of the conscient and energy in the scroll. That would cause Leylin to unknowingly walk the path that Distorted Shadow had determined.

It was a pity that even the peak rank 8 ancient Magus, Distorted Shadow, knew nothing about the existence of Leylin’s A.I. Chip. His main body had reached an unimaginable level and could discover the Magus and even expel him, therefore allowing him to have the upper hand.

Now, the key to starting the final war once again and letting out the conscients of numerous existences of laws were all in Leylin’s hands.

The main body of Distorted Shadows had already fallen, and much of his conscients were sealed in the core of the Weave. With Leylin, he could only try to make a trade and entice him to doing what he wanted.

It was a pity that Leylin had no intentions of letting them out.

“I’m too weak... my main body is only a semi-rank 7 Warlock. When it comes to battle might, I’m only comparable to a rank 7 Magus of laws, and I’d find escaping from a rank 8 existence to difficult, much less those peak rank 8s...”

Leylin evidently knew himself well.

The World of Gods was like a playground for him now. Why would he divide it and hand it over to others?

In addition, these methods of causing a life and death struggle would definitely result in an all out counterattack from the gods. Leylin wasn’t so eager to please the Magi that he would do this.

“But if I don’t do anything, those ancient Magi might do something desperate, so I need to give them some hope...”

Leylin’s eyes darted around as he came up with a plan. Having this Calcas’ Avatar was an important deterrence and meant that he could turn

the tables at any moment!

Even if his identity was found out or leaked, then he could just move on. When faced with a threat like this, it was probably the gods who were more fearful.

“But this is only in the worst case scenario... I have to focus on becoming a god first...”

Leylin pondered inside. He knew clearly what his path was. While he was merely a semi-rank 7 Warlock, successfully becoming a god and receiving his main body to descend here would definitely allow him to advance to a whole new level.

“I’ve made all the theoretical preparations. I just have to wait for energy to be poured in.”

Leylin sighed, “Looks like I’ll have to go to the north and spread faith in me as well as prepare to get priests. That’s the priority now...”

Trying to become a god as a Legend without help from any god could be said to be insane.

However, after getting the Shade City, Leylin now had the confidence to say this!

The fusion between a great arcanist and a floating city would even cause a true god to tremble!

“Things are dire now, so there’s no need to return to the outer sea. I’ll go to the north then...” Leylin’s eyes flashed and he transmitted a few orders.

The Shade City that was in a spatial turbulence rumbled and, like a huge warship that was ten thousand tons heavy in the sea, split the waves at both sides and pushed the elemental turbulence aside. It began to move at what appeared to be slow but was actually quick pace in a certain direction.

.....

The north, at the edges of Sabu Valley.

Noble cavalry with the flag of a viscount unhurriedly moved along,

protecting a noble couple within.

There were green wheat fields at the sides. The ears of wheat were being extracted, and farmers caressed them with their two hands lovingly as if watching one's lover, elated at the harvest.

For refugees from the north, obtaining life as it was now had been difficult.

Just surviving from the orc disaster three years ago meant needing protection from the Goddess of Luck, and very few were lucky enough to arrive at human territories. The others either starved to death or were killed by bandits or orc soldiers, and even became rations.

The refugees that survived had no guarantee that they could settle down, as there were far too many of them from the north. This resulted in great pressure for the master of the territories.

Those who had gotten the distributed territories could only weep at the difficulty in dealing with the disaster.

In comparison, the benevolence of this master of the land was enough for these victims to pray to him sincerely.

"The harvests from the newly plowed farmlands aren't half bad. Looks like we'll be able to get through winter..."

The viscount mistress spoke reservedly, glancing past the farmer that had bowed towards her. Only a few lucky ones were fortunate enough to be acknowledged by her by the nod of her head, and she had the air of an arrogant noble lady. Now, she watched her husband.

When it came to her husband, she wasn't satisfied nor dissatisfied. This was a mere transaction.

Thankfully, the people in the organisation had not lied to her and gotten her to marry some old man at death's door. That was something lucky for her.

The Viscount mistress looked at Tiff, who seemed like a middle-aged man, and could not help but sigh deeply.

Recalling what had happened to the north, she could not help but shiver. Those fierce and violent orcs had killed her family and slaves, and she herself had almost fallen into their devilish palms.

While she had been fortunate enough to escape, she had then met a few greedy pigs. Thankfully, with some quick-wittedness and luck, she had managed to keep her family's name and territories. However, almost half of it was gone, but the pitiful lady did not dare hope for more.

"Next... I'll have to give birth to a few children..."

She watched her husband as well as the few cowering maids behind him, looking hostile.

Only the mistress of the territories who gave birth to a male successor had the most secure position. There were already many girls wanting to climb into the bed of the master and get a better life, many of whom had once been nobles in the north.

"Indeed... while we spent a lot, we've finally we've finally settled this batch of refugees..."

Tiff had changed his appearance. He was now nearly two metres tall with bushy eyebrows and large eyes and seemed very masculine. His silver hair was slightly curled but combed neatly, and looked exactly like a traditional middle-aged noble in the north. The poor mistress had no clue that in terms of his real age, Tiff was probably even older than her father. However, if his age was to be considered in comparison with the average for Legends, Tiff was rather young.

However, nobles never cared about age, did they?

"What's wrong, darling?"

She found that her husband looked lost in thought.

"Oh, it's nothing. You can return first. I've gotten someone to call the jewel merchant and tailor to come over. They're going to pick the most beautiful and luxurious gown for you..."

Tiff planted a kiss on his lady's hand and sent her away.

# Chapter 978: ducation

Although she knew her husband was hiding something from her, Tiff's mistress still listened to him. Tiff had great power backing him, which caused her to feel slightly afraid.

With the ability to forcefully snatch something from the northern nobility, he wasn't someone she could spy on.

"Let's go to the village office!" After she left, Tiff brought his soldiers to a building near to the village.

This was the village office, the building Tiff provided for public use. He could take orphans in here, many of which were refugees. It made him look like a benevolent man.

These kids were so young they couldn't work, and they were destined to die of hunger quickly. Usually, nobody outside of the churches would take them in, and the disaster in the north had created an uncountable number of them. The few churches alone wouldn't be able to take them all in.

A black-robed person with a silver mask was standing in front of the village office's wooden door. The moment he saw this person, he greeted him without hesitation.

If anyone else saw the viscount calling someone 'Master,' they would definitely gape in shock. Someone with the authority to have a viscount bend the knee in a bow was a great noble, at least a marquis!

However, the knights behind Tiff did not even blink as they did the same, "Master!"

Most of them were trusted aides that had personally battled with Leylin before. There were also a number of subdued devil worshippers, so they obviously knew who Leylin was.

"You're doing well, Tiff!"

The person who had arrived here was obviously Leylin. Through the astounding speed at which Shade City had moved in the spatial turbulence, he arrived in the north quickly and arrived at his base.

From all he had seen and heard on the way, he was rather pleased with Tiff's recent work.

"Everything is going as per Master's instructions..." Tiff answered humbly.

"Let's enter together! I want to see what you've achieved..."

Leylin waved his arms, entering the office with Tiff.

On the way, there were children, teachers and nannies around bowing towards Tiff. By the looks of it, he had amassed a great reputation.

In private, Tiff continued to transmit to Leylin, "In order to avoid the priests and reduce expenditure, we only have five village offices like this. We've taken in almost a thousand children, and the average age is from 9 to 12, which is the prime time to educate them..."

Tiff now brought Leylin to a window, through which many yellow wooden desks and chairs could be seen. Tens of young girls listened attentively as a scholar taught. There were simple letterings on the black board, which meant this was a class to teach them how to read. This scene immediately had Leylin recalling the schools in his previous world.

"In addition, after seeing that we're giving them an education, some peasants have gotten their children to come and listen as well. I've agreed to that..."

Leylin listened closely, nodding occasionally as he saw the glint in the children's eyes within the classroom. That was hope!

"After studying for a while, the children who are believed to have the aptitude and perseverance will enter the higher-grade..."

Tiff brought Leylin deeper into the office. Nearby, Leylin could sense undulations from powerful beings monitoring the area, which meant security was tight.

"Divine studies... is a class about the gods. Here, I would like to introduce you all to a god, whose godly name is Kukulkan..."

.....

“Praying and meditation are compulsory courses for priests...”

The things being taught here were somewhat immoral, which was why the students were all orphans who had been trialled and would stay here. They used something like primary school education as a model.

The scholars who passed down the information all wore black uniforms, and there was something about their aura that was contradictory to their roles.

After seeing Leylin, they immediately trembled and made to greet him, but Leylin waved his arms to stop them.

Exactly. These people who were instructing children with aptitude to become priests had all been devil followers, and had high priest rankings!

With Tiff's help, Leylin had long since subdued all followers of gluttony in the north.

He then did a round of selections and allowed only those who had gone through several trials and were truly loyal to nurture the future reliable priests!

Yes, all of those village offices and the education provided was all a pretense! In actuality, this was about selecting children and nurturing numerous priests. These would be the people providing Leylin with energy to become a god!

Something like this was far too sensitive, which was why Leylin had no intentions of doing this in the outer seas on his own territories. Here, there was no issue.

Firstly, due to the invasion of the orcs in the north, many refugees had lost their homes. The situation was very complicated and could be said to be a disaster. That had resulted in a large number of orphans, and turned into the best natural circumstances for Leylin.

Tiff being a Legend, those teaching the advanced parts being devil followers Leylin had subdued and the place where all this happened being Tiff's land, Leylin could do anything and create layers of seals that made it difficult for information to spread.

Most importantly, even if discovered, Leylin could just abandon this place. He could just cut off all ties easily, but there would be no damage to his foundation!

By the looks of it, Tiff was doing very well.

“We’re limited by the qualified teachers we have as well as secrecy. This is the limits of what we can do...”

Tiff looked a little ashamed, evidently because he was unable to do more for the feathered serpent god, Kukulcan.

“That’s alright. You’re already doing very well...”

For the gods, the faith from priests was an essential part. They were beings that would be the prime mode of communication with followers, which was why they were very important. Outstanding priests had to be learned scholars and even needed to have some grace. Whether it was the peasants at the bottom of the hierarchy or nobles who were all about poise, they needed to be able to deal with all these people well.

These were all seeds!

Once the church stopped being in the shadows and came to the light, the other students might not become priests, but they could also be workers at the church. They would be the core strength of the church.

In this age, it was not so easy to have elites who possessed knowledge. If loyalty was required as well, then there was no way but to nurture them the whole way.

The inverted image of the Targaryen appeared in Leylin’s eyes, causing Tiff to kneel reverently.

“My divine class has been expanding and is beginning to touch upon the domain of slaughtering. The prayers should also change slightly, including information to do with killing...”

Leylin now looked very much like an oracle, like some powerful being had possessed him.

“Understood, my master! You are the stars in the sky, and the serpent of



the world that will devour everything. Murder shall be your sharpest sword...”

Tiff had lived for many years after all, and with just a moment, he managed to come up with a prayer.

This was obviously something temporary. There would need to be divine scholars and high-ranked priests to discuss and refine it, before leaving it to Leylin to make a decision.

After all, this was something important and could even change a god's factiond domain, as well as the start of a godly war.

However, Leylin was now doing something very sneaky anyway, so he couldn't really care less.

“Mm, notify me once everything's confirmed. Also, prepare a quiet room for me and then summarise all the information gathered regarding the north...”

“Understood!”

Tiff respectfully withdrew, though his eyes now showed his excitement, “Is he finally making a move?”

He had always been the most enthusiastic about expanding the feathered god, Kukulkan's organisation.

While he had tried his best to hide it, taking in a thousand children and providing them with the chance at an education was astounding. With some hidden context, the nobles of the north were now fearful.

In the shadows, there was already a powerful resistance both in the shadows and in the open. Tiff knew that it was impossible if he wanted to expand here. The only method would be to force the way through!

Leylin's actions pointed to making a huge ruckus, which caused the hot-bloodedness in Tiff to rise.

.....

“Hm, looks like the orc empire and werecreature tribes reconciled...”

Tiff moved quickly. After enjoying a great dinner that was made with the style of the north, Leylin quietly skimmed through intel regarding the north in his study room with the rays from magic lights.

With the A.I. Chip's help, he could read the documents incredibly quickly. With a slight glance, he could practically read ten lines and did not need any rest.

It was only after he put down the last piece of parchment that Leylin closed his eyes slightly, the information forming a network and showing him what had happened after he left vividly.

The largest change to the north was obviously the orc empire, formed from the remains of the Silverymoon Alliance.

Under Emperor Saladin's lead, the orcs stepped into the human's northern district that their ancestors never had the ability to do, and formed an empire of their own. Saladin's reputation amongst the orcs shot through the roof, and he could possibly become a god.

While the orc empire worked hard, the orc gods had also obtained immense benefits, especially the orc god Gruumsh. It was said that he had advanced in the path of the greater gods, and there were a few other orc gods who had increased their rank, becoming a lesser god to an intermediate god, which boosted the orc gods' strength by a large extent.

On the other hand, the resistance that the orc gods had also increased.

Not only did the greater gods, Weave Goddess and Tyr become their arch enemies, there were also the human gods who believed that the orcs were powerful enough that they needed to be kept under control.

# Chapter 979: Benedict

The orcs were the ones who'd instigated the war, and on top of that they'd committed such a huge atrocity afterwards. The elven and halfling gods would not support them much. They thought the orcs too ruthless, and developed a desire to contain them.

This put the orc gods in a predicament. If it continued without end, they would likely only be able to find allies from the abyss or the hells.

This was why the orcish gods went all out in their search for new blood, especially the Blackblood Tribe in the Moonwood and the God of the Hunt, Malar. Orcs and werecreatures weren't much different, and they even looked rather similar.

On top of that, Malar's original form was that of a huge ape-like monster, so there was a high chance of him joining their side. With their tough situation, the orc gods would be relentless in their pursuit of this chance.

The decision from up above ensured that the orc empire tried to befriend Blackblood Tribe. They'd only be making a din in the dark forest at most, and with the territories that the orc empire now had, it wouldn't be too much trouble to give them that land.

While orcs were the majority, there were still an astounding number of humans left in the north. After all, only the human race could measure up to them in terms of their rate of reproduction. The effects of the humans' reign over so many years were not so easily removed.

In reality, despite the establishment of an orc empire many places weren't under their control. There were even a few armies hidden in the corners of the north, giving Saladin a headache.

With all the racial conflict, these rebel armies received the support of multiple organisations both in public and in the shadows. They'd won a few battles and liberated some cities, leaving the orcish armies up to the ears in work.

“While there’s a revolt from the humans in the north, this is all guerrilla warfare, and there isn’t a real leader and flag. This makes Alustriel key...”

Leylin finally understood why the church of justice would begin a plan to reclaim the kingdom now. Some time ago, the orc empire’s strength had been concentrated and been difficult to deal with. Things were different now though, since taking over land and completely occupying it were very different things.

They were now scattered across the northern lands, making the orc army thin out. It was no wonder that just a guerrilla band could achieve victory so easily.

Tens of years later, the people of the north might succumb under the government of the orcs and completely forget about Alustriel. After all, the adaptability of humans was fairly terrifying.

Having seen this all, Leylin could not help but shake his head.

‘Tsk tsk... Even though they’ve grasped a good opportunity, it’ll be difficult to completely reclaim the kingdom.’ Based on his deductions, Alustriel being able to establish a few bases to go against the orc empire was already rather impressive.

“The church of justice will recruit legendary beings, probably not just to deal with Saladin but also the avatars of the orc gods...”

Leylin’s eyes glinted as he quickly went through the pros and cons.

“I now have too little information, so I can only consider working with them after meeting Rafiniya and other Legends...”

Rubbing at his temples, Leylin pondered over his next course of action before leaving the room.

“Master...”

Next to the door, there were two pretty maids that had been waiting for a long while who quickly knelt down.

Leylin could smell the scent of a purebred Pleasure Devil on them. However, their eyes were now filled with adoration and reverence for him.

After all, Leylin's soul essence was practically like half a devil archduke.

All devils who sensed his abstruse and dark strength would naturally do all they could to get close to him. This was an instinct of devils at all times, imprinted deeply into their genes.

"Hm, not bad!"

Leylin had no plans of being a saint now and placed his arms around the beautiful female devils who were like sisters, and entered the bedroom...

The next day, having removed his other appearance and regained his looks as a wizard, Leylin entered the outer parts of Yorkshire's church of justice.

"I'm here to see Rafiniya. This is the token she gave me."

Leylin passed a n emblem that was gold on one side over. On the base that was like a shield, there was a cross sword and image of a rose.

"Please wait a moment. I will pass on the message for you!"

The church guard's eyes widened. Leylin's aura immediately made him feel like he was seeing someone important like the king. He was also in wizard robes, and the power that signified more than shocked him. Hence, he presented himself politely.

The guard who went in returned very quickly, though this time, he bowed so deeply that his nose practically touched the ground, "Welcome, esteemed wizard Leylin! Paladin Rafiniya is now away, but we have already informed her. We believe she will return soon... Many apologies for this. Please take a short rest in the church..."

The guard was actually trembling inside in fear. This was a legend! The pinnacle of strength in the continent, and even a legendary wizard at that!

As the youngest legend, and one that had become one in the most difficult path of a wizard, Leylin's reputation had long since spread in the continent. However, there were few who had actually met him.

"Fine. Lead the way."

Leylin entered alongside the guard, and upon entering through the

doors, a few people hastened over, evidently to receive hi.

“Oh, Leylin, my friend! We finally meet...”

Next to the white-robed bishop of the God of Justice, Leylin saw another noble. His astounding memory caused Leylin to freeze for a second, and then put on a smile while going forward.

“Marquis Lancet! Long time no see...”

The noble who had come along with the bishop to meet Leylin was the one who held power over Yorkshire, and the one that had split the territories of a few unlucky noble families, Lancet.

“After hearing the beautiful birdsong from skylarks this morning, I knew something great was going to happen. I didn’t expect it would be your arrival...”

Lancet now had a sincere smile on his face. He had a vivid memory of this kid who had gotten a position as a viscount during the feast of the dividing of lands in the north. Tiff, who he was helping, seemed to be doing something strange, but that wasn’t important!

Leylin was now a legend! It was impossible to go wrong with improving their relationship. Actually, Marquis Lancet was already regretting not giving Leylin more.

“But... who would have known that he would become a legend in a few years?”

Lancet observed Leylin’s young face, removing the jealousy deep in his heart with some difficulty and then smiling brightly.

“Also... this is a bishop of the God of Justice, Scholar Benedict, who’s also a friend of mine...”

“I express my deepest gratitude for Sire’s determination in offering yourself in the name of righteousness... The refugees suffering in the north will never forget your contributions...”

Benedict’s voice was kind and resolute, and there was a glint in his eyes unique to those willing to die for their cause.

Leylin had no qualms that if Benedict were to be told that his death would save the lives of all commoners of the north, he would kill himself without hesitation.

It was pity that the people who were the most resolute were also the most troublesome...

“I’m only here because of a promise with Rafiniya. Whether I’ll make my move at the end and when I do it is my freedom...”

Leylin had no plans of being careless with this and answered, causing the atmosphere to turn cold in an instant.

“Uh... haha... Whatever it is, having Sire Leylin coming all the way here is already enough... It must have been difficult to come so far. Please get some rest, and you can meet the other comrades later tonight...”

Lancet’s mind moved quickly and immediately dispelled the awkward atmosphere.

“Even though he’s the youngest legendary, has he already been corroded by reputation and power?”

After Leylin left, great resentment shone in Benedict’s eyes. In his eyes, all legends on the continent were the same. They only wished for power and enjoyment, and never did what they should.

There were few willing to sacrifice themselves in the name of justice, and now this seemed to also go for the youngest to become a legend.

“But of course! He became a legendary with much difficulty and reached the peak in the continent. There are countless things for him to enjoy, so what right do you have to make him die for your sake?”

Lancet snickered inside while maintaining a smile on his face, “Sire Leylin just has yet to come to terms with what’s going on yet. I’m sure with time, he’ll change his mind...”

“Sigh... I hope so! The refugees of the north can’t wait for long...”

Bishop Benedict sighed, looking as if he were bemoaning the state of the universe.

“The paladins and priests of the god of justice are all lunatics...”

While already mentally prepared, Leylin had honestly been scared by his naivety. If the bishop was like this, then he could guess at what the clerics were like. They were definitely not people Leylin would like.

“But only a church with such a zealous ambience would attract Rafiniya and have her treat this as her final home...”



# Chapter 980: Secret Meeting

Leylin sighed inside. A member of the clergy guided him to the back of the church.

Golden sunlight streamed into the room through the windows, showing the motes of dust in the air. Furniture and all other decorations were simple, as was customary in the church of justice.

“If you have any needs, please press the doorbell here. We will await any orders... Also, the meeting with the other lords will be after dinner. Paladin Rafiniya will arrive very soon.” The servant that had brought Leylin in withdrew and closed the door.

Rafiniya came quickly. After all, Leylin was a legendary, and it was necessary to show him the required respect. Unfortunately for such a moronic paladin, Leylin had no common topic to discuss with her.

After enjoying a simple dinner, Leylin was guided to a small drawing room. A few masters with powerful auras were lying in wait.

‘Are these the other legendaries?’ Leylin nodded and headed inside.

The room was rather small. There was a bright red fur rug on the ground as well as a fireplace that was blazing brightly. However, there was no scent of smoke in the air. While this was the north, the room was still as warm as if it were spring.

“You... You must be the rumoured wizard from the outer seas. Leylin, right? You really are very young!”

Leylin’s entrance immediately gathered their attention. A long-haired woman wrapped in a red mink fur coat stood up with a kind smile on her face.

“Besides us old geezers of the north, you arrived quite quickly.”

She was evidently a legendary, and from the elemental domain power around her, she was a legendary wizard!

“Let me introduce myself. My name is Lillian, and next to me here is the

paladin of the god of justice, Sire Patrick. Next to the fireplace is the protector of the north, the legendary druid, Alegor.”

There were very few legends in the room, numbering only three.

The Queen Alustriel of Silverymoon and her chief scholar, Blu were not around. They were people that Leylin had wished to meet, and this left him slightly disappointed.

“Greetings...”

Of course, Leylin presented himself humbly on the surface and greeted the three of them politely while judging them.

Lillian was a traditional wizard. Undulations from magic items and scrolls were emitted from her body, and there even seemed to be some hidden aura there, likely some legendary item she had with her. Her battle might was not to be underestimated.

Patrick, on the other hand, was a man of few words and looked rather cold. This actually had Leylin snickering inside. Recalling the legendary paladin that had died at his hands, who had been said to be a judge or something like that, he was sure that the god of justice’s church must have been dealt a great blow.

The last one was the legendary druid, Alegor, who was dressed in an interesting manner.

He was a burly man over three metres tall and with a thick brown beard. Next to his fuzzy ears was a pair of large forked horns like that of elks, with some leaves appearing at the tip. This druid did not wear much, and only had some beast hide and leaves that had been used to make an apron. This revealed a hairy and broad chest, which made him seem rather wild.

“Initially, as the protector of nature, I should not participate in these activities. However, those orcs are destroying nature to a terrifying degree, which goes against the most fundamental cycle and harmony here...”

Alegor now looked solemn, giving Leylin all the information he needed in a few sentences.

In general, all druids took on the responsibility of protecting nature. They were strongly against any actions taken to destroy it, and there was even the rise of radicals against this.

After occupying the north, the orcs were doing more damage to the environment in order to obtain more resources and materials.

The queen of Silverymoon had a great relationship with druids, which was why they began reminiscing about the time when she had been in power. It was understandable why they were hard at work here.

“Eye of the North... Protector of nature, as well as a paladin who is comparable to the judge from before...”

Leylin estimated the power they had.

With these the four of them, it was impossible to turn the orc empire upside down, but it was possible to affect the successes or failures of a few campaigns!

In addition, they were only the first batch that had arrived. The true trump cards were still hidden.

‘What a pity... Even so, it’s not possible to sway the orcs’ power in the north. At the most, we can crack their foundations as a kingdom, but unless all the human gods band together, it’s impossible to chase them out and restore our power. However, is that plausible?’

While having all sorts of complicated emotions inside, Leylin walked out of the church and into Yorkshire, where it was now night.

While it was late, this place was still rather boisterous. From the dazzling rays from various churches, there were also large oil lamps in front of shops. Some citizens strolled around after dinner, melodious holy songs and prayers sounding in the background. It was leisurely and relaxing.

“But... seems like the effects from the refugees of the north are yet to disappear...”

Leylin found that there was a very high frequency of patrolling, as well

as occasional thievery, and he could not help but shake his head.

The surge of residents of the north was the greatest challenge for security. The huge increase in population, as well as entrance of nobility from the north, had increased the price of daily necessities and resulted in many citizens unable to voice their unhappiness.

Actually, the people of Yorkshire did not think well of these refugees. All believed that they had not only stolen their jobs, but were also a huge burden.

Perhaps they knew of a legend's senses and that sending people to monitor him would be useless unless a legendary thief or assassin were dispatched. Leylin strolled around and found that there were no people following him nor any magic for that.

"Of course, perhaps they have assured themselves that with the gods support, I wouldn't be able to do anything against them..."

Leylin shook his head and could not help but laugh, before then turned into a dimly lit alley.

Streams of dark red fog appeared by him, concealing his original aura. It was as if he had turned into a whole other person.

The people around him were all in a flurry, and none discovered this abnormality.

"With dreamforce concealing me, anything monitoring me will be rendered useless..."

Leylin stepped out of the alley that had an illusion hidden within and, as his figure flashed a few times, disappeared from the road.

With Leylin's legendary strength as well as boost from the illusions of dreamforce, it was just too easy to prevent any spying on him.

Light fluctuated, and the next time Leylin appeared, he had arrived in a secret room.

The black fog in the surroundings seemed to be like a huge beast that devoured everything. There was only a yellow light in the centre that

emitted bright rays.

A few figures with powerful auras were dressed in black robes, waiting by the light.

“You’re early...”

One of the black-robed people spoke to Leylin in a crisp, female voice.

“I never thought you’d have arrangements here in Yorkshire too...”

Leylin watched the female wizard before him. Under the light, she had removed her disguise and revealed her original appearance. This was the legendary wizard he had just seen, Lillian!

“Why did you transmit a message to me right before leaving... and there’s these people...”

Leylin looked suspicious.

While this legendary wizard had looked normal during the meeting before, she had suddenly sent him an address at the end, wanting him to come here alone. There were also other powerful beings, and every one of them was a legend.

A gathering like this was definitely not for some sort of banquet.

“I’ve already set up multiple isolating spell formations. Even if its a god, none can discover our conversation unless their true body were to descend.”

Lillian spoke with a smile, eyes seeming to burn, “Do you still not know the reason why we legends have gathered?”

What great plans could there be when a group of legends had sneakily gathered?

If profits were the largest priority, then what could attract these exemplary beings would be ascension to godhood.

Leylin knew this full well and smiled, “Well then, you haven’t introduced me to them yet...”

“Keke... Is a little brat who just entered our domain capable of plotting

with us?”

At this moment, a black-robed person standing next to Lilian snickered, sounding like an ghostly owl in the night, causing hair to stand on end.

Boom!

A tremendous and cold deathly aura with great pressure attacked Leylin in the next instant, like raging waves. There were even cries from maligned souls as well as powerful negative energy, corrosive auras.

The rest of the black-robed beings did not move as they watched on with smiles.

“Is this a probe? As expected, in circles like this in the dark, power is everything!”

With a thought, Leylin’s body did not move and allowed the deathly aura to go past him. Many undulations rippled on the wall behind him, but he was completely unharmed.

“What a dense deathly aura... And you are?”

Leylin then smiled at the stunned black-robed person and asked.

“You’re capable!” He declared, but did not make any more movements. Evidently, he found Leylin worthy.

# Chapter 981: Malar

“This is the necromancer, Mallister! He is a powerful death wizard who gained fame 1200 years ago, and has already entered the ranks of a high-ranked legend. It’s even said that he’s on equal grounds with the lich, Ilyo...”

Lilian introduced him to Leylin, looking astonished, “While that was a slight probe, Wizard Leylin being able to take on the attack so easily means he must have quite a number of secrets...”

“Alright! Since everyone’s here, let’s begin.”

Mallister urged, sounding enthusiastic. The great desire in his tone shocked Leylin slightly.

As Leylin was right now, he had become more sensitive to emotional force. From the excitement of this old wizard coupled with the situation in the north, it was evident that they had huge plans.

“The reason we’re gathered here is obviously for the eternity that gods have...”

Lilian spoke softly, sounding just as eager.

Even if they were necromancers, Legends like them who did not turn into liches or spirits could only live for at most a few thousand years. This was a stark difference from the mighty gods in the skies.

As legends, they felt that they did not have any less talent or invest less effort than the gods did. The only thing they lost out in was that they were born too late, which meant they had no opportunities by then.

In this situation, which legend would feel content with staring at the gods up high and in eternal glory?

Basically every single one of them had the ambition to ascend and become a god!

While there were agreements between the legends on the continent as well as rules of churches or organisations, private gatherings like these

still happened.

After all, godly roles and positions were all accounted for. To successfully become a god, one or perhaps even a few had to be pulled down!

Even if many legends were to gather, they could at most only beat up an avatar. The true forms of gods in their godly realms were practically invincible.

Hence, it was necessary to wait for a battle between gods! Only when they began attacking each other did the legends have a single chance at obtaining divinity, godspark or even a godly role!

The legends all knew of this possibility, which was why they had gathered.

“I’m sure all of you know the situation with the north. The Weave Goddess and God of Justice have made a deal, so the decision to support Queen Alustriel in regaining her kingdom won’t change. There’ll definitely be a battle against the orc gods. Based on my intel, other human gods aren’t going to do much about this...”

Lilian now looked extremely zealous and ready to make a gamble, “The Weave Goddess and God of Justice are greater gods, while the orc god only has a greater god, Gruumsh. However, he’s supported by intermediate and lesser gods. The battle with the two greater gods will soon arrive, which will be an opportunity for us...”

Leylin finally knew why the legends had gathered here. They were counting on the gods getting injured in battle, which would give them the opportunity to obtain divinity or a divine spark.

However, even the weakest true god was not something a legend could deal with. This was not much less difficult than pulling chestnuts out of fire.

However, this matched well with Leylin’s goal.

Hence, his lips quirked in a smile, “A good choice... Well then, may I know what your targets are?”



“We obviously won’t put any hope on the three greater gods. Wizard Mallister is only interested in divinity and divine roles that have to do with death. He’s only requesting the divine force amassed from the avatars as well as any divine weapons that might appear...”

Lilian did a brief explanation and then looked at him, “How about Sire Leylin? Do you have any goals?”

“Me?”

Leylin rubbed his nose, “As I am now, I don’t think I can ask for much. I’ll go along with what you do. All I want is a trace of the divine force from a true god...”

“For ordinary legends, that is a very good choice...”

Mallister gave Leylin a long look.

For most legends that wanted to become gods, they first needed to amass followers and faith, and then attempt at comprehending a law. By combining that with faith, divine force would be formed.

It was a pity that this was the most difficult part!

Even in the Magus World, Morning Star Magi could not get past the hurdle of laws. Only after becoming a rank 6 Breaking Dawn Magus and after a soul became completely positive could one start to comprehend laws.

In the World of Gods, while there was the power of faith as a cheat, actually getting past the hurdle was very difficult.

However, stealing a trace of divine force would be able to solve this problem, allowing one to get past the threshold of laws. This was a huge temptation for legends.

“Then... which god are you aiming for?”

Lilian asked.

“Probably Malar...” Leylin brought up the name of this unlucky person. This was one of the gods that had been mentioned in the discussions before.

“Mm, that matches up with our original plan. There aren’t any conflicts either. After I get back, I can use my influence and have you join in the operation to attack Malar’s avatar. Of course, you’ll have to mention your interest here...”

She nodded.

The God of Hunt, Malar, was a very good choice considering the plan.

There was no other reason than that Malar was but a lesser god and the weakest of all. This was the most important, because the legends were not that confident that they could take down the avatar of a greater god.

Secondly, Malar was not an orc god and merely an ally. He would not have too many reinforcements with him.

Thirdly, and also most importantly, he was an evil god! There were no risks of tarnishing of one’s reputation for eliminating him, and might even get a good name of being righteous and all that.

In addition, the faith in him was underwhelming. Besides the werecreatures, there were only a few intellectual beasts. He had few powerful beings he could truly make use of.

With all these factored in, the tragedy that Malar would become was obvious.

Leylin had been eyeing Malar’s divine force for a long time.

Initially, with his strength, the scale of the followers and his comprehension of the law of Devour, he should have been able to produce a trace of divinity of gluttony or devour.

Unfortunately, these two were too obvious in that he could easily be associated with Beezlebub.

Beezlebub had only just fallen into a deep sleep, and if Leylin were to suddenly appear, the gods would definitely start making associations. Gods were no fools and, on the contrary, were extremely intelligent. It was just that they were sometimes influenced by their godly roles and the emotions from it.

“Beezlebub and the other archdukes in hell are all targets for me to kill in the future, but not now...”

Leylin stroked his chin as he pondered.

Besides this choice, he had few others. After all, this also had to be compatible with the path as a rank 8 Magus that he would take.

“My path must contain emotional force and the vileness of all living things. With dreamforce being used as the base, I will then contain the law of space and time...”

“With this foundation, the only thing compatible with the might of devils can only be massacre and death...”

“The temptations of devils will definitely give rise to massacre and death. After fusing them, it will form the most basic sin!”

He had a number of things restricting him due to his goal, and he therefore had little choice. The only two paths possible for him were massacre and death.

These two godly duties were very powerful, and it was not advisable to provoke gods who grasped these roles.

The one controlling death was the greater death god Kelemvor, as well as the god who had relations with both massacre and death, the God of Murder, Cyric. They were both greater gods.

If Leylin had plans to go against these two's divinity, Leylin felt he would be better off looking for a better method in death.

Besides these two, there was only Malar, with the role of hunt, that somewhat had relations with the law of massacre.

If it was said that a full godly role meant having 100% comprehension of a law, then there would only be at most 10% of divinity. For the godly role of hunt, this obviously included ‘pursue’, ‘slaughter’ and many others that would make up around 80%, as well as other miscellaneous laws.

On this basis, even powerful intermediate gods could easily obtain the divinity of massacre and pursuit from his avatar.

While Leylin's ranking in terms of strength was slightly lacking, he was still a Magus of laws. It wasn't that troublesome to separate and change the power of divinity that he required.

"If I really have to form a trace of divinity for massacre, it'll still take me a decade even with prayers from my followers..."

Leylin sighed.

It would take a decade just to obtain divinity, much less ignite his godflame and obtain a godly role or becoming a true god.

While this speed would otherwise be astonishing, Leylin was still unsatisfied.

Ever since he met Distorted Shadow, he had been feeling very nervous.

Since Distorted Shadow wished to revive himself and had his conscient survive for tens of thousands of years, he definitely had more up his sleeves than just the taboo arcane spell Leylin had. There had to be other pawns.

The moment he did not make a move quick enough, Distorted Shadow would definitely show his trump card.

Distorted Shadow was an ancient peak rank 8 Magus! In comparison, Leylin was like an ant and the passive party.

Hence, it was necessary that he come to the north and obtain a trace of massacre divinity.

After obtaining it, legends could become more sensitive to one's followers' prayers, and the speed at which faith and divine force was amassed would quicken.

"From divinity... and then igniting godflames to become a demigod... And lastly getting a divine role to ascend and become a true god!"

The system of advancement in the World of Gods was clear.

# Chapter 982: Trap

Dark forests blocked the sky, hindering all light. All sorts of twisted branches lay on the ground, the dried out old bark black as if they were the arms of devils and demons. It caused the forest to seem sinister and frightening.

This was a famous area in the north, the Moonwood. After the orcish empire was established, the Blackblood Tribe took this place over. All intruders were killed upon entry.

However, a black-robed wizard was now walking indifferently through the forest, and the werereatures and mutated beasts didn't even seem to see him as they walked straight past him.

"Moonwood, Blackblood Tribe... It's been a long time." Leylin observed the familiar terrain as scenes of his time at Silverymoon appeared vividly in his mind. Still, it was but a tiny section of his long life, and he regained his indifference once more.

Making his way to a cave, Leylin seemed to walk through some barrier to disappear inside. He then heard an impatient voice ringing by his ear, "You're late."

Two figures showed themselves from within the darkness. These were legendaries he'd seen before, the druid Alegor and Lillian. The Paladin Patrick was around as well. Surprisingly, the four of them had taken on a mission together since they'd met, as if something like fate was pulling the strings.

"My apologies... I needed some time to make preparations..." Leylin answered apologetically, "We're dealing with a true god. While this is only an avatar, we need to be ready..."

The others did not retort, evidently accepting his explanation.

"If your side is done, what's next is Patrick's side..." Lillian continued, as if implying something.

Indeed, this group of legendaries had planned to kill the God of the

Hunt, Malar. After their secret meeting, a few of the other legends who 'wished for justice' had been called in. They had joined in on this project, which included many faces Leylin had seen in the secret meeting.

Although they knew these legends weren't pure of mind, the church of justice and Queen of Silvermoon still accepted them. After all, Alustriel lacked the power to rebuild her kingdom and was in urgent need of help from these powerful beings.

As for their motives? Mystra and Tyr may have known what was going on, but they did not pay much attention. After all, even gods had to reward legends if they ordered them around. Most of them kept one eye closed to legends coveting divinity or divine spark. After all, these gods were using their power for their own gain as well.

It wasn't as if there were no legends with divine force on the continent, but it was only a minor boost to their strength. They wouldn't ascend to godhood even in hundreds or thousands of years.

Divinity was just the first step on the path to becoming a true god. They had to ignite their godfire, obtain a divine domain. All this was even more difficult. Besides, the avatars of gods were not so easily dealt with. Leylin and the rest would have to be amazingly lucky to get even a thread of Malar's divinity.

In general, the two greater gods were more at ease even with Leylin and the other legends plotting against them. However, they had no clue about the kind of terrifying thing that had entered this group, definitely becoming a huge variable in their plans.

"Good. Once we set up the greater isolation array, even a god's avatar will lose a part of its strength. The trap has been set, what's next is to wait for the prey to walk in..." Lillian spoke softly.

The gods were very powerful. Even mere demigods were immune to spells, and even Leylin's Timestop spell would be useless against them. The same could be said for lower-ranked spells. What they would face now was just an avatar, but they still held a trace of the might of the gods. They were immune to spells below rank 7, maybe even rank 9. They also

possessed all sorts of unimaginable buffs to their bodies and regeneration.

Even with all their traps and plans, Leylin and the rest would be facing a terrifying peak legendary monster!

“Is it alright at Patrick’s side? Are you sure Malar would be so enraged as to send his avatar down?” Leylin frowned.

A god’s avatar was basically their most powerful body in the prime material plane. Avatars and true bodies were also closely related, and the avatar’s elimination would damage the true body itself to a degree. He was honestly rather skeptical of whether the prey could be lured out.

‘Come to think of it, Malar is quite unlucky. Legendaries like us are coveting his power, but on top of that even the church of justice won’t stand his existence...’ As a lesser god allied with the orcish gods, Malar was a huge target. Even without Lillian pushing for it the church of justice had determined that he was to be eliminated.

At the start of time, it was very common to weaken an opposing god through a battle of their avatars. Leylin had his eye on Malar’s divinity, so he naturally didn’t hesitate to join in on this mission. Rafiniya was rather gratified, thinking that Leylin had separated himself from some sort of vulgar interests and made his mind up to join the mighty project of saving the north.

“There’s no problem. The Blackblood Tribe should be holding a legendary hunting ceremony right now to please Malar... Records state that this ritual is very important to him. If it’s interrupted, he will immediately become enraged... And if his followers and subordinates fail to find the person who caused this, then there’s a large possibility of him sending his avatar down...” Lillian did not hesitate when mentioning Malar’s name, not even trying to avoiding it.

They now had two powerful greater gods on their side, which was enough to shield them from Malar’s senses. This would allow him to enter the trap without having his guard up.

Roar! Rumble! Meanwhile, large sounds and violent tremors could be felt through the boundaries. Even with the great distance and layers of

weakening, there was still a huge ruckus in the cave. Leylin and the others immediately twitched.

“It’s begun.” Chaos reigned as the cries of werereatures closed in. Evidently Patrick had succeeded in stopping the ceremony, and he was now being pursued.

“Get to your spots and make sure the connection is good so you can hear my commands.” Lillian’s eyes glinted as her body turned into a soil puppet that soon crumbled. Her true body had already left.

“The time to get rid of the disharmony in the dark forest has arrived...” The legendary druid Alegor muttered and left, his large beast body as agile as an elf in the trees.

“What a spectacle! Looks like Patrick really riled up these werereatures quite a bit...” After opening up the teleportation gate, Leylin narrowed his eyes, watching the werereatures that filled the grounds. These beings that were very similar to the orcs now had reddened eyes as they pursued a white streak of light.

Roar! At the moment, there was a black ape-like creature over five metres tall in front of the werereature team. Its scales reflected a metallic luster, and claws with rough, long nails ruthlessly pushed apart everything in its way.

Swish! It was as if the air was cut and pushed away, creating an intense blast.

“Hah! Holy Light Protection!” The figure amidst the ray of light suddenly turned back, a large sword that seemed to be made of crystal emitting holy light to form a large wall. A large figure seemed to clash against the pursuers.

Boom! The trees and soil were shaved off, sending numerous weaker werereatures flying. Making use of this opportunity, the paladin darted to Leylin’s side and took a breath, “Be careful, they’re coming...”

“You even lured out a legendary Hunter. What did you do?” Leylin was rather curious about how the paladin had achieved this effect. He



instantly recognised that the monster following right behind the paladin in a crazed state was something mutated by Malar, a guard of his divine kingdom. It was a Hunter!

Unlike the previous monsters, though, this one had already become legendary. Even Leylin himself would find it difficult to take this being down.down.

“Hehe... I just stole all of the legendary blood that the Blackblood Tribe has amassed. There’s this too!” The paladin Patrick tossed a large ape head away. This was obviously a legendary hunter as well.

Seeing this, the werecreature soldiers grew more fervent in their pursuit. They roared as they pounced, like they’d seen a mortal enemy. Which was the case anyway. Since the ceremony had been interrupted, Malar was now enraged and had even devoured a few high-ranked priests. Those were people he usually liked a lot....

If they could not capture these sinners and sacrifice them, there was a possibility that Malar would give up on all the werecreatures here. After all, what did anyone have to say to someone who was half a beast?

“If we wipe out all these soldiers, he’d probably send his avatar down, right?” Leylin nodded in approval, and then unhesitatingly cast a spell.

Blazing rings of fire immediately lit up around him, causing the skies in this region to darken. Traces of red emerged from dark clouds, as lava fell like raindrops.

Legendary spell, Skyfire Rain!

# Chapter 983: Bait

Drip! Drip! Droplets of lava the size of human heads fell from the sky, bringing with them the burning power of fire. Under their glamour and beauty, they hid a terrifying might.

The earth kept rumbling, and each contact between the lava and the ground caused explosions that formed huge pits. The surrounding forest was also set aflame, resulting in a horrifying sea of fire.

The werereatures seemed tiny in this fire. Even if they'd only been touched by a bit of it, their oily skin lit up like they were torches.

The wails of the werereatures resounded as an overpowering charred smell permeated the air. Paired with the vast sea of fire, it was as if this was the end of the world.

"The destructive power of a legendary spell really is immense. It's no wonder that the legendary council on the continent made it taboo..." The paladin Patrick was obviously shocked as well. While he could easily kill a legendary Hunter, his area of effect was nowhere as terrifying as this was.

Thousands of werereatures were burnt to ashes in a single attack, and many more suffered grievous burns. With no priests to heal them, their contaminated wounds would lead to certain death.

"Now isn't the time to watch." Leylin pointed his finger. A few black figures that overcame the flames soon arrived before them.

Leading them was the legendary Hunter, but it was evident that Leylin had focused quite a bit on it. The Skyfire Rain had been aimed at it, and much of its scales and fur had been burnt. Bones were jutting out of some parts of its body, creating a terrifying sight.

Behind the Hunter were a few werereatures who looked just as pitiful. The fur and beards on their faces were mostly burnt off, and they were now watching Leylin and the paladin with vigilance.

One of them, evidently an older priest, stood out and stared straight at Leylin. Its gaze contained a hatred that was etched into the bones,

“Legendary wizard of the outer world, we of the Blackblood Tribe don’t seem to have dealt with you. Why do you suddenly hinder our holy sacrifice, and even harm our people?”

Patrick had been ignored. With the difference in their factions, the two groups were natural enemies anyway, so what more was there to be said?

“I used to work for Silverymoon,” Leylin answered. He was smiling slightly, but felt a twinge of pity inside him. Even with the bonus of being an arcanist and his other skills, large-scale legendary magic still didn’t cause much damage to the truly powerful.

Blue light shone in Leylin’s eyes, ‘This is just a ranged attack after all. A single target spell would’ve taken one of them down forever...’

“So you’re one of Alustriel’s people!” the old werecreature exclaimed. The Blackblood Tribe had stood on the side of the orcish empire, so they were now the arch nemeses with Silverymoon. The werecreatures had all heard that the Queen of Silverymoon was preparing to reclaim her lands, so there was no need for discussion anymore.

“So that’s why you’re against us. Indeed, that conflict can’t be settled...” the old priest muttered, his eyes turning bloodthirsty, “But while you did interrupt our holy ritual, you’ve provided us with even better sacrifices. The lives of two legendaries should be enough to appease our master. Get them!”

The priest roared, and the legendary Hunter finally had an outlet for its impatience. It leapt out, leaving a large pit on the ground. Cracks spread like spider webs in all directions as the creature barrelled towards Patrick like a cannonball, its terrifying poisonous claws striking down on the paladin’s head.

“We need to show overpowering might. If not, it’ll just be more powerful werecreatures...” At this moment, Lillian’s voice sounded by Leylin’s ear. It seemed like she and the druid were still concealed, as if the most patient of predators waiting for their prey.

“That’s what I like!” Lowering his eyes, Leylin exuded a murderous aura.

Banshee's Wail! A piercing shriek that seemed to emerge from the very soul burst forth, the sound spreading in all directions to freeze everyone's thoughts for a moment.

"Now's the time. Greater Binding!" Leylin's hands moved like he was a professional bard, constantly pulling at the strings that were the elements in the Weave. Dazzling spell rays emanated from his body.

Roar! The legendary Hunter seemed to be bound by some invisible force in mid-air, and it was left stuck in that position.

"All evil shall be persecuted, Divine Trial!" The paladin had finally gotten his chance. He'd arrived in front of the Hunter with his crystal sword enveloped in holy white light. His eyes burned with platinum flames.

Clean Break! The legendary Hunter's scales and energy defences were split apart by the paladin's sword like it was a hot knife slicing through butter. Blood spurted in all directions as a giant head fell to the ground.

Their proficient techniques and teamwork allowed Leylin and Patrick to instantly take care of the legendary creature. This amount of strength evidently surpassed the imaginations of the higher-ups amongst the werecreatures, and the legendary priest resolutely placed his hands in his bosom, as if about to pick out something.

[Beep! Based on energy undulations and judgment of shape, chances of opponent taking out sacrificial dagger are 99.99%. Divine force sacrifice will begin in 0.27s.] The A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded, and the prediction caused Leylin to move quickly.

A mysterious light swept forth from his hand, disregarding all defence in an attempt to strike the old priest head on.

The priest stared at his hand blankly. The gorgeous dagger that had once been there had cracked apart, to the point that there wasn't even a handle left.

Legendary arcane spell, Great Disjunction! Even a divine weapon would suffer the wrath of this arcane spell, much less normal items of the mortal world. That was not all. The old priest's necklace, his staff filled with

divine force, his beast teeth, and all sorts of magic artifacts that were brushed with exemplary strength were all broken apart.

‘As expected of an arcanist legacy. Even just Great Disjunction and Timestop can allow me to do whatever I wish amongst legends...’

Although Leylin had a few standard legendary spells, they couldn’t compare to the arcanist legacy he held. He had even gotten himself a floating city! He had all the arcanist secrets and spell models he wanted.

“This strength...” It wasn’t just the werereatures that were surprised by Leylin’s strength. Even his allies in Patrick, Lillian, and Alegor were shocked in secret.

‘How can he have so many high-ranked and legendary spell slots? Could he be a lover of the Goddess of the Weave? No, that’s not it. There’s another possibility... Arcane spells!’ Lillian’s eyes burnt with fervour, ‘His attainments in arcane spells far exceeds my expectations. It’s already at an inconceivable level...’

As a legendary wizard, she too had performed research on arcane spells and obtained a few low-ranked arcane spell models. She definitely knew that this would allow her to cast more spells.

It was a pity that there were few she had seen who had obtained and could use legendary arcane spells easily. They were all old freaks who had lived for thousands of years, none as young as Leylin!

‘No wonder he advanced so quickly. So he’s already grasped some secrets of the ancient arcanists?’ Lillian pondered inside, thinking she’d unraveled Leylin’s secrets.

Leylin had expected this, though. He paid little mind to it, for the leak of information was intentional. After all, it wasn’t taboo for legendary wizards to perform research on arcane arts, and he was just skirting the line slightly. The more strength he revealed, the more he could do.

“Why are you still standing there? Go!” Like now, for instance. The dazed paladin listened to Leylin’s commands subconsciously, charging towards the few remaining powerful werereatures, who were at a loss.

Meteor Explosion! Bigby's Crushing Hand! With the paladin attacking, Leylin used his terrifying control over spells and took care of the situation in an instant.

By the end, Patrick's mind seemed to crash as he saw Leylin rendering the last of the werecreatures to dust. 'Such a violent yet refined method of battle, as well as that last fight, is even more crazy than a berserker... Is he really a wizard?'

"Be prepared. Now's the true test!" Leylin reminded him with a serious expression.

The paladin turned grim as he glanced at the Blackblood Tribe. A terrifying roar resounded in the area, containing great amounts of fury. Seeing so many of his subordinates dead, Malar could no longer take it. He sent his avatar to take the stage!

# Chapter 984: Malar's Avatar

Howls and roars echoed in the area. Many high-ranked werecreatures had gathered around a central altar in the Blackblood Tribe's lands, chanting hymns of praise to Malar. Group after group of high-ranked captives were slaughtered before the altar, their fresh blood dripping into the pool of blood at the center.

Prior experience told these priests that a large-scale blood sacrifice would soothe the God of the Hunt. He would even bestow great divine grace on them.

Now, however, Malar's fury did not cease. He only grew more violent with every blood sacrifice, like a distant cloud of volcanic ash brewing to its peak.

A terrifying roar rang out, and an avatar rose abruptly from the altar. A powerful suppressive pressure originated from its soul, which made the priests prostrate themselves on the ground. They prayed for Malar's fury to swiftly be quelled.

It was a great pity that the God of the Hunt did not listen to the prayers of his worshippers. More roars reverberated through the altar, and the blood pool rippled violently as if in a storm. It immediately engulfed the trembling captives and priests.

"It's our Lord! Our Lord's avatar is about to descend..." The other priests who had fortunately been spared from the wave fell to their knees in succession. They began to chant prayers to their god.

A foot stepped out of the central altar at this moment, clad in golden fur. The atmosphere seemed to freeze in that moment, and the air was charged with a stifling and oppressive feeling.

The golden figure slowly walked out into the full view of the worshippers. It was an enormous and powerful monster that stood over ten metres tall, looking like a cross of man and ape. Its body was covered in swathes of scales and hair, and fierce claws grew from its hands.

Its body glowed with a faint golden aura, making the enormous ape creature look like the darling of the entire world. It seemed to be an existence at the core of the world!

This was an avatar of the Lesser God of the Hunt, the protector of hunters and werereatures. It was an avatar of Malar the Blackblood Beast, completing its descent into the prime material plane.

It possessed divine grace as boundless as the sea, divine might as stifling as a prison cell. All the werereatures' minds froze, and their bodies acted mechanical in their loud chants of Malar's name.

Malar's avatar did not pay the worshippers the slightest attention. After all, they were all like ants to him. With a divine domain in hunting, he easily obtained news of his prey from the undulations in the atmosphere.

Whoosh! Malar's figure disappeared in a flash, chasing after those hateful and lowborn thieves who had disturbed the legendary blood sacrifice.

He had already decided to tear out the souls of these blasphemers, and have them wail in terror for a thousand years within his divine realm.

.....

'It's coming! Even from such a great distance I can feel its might. As expected of a true god,' Leylin was inwardly apprehensive about Malar's power, but this was only an avatar after all.

'However, Malar's true body is equal to a rank 7 Magus, I can still take this on. I wonder what power he could show if we fought within his divine realm,' Leylin's eyes were filled with expectation.

"I discovered Malar's avatar. It's heading our way right now... The epic isolation matrix is working well, it won't be a problem no matter how much energy it has to contain!" Lillian's voice floated over to him. He could sense the anxiety in her voice, they were about to battle a god after all.

Only legendary mortals could accomplish such a magnificent feat as slaying a god!



Right at that moment, the A.I. Chip flashed a prompt in a blood-red window, mapping out several exit routes. [Beep! Powerful energy undulations are approaching this location at high speed, danger level is extremely high. Suggestion: Leave the vicinity immediately!] ‘He’s fast!’ Leylin’s eyes narrowed as he caught a glimpse of the monstrous golden figure. ‘No! When did it get here?’ Fortunately, he had heeded the A.I. Chip’s prompt and dodged into safety. In the end, he had only escaped the beast’s claws by a hair’s breadth.

While he’d dodged, the layers of Mage Armour on Leylin’s body immediately collapsed. It was clear that the beast’s claws had also launched a wind attack, and even Mage Armour II could not withstand the beast’s power!

‘Terrifying! Is this the power of a god’s avatar? At the very least, it has the strength of a peak Breaking Dawn...’ After Leylin regained his senses, he found out that he had already retreated by several hundred metres. Patrick himself stood a distance away from him, miserable with his face incomparably white. The paladin had lost an arm, and fresh blood poured out of the injury.

Evidently, this paladin was unable to escape Malar’s sneak attack and lost an arm in the process. His prowess was reduced considerably.

Swish! “AAHH!” Only now did the angered cries of Patrick travelled through the air, which was in an extreme disorder to the senses.

‘I was able to see him injured before hearing his cries. Does this mean that the speed has already exceeded the speed of sound?’

Leylin sweated nervously. ‘An agility like this, it’s most likely over 40!’

As a wizard, he could understand Malar’s attack. The god had used some method to exceed the speed of sound, and put in a vivid manner if Patrick had been killed Leylin would still only have seen the corpse before the sound of the battle.

‘Only death awaits if you’re reflexes cannot keep up with this...’ Leylin sighed inwardly as he looked at the golden ape the size of a mountain. “This is the avatar of a god? And for a lesser one at that?”

“What happened just now?” Lillian’s enraged voice sounded beside Leylin’s and Patrick’s ear.

“Patrick is injured. We need to move our plans forward, execute them right away. Malar’s strength had greatly exceeded our expectations!” Leylin rubbed his temples. His voice was incomparably calm, and he seemed not the slightest bit frightened.

“No... No problem! Before that evil is vanquished, I will not fall!” Patrick snorted, and milky white light glowed on his injury. His stem cells began to regrow his flesh, and the bleeding soon stopped.

Malar’s avatar merely watched the process mockingly, as if savouring the fear of his prey.

‘Playing mind games and only striking when the enemy suffers a mental breakdown? Fool, this is just a good chance for me!’ Faint blue light flashed in Leylin’s eyes. ‘A.I. Chip, scan target!’

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan...] The A.I. Chip duly carried out Leylin’s commands. Soon after, a 3-D hologram was projected in front of Leylin’s eyes, with a large amount of data on the side.

[God of the Hunt – Malar (Avatar). Estimated Stats: Strength: 30: 45, Agility: 40: 42, Vitality: 30: 31, Spirit: 24 -27. Feats: 1. Epic Damage Reduction: All physical damage below the legendary rank is negated. 2. Epic Magic Resistance: With divine protection and divine force, an avatar has great magic resistance. All magical damage below the legendary realm is negated. Note: Legendary arcane spells such as Timestop will not work on the target. Divine Strength: Lesser God. Alignment: Chaotic Evil. Domains: Murder, Hunting, Pursuit. Weapons Owned: Beast Claw. This legendary weapon has great attacking power, being fashioned after Malar’s original.] ‘Epic damage reduction and magic resistance. This means that without legendaries, the battle cannot be won with mere numbers...’ Leylin inhaled a deep breath upon seeing the stats of the avatar.

“If we cannot get rid of the domain, our chances of winning today are extremely low...” Leylin questioned himself. If it was a one versus one

battle with him and Malar's avatar, he would definitely perish if he did not summon the floating city.

Even with the added support and some traps prepared, he was not more confident.

'I need to use the floating city at the end and get rid of Malar...' A glint of ruthlessness flashed in Leylin's eyes.

Back then, he had used the appearance of Kukulkan to steal the floating city. While this had alerted the powerful factions that there was a rising powerhouse and even fooled the gods, they did not know his identity. If he were to use it now, he would be admitting his identity.

However, if he was forced to the edge, what other choice did he have?

"Wait for me, I'll activate the array and support you again immediately!" Lillian too, wanted to seize this rare opportunity. She placed her bets like a gambler.

[Beep! Sealed formation activating! Beginning in....] the A.I. Chip's voice intoned, but Leylin could not longer pay any heed to it.

Just as Lillian activated the formation, Malar's senses told him the situation had become dangerous. He immediately charged towards Leylin. Although he was no longer faster than sound, he could still deal Leylin a fatal blow.

"Roar!"

At this moment, Leylin was forced to reveal one of his smallest trump cards. The dazzling wizard robes were shredded into pieces, revealing a legendary dragon armour. A draconic staff found its way into his hands.

Legendary Dragon Breath! Soulburn!

# Chapter 985: Ice Age

A phantom dragon appeared, roaring out with legendary might. Leylin had ignited the red dragon's soul without a single thought to the consequences, conferring unimaginable power to the dragon. A mighty draconic aura almost fully materialised, and dazzling crimson light dyed the skies red.

Boom! A river of magma flowed into Leylin's position, with Malar's towering avatar at the centre. Having borne the brunt of a legendary attack, his skin was now charred. It was the first injury he'd sustained today.

Leylin's figure appeared beside a tree across him. The dragonscale armour had three long gashes in its breastplate, inflicted by Malar's attack.

"Damn it, isn't it ready yet?" Just as Leylin began to curse, the pleasant voice of the A.I. Chip finally rang out. [Beep! All preparations have been completed, epic spell formation activated.]

Golden threads began to float in the air, engulfing their surroundings. Malar felt the imminent danger, and bellowed in rage. Many of the golden threads began to converge into chains as they coiled around the avatar.

At this moment, Leylin could see Malar's feats of epic damage reduction and magic resistance weaken, and finally disappeared. He heaved a sigh of relief.

The ambient temperature fell drastically, and hexagonal snowflakes sparkled as they drifted down from the sky.

Summon— Giant Frost Sprite! The snow converged into an icy white giant. Each of the giant's movements added a layer of frost to its surroundings.

"Apologies for the delay!" Lillian said as she sat on the shoulder of the frost sprite, "Malar's resistance was too high, but it's been negated by the spell formation..."

The several legends present heaved a sigh of relief as they looked on. They weren't about to give the avatar any breathing room.

"Roar!" A legendary roar sounded once more, but this time much stronger than that of Leylin's phantom dragon. A black shadow covered Malar.

Accompanying the deafening roar was a red-scaled dragon that dived to attack the avatar. Its razor sharp claws met his, causing blood to spurt out.

'A legendary dragon? No! There seem to be a trace of ancient dragons...' Ahead of Leylin was a legendary dragon. An ancient aura radiated from its body, and its dazzling crimson scales glowed like mesmerising rubies.

"Well done, Alegor!" Lillian's eyes widened as she charged forward with her frost sprite.

'Alegor? The druid... So this is legendary Transfiguration.' The crimson dragon seemed incomparably authentic to Leylin's eyes. Nobody would have been able to tell that it was a druid.

Malar's speed had been reduced by the frost sprite, and he'd suffered from the melee against the dragon. The avatar was now in bad shape. Drops of dazzling golden ichor spurted from it, rising off the ground as steam.

"Die!" Patrick seized the opportunity, and radiant light shone from behind his body. A holy figure appeared, restoring him to full strength immediately and wreathing his crystal sword in flames.

Shlick! The holy sword stabbed into the avatar's thigh, almost breaking the bone.

Malar who had suffered some injuries howled loudly, "AH... TYR, you deformed thing! I'll never let you get away with this..."

'Tyr struck as well?' Leylin turned to the holy figure behind Patrick with some apprehension. It was obvious that a hand was missing from his body, and legend had it that the God of Justice had been injured while trying to seal Cerberus.

‘Avatars are indeed the best counter to their kind... I should be more cautious of them in the future...’ Leylin lowered his head slightly as he gripped tightly onto an ancient purple-gold coin.

“Argh...!” The injury to the thigh caused a lasting effect on Malar’s body. His damage resistance had dropped, and even his hair charred. It made him look miserable.

Having been pushed to the edge, Malar finally decided to use his other powers. All this while he’d only engaged in melee, but how could a god not have any spells at hand? After one last roar, the avatar disappeared into the void. Neither the dragon, the frost sprite, or the paladin could detect any traces of him.

‘Is this Absolute Stealth? It’s rumoured to be the most powerful stealth technique for rogues...’ Leylin turned serious. This skill allowed his opponent to completely conceal himself, and rendered him immune to all attacks. However, the body was still in the prime material plane, and he could launch a sneak attack at any time. It was worthy of being called the ultimate rogue skill.

“Be careful, he’s still inside the array!” These legends weren’t less experienced than Leylin himself. After all, they’d reached this peak from a mountain of bloody corpses. Once Malar’s avatar disappeared, the other legends immediately began to attack as a defensive measure.

It was a pity though. It was all a child’s game against the God of the Hunt. Just as Patrick had sheathed his sword, the enormous figure of Malar’s avatar appeared before him. A shadow sprung forth from his terrifyingly omnipotent body, engulfing the paladin completely.

“Help! Save me!” The other three legends all understood the importance of working together, and even Leylin began to act.

It was a shame that Leylin suddenly perceived a tremendous evil intent in the atmosphere at this moment. He immediately activated all the defences of his dragonscale armour, and the Red Dragon Staff thundered as it launched a Dragon Breath in the danger’s direction.

“Aah...” A momentary hiss sounded, and an illusory shadow seemed to

disappear in a blazing tower of flames.

“This must be... When did they prepare a Phantasmal Killer?” Leylin began to think at lightning speed. This was the advantage of being a god—even such a high-ranked skill could be used as long as one had sufficient divine force.

“Get lost, you abomination!” Lillian and Alegor had also been blocked by Phantasmal Killers, and were both delayed from acting.

In this short span of time, Patrick’s fate had been sealed.

“Aah! Chaotic evil, why can’t you disappear from this world?” Before death had its grasp on him, Patrick displayed his peak legendary strength. The burning crystal sword widened in a flash, immediately becoming a broadsword that was over five metres long. It clashed fiercely with the bestial claws of Malar’s avatar, who radiated divine force even more fiercely. Malar seemed to be on the verge of possessing the paladin.

Snap! Crack! Faint shattering sounded from the points where the claws clashed with the sword. The special ability of the claws was Shatter!

Patrick could only watch with a dumbstruck expression as Malar’s avatar snapped his longsword with its claws. The giant claws covered in golden fur snatched the knight up immediately.

“Ah...” Powerful divine force imprisoned Patrick, and he could only frantically howl in response. Nothing he did managed to harm a single hair on his opponent. His surging qi began to wane.

In the end, all Patrick saw was an enormous smelly mouth clustered with sharp teeth that stood straight like pikes.

Leylin and the others saw Malar’s avatar toss the legendary paladin directly into his maw and chew him up. Patrick’s defences were useless against Malar’s teeth, and a crunching sound made everyone’s hair stand on end as a great amount of blood and bones fell from the corner of Malar’s mouth, trickling down his fur.

Four great legendaries had surrounded Malar’s avatar. Of them, the paladin Patrick had now fallen.

“Damn, should we retreat?” For the first time, Lillian felt that she was not prepared. Even just the avatar of a god possessed unimaginable strength. She hesitantly glanced at the legendary druid beside her, who was still in his red dragon form.

“It’s just an avatar, and its divine force reserves should be running low... It used up a lot against the paladin earlier, now is our best chance!”

‘A.I. Chip! Calculate the avatar’s trajectory!’

[Beep! Mission established! Avatar’s coordinates have been input... Simulation established!] The A.I. Chip loyally executed Leylin’s task.

Afterwards, Leylin’s eyes glowed as he cast a legendary spell that he had long prepared— Greater Disjunction!

Snap! Crack! Malar’s bestial claws were still only a high-ranked legendary weapon in the end, and not a divine weapon. They had sustained some damage fighting the paladin, and Leylin’s Greater Disjunction caused them to finally crack.

“Now’s our chance!” Lillian and Alegor’s eyes lit up with hope as they advanced, revealing their own greatest trump cards.

“Legendary spell— Ice Age!” Lillian chanted in a high voice, and the surrounding air seemed to turn into a blizzard. The trees, and even rocks around them all turned into sparkling ice, as if the entire world had returned to the Ice Age.



# Chapter 986: Haul

“So what if you’re a god’s avatar? You shall fall!” On the shoulder of the giant frost sprite, Lillian was like a goddess of snow. A layer of ice covered Malar’s feet, planting him firmly on the ground as an icy meteorite hundreds of tons in weight broke through the skies to land on the avatar.

“What the hell. Is this woman crazy? This attack will also affect us...” In the face of such earth-shattering strength, Leylin was forced backwards. Even Alegor in his dragon form flapped his wings with as much strength as he could muster to keep a distance.

“You mortals profane gods...” Malar’s avatar transmitted spiritual undulations in the face of the meteorite. Yet, it crashed down before he could finish speaking, and his words were drowned out.

Rumble! A magnitude ten earthquake erupted abruptly, shaking the land and causing dust to form a terrifying mushroom cloud in the sky. Everyone with strength in the north felt the earth shaking in that instant!

“Hah... this mad woman...” Leylin had grown himself a pair of powerful wings of air, and he looked down at the huge pit from the meteorite. The terrifying hole was tens of kilometres deep, and the middle was pitch-black with a base that could not even be seen. “Has the avatar died yet? I doubt it, but he’s sure to be heavily injured...”

“Alegor, quick!” Lillian seemed to be on the verge of collapse after casting this legendary spell. She couldn’t even maintain the giant frost sprite under her, only able to let it explode back into ice and snow in the air.

Roar! The legendary dragon threw himself into the depths of the pit, and what followed were furious snarls and yells. A large black figure was flung out, like a small mountain being tossed away.

Leylin’s astonishing eyesight had allowed him to see what happened clearly. The legendary druid Alegor in his dragon form had been caught by the tail, and Malar’s avatar had thrown him out like he was tossing a hammer.

Leylin's pupils shrank, and he muttered to himself, "Such tenaciousness... So this is the avatar of a god."

"You who profane the gods! I will extract all of your souls and place them in my divine realm, burning them in holy fire for a hundred thousand years!"

The gigantic ape monster walked out of the pit, clearly agitated. However, he clearly wasn't doing well either. Golden liquid flowed out of his wounds, glowing with the light of divine force. Still, it was hindered by an invisible force.

'Seems like he really is gravely injured,' Leylin thought as he nodded to himself. Still, Malar's body was just a convergence of divine force held together by a god's conscient. It was this divine force that allowed him to maintain physical form. Even the blood spurting out of his wounds was the same, slight injury unable to harm the god's origins.

And yet things were different now. His wounds were making it difficult for him to maintain his form in the material plane, and his divine force was already beginning to dissipate.

"Mortal woman, how dare you harm my divine body..." The golden ape monster appeared in front of Lillian in the next instant, its giant claws slashing forward.

"Ah..." In spite of crystal armour and tens of layers of frost shields, Lillian's defences were broken apart. The legendary wizard's body shot out like a cannonball, and smoke filled the skies.

The red dragon was nowhere to be found in the deep pit. Instead, Alegor's original form lay there unconscious.

"Damn it... So I'm the only one left at the end?" Leylin rubbed his nose, wondering with a wry smile.

'There's a few dogs beside this monkey, it'll be a little troublesome...'

"Keke... there's one left? Are you trying to flee? Come, let me enjoy this hunt!" Malar's eyes were fixed straight on Leylin, emitting a crazed bloodthirst.

However, in the next moment, a large palm pushed the head of the avatar into the ground. This was Crushing Palm!

“Are you crazy? I finally got my prey here after much effort. Why would I leave?”

Leylin’s eyes were cold and wise, “A god letting me leave? The divine force forming your avatar is now lacking, and you urgently need to replenish it.”

How could Malar’s thoughts escape Leylin? The four legendaries had made preparations for a long time and given so much. While the avatar had persisted up till this point, the grievous injuries he had sustained were serious enough!

“ROAR! I will kill you... Kill you!” The large monster ape pulled up from the soil and shook his head in fury.

“You won’t be able to kill anyone!” Leylin’s voice was cold as he pointed to the avatar’s head with his right hand.

Legendary Spell— Meteor Blast!

Four large fireballs fell from the sky, exploding on top of Malar’s head. The exemplary flames immediately caused Malar to snarl in anger, “Legendary spells again! Why? How do you have so many spell slots?”

“You can ask again in death.” Leylin looked apathetic as legendary spell was cast after legendary spell.

Legendary Absorption. Legendary Detonation!

“Im...possible...” The avatar blustered. Much of his negative energy and defences had been neutralised by the absorption spell, leaving him open to the detonation that struck his neck.

Malar’s large head disintegrated.

Having become a legendary arcanist, Leylin had integrated his research as a Magus with the analytic abilities of the A.I. Chip to cause a terrifying qualitative change. He could now cast legendary spells near-instantly. Having been drowned in them, it was no wonder that Malar’s avatar died.

“Still... We haven’t even started the true battle yet...” Leylin stared at Malar’s avatar’s corpse unblinkingly.

The collapsed body was undergoing a huge transformation. The pieces of the corpse melted to form a thick golden liquid, much of which fused to form a large golden sphere. Malar’s cries could still be heard from its core.

“The avatar isn’t made of flesh and blood after all. Even if the head is cut off, it can still move. Then again, a form made of just divine force is extremely fragile...”

Leylin understood the various forms gods could take on. Malar’s avatar wasn’t completely dead yet, and as long as he could flee to his divine realm and fuse back into the main body he would suffer no real losses.

“This unique ability of divine force, the ability to vary its form, is what makes it difficult for people to capture it. It is also the key to murdering a god...” Leylin glanced in the direction of the unconscious Lillian. She was currently gravely injured, rendered immobile.

The original plan was for her to capture the avatar. She would use extremely cold ice to dull the life of the divine force, then use a special container to capture or directly absorb it. Of course, Leylin had not expected too much of her. He had a better method.

“Don’t you leave!” he yelled, numerous thin green threads forming a large web that shot forth from his fingertips.

“Did you think a mortal object like that... could...” As he saw what Leylin was doing, the bundle of light that was the avatar scorned him. However, Malar was then left unable to laugh.

Swish! The large green web stopped most of the golden ball. The liquid divine force could not break through its seal!

“How’s this possible? What kind of web is this?” Malar roared, but was unable to do anything about the tightening of the web. He soon reached Leylin’s palm.

“As expected, a web formed of origin force works very well at detaining the divine force of a god. The A.I. Chip’s predictions were right.” Leylin

saw the struggle within the web, where Malar was like a large fish that had accidentally fallen inside. He could not help but snicker as he grabbed the web tightly.

World Origin Force! This was the origin power of everything, what arcanists called origin energy.

A web formed of origin energy was the bane of all godly beings. It was no wonder that the ancient gods and arcanists were arch enemies, and the arcanists had been wiped out.

Leylin was probably now the only Great Arcanist on the continent. He had no problems with turning origin energy into a web, and this was the insurance he'd prepared for this operation. As the large web tightened up, Malar's avatar's cries grew soft until he completely stopped moving.

Rumble! Tremendous undulations filled the skies in the direction that the other small part of Malar's avatar had escaped, and his worshippers' prayers formed a golden light "So we weren't the only ones coveting the avatar after all. I managed to lure them out by letting that small part go..." Leylin had no plans of stopping. While the smaller avatar still had most of the firepower focused on it, he opened a teleportation gate next to him.

"Please wait, Lord Leylin!" Numerous figures shot over at this moment, all with powerful divine force on their bodies.

This was a group of legendary priests. They were led by Benedict, the bishop of the church of justice.

# Chapter 987: Retreat

“That belonging to mortals shall go to mortals. That belonging to gods shall go to them. Please do not delude yourself.” Benedict’s tone was almost pitiful of the fate of mankind.

“Tsk, I hate mediums like you. You’ve even brainwashed yourself...” Leylin looked behind him, unsurprised to see the legendary priest of Mystra as well, “Isn’t this all for this avatar I have? Even the Goddess of the Weave is joining forces with you...”

“You should know not to slight the wills of two greater gods. As long as you hand over the source of evil in your hands, our church will definitely compensate you satisfyingly...” Benedict now had a merciful look in his eyes, as if he was saving the world.

What a joke that was! Would Mystra or Tyr hand over a portion of divinity in exchange for the avatar? Even if they were willing to, Leylin himself wouldn’t want it. Leylin was used to getting what he wanted, and did not accept charity. This situation caused anger to rise from the depths of his eyes. “Sorry, not interested.”

The clear rejection immediately stunned Benedict. He then grew indignant, “You’re so stubborn!”

“Go!” Five high-ranked legendary priests moved forward at his command, forming into a pentagram as they circled Leylin. It exhibited great prohibitive strength.

“So... now that we’ve shed all pretense of cordiality, it’s time to do it by force?” A dangerous smile rose by Leylin’s lips, “Luckily, I’m not entirely unprepared...”

Watching Leylin surrounded by the pentagram, a kind smile arose on Benedict’s face, “This spell formation is boosted by our gods, and it is impossible to destroy it from within. Do you still not repent?”

Leylin took at the sparkling array, seemingly deep in thought. ‘These are pretty good sealing runes. I’ll need some effort to break out from within...’

After hearing the man speak, however, he snickered, “It wouldn’t do good for you to dispose of the legendaries you invited yourselves.”

“You think too highly of yourself. Our church can bear the consequences of losing a mere legendary...” Benedict sighed, “Looks like Leylin has been corroded by greed. Go!”

“Exactly what I was thinking. Do it!” Leylin nodded.

“We’re already at this point, and you still...” The fury in Benedict’s heart grew, and in that moment he made up his mind. He would suffer the loss of reputation in exchange for Leylin’s death.

However, his expression quickly changed.

Woo! Woo! A deathly aura, as dark as ink, had filled their surroundings. Numerous bony hands dug their way out of the ground, some with rotting flesh remaining on them as they roared with ire.

“This profaning of souls, it’s a necromancer!” The priests’ bodies immediately flashed with divine spells.

“Keke...” The bones started to laugh with a strange sound as they formed a gigantic horned skull. The skull struck the pentagram.

Rumble! Although divine spells were the bane of necromancy, the opposite was true as well. The pentagram trembled under the deathly aura, reacting like hot oil would to cold water.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Many black cracks crawled along the spell formation, seeming like human veins. The formation then shattered loudly.

“This strength... It’s a high-ranked legendary necromancer!” Benedict exclaimed in his shock as a mouthful of fresh blood dyed his snow-white collar red.

“You got it in one. I’m sorry you don’t get a prize...” Leylin’s figure flashed, and in an instant he’d disappeared from the formation. By the time the black light flashed again, he was already outside the encirclement.

“Chase him!” Benedict yelled, no time left to care for his injuries.

The supporting soldiers he'd brought had terrifying might. There were many legendary priests from the Goddess of the Weave, and there was even an entire regiment of paladins.

Crack! Crack! However, all these people were drowned out by the army of the undead. The skeletons enveloped them like an endless tsunami, and few spells could fight off this army of cannon fodder. Benedict's eyes widened further.

"Stay here!" he shouted, activating quite a few high-ranked divine items. Still, even he was met by a wall of skeletons. A strange skull watched him coldly, a dead expression in its empty eye sockets.

'Legendary spell, Skeletal Wall. It's said to be so powerful even legendary paladins need to hack at it hundreds of times to deal with it...' Benedict recognised the origins of this wall. Unable to suppress his injuries any longer, he spat out a few large mouthfuls of blood.

He rejected attempts to help him along, now looking like a ravenous wolf in winter. "A high-ranked legendary necromancer. Use this to identify and trace him!"

Although he said that, Benedict knew full well that powerful necromancer had very long lives. Some even just turned into liches, and it was unclear how many of them were hiding in the corners of the world. It would be a mere fantasy if one wanted to determine the identity of this one.

Besides, with how things were, what was the point even if they did find out?

"Damn it! DAMN IT!" At the end, the bishop could only let out an angry growl like that of an injured animal, unable to do anything more.

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In a different location.

The little bit of Malar's avatar that Leylin had deliberately let off streaked through the skies like a shooting star, breaking through a few seals to reach the outer planes.



However, just as it was about to return to his true body in his divine realm the Beast Wasteland, he was suddenly grasped by a palm. It continued to snarl, evidently frantic as if in peril. Divine force rippled forth, but dissipated like a cool breeze in front of the hand.

“Quiet!” A discontent voice sounded, seeming to carry with it the power of laws. Every single movement of the hand seemed to be paired with a vast divine force, causing Malar’s avatar to immediately cease all movement.

“I never thought there would be someone in the prime material plane able to intercept Malar’s avatar...” The Weave rippled, and a goddess with starlike eyes descended to look at the person who’d grasped the avatar in his hands.

“Although there were surprises in our plan, it’s still under our control...” The god that rendered Malar’s avatar unable to fight back looked rather strange. He wore ordinary warrior clothing, and looked incomparably haggard. His eyes were lined with blood, and he was missing his right hand. He looked like an old veteran whose will was still strong.

However, he’d still managed to grab Malar’s slime-like avatar with his remaining one. The avatar was completely unable to move. This was Tyr, the Greater God of Justice and the protector of all paladins!

“Alright, Mistress Weave. Let us see to Malar...” Tyr spoke slowly, following Mystra to the outer regions of Malar’s divine realm.

Once they arrived at this place, the golden sphere that was Malar’s avatar seemed to grow more emotional. Loud howls echoed from within the divine realm.

“Now, Malar. Swear to the Styx that you won’t take part in our battle with the orcish gods, and you will have your avatar back. Silverymoon will also acknowledge the current boundaries in land and let the Blackblood Tribe remain in the Moonwood...” The Weave trembled, sending the goddess’ words into the divine realm.

Malar’s roars quietened down for a while, but he did not walk outside. Being a beast did not mean he was a fool. The God of Justice was right

outside! If he dared walk out, Tyr would definitely annihilate him. Mystra would probably be happy to see this happen.

Hence, Malar resolutely hid in his divine realm, occasionally releasing a few animalistic howls that were hard to understand. Of course, for the gods, understanding each other's thoughts was very simple.

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A long while later, Tyr nodded and sent Malar's avatar into his realm, and then left the realm with the Goddess of the Weave.

"Alright... Malar side is taken care of. Thank you for your help..." Mystra told Tyr.

"With our divine force, it would be a simple task to break into Malar's realm, kill him, and send his truesoul to the astral plane..." Tyr began to speak.

"He's still a true god after all. Now that a war between the gods can erupt at any time, we shouldn't waste too much divine force. Besides, while Malar is someone who works alone, I know that he has dealings with the gods of fury..."

The explanation rendered him quiet. Even the God of Justice had to learn to compromise. Had he not, he would long since have fallen.

"The preparations in the mortal world are almost done. While those legends have their own plans, I have it under control..."

All sorts of images flashed in front of Mystra, revealing recent events.

"Now that the attack on the avatar is done, the battle between legends should start soon. When the time comes, I'll send my divine weapon down. It will challenge the possessor of the Thunder God's Hammer, Saladin..." Tyr reiterated their previous agreement.

"Justice will definitely triumph over evil. The mighty wills of the various universes came to this decision, and I now say this representing the suffering commoners of the north." The god's eyes seemed to pass through time and space, seeing everything...

# Chapter 988: Divinity: Massacre

Quiet spatial turbulence was stirred as a crack opened up between planes. Fierce elemental energy surged through it, annihilating everything in its way.

A floating city stood tall in this region, as if a powerful fortress that was indestructible and eternal. Only after entering the ghost city did Leylin heave a sigh of relief.

“Welcome home, Master!” Shaylin, the fairy who was like a housekeeper, appeared to greet Leylin. Only this place had arcane spell formations that rendered him immune to the spying of the gods, as well as other divination spells.

Once he tossed his coat to an attending golem, Leylin turned to the skeleton lich Ilyo, “You did well.”

“It is my honour to serve Master!” Ilyo pressed his right fist to his chest as he spoke. He was in his crystal skeleton formed, but he was wearing something akin to a black suit. The clothing formed a vile harmony with the skeleton.

Although he knew Ilyo wasn’t speaking from the bottom of his heart, Leylin felt it was enough for the lich to act upon his commands. Sensing the immense power of the God of the Hunt, he’d contacted the necromancer through his phylactery, commanding him to stay concealed and ready to act at any time.

It seemed like the lich truly was experienced. His grasp of time and usage of skills was split-second perfect. If not for the coincidental suppression of the ghost city and the phylactery, Leylin definitely wouldn’t have been able to deal with him.

“You won’t be recognised by others, will you?” Leylin asked without choice. Skeleton Lich Ilyo, was a name synonymous with trouble and death in the prime material plane, and in recent times his name had even been connected with the ghost city.

“Please don’t worry, Master. What I used were common death-type spells, and I even left behind little details that might point to other liches...” Ilyo’s skeleton snickered, “If they really did try to pursue me using the clues I left behind, I’m sure it would make for an extremely interesting situation...”

Seeing his expression, Leylin could not help but mourn for the paladins. He sent him away, and turned to the fairy. Shaylin immediately flew to his shoulder, beginning an incessant report.

“I’ve been working hard to help manage the ghost city ever since you left, Master. That lich has been diligent as well, and the city is now restored...”

Shaylin was once the intellectual core of the ghost city. Once its owner had died, she’d managed it independently for tens of thousands of years, and she was obviously very practiced in matters like this. Leylin nodded along as she spoke.

Time was now on his side. With the restoration of the ghost city complete, it finally began resuming its usual operations. The Mise energy core was stockpiling energy, and soon enough it would regain the powerful ability to match up to the gods.

“Good. Bring me to the core restriction room, and prepare 20% of the Mise energy core reserves for use. Additionally, get me the arcane energy powder and golem rainbow crystal from the storehouse.”

Leylin looked at the large green web in his hands, it was now time to deal with Malar’s avatar. Still, this was the avatar of a god and could have some hidden abilities. It was best to be on the safe side and absorb him in the floating city.

“Even if I let some of it get away, the divine force and divine will here, as well as the information on domains should be enough for me to refine a trace of divinity in massacres...” He brought Malar’s avatar to the core restriction room, and once all defences were operated he revealed the avatar’s true form within the web.

It was currently a large pool of golden gelatinous matter, an unmoving

huge slime that seemed dead.

“While I did give him some rough treatment, it shouldn’t be to this extent...” Leylin shook his head, “Perhaps the most fundamental divine will and conscient is still waiting in there, ready to devour me...”

Compared to the gods’ inconceivable strength, even a high-ranked legendary’s soul seemed fragile. Many people had been deluded into thinking they could absorb divinity in the prime material plane, but they were instead absorbed by the gods and turned into avatars. Some were indeed lucky enough to succeed, but they experienced a great change in their temperaments and turned into lunatics.

“What a pity... Your plans will not come to fruition!” Leylin touched the semi-solid divine force on the ground with his finger, “Is the origin conscient of a mere beast trying to swallow me?”

In the instant that Leylin’s mind and the avatar’s conscient made contact, the image of a terrifying giant serpent flashed in Leylin’s eyes. Having absorbed the power of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the Targaryen seemed to have reached a more inconceivable level. It even seemed to echo within the World of Gods, and its strength continued to grow.

Sensing this conscient, the pile of slime quickly shrunk back. Yet, Shaylin was prepared and restrained it, leaving it with nowhere to go. Leylin took hold of it, and powerful devouring strength exploded forth from his body.

“It has begun...” Leylin closed his eyes, beginning the contest between their conscients and the transformation of divinity.

.....

There was little to say about the battle between conscients. Malar’s avatar couldn’t even begin to resist the Targaryen before it was devoured, and he even leaked some information about divine domains. When Leylin opened his eyes again, a trace of dark gold divine force twined around his arm.

“Is this the power of the divinity of massacres?” Leylin looked at the divinity of massacres, which seemed as thin as a hair on one’s head. Sounds of slaughter filled his senses the moment his thoughts made contact with it, causing his eyes to redden slightly.

“This thread of the divinity of massacres contains about 10% of the law of massacres. There’s a great amount of divinity, as well as the power of faith from Malar’s followers...” Leylin identified the components of the thread.

Divinity was very important to gods, and even true gods would take some time to recover after a portion of their divinity was cut off. Malar had lost most of his avatar, so he would likely be in a terrible state right now.

“Stepping into the realm of the gods using the power of massacres? I like it!” Leylin laughed slightly. A thread of the divinity pounced forward, fusing with his body seamlessly. The process was simple; he’d long since tamed this thing.

Bits of comprehension of the law of massacres emerged in Leylin’s mind. An intense, qualitative change occurred inside his body at the same time.

[Beep. Host body beginning to absorb divinity. A.I. Chip upgrading...] The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded, and what followed was silence.

After an unknown period of time, the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded once more. [Beep! Auxiliary system successfully upgraded. Detected large changes to host body’s stats. Recalculating...] Afterwards, numerous prompts shot out.

[Beep! Host has successfully absorbed the divinity of massacres. Has been changed as a life form, transitioning into a divine being.]

[Beep! Host has absorbed divinity. All stats +1.]

[Beep! Host’s spirit has advanced, arcanist ranking increased. Currently rank 22.]

[Beep! Analysis of level 7 Weave at 100%. Host has unlocked all rank 7

spell models, and will no longer forget spells. No materials needed to cast rank 7 spells.]

[Beep! Host has obtained divine body feat: Epic Adaptability.]

[Epic Adaptability. Divine beings have a great tolerance for various extreme environments. All divine beings can survive in lava and frost, be suffocated, or starve. Note: This feat overlaps with Intermediate Perfect Body, and is now encompassed under it.] Leylin also found that his stats were refreshed again.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human (Divine Being), Rank 22 Arcanist (Legendary). Strength: 16. Agility: 16. Vitality: 16. Spirit: 22. Arcane Energy: 220 Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Scholarly, Intermediate Perfect Body, Dreamscape Vision. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Origin Force Amplification, Illusions.]

[Analysis of Weave: Level 0 100%, Level 1 100%, Level 2 100%, Level 3 100%, Level 4 100%, Level 5 100%, Level 6 100%, Level 7 100%, Level 8 87.56%, Level 9 57.72%.]

[Spell Slots: Rank 9 (4), Rank 8 (6), Rank 7 (???), Rank 6 (???), Rank 5(???), Rank 4 (???), Rank 3 (???), Rank 2 (???), Rank 1 (???), Rank 0 (???)] “Divine being? A change to my state?” Leylin looked at his hands. Golden veins appeared under them, and then died down.

“The progress of analysis has increased as well. With the analysis of level 7 complete, I’ve met the minimum requirements to cast the legendary rank 12 arcane spell, Calcas’ Avatar...” Leylin recalled the powerful model that Distorted Shadow had given to him. It was a terrifying arcane spell that would release all the conscients of the ancient Magi, and could steal all of Mystra’s strength in an instant and cause her to fall.

“If this was in the past, Distorted Shadow would definitely have appeared and used all sorts of methods to distort my senses, forcing me to become arch enemies with the Goddess of the Weave and then make his move.”

A smirk rose about Leylin’s lips. He was now no longer a pawn to be

used as others pleased. While the Weave Goddess' church was slightly hostile to him, they weren't mortal enemies and their differences weren't irreconcilable. Naturally, there was also no need to make any moves yet.



# Chapter 989: Power of Divinity

What Leylin prized the most was free will. For its sake, he wouldn't even mind falling out with Distorted Shadow.

'Besides, now that I've grasped a thread of divinity and become a divine being, I'm formally on my way to godhood. I can now sense the prayers of my followers and respond to them, although I can't bestow divine spells. Still, this is quite good...'

Leylin closed his eyes. He could now sense the countless threads of faith in the air even without his Nightmare Absorbing Physique. It was easy to trace them back to their sources...

The territory of Viscount Tiff, in the northern lands. The Viscount was performing his daily prayers in a secret room, when he suddenly heard a voice within his mind. "Dear follower, I am here. I exist within you!"

Through his spiritual force senses, Tiff felt his prayers connect with a very familiar existence. That feeling immediately caused him to kneel, with tears streaming down his face, "Master, Winged Serpent God Kukulkan, you are finally awake..."

The same incident occurred with many of Kukulkan's worshippers. They all began to pray, the power of their faith constantly transmitted to Leylin through the Weave and absorbed by his divinity of massacres.

'The next step is to spread my faith and nurture the divinity, before I attempt to ignite my godfire...' A fire seemed to blaze in Leylin's eyes, 'The power of faith is similar to that of a domain... Is this the massacre domain?'

"A.I. Chip," Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Mission established. Host has obtained partial information on the massacre domain. Beginning simulations.] 'The domain of the divinity of massacres awakened when I acquired it, but I need a lot of power of faith to operate it, using my own comprehension of the law...' Leylin pondered, his eyes flashing as he stroked his chin.

Domains were the true assets of the gods. They used them to connect with the faith of their worshippers, and transform it into their own strength.

Leylin had only made superficial contact with the massacre domain, and the A.I. Chip couldn't numerise it yet. After all, this divinity of massacres was not his own. Only with a better understanding of the law of massacres could he truly grasp the domain. The A.I. Chip would be able to numerise the information about the domain then.

Leylin stood up slowly, his breathing blowing a gust of wind across the secret room. The wind struck a steel plate, which began to buzz.

'How strong am I, now that I've absorbed divinity?' Leylin raised his arm, and a mirror made of water appeared. He was still strong and with a good physique, his golden curls matching well with his deep blue eyes to create the most standard image of a noble youth.

However, Leylin noticed a very hazy golden lustre being emitted from his body. It was very weak, and could even be overlooked if one wasn't paying attention.

"Also..." Leylin stared at his eyes. Traces of gold flickered within the depths of the deep blue.

'Is this what happens after absorbing divinity?' Leylin stroked his chin, 'I'll be able to conceal it in its entirety once I adapt to its power in a few years. However, I don't have that much time...'

"Shaylin, move the floating city towards the outer seas of Dambrath," he ordered. He wore a purplish-gold robe with starlike patterns on it.

The entire ghost city began to rumble with his will. Elemental turbulence rocked the outer planes as it charged towards the space surrounding Dambrath. Anything obstructing its path was ground to powder.

Sitting at the control area, Leylin sneered. "Gods? The north? Hmph! What use are your plots if I just leave?"

He'd come to the north to obtain Malar's divinity in the first place. His

goal was now met, and he'd sensed the situation in the north. What better time to leave than now?

Such unhesitant decision-making was one of the reasons for Leylin's survival to this day. Although there were immense benefits to be had in the north, he had offended the churches of two greater gods. How would he dare continue staying there?

'Right now, the churches of the God of Justice and the Goddess of the Weave are preoccupied with helping Alustriel get her kingdom back; most of their forces will be concentrated in the north. There's little chance of them making trouble for me...'

'Tiff will be in trouble though...' Leylin's eyes flashed. 'It's only something I did in my leisure anyway. There's little to hang on to there.'

At this thought, Leylin sent a prophecy down Tiff's thread of faith. "Immense danger will arrive soon. Take all your forces and acolytes out of the north, and head to the outer seas of the Dambrath Kingdom..."

"Immense danger? Is it the church?" Tiff looked solemn as he began to pray, "My Lord, you are the master of everything. I shall carry out your will..."

"What's wrong, darling?" Tiff's mistress looked over from beside him, evidently worried. Although they'd shared a bed for many years, she still felt like this person was a stranger.

"It's nothing much... I'm leaving..." Tiff ruthlessly got up and put on his clothes, "You can either come with me or stay behind to manage our lands..."

While she was still stunned, Tiff had already left the room. What came next was a huge ruckus.

Leylin could give up on the land and wealth in the north. Still, his acolytes had been nurtured painstakingly and were too important to be abandoned.

Tiff understood Leylin. He had the loyal acolytes leave as quickly as possible from the north, keeping them safe. With their quick and resolute

departure, all the two churches found was what he'd abandoned. They had no clue of what they'd let escape.

.....

Leylin had left without a sound and returned the same way. Besides Ernest, Baron Jonas and a few others, the people of the land did not even know that the legendary wizard who was their young master had left and returned in secret. The ordinary people found it normal for a wizard to hole up in their tower for a year and a half.

Once he greeted his parents and mentor, Leylin had no plans to care for the land. Instead, he stayed within the wizard tower, having his men settle these tasks.

His primary purpose now was to amass the power of faith and train his divinity, preparing to ignite his godfire and become a demigod...

A distorted layer of the massacre domain spread within the wizard tower. Leylin was currently wearing loose wizard robes as he felt the threads of faith in his territory.

It may have been because he was within his lands with many people protecting him, but the threads of faith were even more distinct than before. The massacre domain expanded, allowing him to have a better understanding of this great domain's power.

'The massacre domain should grow through constant battles, nurtured with lives. This ominous feeling. it's like it can even steal life energy, which means the more I kill the more powerful my main body will get...'

Leylin saw the A.I. Chip make another prompt, [Obtained information regarding the massacre domain.] In his opinion, he would be able to control and analyze the domain quickly.

'Tiff and the rest should arrive soon. I need to find a place to massacre, and nurture the divinity in my body...' Leylin pondered as he stroked his chin.

He could sense that his divinity had grown by about 10% after absorbing so much power of faith.

‘The divinity of massacres I obtained was only an introduction, a medium. After I cross the threshold, I can transform the power of faith and boost my own divine force...’

Leylin seemed to understand something. Whether his divinity had another power was another matter altogether. Before becoming a divine being, it would have been impossible for him to communicate with his followers and absorb their faith without help from the Nightmare Absorbing Physique. Now, he could even transform the power of faith in preparation to ignite his godfire.

‘It’s best to comprehend the domain of massacre while spreading the source of faith... Is this... conquering?’ Leylin sank into deep thought, ‘Where can I find a large unconquered land and not attract the attention of the gods?’

The gods had basically divided up the prime material plane already, and there wasn’t much land left to take over. Even if Leylin wished to head to Karen’s home in the Underdark, he would still need to seize the faith of Lolth and a large number of other underground gods. Most importantly, they were all true gods, and it was impossible for him to go against them.

‘I’ll need to make my choice carefully... Tiff and the rest are going to arrive soon, so I should settle them down first and have them mix with the commoners of the land. I’ll make up my mind after fully unearthing the potential of this territory...’ With the current circumstances, Leylin could only plan things this way.

# Chapter 990: Empire

Waves splashed into the side of a majestic warship, yet it didn't falter at all. It stood tall like a mountain or reef braving the wind and waves, advancing into the depths of the outer seas.

The ship was flying the flag of a scarlet skull and dagger. Numerous others followed behind it, with fierce cannons and countless pirates on board. Even the largest of merchant groups would be scared out of their wits at this sight.

This fleet was that of the Scarlet Tigers, the organisation that controlled the outer seas of Dambrath. The Scarlet Tigers had the best of the best, with over a hundred large warships and more than five thousand men.

With their several expansions, the Scarlet Tigers seemed to have bitten off more than they could chew. However, with Tiff and the other elites joining from the north, a powerful pirate fleet was formed that rivalled the imperial navy.

"I never expected the native empire to actually exist..." Isabel was on the bow of the Scarlet Tiger, her legendary Red Dragon Sword hung at her waist. She emitted a faint draconic aura, her bloodthirsty eyes staring pointedly into the horizon.

The memory of her time on Nightmare Island was still fresh in her mind. She'd been made a fool of by the natives there, and now she'd obtained information regarding their empire through repeated attacks on native tribes. Having determined their location, she was planning to deal them a huge blow.

'But I never thought cousin Leylin would agree to this. He even came here himself...' Isabel looked towards the ship's hold, seeming serious, 'Is this for faith, to become a god? Is a god going to be born out of our family?'

In the past, Isabel didn't have the guts to think of such blatant blasphemy. However, things were different now. Leylin had performed miracle after miracle, cementing his cousin's confidence in him. In

addition, Isabel had been able to sense the power of divinity on Leylin's body.

'My cousin will successfully become a god. All who stand in his way will be killed, regardless of their identity!' Isabel reached for the hilt of her sword, her mind made up. The sombre atmosphere caused all the surrounding pirates to shiver in fear as they glanced at their leader.

Once she'd become a Dragon Warlock, Isabel had completely suppressed the demonification of her body. Dragon King's Mystic Might had even allowed her to cross the threshold of the legendary realm! Her title in the outer seas had changed. She was no longer the Scarlet Witch, instead the Daughter of the Red Dragon.

Along with Leylin, she was one of the two main forces in charge of the outer seas, one on the surface and the other in the shadows. All the other organisations knew of their backgrounds, and were obviously fearful.

Leylin could sense Isabel's conviction. Sitting quietly in the captain's room, he couldn't help but chuckle.

'A conviction formed out of love?' Leylin nodded as he sensed an extremely thick string of fate.

Learning of his ambitions for godhood and that he'd already obtained a thread of divinity, Isabel had become one of Leylin's worshippers. She even began to spread the faith of the Winged Serpent God Kukulcan amongst the pirates, and even if Leylin wasn't a match for the gods of the storms or the like, her methods caused a portion of the pirates to change their faith.

What surprised Leylin more was that Isabel's faith for him was extremely firm and zealous. Albeit slightly, it was even more sturdy than Tiff's! Leylin knew for sure that if he'd become a god already she would be a devout follower of his.

Leylin sensed the faith of the other pirates, and could only smile wryly. "I'd be lucky to have even one with such a firm conviction as her..."

Although Isabel was doing all she could to assist him, Leylin was still

only a divine being. He could only answer the prayers of his followers, not grant them divine spells. He wasn't competitive at all with the true gods, or even false gods, demigods, or devils. Worshippers were bright, after all. Why would they invest effort into someone who couldn't give them anything?

If not for Isabel using her position and doing everything in her power to promote this faith, the religion of the Winged Serpent God would have failed terribly.

'I need to give my worshippers some real benefits as soon as possible. I should become a demigod and bestow divine spells to them, but I'll also need to give them material compensation.

'This is the principle of equal exchange.' Leylin suddenly had a revelation. The path of faith in the World of Gods still followed the Magi's principles of equal exchange. Worshippers provided their faith, and in return the god promised to receive their souls after death, taking them into their divine kingdom. They would also provide shelter, divine spells, and other things. In essence, the thread of faith was a contract between god and man.

Of course, even the Magi's concept of equal exchange did not necessitate that the things traded were of equal value objectively. The two parties just had to find the traded items that valuable.

That concept allowed the gods to pay less than their worshippers offered up. This was the only way for them to accumulate divine force and increase their power. Sadly, these days the churches were growing more competitive. The gods had to give in greater amounts to obtain more and better followers. This internal competition caused wasteful consumption of divine force.

On top of that, there were devils and demons stealing their 'food'.

'This is the sorrow of the gods. As their foundations are with the mortals, they can never abandon the faith in the prime material plane. Gods whose faith has been lost will gradually die out, and their eternity is but an unrealistic rosy view...' Leylin sighed. Although this path was



powerful, it was so limiting it wasn't worth him immersing himself in it.

This body was only a clone, while the original walked the path of the ancient Warlocks. This had never changed. That was strength that truly belonged to him, and Leylin knew this very well.

Of course, the path of faith was the most compatible with the rules of the World of Gods, and there were many areas of it he could learn from. Clone as he was, this Leylin did not hesitate in his attempt at godhood.

After pondering the contract between gods and humans, Leylin focused on other matters.

'But... Even I didn't expect that just as I was trying to find a place to expand my faith and comprehend the domain of massacre, the native empire suddenly emerged... Could the world origin force be helping me in hopes that I succeed? What kind of joke is this?'

He'd originally planned to conquer another territory to boost his relationship with his worshippers, comprehending the massacre domain and disseminating his faith. The information about the native empire had been a huge surprise.

Although there were legends and rumours about the native empire in the outer seas, Isabel had now found a number of safe shipping routes. It seemed too much of a coincidence, so Leylin smelled something fishy.

To the consciences of the gods, a Magus like him was an intruder and their arch nemesis. Why would they try to help him? It would be more normal if he was being hunted down!

'What's with this situation? Could it be that the World Will treats me as a complete native after reincarnation, and is trying to get me on its side? Or is it in such deep sleep that it doesn't react to the matters of the world anymore. Maybe this is to balance power... Have the gods' goals deviated from that of the World Will, and they're betraying it?'

Numerous possibilities flashed in Leylin's mind, and were simulated by the A.I. Chip to find any possible changes in the future.

'There are many changes in the future... But I can't go wrong with

grasping the present!’ After planning for a long time, Leylin sighed, ‘Whatever it is, occupying the native empire and comprehending the massacre domain amidst constant slaughter is key. I need to spread my faith afterwards as well...’

At this thought, Leylin sent out a divine call.

“Master!” A moment later, Tiff’s figure emerged from the shadows without a sound or any trace of energy undulations.

“Have you met Isabel? You will work with her in the future, and spread faith of me in the native empire...” A golden ray flashed in his eyes.

“I’ve seen her... If Master already has such power in the outer seas, the native empire will not be a problem for you.” Tiff spoke reverently.

He was actually rather surprised that Leylin had a legendary sorcerer under him, and rather relieved as well. He obviously did not dare to be negligent when it came to Leylin’s divine orders.

Watching Tiff’s figure disappear, Leylin nodded inside. Tiff’s retreat from the north had gone quite well. While he had lost a few helpers in the process, they were outer powers that did not know their true secrets. The group of acolytes that Leylin prized the most successfully reached the outer seas, giving Leylin the confidence to declare war on the native empire.

After all, faith could provide unimaginable effects when one was invading and occupying another territory. This war could be said to be a selection and training for the priests. With Leylin’s foresight, he would definitely be able to discover a large number of people who would form the sturdy foundations for his church in the future.

He had two legendaries in Isabel and Tiff, as well as an experienced army. They were being led by a divine being in himself, and on top of that they had the continuous support of the Faulen Family. This was what Leylin was counting on!

He’d basically sent out all his elites for this battle, his ambition evidently not something a mere fief with a small population could satisfy.

# Chapter 991: Debanks Island

An intense military discussion was taking place within the captain's room of the Scarlet Tiger, with few participants.

Leylin, as the person in charge, naturally sat at the front of the table, with Isabel and Tiff by his side. At Isabel's side were Robin Hood, Ronald, Karen, and the other leaders of the pirates. Next to Tiff was the organisation Leylin had run in the north. This included devil worshippers and real devils. Even if they concealed it, their aura still caused the pirates to feel a sense of danger and unease.

Next to the devil worshippers were a few priests, higher-ups with grim faces. These priests were seeds that Leylin had nurtured. Although they were young, they were already beginning to show merciful and kindly traits, and did not seem to be compatible with the devils. However, they still sat together, which created a rather interesting atmosphere.

These two groups were meeting for the first time, and could not help but size each other up curiously. These were all Leylin's elite forces, as well as the fledgling form of his future church and army. They were also the capital Leylin was using on an expedition to the native empire, and he naturally had to integrate them well.

After the long self-introductions were completed, Leylin coughed softly. Immediately after, the area went quiet.

"Isabel, describe the current situation." Leylin always called Isabel by name in official settings, and this was something that would continue even after he became a god. To long-lived beings like them, blood relations and the like were pointless. Their only interest lay in immortality.

"One of the pirate groups under me found the native empire. It's on a large island the size of two or three kingdoms like Dambrath put together, and its vicinity is always filled with dangerous storms and ocean currents. There's only a small period of time every year where ships can successfully sail past the area, which is why their contact with the outer world is minimal. My underlings now have a clear idea of the patterns of

the currents, and have created an accurate shipping route...”

Identifying ocean currents and shipping routes was a fundamental skill for the pirates under Isabel. With their lives depending on the seas, their ability to navigate and determine their location based on the stars far exceeded that of the navigators of normal merchant ships.

As the greatest captain in the outer seas, Isabel naturally had many talented people at her disposal. Once they'd determined the location, identifying shipping routes was a simple task. It would take some time, though, and the many tests would have to come at the costs of lives.

“Hss!” Isabel’s speech immediately caused gasps to sound from Tiff’s underlings. “The size of two or three Dambrath Kingdoms? That area is akin to a small continent already!”

“The Dambrath Kingdom is made up of roughly a million people. Even the most conservative estimate puts the native population over 2 million. We have to face so many, how frightening!”

The simple ratio caused uneasy looks on some pirates’ faces. After all, they had less than ten thousand men, and they had to fight over a hundred each. If not for their naval advantage and the shipping route, they would have thought of escape already.

“Quiet!” Tiff yelled. “Are you trying to humiliate yourselves in front of our master? Or are your minds that weak?”

The strict questions combined with his legendary might immediately caused everyone to quiet down.

Leylin nonchalantly waved his arms. “Although there are many natives, it doesn’t mean much. You’ll know how things are once we get onshore.”

Even in Leylin’s previous world, the colonialists in the age of discovery had conquered the Americas using mere hundreds or even tens of people. With thousands of criminals, pirates and many others, they had taken over the whole continent. In the end, they had become the heroes of heroes, like Cortéz who used just a thousand people to take over the fifteen million Aztecs in just five years.

This native empire wasn't much different from the Aztec Empire of his old world, a backwards civilisation full of savagery and ignorance. With their advancements in civilisation and technology, conquering some oversized land with a backwards people was no different from slaughtering a fat pig.

And most importantly, with a 'god' like Leylin on their side, what chance of failure was there? As a divine being, Leylin had an invisible aura that was greatly infectious. Seeing his confidence, the fears of the rest were allayed.

Leylin nodded at the result of the situation, allowing Isabel to continue the introduction of the native empire.

"Based on our usual practices, I call this newly discovered island Debanks Island. We know of a native empire at the very centre called Sakartes, translating to 'the sun that never sets.' It takes up most of the flatland on the island, with a population of about a million and a half. There are a few warring tribes around the Sakartes Empire, most subservient to it. Altogether, they add up to about five or six hundred thousand as well..."

Isabel evidently valued intelligence, being able to gather such definite information about the Sakartes Empire. It was pretty good. Although they were prepared for it, some of the people still gasped when they heard they would be declaring war on about two million people.

Looking at her subordinates' actions, Isabel exclaimed coldly in a condescending tone, "Hehe... that's nothing, you brainless things! They aren't two million enemies, instead two million healthy slaves! There's also countless treasures to be plundered and fertile land to be won!"

It was then that the rest of the pirates reacted, remembering the frail natives. They took these people as slaves, so they obviously knew that just the sight of their blades could scare them into subservience. They would not resist no matter how they were flogged, and sometimes a single supervisor could manage hundreds of them at a time. Now disregarding their numbers, the pirates finally reacted with a feeling of vast superiority.

“Exactly! Those natives are so frail. What’s there to be afraid of? Besides, we don’t have to declare war on all of them at once. We can work from the surrounding tribes and subdue a few groups to work for us and let them kill themselves...” Ronald spoke in a low voice, “If we conquer such a large land, or even just ten percent of it, all of you will be able to obtain unimaginable amounts of wealth and even become nobles who have land...”

Pirates always lived with their lives on the line. Hearing something so tempting, their breaths began to grow ragged as their eyes turned bloodshot.

“That’s right... With our Marquisdom, my family has the authority to confer titles. When the time comes, I definitely won’t be stingy...” Leylin’s promise immediately caused the pirates to cheer. The temptation of becoming nobles would convince these lowly pirates to work torturously.

The people at Tiff’s side began to grow a little restless. After all, the members of the clergy needed to eat and drink, and lead safe and comfortable lives.

“It is an order from our Lord, we are to take over the native empire and spread his faith there!” Tiff grimly announced.

“For our Master!” The rest began to pray devoutly.

Learning about each other, everyone left the room in succession. Only Tiff and Isabel were left behind.

“It doesn’t matter if there are ten times more natives than us, but... has Master ever thought about the possibility of them being protected by gods?” Tiff asked solemnly. This was also what Leylin had been trying his best to avoid.

“Mm, I also wanted to warn you about this. In the few native tribes of the outer seas, there are faith totems. Some were even comparable to legendaries or demigods...” Isabel spoke seriously. From their point of view, no matter how useless the natives could be, they could still have one or two true gods. That would be terrible.

After all, Leylin was merely a divine being. The cruelty of divine battles could be experienced from many historical poems and poetic sagas.

“You don’t have to worry about this. The Debanks Island does have a few native religions and divine beings, but at most, there’s only a demigod and not a true one... On top of that, the gods of the continent have no interest in the faith of the natives...” Leylin guaranteed.

When it came to gods, he obviously was the one with the biggest say. Upon hearing this, Isabel and Tiff relaxed. Although there was a large gap between him and true gods, there wasn’t as much of a difference between a divine being and a demigod. They still had the courage to risk their lives for this.

As for how Leylin knew about this, Isabel and Tiff sensibly did not ask more questions. Gods always had their own secrets...

Leylin too had no intention to share his plans. After they left, he went to the bottom of the hold of the ship and saw a group of native slaves cowering in fear. In preparations for this expedition, these natives would be the translators and communicators. This would reduce the natives’ hatred of this colonial invasion.

# Chapter 992: Contamination

‘A.I. Chip, show me the schematic from the soul research.’ Leylin seemed to have no reaction to the natives’ fear. A wave of the hand had a wizened old man approach him, and he pressed his palm into the old man’s head with a glint in his eyes.

Time, passed, and the man’s expression warped quickly. There was happiness and suffering, but mostly confusion. The rest of the natives backed off as they watched this ‘god’ ‘bestow’ gifts upon him.

In their point of view, the leader of the slaves and the supervisor were both amazing people. As for Leylin, who headed thousands of pirates and had several hundred large ships in his possession, he far surpassed their tribal chiefs or priest elders. Perhaps the only thing that could compare to him were their totems.

[Beep! Soul schematic analysis completed. Beginning comparison...] The A.I. Chip projected a coloured image in front of Leylin, comparing the native’s soul to that of a regular person. A few darker regions were specifically marked out.

Putting the now-useless lab rat down, Leylin returned to his bedroom alone. Large amounts of data flashed across his eyes, and he began to turn serious.

“As expected, there’s something wrong with the natives’ souls...” A long time ago, Leylin had discovered an extremely interesting phenomenon. None of the native tribes in the outer seas believed in any true gods. This was something unthinkable!

The gods were so thirsty for faith that they wouldn’t even leave strange creatures and mud beasts alone. Why would they abandon these intelligent natives? Even if their souls weren’t even a tenth as strong as that of a commoner from the mainland, the gods still understood that little things would add up.

However, of all the tribes that Leylin had attacked, the natives all believed in natural spirits and totems, and there was no appearance of the



gods from the mainland at all. The only explanation for this would be that there was some flaw in their power of faith, which left the gods with no choice but to give up on them and treat them as trash. They allowed the natives to do as they wished, and even if they knew of the large native empire they didn't bother with it.

With large amounts of research and comparisons, as well as with his own abilities as a divine being, Leylin had finally touched upon the secret.

'This spirit... The problem isn't exactly internal. It's actually contaminated...' Leylin was now solemn, 'On top of that, this mutation is familiar, with the mark of arcane and Magus spells... It reaches the depths of their genes, and has been passed on generation after generation.'

In essence, the power of faith was just soul energy that was dispersed when worshippers reached an emotional peak during their prayers or ceremonies, full of fervour. Using their domains and divine sparks, the gods absorbed this specific soul energy and turned it into divine force. There was no essential difference between lesser and greater gods either. It was the same process.

"What happens if we absorb this mutated soul force?"

'A.I. Chip, simulate the absorption of the natives' power of faith,' Leylin commanded, stroking his chin with his interest piqued.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning simulations... Preparing model...] Large amounts of data flashed by Leylin's eyes, giving form to a scenario. The statue of Malar from before had been enshrined around a native altar, the rest of the natives worshipping it. Visible only to divine beings, power of faith rippled as it gathered at the stone statue.

There was no change to the statue at the beginning, and his divine force increased in strength. However, a decade later the statue began to grow indistinct. A dark red lustre lingered around it, and Malar turned more violent and asked for regular blood sacrifices.

A century later, Malar's divine realm exploded amidst his despairing roars. A gigantic ape body fell into the prime material plane, bound securely around the native priests.

Five centuries had passed, and Malar was now a beast with no mind of his own. He had turned into a golden flag, with the figure of an ape on it.

‘I used Malar as the model because I’m more familiar with his divine force, but I never thought this would happen...’ Once the simulation had passed, Leylin fearfully recalled the scene just then.

“There’s definitely something wrong with the natives’ power of faith. It’s greatly contaminated, and can even cause a true god to weaken, eventually even fall to the prime material plane. Combined with the sacrifices, they become bound to the planet, their mind slowly erased until all that’s left is pure instinct...”

Such a miserable thing was no different from suicide. It was no wonder why the gods had forsaken these inhabitants.

‘They lost their holy kingdom, and were banished into this area with their consciousness eroding over time. It’s worse than confinement... The power of their faith is contaminated, but it’s a hereditary thing that they simply can’t change...’

Leylin pondered over the issue, ‘Since that’s the case, I don’t have to worry about other gods meddling if I enact my plans on this kingdom. However, I’ll have to bear the burden all on my own...’

Although the worship of these inhabitants was lacking, and the spirits they bound weren’t as powerful as gods, a demigod who assimilated with those spirits could become comparable to gods! The totemic demigods would be that strong!

Of course, once they left their area, the power of these demigods would fall drastically.

‘No matter what, there is a chance here. A huge one!’ Leylin’s eyes flashed as countless possible scenarios unfolded in his mind. All that was left was to bring them to reality.

“However... The incompleteness and contamination of these spirits still makes me uneasy. If I don’t understand them completely...” Leylin recalled several samples of these totems, his divine conscience delving deep into

the genes where the ancient memories were located...

There was a fire on the battlefield, floating cities crashing into the ground like meteorites. The arcanists, who were always intelligent and farsighted, who controlled all the truth in the world were now being slain. Their murderers? The gods!

The last remaining arcanists of Netheril cried out in hatred and anguish, "The spark of the arcane spells of Mise will never cease! We will never yield..."

Multiple memory fragments were revealed to Leylin, and even with his power he could only process a small portion of them. However, the information divulged from even that small portion was enough to move him.

"So these people are actually immigrants from the Netheril era!" Leylin gasped. He'd previously seen other people from the Netheril era before, like Helen. Although it was a rather miserable thing to see them run and hide for their lives, they were living in heaven compared to these people.

'Who'd have guessed that the progressive and cultured Netherese have been reduced to such a state over tens of thousands of years. They're called barbarians and fools, some even captured and turned into slaves...' Leylin sighed inwardly.

He could now understand what had happened before. The gods had been displeased with the fearless research of the Netherese arcanists, and it had eventually led to war. They began to kill what looked like all living arcanists, and most of the floating cities crashed into oblivion. The Netherese civilization had crumbled in a day.

It was at this moment that a group of Netherese had gathered. They likely wished to resist the enslavement of the gods, and were resolute in their decision. They swallowed a medicine that caused them to reject the power of faith, the rest unlucky enough to be swept into the high-ranking battle and ending up as collateral damage.

In any case, the Netherese had experienced a complete change in spirit, and were now considered venomous to the power of faith, and in turn to

the gods themselves! They definitely wouldn't be taken in by the gods, so they escaped across the seas and started reproducing here.

During this process, due to the powers of the gods and other backhanded means, these people from the Netherese Era had regressed. What was once a renowned and cultured civilisation had now turned into a group of barbaric and foolish tribals...

'If my guess is correct, the ancestors of these natives turned into barbarians after rejecting the power of faith. This had stopped them from finding even one god to turn to, how pitiful...' Leylin felt the anguish of losing a whole civilisation from the bottom of his heart.

His eyes turned red. 'However... Since matters have turned out like this... Hand over your blood, tears, hatred, and your power of belief—everything...'

The gods may not have been able to resolve the issue, but Leylin could circumvent it. His ancient Nightmare Absorbing Physique could absorb emotion itself, and the emotions of millions of people would definitely grant him power to rival gods!

'Of course I have to keep a low profile about this. At least before I begin my ascension, the ability to make use of these inhabitants' power of faith shouldn't be divulged...' Leylin rubbed his temples, feeling a headache. The number of secrets he was hiding continued to grow.

'I'll have to devise a meticulous plan. Fortunately, Debank Islands is a solitary one, with almost zero contact with the mainland, so there's a chance to keep information from leaking!'

# Chapter 993: Flaming Bird

Hundreds of towering warships glided across the outer seas, making for a magnificent sight.

However, it wasn't so beautiful to the one in charge of the long voyage. There were five thousand men to feed and take care of, which was a huge problem on the seas. On top of that there was the restlessness, and the disease that constantly crept up on Leylin's men.

Fortunately the crew were originally pirates of the Scarlet Tiger, so they could handle such long distance sailing. Tiff himself had dispatched the acolytes under him to each and every ship, boosting the morale of the men. Without holy magic to aid them, it was a very big test.

Leylin was on the deck of the flagship, looking out at the boundless sea. He breathed a light sigh, "Our food and water supplies are depleting quickly. This long distance war is really a huge gamble... Fortunately, we are able to reach Debanks Islands before our stock runs out..."

A flush of red appeared on Isabel's face, a rare sight. Being the captain of the Scarlet Tigers for so many years had killed that elegant young lady. She was now a pirate, filled with savagery and deceit. Only when she was with Leylin like now would she reveal a part of her girly side.

"Are we depending to seize supplies upon reaching the shores? That might not be the safest method!"

Hearing Isabel's surprised words, Leylin shook his head. "We have a limited number of men. Each of them is extremely precious, so we can't make senseless sacrifices..."

Even in Leylin's previous world, it was difficult to win wars after a period of travel.

"What are you thinking of?" Isabel looked at him.

He'd already drawn out a navigation map with Debanks Island at the center. The drawing scale was somewhat absurd, but it had sufficed.

"We will first make a detour and circle to this area." Leylin pointed at

group of islands beside Debanks Island. They were large enough to each have a ruling kingdom, with many smaller islands beside them.

“You mean to say... So we take down the Chihuahua Islands first, and use them as a supply point?” Isabel surmised. Although she had thought of this strategy as well, it required too much time to prepare. Leylin had maintained an unhurried pace in front of the pressing situation.

“Yes. There seems to be a tribe with over ten thousand members here, we could use them as practice to polish the skills of our men...” Although both Leylin and Isabel were confident in their army’s strength, it wasn’t possible to establish coordination in a day or two. Leylin wanted them to undergo some training.

“I got it...” This sort of slow and steady advance told Isabel how determined Leylin was, so she immediately passed down the orders.

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The Chihuahua Islands were close to Debanks Island. The tribe that resided here were vassals of the Sakartes Kingdom, but because of the ocean separating them they were quite independent.

With their lack of skill at boat-making, even if they chopped up all the trees in the area to make wooden rafts they still couldn’t stage a rebellion. Even if the ruler of the tribe had such thoughts, his elders and priests would advise him otherwise. In such a situation, this tribe was doing fairly well compared to the others who had to offer much more tribute to the empire.

The chief of this tribe was named Abasa, and he was being sheltered and served by his maids. Lazily enjoying tropical fruits, he was being fanned with a giant banana leaf.

Abasa was dark skinned, and extremely obese. Layers of fat on his body made him seem like a giant hog.

However, his neck was extremely slender, the sign of nobility. There were several metal piercings on his lips, with oil marks on his face hiding his original features.

As Abasa enjoyed the service of his maids, an extremely skinny old man dashed in. "Something has happened!"

"Oh? Wise priest, what has made you come in such a flurry?"

The high priest smelled heavily of incense mixed with lamp oil, and wore a feathered five-colour crown. Its plumes were three metres tall, the feathers themselves angled very dangerous.

The high priest fell and knelt on the ground, sounding serious, "Mighty chief of the Chihuahua Islands, our ancestral spirit is enraged. You need to be there personally..."

"The might ancestral soul is furious? Were our sacrifices not enough?" With such a matter coming up, Abasa found it difficult to enjoy himself. He pushed the maids away, eyes surrounded by puffy skin staring at the high priest.

"No, I think this is more like a warning." There was a patch of blood on the high priest's forehead, and he was evidently shocked by what had happened.

"Bring me there!" Abasa waved his arms, and a few natives who were like monkeys raised the chair he was sitting on and began to walk.

Less than an hour later, all the natives in the tribe seemed to gather as they watched the high priest in the centre performing a ritual. There was a sort of anesthetic incense burning in the air, and gas in the surroundings.

As their leader, Abasa wore his ceremonial attire with difficulty. He stood at the front of the procession in five-coloured beast hide, watching the high priest dance unceasingly as if his body was writhing with epilepsy.

At the heart of the procession, traces of reddish gold appeared on a crude animal-skin flag.

"Mighty ancestral spirit... What hint do you wish to give us?" Abbas knelt, and the rest of the natives followed suit.

Rumble! As everyone kowtowed, a huge cloud rose from the heart of the

altar. The phantom of a creature flashed past, releasing a few roars that were difficult to understand.

“The ancestral spirit is warning us!” At this moment, the high priest jumped as if he had obtained some divine enlightenment.

“Unprecedented enemies will appear from the west. They ride steel fortresses across the sea and bring massacre and death... They are—” The high priest foamed at the mouth.

“What are they?” Abbas pulled at the high priest’s neck till he turned purplish-red, as if about to suffocate to death.

“They are the fair-skinned devils!” After spitting this out, the high priest fainted.

“Fair-skinned devils?” Abasa rubbed his chin, “Send down the order. All the warriors are to bring the pikes and stone blades to the western coast...”

The vocabulary and experience of natives was limited. Even the chief did not understand what a fair-skinned devil was meant to be. All they knew was that the enemy was coming.

“Oh!” With the encouragement from the ancestral spirit, the sturdy warriors of the tribe completed this task at great speed.

Abbas was full of mettle as he guided his subordinates, “I shall skin the scalp of the enemy’s leader and hang it on the wall to serve as my medal...”

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“Hm? Our attack seems to have been discovered...” Leylin frowned from on deck.

“Luckily, this is just a small tribe. The natural spirits they worship are divine beings at best.

Seeing the native warriors at the coastline nearby, Leylin spoke, “Isabel! Tiff!”

““Here!””



“You’ll take over command. There’s no need to worry about anything else, just take out the Chihuahua Islands. Remember to seal off the sea, don’t let anyone escape!” Leylin set off after giving these instructions, charging towards a divine being. After all, it was best to restrict news of his invasion as long as possible.

Isabel, who had taken over command, drew the Red Dragon Sword in her hand and glanced at the native warriors on the coast disdainfully. They had wooden pikes and stone blades, as well as canoes.

“Bombard them! Let them see our might!” Isabel yelled. The natives were equipped so poorly, and there were less than two thousand warriors. This was like a fat piece of meat being presented to them.

“Go!” Immediately, the pirates released terrifying howls from the warships. A wave of cannonfire shot at the native tribe.

The ferocious explosions as well as terrible cries by his ears left Abbas frozen.

“Ancient ancestor! This huge fort on the sea... and that godly fire... What have we provoked?” Countless warships closed in. Their canoes were already capsizing, and the guards by his side were already yelling as they tried to flee. The chief could not help but release bellows of despair.

In the next moment, this old chief had his head chopped off by a blade.

“Heh! This fat pig is obviously a high-ranked person. I wonder if there are rewards...” As this voice sounded, the gold and silver accessories on the chief’s body disappeared in an instant...

“Is this the natives’ guardian spirit? While there’s divinity, it has low intelligence...” Leylin took a look at a divine being that looked like a flaming bird, eyes flashing with light from the A.I. Chip.

“Your followers are being massacred, and the power of your domain is diminishing. Submit to me, and I can let you live!” Leylin used his divine will to send a wave of information, but what he got in return was a howl of rage.

Chiu! Chiu! A bundle of golden flames enveloped Leylin, causing the air

around him to distort and rise.

# Chapter 994: Massacre Domain

“Hmph, what a pigheaded idiot! You haven’t even ignited your godfire yet and have the gall to go against me?” Leylin snorted, and the flames immediately went out. After obtaining divinity, he no longer saw anything in regular divine beings. This divine creature in front of him was merely seeking death.

At this thought, Leylin looked through the results of the A.I. Chip’s scan.

[Totem spirit (Flaming Bird) Divine being. Strength: 15 (+5) Agility: 17 (+5) Vitality: 19 (+5) Spirit: 20 (+5) Possessed feats: 1. Domain: In the range of its worshippers’ prayers, the totem spirit will be buffed. All stats will increase by 5. 2. Affinity with flames. 3. Holy Form: Immune to all spells below rank 5. 4: Unknown ???] ‘While in the range of the followers’ prayers, all stats increase by 5? This really is a god similar to earth-bound spirits...’

Leylin snickered, “Is this what you’re depending on? Unfortunately... This isn’t your time anymore. With the loss of your followers, the boost you get from your domain will decrease. Now is the best time to have you serve me...”

The boost from the domain came due to the existence of its worshippers. Now, however, the pirate army was closing in and the young men of the native tribe were being slaughtered. The power of faith was quickly diminishing.

The effects of the massacre itself were trivial. The problem, however, was that without the totem spirit protecting them the faith of the natives collapsed. Leylin saw the +5 at the end of each stat slowly drop to +4. As the land his army occupied expanded, the number dropped further.

“Is this faith? So powerful, and so pitiful...” Leylin sighed, noticing the fraud that was totem spirits. If he really could become a true god and bestow divine spells, the followers’ faith would not crumble so quickly.

Chiu! Chiu! Leylin actually planned to subdue this flaming bird totem. It would be his primary guide on Debanks Island. Unfortunately, the bird

had no plans to make use of Leylin's kind intentions. It ended the conversation with a ball of fire.

Golden flames struck Leylin's vicinity, the boiling-hot fire absorbing all the oxygen in the surroundings. Something similar to a vacuum was formed.

'It's ability is like magic, but it can't make use of the divinity and power of faith in its body well. It's like the instinct of beasts.' Leylin sighed, and the Red Dragon Staff appeared in his hands.

Since he'd used Soul Burn a few times already, the red dragon's soul within the staff had already diminished, and it looked rather dispirited.

Dragon Domain! Cone of Fire! In the face of a mere legendary divine creature, however, Leylin did not even need to burn the dragon's soul. A powerful draconic aura rippled out with a wave of his staff.

Roar! A phantom red dragon appeared above Leylin, spewing out a cone of fire at the flaming bird. It immediately caused the giant bird to snarl without end.

Rumble! Two streams of fire strived for victory in the air, turning the horizon red.

"How can such brutish strength contend against me?" Leylin yelled, the cone of fire piercing through the flaming bird's golden fire and enveloping it.

Chiu! Chiu! Enraged howls sounded from within the flames, but there was something peculiar about the situation. All of a sudden, the red dragon's flames exploded into what looked like a red lotus. At the heart of it, the flaming bird did not seem to be injured at all. Instead it seemed even larger.

It chirped in its excitement, swallowing the red dragon's flames with large gulps, its golden flames turning crimson.

Chiu! Chiu! The flaming bird that had assimilated with the red dragon's flames grew larger in size, eyes looking human and filled with pride as it flew towards the red dragon phantom in the air.

‘It can absorb flames? The A.I. Chip should have found out. Is this a unique divine ability?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with wit, “Are you trying to swallow a legendary dragon soul? In that case, I’ll give it to you!”

Soul Burn! The dragon soul at the tip of the staff completely withered, its body enveloped by translucent flames. With that act, the phantom in the air grew more corporeal, each scale more vivid and each claw glinting with a sharper light.

All of a sudden, the red dragon’s eyes showed intelligence. It roared as it crashed into the flaming bird.

High-pitched dragon howls and bird cries surprised both the natives and pirates on the ground. All of them gazed upwards, watching the battle between the red dragon and flaming bird. Some natives were able to recognise their totem and immediately tossed their weapons aside, beginning to pray right away.

“What are you standing there in a daze for? Go!” A similar draconic aura burst forth from Isabel, and she withdrew the Red Dragon Sword from a native soldier of unknown role as she berated the pirates loudly.

Having two legendaries in charge, and being better than their opponents in strength, equipment, and warriors, they completely crushed the opponents. The pirate army had now pushed through to the outer regions of the tribe, and the enemies they faced had turned into a mob. The old were appearing now, as were the youths, females, and the frail natives.

“Those who do not surrender are to be killed with no exceptions!” With her long life as a pirate, Isabel lacked the pity that normal women displayed. The pirates and devil worshippers were originally evil themselves, so they carried out her orders ruthlessly, perhaps being even more cruel than necessary.

‘All I can do is give him all my faith, and take care of the mortal battles...’ Isabel’s eyes showed her understanding of her position as she charged to the depths of the tribal area. Draconic flames followed her around, making her look like the most beautiful war goddess.

Chiu! Chiu! Meanwhile, the battle in the sky between the legendary

beasts had reached its conclusion.

Although the red dragon was a legendary beast that was burning its soul, it had died long ago and its power was diminished. Its opponent was equal in power, but also had divinity on hand! After several rounds, it had torn large chunks of soul force out of the red dragon's body and swallowed its flames, causing its golden fire to turn red.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! At the end, as the bird gnawed at the head of the red dragon figure, the crystal with the dragon soul at the tip of Leylin's staff shattered.

"Tsk... after so many uses, the red dragon's soul force is completely consumed..." Seeing the dragon soul vanishing in front of him, Leylin did not look the least bit surprised. The flaming bird, on the other hand, released an elated chirp and gulped down the red dragon figure while absorbing the flames it possessed.

"Then again, it's time about I changed the core!" Leylin floated up to the flaming bird.

After absorbing the dragon soul, its body had become more enormous. A draconic aura emanated from it as it met Leylin's gaze without fear. There was even desire in its eyes.

"Oh? Trying to eat me too?" Leylin could not help but begin to chuckle after understanding what the bird wanted, "It really is a beast. It can only do everything by instinct and doesn't even care if it can digest me."

"Go crazy..." Leylin snapped his fingers, and the flaming bird immediately began to writhe, layers of flames rising as half of the red dragon's head appeared from its body.

"While being able to assimilate the flames is an advantage for you, you might want to be careful since eating too much could mean you might be assimilated instead..." A sinister smile rose by Leylin's lips, "You've been fattened up well. As you are now, you truly are prey worthy of slaughter..."

"Return!" Leylin tossed the Red Dragon Staff in his hands, and it began to soar into the air till it reached the head of the flaming bird. Its sharp

end quickly pierced down into the head.

Chiu! Chiu! The large flaming bird could have easily dodged the attack, but it seemed to have gone stupid as it stayed where it was, golden and red flames twining around and eating at it.

Swish! The red dragon staff was like a sharp arrow that disappeared through the head of the bird, causing flames and golden blood to spurt everywhere. The bird cried one last time as a huge explosion sounded. The sound began from its stomach, transforming into a storm that swept the bird within.

Leylin stood at the side, watching the large body being torn and devoured by the storm...

‘If all earth-bound spirits on Debanks Island have this level of strength, I have nothing to worry about. However, with the support of the native empire, those earth-bound spirits are probably as strong as demigods...’ Leylin sighed inside.

The pirate armies had now killed their way into the inner parts of the native tribes. They began their ruthless massacre of the old, weak and ill, as well as all sorts of atrocious activities.

“Is this what conquering is? Increasing my strength through continuous massacre...” Leylin’s eyes showed his bewilderment for a moment, before the A.I. Chip sounded. [Beep! Host has killed a divine creature. Additional information about the massacre domain has been found. Model established, beginning analysis...]

[Beep! Host has grasped the massacre domain!] [Massacre Domain: This domain allows one to obtain strength by constant slaughter. In such an environment, host’s stats are increased by 1% (Current Effect). There is a chance to obtain an opponent’s soul energy, and the boost from the domain extends to the deployer’s worshippers.]

# Chapter 995: Conquer

“Massacre domain? Truly powerful... “ Leylin muttered to himself, “You can strip the enemy of their life and soul energy during massacres and quickly recover yourself... Gods also have specific bonuses, and it might increase in power if I kill more powerful existences...”

The A.I. Chip’s prompts continued. [Beep! Host has killed a divine being. Massacre domain has been boosted, absorbing the opponent’s divinity.] In that instant, Leylin had sensed that he’d absorbed the trace of divinity from the flaming bird, something formed by over a century of worship from the natives. A golden light spread across his body, and with the massacre domain in effect its power was transformed into a part of his own.

‘The profits this time alone have allowed my massacre divinity to grow greatly. It’s worth at least two to three years of worship...’ Leylin looked excited, ‘This trip to the outer seas definitely is worth it!’

Truth be told, the fastest way for a god to advance was to seize divinity, divine force, or even divine spark from battle. However, the native empire as it was now was not valued. The power of faith in these earth-bound spirits as well as their divine force had huge flaws, which was why the gods did not set their sights on them.

However, Leylin did not fear contamination from the Magi. On top of that, his Nightmare Absorbing Physique allowed him to naturally absorb the might of these native earth-bound spirits without issue.

‘After absorbing the divine force, I’ll be able to make use of this large bird’s divinity and soul to a great degree...’ Leylin tapped the crystal on top of the Red Dragon Staff.

Chiu! Chiu! Dazzling light figured as the red dragon imprisoned within disappeared. In its place was a terrifying large bird, burning with golden-red flames.

“Using a divine being’s soul to substitute a legendary dragon soul, that’s a pretty good deal...” Leylin observed the soul of the flaming bird. It was



now firmly chained within the crystal, and it cried out in refusal.

‘Although I’ve taken the soul already, I still need to forge it into something usable. Until I do that, the Red Dragon Staff needs to be sealed...’ Leylin estimated that once he reforged it, the new Red Dragon Staff, although the name would have to be changed, would be more powerful than a legendary item...

As Leylin was killing the flaming bird, the flag above the tribe’s altar tore. Ferocious flames devoured the totem. The gathered natives cried out in alarm, and their high priest’s face warped and twitched before he fell into a dead faint while frothing at the mouth. The other priests and acolytes reacted in the same way.

The followers of gods possessed some totemic power, which was what allowed them to communicate with the god and do all sorts of otherwise unimaginable things. However, now that their totem spirit was dead they would meet a similar fate.

The extraction of power that had fused with the body was like the removal of organs from a human. It was no surprise for a few of them to just die. Had they been worshippers of a true god, things would have been even more serious.

While it could be worse, this situation left the natives horrified and panicked.

“Ah... the ancestral spirit.... It’s dead...”

“The evil god of the enemies, the fair-skinned devils killed our ancestral spirit...”

“Boohoo... our chief, high priest and ancestral spirit have died...”

The situation instantly caused the old, young, and ill to fall apart. They’d originally persisted with the belief that their ancestral spirit would protect them from the attack. The death of that guardian was a huge blow to them.

The fighting continued, and the spirit of the natives was swayed immediately.

“All who resist us will be killed, whether they are elderly or children!” The pirates and many devil worshippers that Leylin had subdued walked towards the tribe’s altar.

“My followers!” At this moment, all the pirates who followed the Winged Serpent God Kukulkan heard a low and solemn voice in their years.

“I give you my blessing. You shall obtain power through slaughter; the fresh blood of your enemies shall give you courage, and the moans of terrified souls will restore your vitality!” The words sounded like a divine order as a terrifying phantom Targaryen appeared in the sky.

“It’s our Lord! The Winged Serpent God has shown himself!” Unlike the regular worshippers, the acolytes Tiff had nurtured had a more profound reaction to this.

“Massacre domain, boost!” Leylin’s figure reached the skies above the battlefield. He willed a dark red light to move from his domain, having it appear by his followers.

“It’s the power of our god! The Winged Serpent God is protecting us!”

Robin Hood chopped off the head of a native with a wave of his hand. In this process, he could feel that the stamina he had lost was somehow restored. He took a look around and saw the pirates who should have lost their stamina seem full of life.

‘What kind of terrifying might will this ability grant us in battle?’ The effects of this domain were incomparable in battle. The little resistance that the natives had still posed crumbled completely, and the tribe descended into a bunch of cries and howls.

With Leylin showing up as a god and displaying his protection of his worshippers, the conviction of the natives completely died out. Many began to surrender, and dense black flames enveloped the skies above the native tribe...

Evening arrived, and the reflection of the setting sun on the sea was as red as blood. Leylin had moved into the chief’s palace, listening to his subordinates’ reports.

This place was made up of multiple smaller tribes, with a little more than ten thousand people. This 'palace' was just a slightly larger house with beautiful beast fur on the walls. It was still pretty good compared to the houses of the normal natives, though.

"This operation was a complete victory. We killed about a thousand native warriors, and have taken over ten thousand prisoners. Mere tens of our men were lost..." As Isabel spoke beside him, Robin Hood and Ronald began to flush with excitement.

"Also, the sea routes were blocked so not one of the natives' canoes escaped. News of this will definitely not spread." Tiff added. With him and the other elites in charge of stopping the natives, breaking out had been an impossible task.

"Good! Next is to organise the slaves and search the island..." Many natives had still fled in the chaos of war, especially with their lacking manpower. Leylin didn't mind, though; this was an isolated island after all. Now that he had control of the sea routes, where could they go?

"The most important thing to do now is to subdue the natives of the tribe and spread my faith. I can establish a secondary army made up of natives after that..."

The stories of colonialism from his past life gave Leylin many examples to follow. The elite pirates were his core group, and they couldn't easily be dispatched lest they suffer huge losses. Each operation with them had to be a huge success, and give the elites the image that they were all-powerful.

His next task was to manage these natives, dividing them up to form a secondary army and his guard. It would be necessary to assist the native nobles, provoking the tribes to attack each other and causing strife. It would be even better if he was helped by disease.

Due to differences in their worlds, the battles between gods were extremely important. If Leylin could eliminate the totems that the natives had faith in, everything would be much easier. Debanks Island was just a fat pig waiting to be slaughtered.

But that was all in the future. Leylin focused his attention on organising the natives of the Chihuahua Islands for now...

Night fell, and chilly winds brought coldness into the tribe. Numerous tied up natives were grouped together, hoping to get some warmth from each other's trembling bodies. In contrast, a huge bonfire was burning in the centre of the plaza, the altar from before long since destroyed and replaced by a brand new idol.

On top of the gigantic obsidian base was a sinister-looking serpent, huge and with fleshy wings. It had sharp claws and a single horn, and its scales seemed to gleam. Large demonic wings spread wide apart, and vertical eyes revealed a ruthless bloodthirst.

This was the statue Leylin had chosen for himself. He still feared the other gods, so he couldn't show himself. The next best thing was the image of a Targaryen.

The natives were being sent to the statue batch by batch, ordered to swear allegiance to it. Before this, they even had to trample the flag of the flaming bird.

No matter how stupid they were, the natives knew this blasphemy meant subjugation. It caused waves of chaos, the influence of an ancestral spirit not fading so easily.

However, regardless of the disturbance, the hot-bloodedness of the natives died down in the face of the pirates' blades. Facing them, one of the natives was cowed into service. The rest soon followed suit.

Leylin could sense the faith of the numerous natives, and the dear that accompanied it.

He looked around and sighed, "Is the reverence for gods by all lifeforms the source of faith? The essence of divine force is astuteness and dignity..."

# Chapter 996: Saintess

Under threat of imminent death, the natives succumbed to the devilish snake that had slain their ancestral spirit, giving it their faith. Although with some unknown contamination, massive and unbridled power of faith surged into Leylin's body through the Weave.

"Reverence turns into faith..." Reaping this new power, Leylin now understood the path of the gods better.

A contract between gods and mortals was just the base of divinity. Another important requirement was reverence. If reverence was lost, it was only a matter of time before the power of faith moved to someone else. And murder and death were the most efficient ways to command this reverence!

'It's just that these natives' faith is incomplete...' Detecting a huge amount of contamination that would erode his own divine powers and eventually destroy him, Leylin smirked, 'But how can my quintessence be so easily tainted?'

Buzz! Dark red runes crawled over Leylin's body. The Nightmare Eye opened between his brows, beginning to absorb the contamination and refine it into pure dreamforce.

'Dreamforce is definitely the most accommodating of different powers...' Leylin nodded his head in satisfaction.

With his abilities as a Warlock in addition to the Nightmare Absorption Physique, he could absorb the faith of these natives easily.

"However, I need some time to properly digest this much..." Leylin could feel the intertwined emotions of his worshippers through the Weave, and the instability of their faith. Still, this was only the beginning, and he'd gotten it through murder. Leylin was satisfied with the result.

'What matters is the other tribes. I need to change my strategy next time...' Leylin recalled the knowledge from his previous world. Blood and tears proved time and time again that war would always occur. No matter

how much one drove for peace, someone would always strike at their enemy's lowest point.

The only way to conquer them was a display of force, constantly killing off their forces until they finally assimilated. There were many unorthodox ways to go about it as well, but they were easily countered.

The theory was simple, it was just a dog eat dog world!

Had Leylin been a simple leader, he would have decided to kill off all the tribes. After all, he already had a disadvantage in numbers. No matter how much they were assimilated, even smaller groups caused problems to large communities, let alone in this situation where the numbers were reversed.

The glory of the bald eagle, of the United States of America, had come on the back of blood, sweat, and tears. However, from a god's standpoint, Leylin had to adopt a different approach.

Gods transcended humanity. Having stepped into such a realm, their vision was no longer limited to that of humans. With everlasting life, the conflict between tribes was trivial.

To put it bluntly, even if he had to use all of the incomplete power of faith that came from these natives to match the power of gods, Leylin would be willing to do it. He thus absolved himself of all conflicts between tribes, only focusing on the power of faith. The more a person worshipped him and provided power of faith, the more glory they would get.

Even a native would be able to become a cleric or even a bishop! As long as they were devout and prayed piously, of course.

Leylin recalled a famous proverb from his previous life, 'Everything between heaven and earth is but a stray dog!'

Although there were many interpretations of it, Leylin himself knew that everyone was treated equally by the divine, with no bias. That was the approach the gods of this world had adopted, at least.

However, the truest lack of bias could only be attributed to the various World Wills. Realistically speaking, as long as a majority of his faith came

from the pirates and devil worshippers, Leylin would favour them. However, in the future he would have to rely on the power of faith from Debanks Island once he conquered it. The scales would be adjusted then.

It was only pragmatic and necessary to pick up natives and make them priests or saintesses, showing that everyone was equal and giving them hope. Leylin turned his attention to the field using his divine sense.

The battle continued, with not every native being cowed by the fear in their hearts. When a change of faith was forced, 'heroes' were wont to step up time and time again. Be it man or woman, youth or elderly, the only similarity was the unwavering resolution in their eyes, and the spirit of martyrdom.

The pirates simply beheaded them, the fresh blood pouring into the battlefield striking more fear into the natives' hearts. Beautiful woman who did not comply were a way for them to flaunt their manhood as they slayed the old and young.

Isabel did not stop these acts. A change of faith had to be ignited by fresh blood, and those who wouldn't comply even superficially would only have death awaiting them. If their faith could not be forced from their soul, they would disappear in the flesh.

Before humans grew civilised, killing eliminated problems without solving them. As culture progressed, this method was abandoned. However, the laws of the jungle still prevailed in the World of Gods, even on the mainland.

'There won't be thorns sticking out anymore, but there should be some who've only complied on the surface. They'll be scheming something else in the background...' Leylin mocked this train of thought in his mind. Like the proverbs went, one would grow accustomed to kneeling. Once they swore loyalty to him, he could acquire their faith and strengthen it in the future.

The hidden problems were easy to solve. As a divine being, Leylin could tell deceit and true reverence apart. Those fellows would never climb up the hierarchy, and once they exhibited any signs of rebellion they would be

executed immediately.

Using the method of the carrot and the stick, Leylin would convert them completely, making them unwavering in their devotion.

‘It’s just that I don’t have enough time...’ Leylin shook his head.

At this moment, many black-robed clerics flooded the battlefield, soothing the natives like they were lambs. “Forget the false gods you believed in, and put your faith in our Lord. Even your family will experience salvation for your choice.”

A threat to one’s life left them vulnerable in many ways. Tiff understood this himself, having sent the acolytes out to soothe the natives without instruction to. With the gentle words of these acolytes, even more of the natives pledged their faith to Leylin, which strengthened his connection over the Weave even more than before.

A native girl looked up at Tiff, her eyes betraying her apprehension. “If... If I choose to believe in your god, will father be saved?”

Tiff smiled gently, kneeling down. “Who is your father, and where is he?” he asked the girl who had pale yellow skin and dark hair. There were traces of mud and coal on her face.

“He... He was a brave warrior of the tribe. He died today on the shore...” the little girl said timidly.

“He will be,” Tiff stroked her hair, “Our Lord has mastered the massacre domain. All souls that perished under him can definitely be salvaged. If you pledge your faith...”

“Then, I choose to believe!” The girl knelt before the statue and kowtowed with utmost sincerity. It was so much so that her forehead began to bruise, and blood appeared.

“Almighty bishop, I know where a group of the tribe’s warriors have gone, including the chief. They are in a mountain-hole at Bakala.”

The natives stirred in unrest, shocked by the little girl’s betrayal. Her calmness surprised even Tiff.



“Very well, you shall be rewarded!” Tiff eyed an acolyte at the side, who relayed this important information to the other leaders. He looked at the little native girl fondly, trying to think of a reward.

Before he could do that, though, a golden light shone out of the Targaryen statue. The power caused everyone to kneel unconsciously.

“Almighty Lord...”

A divine aura seemed to come to life under the holy light, and a beam of it entered the native girl’s body.

“You are kind yet resolute, you shall be blessed!” The golden light circled the girl’s body, leaving a mark on her forehead.

Once the light dimmed, Tiff looked solemnly at the girl. “Your name?”

“I am Barbara! Barbara Morui!” The girl repeated her name.

“You have received the blessings of the Winged Serpent God. From now, you are the saintess of our church!” Tiff hoisted the girl onto his shoulders, “May the winged serpent always be with you!”

“Kukulkan! Kukulkan!” The numerous acolytes cheered Leylin’s divine name in zealotry.

At the same time, this atmosphere, with Barbara hoisted up high, renewed the hope of the natives. Leylin felt the power from their faith surge again, and the web of their faith grew sturdier.

# Chapter 997: Blackmail

‘Congregations are indeed a good way to embellish the atmosphere... No wonder the churches of my past preferred to hold worship on selected days each week...’ Leylin who had withdrawn his vision shook his head.

It was just a matter of time before the tribes of the Chihuahua Islands would come to his side. He believed that Tiff understood his intentions, and could exploit the worth of a saintess.

After all these matters were settled, Leylin’s gaze turned to Debanks Island. He did not have time to conquer all the tribes of the Chihuahua Islands. He had to conquer the few largest ones first, producing his own divinity and ascending to become a demigod before he could challenge the Sakartes Kingdom.

Once the internal affairs were taken care of, a new round of battle preparations was underway.

‘It isn’t just subjugating the tribes and killing them. The quest to conquer the natives has to be filled with death and plagues.’ To truly win with his small numbers, he had to regard those last two aspects as well.

If he wasn’t limited by secrecy from the outside world, Leylin would even have sent people to ask for help from the Goddess of Plagues. With her belonging to the evil alignment, she would definitely be glad to do it.

‘Forget it, they’d find out I can absorb the natives’ faith. Might as well do it myself.’ Pride welled within Leylin. As a Magus, he wouldn’t find it difficult to create a new plague if he spent some time. Moreover, being a bloodline Warlock he could even come up with one that was very infectious and fatal, capable of eliminating entire tribes.

While he did not have to resort to such extremes, it was still necessary to give them a good scare. Any tribes going against him would contact the plague. With people dying all the time, the only way to save themselves would be to pledge their faith to him. How much power would that produce?

While some clerics could use magic to resist the plague, how sparse were they amongst the commoners? With their limited spell slots, it would be great even if they could just save the nobility.

Furthermore, their gods were just earth-bound spirits or demigods at best. Their divine spells were rank 5 at most, and the number of casts paled in comparison to those of a real god. This was one major limitation.

Having conquered the Chihuahua Islands, Leylin's army could finally plant their feet down firmly close to Debanks Islands. With the support of their warships, Debanks Island's counterattacks would not amount to much. Even if they discovered Leylin now and took the most efficient course of action, they wouldn't be able to chase Leylin away.

In addition, Chihuahua Islands was now a constant source of war supplies, warriors, and most importantly power of faith. The natives Leylin had brought on board were now released, acting as translators and mediators that aided his governance.

While high-ranking cleric spells like Language Proficiency did exist, the acolytes on the ground couldn't use so many spell scrolls. The likes of translators were of paramount importance.

Of course, this was only the first wave, very soon a new civilisation would be introduced with the common language spoken on the continent. This was in fact how colonialism worked, Leylin had merely borrowed a page from its books. However, instead of harvesting resources he was harvesting power of faith...

Another month passed with this set in stone. Two fifths of the pirates Leylin had brought were now either injured or running operations on the ground. He brought the remaining three thousand on deck and headed for Debanks Island, and the true native empire.

This was three thousand against a million! It sounded extremely absurd, but after past events the crew had placed their utmost trust in Leylin. This fervent worship was the necessity for zealotry. Leylin believed that once he took these pirates through the unimaginable war, the survivors would definitely turn into fanatics.

Getting close to Debanks Island, Leylin passed down the orders for all ships to stop sailing. It was as if he was waiting for something.

To him, each and every one of his troops was extremely precious, so venturing in the dark would be too dangerous. According to his plan, what came next would be an effortless victory.

Zoom! Five hourglasses trickled by, and a red figure approached from the horizon and landed on Leylin's deck.

"Here he is, just as planned." Isabel was now in her draconic form. Crimson scales littered her body, and a pair of giant red wings protruded from her back. Her pupils had become vertical slits, as typical of dragons'.

However, Isabel seemed to be in a miserable state. The scales on her back were somewhat twisted.

"What happened? Is something wrong?" Leylin raised his hand, and an arcane healing spell covered her body. Large amounts of the shattered scales quickly regrew.

"While we were plundering others, we were discovered by the totem spirit and pursued. But it was like you said. It automatically backed off a certain distance from the tribe..." Isabel now looked much better as she tossed an unconscious native to the deck.

The captured native was dressed in bright robes. His rosy cheeks and exquisite skin showed that he'd been brought up in a great environment, and had at least as much power as the chief of the Chihuahua Islands.

"Good! Lock him up at the bottom of the ship and ensure that he doesn't die. We can then happily blackmail the tribe and ask for a ransom..." Leylin waved his arms, and two pirates immediately went forward to carry the unconscious native chief down.

"This is such a crude plan. Will they fall for it?" Isabel asked. Tiff had no intentions of questioning him, as if Leylin's word was gospel, but in spite of Leylin's imposing divine aura Isabel was still his cousin.

"Who knows? We can't go wrong with trying it..." Leylin rolled his shoulders back, feeling like there was a large possibility of this working

out.

The natives were foolish, ignorant and naive, just like in the Americas of his previous world. The western colonialists had used extortion to gain countless riches.

While the situation was different, the natives here had sacrificial ceremonies for totem spirits and higher-ups like high priests. There was even a system of divine and royal power. This chief would have some descendants and faithful officials, no? Anyway, Leylin had made up his mind. If this didn't work out, he could just kill the captive and capture a high priest or something.

Fortunately, the tribe did not seem to be able to bear the death of the chief. After Leylin sent out an emissary, the other party's people quickly arrived. In the stipulated coastal waters, a large wave of natives rowing tens of canoes arrived under the Scarlet Tigers' ship.

The pirates on the deck watched the canoes under them disdainfully. In their eyes, just a slight splash from their large ship could drown the entire army, capsizing their boats and killing the people.

After that, though, they could not shift their eyes away. Any teasing or attempts at attacking these natives' canoes would result in a ruthless counterattack.

This was because they saw golden light! Golden light all over the canoes! Bright yellow gold household utensils and large chunks of gold nuggets were transported to the deck as a ransom for their chief! The dazzling colours immediately filled the pirates' sights, and greed appeared on their expressions.

Was this not why they'd become pirates, and struggled with their lives on the line in the perilous deep seas against military and merchant ships?

'While it doesn't amount to much, having them piled together is quite eye-catching...' Leylin knew that in reality Debanks Island didn't have plentiful amounts of gold.

Gold and silver was currency on the mainland, but here it would be

items like cocoa beans or obsidian. Gold was just for decoration. If Leylin's emissary hadn't specifically requested this, they could even have brought a pile of obsidian over as ransom. The natives saw being able to get their chief back by handing over a pile of useless decorations as striking it rich.

Leylin stroked his chin, watching the emissaries from the natives' side crawling before him. From their point of view, this large ship was like a lofty mountain, no different from a miracle.

"Mighty beings with fair skin who traverse through the seas and possess tall and large ships, I have brought the items you wanted. Please let our chief go. From hereon, you will also have the friendship of our tribe..." a priest with status said while cowering, and Leylin had no trouble understanding him.

Regular divine beings couldn't compare to him in comprehension ability. The moment he became a demigod, he would be able to understand all languages by instinct.

The priest was now showing cowardice before Leylin.

"I see the ransom, but that isn't enough..." Leylin branded his meaning into the minds of the natives, "A king can only be redeemed by a king. You can meet your chief. After this, you are to declare war on the neighbouring Angodub. Bring their chief captive in exchange for your own!"

# Chapter 998: Plague

Making sure that the emissaries understood what he was saying, Leylin confiscated all the riches that they had brought. He then showed them their chief who was still alive, and chased them out of the warship.

“Do you see this? There are riches all over this island, and the natives managing all this wealth are so cowardly and ignorant...” Leylin stepped on the gold, watching the greedy eyes of his men. He grinned, “Half of this gold and everything we get in the future will be yours. Divide it amongst yourselves...”

The pirates erupted into cheers.

Although the gold seemed to be a lot when piled up, how much would one person get when it was divided amongst three thousand? Still, this display served to increase their greed, and gave them a deeper impression of Debanks Island’s wealth. It would motivate them to fight!

Many of the pirates were now zealous, eager to take over the entirety of Debanks Island and willfully plunder its wealth.

If he asked people to believe in him without any benefits, they would not advance wave after wave in the face of death, at least not now. Leylin needed to show them profits, and the sparkle of gold was the best of them all.

“Will they really do it?” Isabel ignored the clamouring crowd behind her, standing on deck to watch the canoes leave. “Angodub is related to them by marriage, no? Their great relationship is what lets them govern this region together...”

“That depends. We aren’t natives, and don’t know how they think. Besides, how is it possible for two tribes to live so close to each other without friction?” Tiff brought up an opposing opinion.

“Mm. Besides, even if they don’t do it we can help. For example, we can spread news of them preparing to attack Angodub, or just pretend to be natives and attack a nearby village...” Leylin’s eyes glinted with

intelligence. “Once seeds of doubt are planted, they’re not so easily removed. There will definitely be a war!”

Isabel now understood Leylin’s plan, and had to admit it’s feasibility. “Once both tribes are tired out, we can wipe them out with minimal cost, bridging our way into Debanks Island.”

Still, she frowned soon. She continued asking, “What happens if the Sakartes Empire finds out. This is a large operation after all. Considering our current strength, we’ll be chased away once they step in...”

Debanks Island was the size of several kingdoms, with the Sakartes Empire at its heart. A few tribes surrounded it. Although Leylin enacted his schemes in an isolated area, this was still a single island. There was no ocean to blockade it off, so news would spread quickly.

“Don’t worry. They’ll be too busy to bother with us soon...” Leylin smiled and shook his head, the hidden meaning causing Isabel and Tiff to shiver in fear.

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Time passed quickly. Soon enough, the two tribes Leylin had chosen were immersed in war, without Leylin even needing to step in. After all, they were both occupying the same lands. How could there be true friendships between rivals for resources?

On top of that, the totem spirits of the tribes wanted to devour each other to strengthen themselves. With all sorts of factors favouring it, it was natural for war to break out.

To show his sincerity, Leylin’s fleet did not stop by the continent and instead sent away many of the ships. Some of those that were left kept away from the warzone, as if this had nothing to do with them.

Leylin even bought slaves from both tribes. They were sturdy, courageous natives, great for regular slave work at the Chihuahua Islands or as soldiers. He wasn’t stupid enough to pay in precious materials like gold or silver, instead providing weapons and ammunition.

These arms caused the natives to grow more powerful, and the selling of



slaves continued. To avoid falling behind, the opponents had no choice but to do business with Leylin, which created a vicious cycle that caused both tribes to shed blood. Leylin's side had a great harvest.

Amidst the flurry of activity, Leylin stayed holed up inside his lab. The trade was taken care of by his men, who had prior experience in capturing slaves from piracy. His own task now was extremely important, and that was to prevent the Sakartes Empire from meddling in his affairs.

He looked at a petri dish under dim light, at a half-rotten piece of meat. His eyes flashed with light as the A.I. Chip performed a scan.

'Has it been nurtured to this state already?' The piece of flesh in the petri dish was from a native's body. Continuous experiments allowed Leylin to roughly understand the structure of their DNA, and create a toxin that would be extremely lethal to them.

[Beep! Number 2's infection is stable, beginning extraction of data...] The A.I. Chip sent a large amount of information to Leylin, which left him nodding his head.

"Very well..." Using a pair of tiny tweezers, Leylin clipped the piece of flesh and placed it in a test tube with clear liquid.

[Beginning experiment 17642, recording data...] the A.I. Chip's voice intoned. Leylin looked at the piece of flesh dissolve, shaping up like a tentacle before bubbling up.

'Alright, the fission is stable. The chances of success this time are extremely large!' Leylin nodded his head, and spells glowed forth from his hand on occasion, using the radioactive energy to catalyse the reaction.

Once the violent reaction ended, Leylin smiled at the test tube, which itself was now red as blood.

[Beep! The lethal virus has been completed. Name?]

"Pathogen 1," Leylin named it nonchalantly.

[Beep! Name recorded, storing data...] The A.I. Chip carried out Leylin's instructions, before displaying the data in front of his eyes.

[Pathogen 1: It is a genetic weapon that is extremely contagious. Can thrive in extreme weathers and lives for a hundred hours. Spread through the respiratory tract, with 90% infection and 90% lethality. No cure available, capable of two degrees of transmission. Note: The pathogen is extremely effective against the specific specimen, namely the first set of natives stored in the database.] This pathogen only infected natives, and was highly contagious and lethal. It was like smallpox combined with the flu, and Leylin did not doubt for a moment that once it was released it would strike more fear than even devils or demons could.

Even the 10% chance of survival was not Leylin's kindness. Were all the natives to die, there would just be nobody left to give him power of faith.

'Although I can't let all of them die, I don't need a large population of worshippers either. The survivors will provide enough power for me to ascend to godhood...' Leylin pondered as he stroked his chin.

Had the same pathogen been unleashed on the natives of his previous world, the people would have been wiped out completely. However, the rules of this world were different. Taking into consideration the existence of gods and extraordinary abilities, the 10% chance Leylin had given would leave a small number of survivors.

'Once I release the plague, I need to make special medicine and vaccines...' Although nobody was immune to this plague, Leylin had still left a backdoor open for external immunisation. Having died wave after wave, how would they see the 'cleansing' of the disease by Kukulkan? The vaccines could grant them the ability to survive, and they would be none the wiser about it.

It would already be a blessing for those totems and demigods to protect the nobles. There simply weren't enough spells to go around saving the commoners. Leylin was quite sure that this situation would be a great harvest of the power of faith.

'The death of their worshippers will cause the power of the totem spirits to drop. Even demigods won't be able to do a thing about it, much less the earth-bound spirits. The huge drop in strength will be checkmate!'

Brilliance flashed in Leylin's eyes. With a simple wave of his hands, he could now determine the life and death of several million natives. The word evil could not begin to describe his current actions.

If he were to filter this power of faith, he could turn into a god of plagues or biological lives, immediately usurping the throne of the Goddess of Plagues. But he wasn't interested in that at all.

'Although I shouldn't absorb faith in the domains of plague and disease, there is one domain I cannot miss... Death!' Leylin's plans were always multi-layered. On one hand, the plague and vaccine would allow him to conquer the entirety of Debanks Island quickly without expending much energy. On the other hand, the sheer amount of death would allow him to comprehend the death domain.

Massacre and death were two powerful domains that suited Leylin's needs, and he coveted the latter now. With the millions of lives lost, the power of death would definitely reach a frightening level. At that point, it wouldn't be impossible to comprehend the death domain.

Compared to this, the other trivial matters could be neglected. Leylin believed peace only followed chaos. After a period of suffering, the people of Debanks Island would choose his rule, welcoming the revolution he would bring about.

# Chapter 999: Dissemination

In Leylin's opinion, the famed big shots whether in his past life or the current one all had something in common. Once they determined their target, they would advance with fortitude, possessing absolute faith in their path. Since they'd long since marked their path, they feared nothing, and would be unscrupulous.

In his pursuit of eternity and freedom, Leylin cared not for the lives of the natives.

'All I pursue in this life is eternity. Even if I collapse halfway through and face the backlash from my actions, I'll have no regrets...' A tough glint flashed in Leylin's eyes, proof of his staunch resolution. With such motivation, killing humans, burning cities, and wiping out hundreds of people was a mere sacrifice on his higher path.

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The battle between the tribes grew increasingly intense. It had been a long time since anyone came to care for the chief that Leylin had captive. The two sides were blinded by battle, their primary goal to take out their opponent.

People who started battles did not normally know how to end them. During the war, they would slowly forget their initial goals, leading to tragedy.

The Sakartes Empire seemed to have found out about the situation, dispatching a ten thousand strong army to interfere alongside a large group of clerics. It was likely that mediating wasn't their only goal. Precautionary measures or wiping outsiders like Leylin out would be high on their list.

Sadly, the empire's interference ended quickly, having accomplished nothing much. There was no battle, but the grim reaper had descended on them.

En route to the warring tribes, a plague broke out without warning

amongst their ranks. It was infectious, and the rate of death was terrifying. In a few days' time, it had spread across the whole army.

With how crowded their army was, and the lack of hygiene amongst the natives, it was difficult to survive the disease without divine healing. The members of the clergy were hard-pressed and overworked, only able to save some of the officers and elites. They had no choice but to watch the ordinary soldiers fester and die. With their limited number of divine spells, what they'd been able to do was already amazing.

In an era of cold weapons, a casualty rate of over 30% was terrifying. This time, the plague had brought an additional psychological pressure with it. Under the threat of death, the army soon forgot its goal. Some even tried to desert!

With more than half the soldiers dead, the army could do little about the runaways. The officers shouted themselves hoarse trying to bring the defectors back and behead them. Truth be told, even a few officers themselves had fled in fear of the plague.

Soon enough, the army completely broke down. The soldiers spread everywhere, bringing the bacteria in their bodies to even further places and spreading the plague more. The natives died in batches, leaving fields overgrown with weeds. The fowl had wandered off.

The plague had reduced the entirety of Debanks Island to tears. It worried the upper class of the empire out of their minds. Still, there was nothing they could do to stop the spread of the plague. As for the intruders, they weren't a priority.

Taking care of the external interferences, Leylin began completely annihilating the two tribes that had fought each other. Many of them had been infected by the plague in the chaos of war. 60% of them had died out, including almost all of the healthy young men.

Small as the two tribes were, their totem spirits were merely divine beings. They were greatly weakened by the loss of worshippers, and weren't able to obstruct Leylin's attacks anymore. Absorbing their divine force, Leylin sensed the massacre divinity in his body greatly increasing in

strength. He was getting ever closer to the threshold of being able to ignite his godfire.

After he got rid of what the two tribes believed in, it was natural for Leylin to take them over. The remaining members were gathered to establish a whole new town, complete with a large new Targaryen statue.

The natives abandoned their old faith. Being baptised by prayer and holy water in front of the statue— in actuality just potions and vaccines— they sensed their suffering and ailments vanish without a trace. It immediately triggered a zealous wave of faith.

The infectious power of faith generated by providing those who were on the verge of death help was something even Leylin hadn't expected. Many who had been at their last breaths, their bodies decaying, became fervent worshippers of the Winged Serpent God after being 'saved'. It allowed his strength to increase.

Soon enough, the surrounding tribes got word of a god's abilities to heal the disease. Getting blessed, they brought their entire families over with their wealth, requesting to join the town.

While the priests of the totem spirits could use divine spells to remove the sickness, they had a limited amount of divine force and spell slots. They could only save those of status, able to do nothing about the commoners who fled for their lives. Even if they couldn't get a single divine spell from the Winged Serpent God, it was already enough to wipe out faith in the rest.

Knowing this well, Leylin dispatched his own priests everywhere, bringing holy water and the like to surrounding tribes and displaying his abilities and achievements. It had a very favourable response.

In the face of death, the authorities could do little to stop them. Groups of natives came and prayed for blessings from Leylin, soon enough filling the town up.

Leylin named the town that had been built upon the two tribes Hope Stronghold, denoting new hope. It was the beginning of his conquest of Debanks Island. Making use of his ability to heal the plague, Leylin had

acquired the faith of the natives as well as an army. With the method of the carrot and stick, his organisation began to expand rapidly...

A year had passed, this winter especially chilly. Snow fell even on the southern seas, coating the islands in white.

This applied to Debanks Island as well. The gods seemed to be lamenting the loss of lives, showing their sorrow. The snow on the continent was extremely thick, the older generations unable to remember something so terrifying. Many of the natives that hadn't prepared for this froze to death.

Though the cold weather somewhat curbed the spread of the plague, it could not halt the footsteps of the reaper. Debanks Island had become a hell for the natives in the past year, the horrifying plague spreading unceasingly around the island.

Whole populations were wiped out. There was even a dead city now, one that was completely empty. The corpses of natives filled it, and many rats and crows roamed about the houses and the streets, gnawing at everything. The eyes of the wild dogs on the road had grown bloodshot from eating too much human flesh.

In this land swarming with starved people, Hope Stronghold and the rumoured Winged Serpent God by the sea were their hopes, able to do anything.

Information had spread that this god possessed the powers of massacre and healing. All faith would be treated with kindness, and even if someone was infected by the plague they could still be healed.

Now that these 'rumours' had spread, huge batches of natives fled towards Hope Stronghold. No matter what the bigwigs did to stop them, it was pointless...

East of Hope Stronghold, near a mountain of the Sakartes Empire.

A surge of natives wearing thick fur coats trudged on in the snow with much difficulty. One of them was a young girl, who was encouraging her little brother. "Hah... push ahead. We'll reach the area near Hope

Stronghold soon...”

“Will we be saved once we get there, Sister Aya?” The young boy next to this Aya looked about fourteen or fifteen years of age, and he wore a thick fur coat as well. However, his face was almost purple from the cold, and he was cringing as he spoke.

“Yes... The totem spirit there is a huge serpent that governs all life. It can remove the sickness...” Aya kept encouraging her little brother and helped him along, afraid that he would slip in the midst of the crowd. However, as she mindlessly followed the procession up ahead, she sank deep into thought.

The events a year ago had been like a nightmare; a plague had appeared without any warning whatsoever. The infected first saw greenish-black spots on their bodies, like sesame seeds. They were followed by low fevers, and eventually devolved into comas where even divine spells could not help.

At the end, the flesh of the infected would rot and fall off bit by bit. Aya had seen this once, and it had left her unable to eat for quite a few days.

The plague had arrived fiercely. At the beginning, it had just been rumours at the borders of the empire, but in a few sunsets’ time, it had spread to the larger cities. The high-ranking priests and nobles hid at the altars and prayed hard with blood sacrifices, but it seemed to have no effect.

The other shamans could do nothing, and soon enough the plague had affected their city. She lost all her relatives to them, the only one left alive her little brother. She followed the stream of people escaping the town to head south. Unsure of what to do, she rushed towards Hope Stronghold.

Although this rumour could be a lie, it was her last hope!

“I’ll definitely bring my brother there safely...” Aya kept telling herself as she prayed, “Oh Winged Serpent God in Hope Stronghold. If you truly can cure the plague, then please descend and help us! I am willing to give up everything...”



# Chapter 1000: Begin

There were many people like Aya, all fleeing for their lives, but she was lucky in that they had enough food. With nearly half the empire dead, the stored up food was more than enough.

Many times, Aya had to muster up her courage and enter dead villages to clear up some land. She then could enter the homes and find food, one of the primary reasons for staying within this group. After all, making contact with bodies and going into the houses of dead people was very dangerous. Few were willing to do this.

However, once all the reserves of grain disappeared, the famine that would follow would be a huge issue. There were no longer any farmers planting crops, the plague this time had caused immense damage to Sakartes' societal order.

Of course, few of the natives considered this. They only hoped to live past the day.

"AH! Alosasner! Alosasner is here..." At this moment, there was an uproar at the front of the group. Aya could not help but grab her little brother's arm, the two of them freezing upon hearing the word.

These people did not worry about the pursuit of the imperial army or dangers from outside the city. What truly worried them were attacks of the plague!

In the natives' language, Alosasner meant 'the devil unable to be fathomed and found everywhere.' It also implied a bout of serious illness.

"Is there someone in front who's gotten the plague?" Aya had seen quite a number of healthy people who'd just been walking suddenly cough out black blood and collapse by the road. It was the arrival of death.

The siblings passed the watching crowd and only vaguely saw a little figure falling into the snow. People avoided the figure like it was booby-trapped.

"It's Adodole! I was just playing with him a few days ago..." Aya's brother

exclaimed with shock, and then lowered his head.

When sickness occurred, life seemed so very fragile. Aya could only hug her brother's head and console him tenderly. These people were already numbed to death, and after moving away from the corpse the large group began to move along more slowly.

Aya recalled the figure that had fallen and sighed inside, 'I hope we reach Hope Stronghold soon... It's too much of a waste to fall here...

'I definitely won't let that happen to my brother. Once we're past this mountain, we'll have reached the territory of Hope Stronghold...' she tried to encourage herself.

At this moment, another ruckus sounded from the back of the group. Voices began to spread, resulting in even more confusion.

"Did someone collapse? No, it's..." Aya's pupils shrank.

"The imperial army! Those darned things... Turn around and run!" A burly native stood out, brandishing a fish fork as other strong natives grasped their weapons. While the men were hard at work, the old and weak quickly dispersed and fled. Aya took her brother and ran with all her might as well, getting away from the army's pursuit.

None of the bigwigs could tolerate losing citizens, even with the plague. They ordered the troops of each military base to stop these refugees. Of course, they couldn't be bothered to worry about how to save these people who were stuck.

Originally, even the troops of the native empire weren't willing to carry out such orders. They, too, were afraid of the spread of the plague. However, a divine order sounded and all the guardian and totem spirits joined hands to stop the refugees from entering the region of Hope Stronghold.

"GO..." The sounds of fighting could be heard behind her, causing Aya's heart to clench. She could only pull at her brother and try to escape.

However, she felt a tug on her arm at this moment, and the dull thud of a heavy object hitting the snow.

“What happened? Did you fall? Get up...

“AAH!” Aya had turned back to find her little brother in the snow. She immediately turned him over, but soon found that her brother had lost consciousness. The traces of black blood stung her eyes.

‘He’s been taken by the sickness too...’ The instant that that thought flashed across her mind, two unstoppable streams of tears began to fall from her eyes. Aya did not care for the possibility of infection as she took him into her arms. “Please save him... Someone, please save him...”

The sounds of battle drew closer, but what Aya saw was hope, “The army has a priest. He’ll definitely be able to use divine spells to save him...”

“Be careful, he’s infected!” Soon enough, the imperial army had reached them. They watched the siblings on the ground, and didn’t dare to draw close. The infection was obvious, and it caused fear to arise on their faces.

“Please, save my brother!” Aya unconsciously went forward, but was forced backwards by numerous lances.

“Don’t come over...” Countless soldiers circled her, as if defending against a monster.

“Get the priest and officer. There’s a source of infection here!” This iciness and resolution in that voice immediately caused the girl’s heart to sink.

Horses trotted along, and an officer and priest wearing bright feathers arrived quickly. Seeing the black bloodstains on the ground and Aya’s unconscious brother, the two of them immediately frowned.

“Kill them quickly! Toss dried wood here and then burn it!” Aya’s last hopes were dashed ruthlessly.

“Brother... I’m sorry...” The girl’s tears fell on her brother’s cheek and neck one by one, and she then closed her eyes.

Whoosh! Whoosh! The sounds of arrows being shot could be heard, but there was strangely no pain.

Aya quickly opened her eyes, and then saw that there was an arrow in

the officer's neck. The tail of the arrow was still vibrating, like a little snake trying to dig into the ground.

"Enemy attack! Enemy attack!" Sounds of fighting could be heard again, and numerous figures emerged from the surrounding jungle.

"It's the army of that foreign god..." The priest's expression quickly changed, and he urged his horse along to leave. The rest of the natives quickly abandoned the lances in their hands, looking like they were about to fall apart.

'It's people from Hope Stronghold!' Aya held her little brother and headed towards the group of priests that had just arrived, "Kind... and benevolent ones... please save..."

Thud! Having expended too much stamina, Aya who'd also been infected fell.

Right before everything went dark, she could hear distant voices, "It's a pair of commoners! Saintess Barbara..."

.....

Warmth spread through Aya's body, allowing her to feel some strength in her limbs. She slowly opened her eyes to see a warm bonfire, a huge tent blocking the cold air.

"What's your name? How do you feel?" A native woman sat by her bed. She had long black hair and black pupils, with a golden mark on her forehead. She was radiating a sacred light.

"My name is Aya. Thank you for saving me!" Aya expressed her gratitude while blushing, but her expression quickly changed, "What about my brother? Where is he?"

"Don't worry, he's here as well. He was just infected for a longer time, so he'll need more healing..." Saintess Barbara stopped Aya from struggling further, "This is Hope Stronghold... you are safe..."

Three days later, Aya, who had regained much of her strength, elatedly walked out of the tent her brother was in. Gazing at the large Targaryen

sculpture in the town, she could not help but kneel down sincerely and begin to pray.

“O great god, thank you for saving my brother. I am your devout follower from now...”

Similar things like this happened in every corner of Hope Stronghold. Waves of resolute and zealous power of faith unceasingly entered Leylin's grasp.

‘The number of worshippers has increased again! Looks like sending the army to the surrounding regions to rescue the refugees was a good choice!’ A divine will was extracted from the threads of faith, allowing Leylin to see the general situation.

Due to the hope to be cured as well as gains from various areas, the region with Hope Stronghold at the heart gathered a population of over 300 000 natives. And since he was their ‘saviour’, the faith these people provided, and their gratitude, were all true.

Tiff and his acolytes had put in a lot of work as well, to solidify these threads of faith and have them become devout worshippers who would pray to him regularly.

‘Seeing the situation, it won't be a problem to ignite my godfire as long as we take care of all these people. It might even be enough for me to ascend to godhood...’ Leylin looked agitated.

With the expansion of Hope Stronghold, and especially with the tribes nearby dying away, Leylin had managed obtain the divinity of quite a few totem spirits. With their help, the power of massacres in his body had risen to its peak, to the point that he felt like he was on the verge of igniting his godfire.

Anyone could see the divine golden lustre on his body. This power of divinity had completely fused with his body and grown to the extreme.

That was not all. With the deaths of nearly a million natives, Leylin had now made contact with the domain of death. While he had only obtained some information about it, and the A.I. Chip could not analyse it yet, it

was already quite fast.

‘The phase of taking in refugees is done. Next is the war...’

# Chapter 1001: Giant Serpent Church

The plague had cut the population of the Sakartes Empire in half, and their military power had sharply declined as well. Leylin's Hope Stronghold continually absorbed the nutrients of Debanks Island and grew ever more prosperous. However, he estimated that a new wave of power would soon arise.

'The earth-bound spirits and totem spirits should be planning something massive...' Leylin stroked his chin and pondered. The spirits of Debanks Island were in fact borne of the wandering spirits of the various regions. Their strength was somewhat limited to the area they came from and the knowledge they possessed.

Leylin had only slain the spirits of small tribes thus far, even the strongest among the totems containing a shred of divinity. Even if such a spirit possessed a domain, Leylin did not fear it in the least.

However, the Sakartes Empire had several powerful spirits with strength approaching the level of demigods. In their own domains, their powers would be amplified to put them on par with true gods! Put bluntly, if Leylin stepped into the boundaries of the Sakartes Empire he would be mobbed to death by godlike spirits.

On the contrary, if those spirits dared to venture out from their domains, they would at most have the strength of demigods. Their strength would even deteriorate in the vicinity of Hope Stronghold.

Due to these conditions, Leylin was not eager to challenge them. Instead, he would continually weaken them and erode their forces. To him, these spirits were like caged beasts. He could weaken them easily with the power of faith and mortal armies, so there was no need to hurry.

With the aid of the plague, Leylin's forces grew without any resistance, slicing through their opponents like hot knives through butter.

There were even occasional natives who had thrown off their faith in their totem spirits and requested entry into the stronghold. One tribe's nobles themselves had abandoned their beliefs to come seek shelter.

After all, Hope Stronghold represented life to the mere mortals. Outside of it, one could only wait for death. Under such immense pressure, only the most zealous worshippers of the totems would be unwilling to convert.

The spirits did not have any solution to Leylin's plan at all. Given their powers, the priests and clerics they had nurtured would at most be able to save a small part of the nobility. The commoners would be left to die. What was even more shameless was that Leylin's pathogen could infect a person even after they had been healed previously!

Debanks Island had now turned into an island of plague. The natives who didn't comply with Leylin could only hide in their city corners or altars, waiting for the inevitable plague to strike. Once most of them had abandoned their faith, the totem spirits and earth-bound spirits would be a bunch of sitting ducks.

A demigod couldn't sustain their divine force on the backs of zealots, priests, and nobles. Their holy magic would decrease, causing more people to die. It was a vicious cycle. As their control over their worshippers dwindled, so did the domain of their powers.

Right now, Leylin's influence had spread to almost a quarter of the island. Although it started at the corner of a region, the totem spirits of the empire were unable to do anything about it. Meanwhile, Leylin's influence only grew more as each day passed. Leylin felt like he didn't even need to personally attack them. The regional spirits would go extinct purely due to a lack of worshippers.

On the other hand, it wasn't as if these spirits lacked countermeasures against him. Although large scale battles were impossible since the inception of the plague, they had passed down oracles with a strategy to stop the natives from moving over to Leylin. They were spreading rumours that it was Leylin himself who had spread the plague, which ironically was the truth.

"The giant serpent from the west cruelly dug out the hearts of our people, using their fresh blood to make a sacrifice to evil. That is how this devil of a plague was born..."



“The fair-skinned devils never came with good intentions. They covet our wealth and fertile lands, and are even prepared to use our lives in doing the bidding of their gods...” Such rumours were very prevalent on Debanks Island, some even making their rounds within Hope Stronghold.

However, it was precisely from these actions that Leylin detected something abnormal.

‘Life and reproduction are the most primordial desires of living beings. The strength of this desire leaves even gods in awe...’ He looked at the bustling Hope Stronghold and grinned widely.

‘And the desire to live is far greater than the desire to reproduce... Even if I proclaim that I am indeed killing the natives and using their flesh and blood for sacrificial rites, they still have a strong will to live. As long as they are able to undergo my baptism and get rid of the plague, there will still be many natives who come over... Before the gods find an antidote to this plague, this situation will be irreversible. As for the rumours, they can at most increase the workload of Tiff and the church.’

The pathogen Leylin had devised was backed by his ability as a Magus, and the power of bloodlines from another world. In addition, it was only effective on the natives. It was almost impossible for those gods to find a cure for it.

“Almighty Lord... You are the colossal snake which will devour the world, the torchbearer of massacre. One day, you will turn into the stars in the sky...” Tiff entered from a large door behind Leylin, dressed in pristine white robes.

In this vast and boundless world, Leylin had finally established a church with a proper schedule. Constant battle and conquest had given him a great number of worshippers, and the acolytes had undergone a baptism as well. They were now equipped to carry out his bidding.

He had given Tiff a group of clerics, and placed a member of his own family in charge of administration, leading to immense gratitude from both parties. Apart from that, he had a foundation of zealots in huge numbers and a church. Everything else would just fall into place.

Leylin had named it the Colossal Serpent Church, with an image of a Targaryen as the insignia. Tiff was taking care of the holy scriptures and the like. Given that he'd been infused with Leylin's soulforce and was the second legendary of the church, he had naturally been appointed as the pope.

With Tiff's contributions in nurturing the acolytes, the position was his anyway. This was in line with Leylin's plans, and Isabel would never fight over this position.

"What is it?" Leylin turned around, the occasional imposing aura radiating from his body.

"We have already captured a few suspects spreading rumours to taint your reputation," While Tiff had an inkling of the greater ploy at play, neither him nor Leylin would openly admit to it. In cases like this, unless they caught the perpetrator himself in the act of spreading the pathogen, what evidence would suffice?

As for the cure and holy water, they could justify it by saying that Leylin's divine force countered the pathogen. He had not cultivated the domains and godhoods of plague and disease anyway, so he wasn't afraid of an investigation.

Truth be told, if the gods did try to get to the bottom of this, the Goddess of Plagues would become a scapegoat for Leylin. Who asked her to enjoy doing malicious things like spreading plagues and diseases in the first place?

An epidemic not backed by divine powers was unheard of in the World of Gods, where such a thing entailed ascending to godhood in that very domain. After all, what Leylin had done came from another world.

"Almighty Lord, should we punish them?" Tiff asked in a low voice.

The punishment would naturally be their life. After all, Tiff had originally been from the dark world, and had done countless things like this. Even the purest of good gods had people in the church carry out their dirty deeds.

“Tiff...” Leylin’s voice was extremely gentle, but it carried a dignity that could not be opposed. Tiff stiffened and listened earnestly. “The church is open and above board. We will grant a fair trial even to those vile rats from the darkness, especially in such matters...”

“I understand...” Tiff put on his best thinking face and left respectfully. Leylin’s meaning was for him to convict them of their crimes immediately, only publicly. He could not fool the sages and intelligent people, but so what? In every era the commoners made up the largest part of the population.

Making the Arrest official, and substantiating it with some proof, Leylin could use his rulership to convict them. He and the church needed a white cloth to cover themselves in, and if they disposed of people on the sly it would only lead to more rumours. However, if his prestige and reputation were to pick up, those people who could see past his ploys could no longer overcome this surging wave.

Sometimes, superficiality was extremely important. With his troves of data and memories, Leylin was way ahead of the gods of Debanks Island in controlling the hearts of others.

Several days later, the trial began under the watchful eyes of the people, who bustled to watch the scene.

Tiff did not press them to admit their crimes, instead charging them for ‘smearing the holy name and causing distrust amongst the worshippers.’ It caused a huge buzz amongst the gathered people.

# Chapter 1002: Invasion

Hope Stronghold and the baptism of its god was the only salvation of the natives of Debanks Island. Only where the light of the Winged Serpent God shone could they avoid the plague. They could even continue living healthily, unafraid of suddenly vomiting blood and ending up dead by the roadside.

Once Tiff exposed these suspects of their crimes, it immediately drew public outrage. The masses jeered and shouted, and if not for the peacekeeping troops on standby these convicts would long since have been ripped into shreds.

These unlucky suspects were adjudged guilty. Not only did they spread rumours and dig for information on Leylin's background, they were even looking for the origins of the holy water, an extremely important mission. Each and every one of these acts was an attempt to smear the reputation of the church.

As expected of the holy protectors, these suspects whom the natives had seen on a daily basis were quickly captured. All evidence pointed towards their guilt. Although they wanted to deny these alleged crimes and confess to their other wrongdoings, they discovered that nobody would believe them.

The stereotype that bad people committed more misdeeds was a prevalent one, and the truths they spoke were dismissed. Very soon, Tiff righteously announced the crimes of these spies, and sent them to burn at the stake. This was accompanied by jubilant cheers from the public. The rumours floating around were very soon suppressed by this event.

Leylin had less and less interest in the dealings of mortals these days. The natives only had two choices anyway; they could either convert to his faith or die from the plague. With the only options offered death and salvation, it was extremely easy to conquer Debanks Island.

Having lost their worshippers, the totem spirits had turned into a thing of the past. They had no more chances to turn the tide.

However, these spirits were no fools. With their existences threatened, they would choose to gamble with their lives...

The very night Tiff ordered the execution of the criminals. The sky was bright and clear, with not a single cloud blocking the vast river of stars and the silver moon. Moonlight and starlight dimly shone upon Hope Stronghold, giving everything they touched a silver glow.

Tiff and Isabel had just ended their daily duties. Suddenly, they felt their hearts constrict and palpitate, as if some prehistoric beast was drawing towards them from the distance. A nervousness made their hair stand on end as they made their way to the windows.

"This is..." they gaped.

A trail of fire lit up the sky, its dazzling rays lighting up the horizon and basking Hope Stronghold in its radiance. At the end of this golden light were several figures with monstrous auras that left the two of them somewhat suffocated.

"The tribal gods! They came here directly..." Tiff cried hoarsely.

These totem spirits weren't foolish enough to let Leylin chop them apart. With the immense pressure he put on them, they decided to band together in a ferocious counterattack. Their sources had confirmed that Leylin was the one behind all this. If Leylin's main body was killed in a holy war, then everything would be over.

"God..." Tiff clenched his crest subconsciously, with apprehension in his eyes.

Even if those spirits had left their strongholds, they were still demigods. Although their powers had waned, they planned to overcome Leylin with sheer numbers. Although Tiff knew he couldn't lose his grip in such times, his heart still skipped a beat.

"It's the Flaming Guardian!" "Almighty Akaban, the sun god..."

The phenomenon in the skies had alerted the natives, and when many of them looked up into the skies they saw the demigods they had forsaken. They cried out in fear, calling the names of the gods they used to worship.

“There is no need to fear, children...” A voice sounded from the Targaryen statue, travelling to the depths of each worshipper’s soul. It seemed to come to life, the voice carrying a soothing energy which calmed them down immediately.

Hss! A phantom Targaryen appeared in midair, facing the enemies.

“Leave this to me. Focus on the natives’ fight on the other side...” Leylin transmitted into Tiff’s and Isabel’s minds. Done with that, he raised his head and sized up what would be the most powerful opponents he’d faced since his arrival in the World of Gods.

‘Once I eliminate them, the entire Debanks Empire will fall into my hands...’ Leylin’s eyes reddened as the Nightmare Eye appeared on his forehead. Splendid golden rays lit up his body, seemingly on the verge of burning up. The powerful aura caused a few opposing totem spirits to change their expressions.

Ooo— Few totem spirits had come in the first place, they likely knew that divine beings could do little to him. The ones here were all demigods, blazing with their unique godfires.

At the middle was a gigantic flaming chariot with a half-naked native on top. He wielded a golden lance and had a grave face, emitting the distinct aura of a king as his eyes glinted with wisdom.

What was more surprising to Leylin was that the blazing horse that pulled his chariot was also a demigod, yet it stayed under the native and allowed itself to be used as a mount. On the sides of the flaming chariot were a double-headed lion with golden fur standing on end as well as a scorpion that seemed to be made of pure gold.

‘Four demigods... Is this all the hidden divine power of Debanks Island?’ Leylin met their gazes without weakness nor fear.

“Intruder, undo this sickness! I, the founding emperor of the Sakartes Empire, the Sun God and King of All Kings, Controller of All Flames, Mountains and Rivers, Akaban, can grant you a dignified death if you comply!” the demigod on the war chariot exclaimed in his tongue, holding onto the reins of the blazing horse. Since demigods could comprehend all

languages and writings, there wasn't an issue with communication.

'Hm? His mind isn't corroded by the faith of the natives?' Leylin was slightly surprised, 'Is it because he was a native soul who merged with the faith of the empire, becoming a valiant soul after death?'

As Leylin pondered over Akaban's threats, the demigod lion and scorpion snarled terrifyingly. Scanning him more closely, Leylin could not help but feel great pity. 'What a pity... While you're doing all you can to comprehend godhood, you're too ambitious. That won't help you break through the restraints of the natives and become a true god...'

Akaban was obviously very wise in strengthening his domain, but he was still unable to become a true god. It showed how tedious this path was. Leylin conjectured that there were two plausible reasons for the failure. Firstly, there were the flaws with the natives' souls. On the other hand, Akaban himself might be too ambitious.

The domains of the sun and moon could actually contend against greater gods, but Akaban still wasn't satisfied with them. He wanted to spread over into other roles, becoming an overlord. Pitifully, the meagre bit of faith the natives could provide wasn't enough to do so. It left him stuck as a demigod.

Had Akaban chosen domains related to the natives or savagery, he might long since have become a true god. If that were the case, Leylin would have had nothing to do with Debanks Island.

'Akaban... your misfortune is my greatest fortune!' Having thought this through, Leylin seemed to hold the pearl of wisdom. The look of absolute confidence he had evidently stabbed at Akaban's ego.

"What can a mere divine being of another race, someone who isn't even a demigod, do to resist attacks from all sides?" Given that he was a founding emperor, there were no such words as modesty or consideration in Akaban's vocabulary. He looked at convenience and benefits.

With a wave of his hands, the double-headed lion and golden scorpion surrounded Leylin. Akaban himself rode the chariot to roam the battlefield, bundles of golden flames splashing everywhere and forming a

resplendent scene in the night.

The blazing horse, itself a demigod, whinnied, and a shadow of a sun rose up behind Akaban. The imposing aura curbed much of Leylin's energy, and Akaban prepared to deal Leylin the final blow.

Chik! Chik! The golden scorpion cried out without end. Its tail shot forth, containing toxins within that were much more potent than the wizards' Finger of Death. The double-headed lion roared as well, using its innate skills. One head spat out flames, while the other spat out blue lightning.

Most importantly, their domains rippled out, beginning the process of crushing Leylin.



# Chapter 1003: Advancement

“Surrender. You will lose in a mere contest between domains.” Akaban’s voice echoed throughout the battlefield. He was circling Leylin leisurely, aside from the two demigods in combat.

He had the valiant spirit of an emperor, and before becoming a demigod he had clearly been a tactician. His words were designed to affect Leylin’s mind. Sadly, Leylin’s own hardships had given him a will that was harder than diamond. Such challenges were pointless, only revealing Akaban’s lack of confidence to him.

‘Are you worried about any trump cards that I have? Or is it my background on the mainland?’ The gears in Leylin’s mind whirred, and he soon understood what the other party was thinking. Akaban seemed to know a little about the gods on the mainland, which was why he was guessing at Leylin’s identity.

Unfortunately, Leylin was now completely alone. Even if he were to be killed here, nobody would cause trouble for Akaban... Besides his main Warlock body, that is.

‘I can wipe out all four of them easily if I use the floating city, but then it won’t be a secret anymore...’ Leylin looked deep in thought. He had amassed a tremendous number of cards up his sleeves, and the jaws of the other gods would probably drop if they found out about it.

The floating city had shifted to the area outside Debanks Island, awaiting his next commands. At its peak performance, the floating city could contest against true gods! Taking care of a few demigods was like playing around.

Unfortunately, such power would be sensed by the other gods, making things difficult for him in the future.

“Massacre domain!” Leylin chose to fight it out with his own strength. The dark red domain burst forth from him, allowing him to get a huge boost in strength. He was now on home ground, after all.

The dark red domain that held the power of tyrannical bloodlust abruptly expanded, and even pushed the domains of the two demigods away. They were now on equal ground.

‘Such pure bloodlust, and the strength of this domain...’ Watching from the sidelines, Akaban immediately seemed to be put deep in thought, as if he’d gotten some inspiration from Leylin’s domain.

‘Is it the purity? I was too greedy in the past... To become a true god, I’ll need to completely grasp at least one aspect.’ This inspiration seemed to change Akaban’s body, making his divine form more solid. This was the most terrifying part about him, he could learn and improve even in battle!

If Akaban could walk out of this battle, then he would be able to get rid of the heterogenous elements in his domain and obtain a divine domain. That would make him a true god!

‘Unfortunately... you won’t get that chance!’ Leylin laughed wildly, the legendary spell in his hands seemingly cast instantaneously.

Meteor Explosion! Crushing Palm!

A dazzling explosion and a large palm drowned out the two demigods fighting him. Enraged howls sounded out amongst the bright spell lights as Leylin used Dimensional Leap to arrive in front of Akaban. A golden staff appeared in his hands.

Chiu! Chiu! Lights flickered, and a flaming golden bird came into existence. Its gigantic wings flapped out flames like they were petals as its large beak began to peck at Akaban.

“A divine being’s soul? Is that what you’re counting on? How naive!” Facing such an attack, Akaban merely frowned slightly. The horse in front of the chariot abruptly snorted, absorbing all the scattered flames.

“Seeing that you gave me pointers on my path, let me send your true soul to the astral plane!” The golden lance in Akaban’s hand pierced forward, striking the beak of the large flaming bird.

A crisp shattering sound rang out, and the flaming bird’s beak began to fragment like glass, revealing the golden staff underneath. The beak of

the bird had actually been the staff's tip.

"Be it the strength of your domain or your accumulation of divine force, you cannot match up to me..." Akaban seemed to sigh, his golden lance mercilessly striking the crystal at the top of the staff.

Chiu! Chiu! The large flaming bird soul in the crystal emitted a miserable cry, and the core that held a slight hint of gold shattered. However, Akaban felt that something was off.

"Haha... Thank you very much, you helped me take care of the last bit of resistance. I would have found it rather difficult to tame it!" Light flickered, and Leylin's figure quickly left. The flaming bird at the tip of the staff exploded, and reformed.

However, unlike before it seemed to lack intelligence, looking rather stiff. Bundles of flames enveloped the staff, and energy undulations with more than legendary might rippled out.

All this happened in what seemed to be the blink of an eye. Leylin had made use of Akaban's strength and completely subdued the flaming bird, even refining the Red Dragon Staff once more.

"The name Red Dragon Staff now no longer suits you. Let's call you the Blazing Sceptre!" Leylin sized up his work in satisfaction. As he had used the soul of a divine being and had help from a demigod, even if it wasn't a divine weapon yet the Blazing Sceptre was much stronger than other legendary items.

'A divine weapon needs the flesh and divine force of a god to be completed...' Leylin sighed in thought.

Meanwhile, Akaban was thoroughly enraged in front of him. "Wretched sinner! How dare you make a fool of me!"

His fury was like that of a regent, and a large hole opened up in the night skies. Blue lightning, each bolt as thick as a human arm, fell continuously. Akaban felt the ultimate humiliation in being made use of to refine a weapon, and teased by a mere divine being.

The wrath from such disrespect could only be eased with the fresh blood

and soul of the sinner!

“I will show you the sin you have committed!” The warhorse snarled, and the flaming chariot charged forth. Akaban’s lance danced as the lightning in the skies gathered at its tip.

Roar! Chik! Chik! Meanwhile, the two demigods Leylin had occupied for a while pounced over as well. Although they looked a little pitiful, there weren’t any injuries. The joint attack of the four demigods pushed the air out of the region, forming a strange vacuum.

The pressure on Leylin rose rapidly, and the force that surged towards him from all directions seemed to want to tear him apart.

“As expected, a divine being trying to fight a demigod will lose...” Leylin could only smile wryly, and then began to look resolute.

“Did you only just notice? It’s too late! Your body shall be placed under my golden throne to be used as an eternal decoration...” Akaban roared. Along with the other three demigods, his attacks soon drowned Leylin out.

Lightning, flames, poison... All sorts of forces mixed in with the power of divine force. The domains formed a colourful, spotted, and chaotic region of energy. Leylin’s aura quickly weakened within, to the point that it completely disappeared.

“Even I won’t be able to deal with the attacks from four demigods...” Akaban withdrew the golden lance in his hands, “It’s a pity that I didn’t get the method to undo the plague, but I now know that becoming a true god is possible... Hm? Wait!”

Akaban’s expression quickly changed, as he sensed the descent of powerful World Origin Force.

Whoosh! The skies quickly darkened, and the stars and silver moon quickly hid their luster. It was as if a berserk dragon was travelling through the dark clouds, and compared to it Akaban’s lightning was like that of a kid playing house.

“The descent of World Origin Force... This is the appointment of a demigod!” Akaban had experienced this once before, and naturally would

not get this wrong.

Just as he was about to do all he could to interrupt the process, an absolute and powerful strength burst forth. Traces of the conscient of the World Will sent him and the three other demigods flying.

The gods truly were the darlings of the world, and when they advanced they naturally caught the attention of the World Origin Force. The isolating energy that came was not something four demigods could deal with.

The World Origin Force that had come roaring in immediately attracted the attention of a few powerful gods. While the advancement of a demigod was nothing much, there were a few existences who still noticed him.

“This... it feels like a demigod, and the location is at the the south of the south seas, the natives’ territories. Has a totem spirit or natural spirit advanced?” To the gods, the totems of the natives were like a group of useless things. They were weak and could not leave their respective areas, which was why they were not worthy of attention. Several streaks of godly conscients gathered in the skies, and then dissipated like this had nothing to do with them.

However, no matter how careful Leylin was, his reputation of being the youngest legendary wizard was sound, and he had caught the attention of some existences.

Golden light flickered on Faulen Island, within Waukeen’s church. It turned into a woman dressed in luxurious golden robes.

‘I could never be wrong. This aura is that of the wizard! Has he become a demigod?’ Waukeen’s eyes crinkled in a smile, ‘Interesting! His name as a genius will probably resound through the continent once more...’

At this thought, Waukeen called out sternly. “My servants!”

“Mistress!” A few priests of wealth knelt and listened to the goddess’ commands.

# Chapter 1004: Demigod

Leylin had no time to care about the events outside. He was currently immersed in an extremely peculiar state.

Becoming a demigod was as difficult as scaling into the skies, but it was no issue for Leylin. He'd amassed enough divine force a while ago, but he'd lacked a turning point. That turning point appeared today. The immense pressure of four great demigods allowed him to break past his limits, and pushed the ignition of his godfire.

Becoming a demigod required cooperation with the laws of the world. It was a very valuable experience for Leylin.

'In the moment of becoming a demigod, one is shrouded in World Origin Force and laws. It is probably the safest place...' Leylin did not worry about the events outside, immersing himself in his senses. This was just him becoming a demigod. When he attempted to become a true god with a divine realm, even a greater god would not dare attempt anything on him that moment.

The gods usually waited for the process to complete, attacking the new god at their weakest. Compared to their eternal life, a period of patience was minuscule. Just the same, Akaban's group chose to watch on, keeping some distance so as not to infuriate the World Origin Force.

"The sea of origin force has descended..." A golden light glinted in Akaban's eyes as he saw a large sea of origin force that was even greater than the Weave. It surged forth and whistled, forming songs of praise.

'Based on the current situation, the chances of his success are high...' Akaban frowned, sensing that he now had another impressive enemy. But then, he laughed involuntarily.

Unlike him, the three beasts did not have many worries. 'Even if that divine being successfully becomes a demigod, he's still a newbie who can't control divine force properly yet. How could he be a match for the four of us combined?'

They only felt an instinctual fear right now, unable to help growing intoxicated from studying the process in the hope of benefits. It was a rare opportunity to watch the sea of World Origin Force surrounding the ascent of a new god, and no god would let it pass them by.

‘These fellows...’ Akaban shook his head, shutting his own eyes and using his divine vision to observe the web of origin force. This gushing sea of energy represented everything in the World of Gods, showing Akaban its secrets from behind the veil.

However, this intoxication only lasted for a moment. Akaban’s eyes widened in shock as he turned in Leylin’s direction. The origin force had already formed a spiral like a black hole, its might leaving his heart thumping in fear.

‘What a huge tide of origin force... This is already comparable to a true god... Does that mean his accumulations far surpass my own?’ The strength of Leylin’s ascent was several times greater than his own. The implications left Akaban in no mood to appreciate the World Origin Force further.

Few in the history of the World of Gods could have drawn such a tremendous sea of origin force as a mere divine being. Although Akaban did not know what this meant exactly, his expression turned dark.

However, no matter how complicated his feelings were now, he could only watch the whistling origin force surge and roll, before being sucked into the black hole with Leylin at the centre.

.....

[Beep! Unknown energy detected, host’s soul has experienced a transition. Secondary system updating...] The A.I. Chip went to sleep.

Legendaries of the World of Gods were equivalent to Morning Stars of the Magus World. High-ranked legendaries were comparable to Radiant Moons, while divine beings were at the Breaking Dawn realm. A demigod was close to rank 7!

In other words, Leylin’s clone was now as strong as his main body in the

Magus World. It was quite natural for the accumulated energy to allow the A.I. Chip to upgrade itself.

Leylin was already beginning to anticipate the day he could return this upgraded secondary system to the original. When they combined, they would surely possess terrifying abilities!

Originally, the powerful cheat that had helped him become a Magus, the A.I. Chip, was all-powerful amongst those below rank 7. However, beings of laws had thinking speeds that did not lose out to the supercomputers of his previous world.

A series of inexplicable changes occurred as they traversed through space and time, and the A.I. Chip had fused with Leylin's soul. It could now develop with him. The chances of such an event were so small it would likely never occur again in the multiverse.

This miraculous property had allowed the A.I. Chip to upgrade itself multiple times, assisting Leylin. It could give him the upper hand at decisive moments during battles with other beings of laws!

'It's good for the A.I. Chip to sleep for a while anyway. I want my main body to feel the power of laws again...' Leylin slowly withdrew his divine conscient. The golden lustre on his body had grown even more dazzling, causing him to seemingly turn into a god made of gold. It made each and every action of his seem holy.

Lights converged, and began to blaze underneath the sea of origin force. Leylin had taken in Beelzebub's worshippers from the mainland, and established a base in the outer seas. Just the faith from that could support a demigod.

But he wasn't satisfied with just that. He'd crossed the seas to occupy a portion of Debanks Island, and he now had over 300,000 native worshippers! They were indebted to him for saving them from the brink of death, so their faith was very enthusiastic. Even with the flaws in their souls, the power of this faith was still massive, more than enough to support a new god!

All these things combined, Leylin's accumulations could be said to have



reached the limits of a demigod. His massacre divinity had condensed to a point unprecedented in history.

A regular divine being would just explode, unable to contain so much power. However, Leylin was different. His main body was near rank 7, and a Warlock at that. His previous experience allowed his divine will to reach all parts of his body, controlling everything.

At this moment, all the followers that worshipped Leylin felt a surge of desire in their hearts. In this state of intense longing, all of them set aside what they were doing. They faced the holy radiance in their hands, a statue in the church, or even just the skies as they began to pray.

“Our Lord, Kukulcan... You are the world serpent that devours all. With the sharp blades of your massacres, even the stars in the sky lose all their lustre before you...” An exceptionally strong wave of faith rushed forth, immediately giving rise to an even more intense change.

Rumble! The divinity on Leylin’s body was now completely visible. It burnt off all his clothing, leaving him in his birthday suit. Amidst this surge of faith, he was like a huge fire in a pool of gasoline!

Rumble! Golden flames immediately appeared on his body, glowing with a sacred lustre. With the amassed power of faith and the massacre divinity, Leylin’s own fleshly body fueled the resplendent glow of the flames.

Drip! Drip! Leylin closed his eyes, each and every action following that of the World Origin Force. Under the illumination of flames, his perfect body melted like wax into the flames.

The powerful aura fell silent as everything condensed down, including the golden flames. The godfire shrank to the size of a soybean but the power that bean gave off was horrifying.

This was the foundation of a god, the godfire~ Once it was ignited, divine beings would become demigods, truly demarcating themselves from mortals. They had reached the realm of the gods!

The godfire seemed to be a condensation of all laws, and it kept

shrinking and growing. It was like the flames were breathing in faith, transforming it into a pure divine force.

Only with divine force were gods able to bestow divine spells upon their followers. It was what qualified them to be gods. This godfire was what allowed the power of faith to be transformed into divine force.

While Leylin had amassed a large amount of faith with the unceasing prayers, his pitiful priests had not one divine spell. They could only spread his faith through word of mouth, and if not for the 'holy water' that could cure the plague, he could probably die trying to spread his faith on Debanks Island. Doing the same in the continent would render far worse results.

The golden threads of divine force sketched an outline of a human figure, forming first the golden bones, then the flesh, veins, and the skin. This was followed by his eyes and other features, as a god's body made of divine force took form. This was a process all demigods had to go through, their lives themselves experiencing a qualitative change as their souls were refined to a higher level.

The golden divine force vanished, to reveal the divine body's true features. Muscles bulged to form elegant and beautiful lines, holding a trace of laws as if the body itself represented the origin force of some will. His facial features were distinct, and filled with a masculine beauty. Although Leylin's appearance had not changed, he now had a tremendously imposing aura to him.

# Chapter 1005: Divine Spells

“Is this the feeling of being a demigod?” Leylin muttered under his breath, sensing the ever more sturdy threads of faith as well as the terrifying origin force in his body coming from the godfire. He extended his right hand, and a trace of golden power appeared in the veins on his palm.

This power was something unique to him. His will could transform it into all sorts of energy, be it qi, magic, or something else.

“Divine force?” The tremendous power of faith had been transformed by the godfire, becoming a large amount of divine force that filled up Leylin’s body. He felt like he could tear the very world apart.

[Beep! Upgrade complete!] the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded at this moment. With Leylin’s own soul advancing into the divine, the A.I. Chip had also reaped unknown rewards. Having resumed operation, it began the tedious work of updating Leylin’s hugely changed stats.

[Beep! Host has ignited his godfire, becoming a demigod. All stats +5.] [Host’s arcanist rank has risen. Now rank 27.] [Beep! Host’s stats have all reached 20 points. Intermediate Perfect Body has advanced with the bonus of becoming a demigod, and is now Divine Body.] [Beep! Secondary system has been upgraded, computational power increased. Analysis of levels 8 and 9 of the Weave are at 100%/. Host has obtained all spell models, and will no longer forget any spells. No materials required to cast spells.] This was evidently the boost the godfire had given to his stats. However, even Leylin himself found the extent of the increase terrifying. Because of the restrictive laws of the World of Gods, it was very difficult to increase one’s stats. Once they reached a threshold, each point would grow more and more difficult to attain, and at the same time increased one’s might greatly.

This stat increase of 5 points each wasn’t small at all. It was a huge increase in his power, over tenfold!

[Beep! Host’s stats and data have changed greatly. Recalculating...]

Almost at the instant this prompt showed, the A.I. Chip showed his stats on a screen.

[Leylin Faulen. Race: Human (Demigod), Rank 27 Arcanist (Legendary). Strength: 21. Agility: 21. Vitality: 21. Spirit: 27. Arcane Energy: 270. Divine Force: ??? Status: Healthy. Feats: Legendary Sturdiness, Well-Versed, Dreamscape Vision, Extreme Adaptability, Divine Body. Specialties: Origin Force Detection, Arcane Amplification, Illusions.] [The outer Weave has been analysed completely. Beginning analysis of the inner Weave.] “With the outer Weave done, I need to begin on the divine spells and web of faith in the inner Weave. I’m already a demigod, so I have the right to use a part of the inner Weave anyway...” Leylin muttered to himself before looking at the description of Divine Body.

[Divine Body. A god’s true form is made entirely out of divine force, and can change in any way. Grants peak tolerance to all environments as well as the ability to travel to the outer planes. Grants the permanent ability to understand all languages, as well as Epic Damage Reduction and Epic Magic Resistance. Grants immunity to all spells below rank 9, as well as other spells like Timestop.] ‘Divine Body? So that’s where the true strength of a demigod lies!’ Leylin sighed in awe as he read through the information relating to the feat. The defence the divine body provided him ensured that few beings in the mortal world could harm him. Regular and arcane spells imbued with divine force would now become his best weapons.

‘But I can’t see my divine force statistic yet. I’ll need to determine units for it, and then find the patterns and rules behind it myself...

‘Most importantly, I can finally bestow divine spells on my priests. But that’s only up to rank 5...’ As was instinctual to a god, Leylin immediately knew what divine spells he could bestow.

‘In general, they’re all blessings and cures. There’s also Devil Detection and Massacre Blessing.’ A large number of divine spells appeared before him, along with general descriptions. There were rank 1 spells like Blessing, Cure Light Wounds, and Command; then there were rank 2 spells like Bear’s Endurance and Bull’s Strength. It went up to the rank 5

Cure Light Wounds (Mass) spell and Summon Monster. There was huge variety.

The two specific spell models he named left Leylin in deep thought. The divine spells priests could cast were all virtually the same, but sometimes there were unique ones characteristic of the god that bestowed them.

These two were Leylin's. He was proficient at identifying devils and his domain was the massacre domain. It gave his priests spells like Devil Detection and Massacre Blessing.

'Having acquired divine force, demigods can establish churches. It gives them a chance to eventually compete in the mainland... After all, there isn't much of a difference other than the lower level divine spells. In fact, the time of a church's establishment is the best time to join, the first worshippers will be offered the greatest perks...

Most demigods only established their churches after igniting their godfires. Leylin, however, seemed to be ahead of the pack. If not for his astonishing capabilities and the devil worshippers and natives aiding him, he couldn't have done it so easily.

Now, his church finally had a sturdy foundation, which gave him a shot at competing with other gods for faith.

There was a special title for such demigods in the World of Gods. They were called false gods. They could bestow holy spells and reply to their worshippers' prayers, but weren't true gods yet. They were often repressed by Helm, the God of Protection.

However, Leylin's church was located on Debanks Island, so he wouldn't have to fend that off. The churches on the mainland would wind up in a worse state, so much so that they would have to cease their operations and hide in the abyss. This caused originally good demigods to shift to evil as well...

The transformation ended. What seemed to be a long while to Leylin was only minutes for the four demigods.

"He's out!" Once the tidal surge of forces died out, Akaban looked

solemnly at the figure that emerged. Leylin had put on an illusory white robe now, and although his features weren't different he possessed an imposing aura. This was the authentic aura of a demigod!

"You've gathered a lot of faith!" Akaban looked Leylin deep in the eye, his expression betraying his jealous thoughts. The two-headed lion, the golden scorpion, and the blazing horse had similar reactions.

"I am the devouring serpent, the ruler of massacres, the monarch of the devils... The Winged Serpent, Kukulcan!" Divine force streaked past Leylin's eyes. He did not pay any attention to the four demigods, instead letting out a divine decree. A giant half-bodied phantom appeared above Hope Stronghold, declaring Leylin's authority and might.

Having advanced to become a demigod, he could finally get rid of the constraints that held him back when he was weak. He could now connect with his worshippers in his true form.

"Almighty lord, you are the saviour of my soul, the salvation of the mortal world..." Many clerics found after a prayer now that multiple divine spells were inside their bodies. They were like normal magic spells, and could be cast if they were willed.

Even the most foolish would realised that the Winged Serpent God had advanced and grown stronger. They immediately cheered. The large group of priests felt like they'd gotten power which could suppress everything.

Although holy spells were not as efficient as regular spells, clerics trained much faster than wizards, not to mention the number of people who would be training at the same time.

The holy spells were extremely effective at shocking the natives. No matter what plans Akaban had made, they'd now failed completely. The numerous cheers and the tidal surge of faith formed an astonishing current beside Leylin.

"Not good! Now that he's a demigod, this is his domain. Retreat!" As a regional spirit, Akaban had the same weakness as totem spirits. The power of faith he possessed waned if he left his lands, and another divine domain would suppress him.

Before Leylin had advanced, it hadn't been at evidence. Now that he had, though, the suppression was one of equal levels, and it had a frightening effect. Akaban had originally dreamed of crushing Leylin with numbers, but after seeing Leylin's true might, but this founding emperor of Sakartes shuddered in fear.

"First you taint my domain, then you want to leave? Isn't it too late for that?" The massacre domain stretched out, covering the entire sky in crimson. It had already been strong, but Leylin's advancement had maximised its potential.

"I control massacre itself! The ichor of gods will provide me strength, their wails giving me energy. Your bones will form my sceptre, and your eyes will be turned into jewels..."

These words sounded like a song of legends, and the decree of a curse. Leylin instantly appeared before the two-headed lion.

Roar! The demigod knew that it was in danger, and let out a crazed roar from the depths of its soul. Immense divine force appeared from its jaws.

# Chapter 1006: Kill

[Beep! Host is under attack, activating divine forcefield!] A formless, contorted forcefield appeared after the A.I. Chip's notification, halving the two-headed lion's might. What remained had no more effect on Leylin's divine body, not even affecting his robes.

'Divine forcefield? So in a battle between gods, the focus is now on divine force, divinity, and their domains?' Leylin's eyes flashed as he ignored the lion's attack. He had a way to negate it, but now that he had the powers of the divine forcefield, he could do even less.

The lion roared with rage, and Akaban and the other two demigods saw an unforgettable scene.

"Let it out..." Ignoring the lion's attack, Leylin jumped on its back and ripped through his skin and flesh. Ichor splattered across the sky.

Shing! Even as cries of anguish sounded, he pulled out the lion's spine.

Such a thing would cause severe injuries even to a demigod with a divine body. After all, the divine body took an immense amount of divine force to build. Leylin had used the World Origin Force to make it the first time, but such a thing could only happen once.

"Your blood will give me strength." Leylin's chant reverberated in the massacre domain, as if the best of musical accompaniment.

"Your bones will form my sceptre, and your eyes will be turned into jewels!" The chant reached a high note, and the severely injured lion shuddered. Four grotesque claws appeared from the void, stabbing the two-headed lion's four eyes.

These claws were a murky green, the skin as dry as the bark of an ancient tree. Strange curse runes were all over them, more intricate even than the runes carved by arcanists.

The four claws pressed on the lion, causing it to cry out in extreme pain. Soon, each of its four eyeballs had been forcefully extracted from their sockets, and they flew to Leylin's palm.



“And your soul... will become the pool of energy for my divine weapon!” Leylin looked at the lion and spat out the final line in this sacrificial rite.

Boom! Golden flames filled the sky, melting the lion’s spine to form a short staff. The eyeballs shrank continuously in midair, finally embedding themselves into the crown, becoming four differently coloured jewels.

Once Leylin spoke the last line, the world itself had seemingly stopped. Formless power restrained the lion, bringing its body in front of Leylin.

“Incinerate!” A wisp of black flame began to engulf the lion. One could see the shape of the totem spirit within, forcefully being extracted from its body and transferred into the staff. The flames licked at the corpse until they reached the godfire.

Bang! The golden flames dimmed after the lion’s death. It extinguished itself on its own, the power it had contained leaving Leylin cautious.

Crackle! White lightning streaked across the sky, as if sending off this fallen demigod. Only then did Akaban and his party regain their senses.

These demigods only wished to leave this dreamy state. What had they just seen? A demigod perished! He was on the same level as Leylin, but he was slaughtered like a lamb and turned into a divine weapon.

It had happened too quickly. By the time they regained their senses and wanted to help the lion demigod, it was already dead.

Leylin ignored the other demigods, and looked at the staff embedded with with four jewels. ‘Hmm... Although it’s a weapon made from a demigod, it’s an incomplete divine weapon, at most at the same level. Still, it should be enough as the sacred item of the church in the mortal world...’

“What’s next... is you guys...” Leylin’s eyes slanted to one side as he glared, emanating an incomparably murderous aura.

Chik! The golden scorpion chirped, turning into a black gust of wind as it disappeared. The speed at which it fled made Akaban’s expression turn even darker. His trustworthy comrade had actually been scared away from just a glare.

“This isn’t the strength of a demigod. Who are you?” Akaban asked, teeth clenched. He knew that the void had locked in on him, so he instead chose to ask the wise question.

“Me? I am the Winged Serpent Kukulcan! The serpent which devours everything and controls all massacre. Of course, you can address me as Leylin!” Leylin grinned, and walked over to Akaban. The increasingly pressing aura left even the demigod’s horse neighing in unrest.

Although they were both demigods, Akaban could only feel fear in front of Leylin!

“Are you mocking me? How could an ordinary demigod have a strength such as yours?” Akaban howled, his eyes turning red.

“You just watched me advance...” Leylin replied honestly, but it made Akaban want to puke blood. If he knew that Leylin would be this powerful after advancing, he would have killed Leylin at all costs the moment he appeared on Debanks Island. However, it was too late for regrets now.

Leylin laughed inwardly as he saw Akaban in a state of bewilderment. Although he had accumulated many trump cards, he was ultimately only a demigod. To really crush others on the same level was impossible. However, he didn’t just have one body. There was an even more powerful Warlock, nearing rank 7, in the Magus World!

Once Leylin advanced in the World of Gods, the injuries to Leylin’s main body had recovered. They did share the same soul, after all. He could now provide even more strength to the clone inside the World of Gods. Hence, fighting Leylin right now was like fighting a demigod and a near rank 7 Warlock at the same time!

Furthermore, a long period of research, along with the appearance of the World Origin Force and laws, had enlightened Leylin in many areas. It allowed him to transfer Magus spells over to this world. The claws from before, the ones that butchered the two-headed lion, were an amalgamation of his learning.

However, he still wasn’t very familiar with the laws of the world. He could only cast Magus spells every once in a while, and even he hadn’t

expected such good results. It had only been theorized before.

The extremely powerful Magus spell had killed a demigod and scared away another. Leylin could not have asked for a better result. Of course, Leylin would not reveal these secrets to Akaban, only creating a fearsome image which would be imprinted in Akaban's mind.

"Even if you are an evil god from the main continent, don't ever dream of controlling my empire..." A holy war between gods was based on the power of faith, which was the most raw and resolute of battles. There wasn't an inch for negotiation. Akaban's gaze was resolute, as golden rays radiated from his body.

Neigh! As if understanding his determination, the blazing horse in front of the chariot neighed loudly, as a light golden domain was opened.

"Conquest domain, huh? And with such a combination..." The A.I. Chip's light flashed in Leylin's eyes, but he was not one bit unafraid.

'That's great, it's about time to test units for divine force. A.I. Chip, begin recording!'

[Beep! Mission established. Collecting host data, monitoring divine force] the A.I. Chip's voice intoned.

"Hah!" Akaban was riding the flaming chariot now, waving his golden lance about. The sun runes on his body were even more visible than before, as the shadow of the sun behind him grew even more radiant and searing.

"A tribal demigod is indeed just that. There's no technique at all," Leylin said in disgust, a wave of divine force welling in his hands.

"Divine force transformation— Absolute Break!" With divine force as the source of his power, this legendary arcane spell had obtained even more power than before. A dark light instantaneously hit the tip of Akaban's lance.

A crack soon spread from the tip of the lance, looking like a spiderweb. A moment later, the lance turned into dust. The same came into effect on Akaban's chariot, and his blazing horse's armour. Akaban stared in

disbelief as he separated from the flaming horse.

This Absolute Break spell had obtained an unimaginable victory for Leylin.

“However, the native demigods really are destitute. Apart from the weapon and the chariot, there weren’t any other artifacts...” Leylin waved his hand, and the golden light of divine force formed a palm.

Shattering Fist! The golden fist grew larger and larger, the runes on it as clear as water. This fist seemed to be made of flesh and blood, and carried a massive amount of power as it sent Akaban flying with a trail of blood.

“This is the strongest demigod on Debanks Island? What a disappointment...” Leylin waved his hand again, and this time an incomparably large Mage Sword appeared, shining with divine force. He chose not to control this one with his spirit, instead grabbing it by the hilt.

“Die!” The Mage Sword slashed downwards, and golden light filled the spot where Akaban was struck. The immense power even split a mountain behind the demigod into two.

# Chapter 1007: Running After Defeat

Wooh! As the Mage Sword was about to strike him, an enormous figure appeared before Akaban's eyes in a flash of red flames.

"No!" Akaban watched his beloved mount get torn apart before his eyes, pitiful moans spilling from its gaping jaw. The flaming horse had moved in front of him, laying down its life to take the killing blow.

"Was that Flame Teleportation? I wouldn't have been able to stop you if you fled... What a pity." Although he was uttering such words, Leylin still moved to the flaming horse's side. The demigod seemed to sense its imminent death, and it turned towards Akaban. Its eyes were full of admiration and helplessness, regret that it had to leave its partner behind.

The horse then summoned up the remaining trickles of its divine force, and an enormous sphere of flames enveloped Akaban. He disappeared from sight.

"NO!" The only thing that remained was Akaban's pained roar, his regret reverberating in the plains.

This noble steed had been his partner in all his fights. He loved and trusted it more than he did his imperial concubines and offspring. Even in death, he wanted his horse to accompany him. Were it not for such passion, how would a demigod allow him to ride it?

Now, everything would be destroyed.

"So you had such affection for your steed? What a shame..." Leylin praised Akaban's loyalty, but the Mage Sword in his hands was unhesitatingly put to use.

Whether he was a hero or a villain was all a matter of perspective. He clearly knew that with the horse's loyalty the chance that it could be soothed into submission was practically zero. What was his course of action, then? With the grudge between them only resolvable by death, he considered the complete destruction of his opponent the most reasonable course of action.

‘He’s already escaped the outskirts of Hope Stronghold? He really is quick!’ Having shut his eyes and sensed a faint trace of Akaban’s coordinates, Leylin gave up on his plan of pursuit.

After all, Akaban was one of the tribal gods of the natives. With the power of faith in the Sakartes Empire, he was infinitely close to becoming a true god. Given Leylin’s current strength, chasing after him would be a masochistic idea.

This went the other way as well. Had Akaban not acted so stupidly in bringing his subordinates into Leylin’s divine domain, he wouldn’t have lost as badly as he had.

‘The battle of the divine has come to an end. Now, it’s time for the battle of the mortal world...’ Although he did not intend to continue his pursuit, Leylin did not plan to let Akaban off. Since the demigod was so reliant on the natives’ faith, it was time to dig his foundation out. Once he conquered the entire Sakartes Empire, Akaban would be a stray dog with no home. Anyone could slaughter him.

“Tiff!” After returning to the cathedral, Leylin immediately expressed his intentions.

“My lord! You are the stars in the heavens, and the ruler of all there is to devour. Slaughter is the sharp sword that you hold in your hand...” Tiff answered Leylin’s summons before long, appearing at the center of the cathedral. His eyes were filled with emotion.

His body still had trace bloodstains on it. It was clear that the mortals had acted in tandem with the gods that had united to attack Leylin. It was a shame, though. All their schemes had disintegrated the moment Leylin ascended and bestowed his divine spells.

“How’s the current situation?” Although he could mostly divine what had happened, he still needed Tiff’s personal report to obtain the concrete specifics.

Tiff knelt on the ground as he respectfully reported the situation, “The Sakartes Empire conducted a surprise raid. Luckily, my Lord, we had your blessings and managed to force them into retreat. We didn’t even sustain

heavy losses; those who were injured healed extremely quickly with your divine spells, returning to their troops.”

The difference of morale between troops who had priests and those who didn't was like night and day. The power of the healing arts was too formidable. Healing resources were rare in the prime material plane, so the divine spells of the priests were the only clutch that injured soldiers could depend on to survive the battle. The priests were also indispensable when boosting morale directly.

The native troops hardly equalled Hope Stronghold's legions. The only upper hand they had was the surprise attack, but once the clerics came into play they were utterly defeated.

After all, their shamans and other divine Professionals could only wield their divine spells within their god's domain. In Leylin's territory, the opposing troops didn't have the home ground advantage. It was pointless to discuss victory and defeat.

“Mm,” Leylin nodded. “It looks like you didn't face many enemies this time. They seemed to have pinned all their hopes on the divine battle, and these troops were only used to sow chaos and serve as a distraction...” His eyes flashed with understanding as he bestowed this divine edict.

“Those despicable natives. They will inevitably pay for their actions today in blood!” Having become a demigod, Leylin's aura had grown even more powerful. It even held a trace of the power of laws.

“As you command, my Lord! Hope Stronghold will start a war. This time, we must teach them a painful lesson!” Tiff respectfully bowed his head.

“No, not a lesson. This will be extermination! I wish to never see the word Sakartes marked on a map ever again!” Leylin's cold reply caused Tiff's heart to constrict in fear.

Tiff gritted his teeth, but he still replied with determination, “Your will shall be done.” After all, Leylin was the absolute authority in this place.

“Very well!” Leylin nodded, and with a wave a golden staff flew into Tiff's hand. Its handle was decorated in the motif of a lion, and the four

differently coloured jewels on its crown shone radiantly. The entire staff seemed to be encircled by a formidable power.

“Is this... a divine weapon?” Tiff asked as he looked on in bewilderment.

“Yes. It’s a weapon I refined using the enemy’s false god. The jewels on top contain the power of lightning and fire. It’s only a demigod-ranked weapon for now, but it should serve as the authority of a pope.”

“My Lord...” Tiff’s voice was choked with emotion.

“Go, I will watch you from the skies.” Leylin waved him away.

“Yes, my Lord. I will defeat the entire Sakartes Empire for you, and conquer all of Debanks Island!” Tiff solemnly swore to Leylin.

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Leylin’s ascension hadn’t just affected him. Hope Stronghold itself had grown enormously stronger. With the support of the priests’ divine spells, the troops could now show a military power that was several times greater than before. As for seizing the opportunity to conquer the Sakartes Empire in battle, it was already a foregone conclusion.

With the boost from Leylin’s divine aura and divine weapons, Hope Stronghold’s main army effortlessly invaded the heart of the Sakartes Empire with irresistible force. The decadent native troops were unable to withstand a single blow.

Well, this was all really just the propaganda spread by the church. Although the outcome did not differ much from what was in the official reports, the course of events was something entirely different.

Away from their homeland, Leylin’s armies were facing enemies that had the support of a demigod and similar numbers of clerics and other divine Professionals. Their opponents possessed several hundreds of years more of accumulated resources. However, spring had arrived. Sadly, the plague that had been curbed by the bitter cold broke out vehemently once more.

In Leylin’s previous life, spring had always been the season where



epidemics spread widely. The situation here was comparable, so it was hardly surprising. The plague was even more ferocious than before as it swept across the entirety of Debanks Island, creating more and more ghost towns. With its ability to infect even those who were once cured, even the divine Professionals were left up to their ears in work.

Leylin had previously killed two demigods, and it was the same as cutting the number of available clerics in half. With the balance at such a crucial point, even a single feather's weight was of paramount importance. What then about losing half of your clerics?

Sakartes was now met with another wave of death. There were so few clerics available that even nobles were dying out, forget the commoners. The troops from Hope Stronghold who had forced their way into Sakartes numbly took over ghost town after ghost town. A high number of enemy troops had surrendered to them as well.

There was nothing else to be done. If they continued to stay, all that waited them was death. Defecting would give them the holy water that could save their lives. At the same time, those natives who had surrendered used themselves as an example to show that none of them had been turned into sacrifices, or demoted to slaves after their surrender. Naturally, this situation was not without pressure.

Furthermore, for the sake of preserving their lives, those native commoners had fallen over each other in their eagerness to riot and erupt in chaos before the troops from Hope Stronghold arrived. They had even sent people to request the Stronghold to rescue them.

Generally speaking, the current situation was going great. It would only be a matter of time before they conquered Debanks Island. In these circumstances, Leylin chose not to personally get involved.

At this point, his personal perspective and status had already changed. He only needed to respond to the daily prayers requesting divine spells, and Tiff and Isabel would take care of everything else.

Leylin had now entered seclusion. After becoming a demigod, there were far too many differences between him and an ordinary mortal. Without

much experience being one, he needed to slowly feel out his new role.

With his special senses as a god, his followers were presented before him in successive screens. They were even clearer than when he'd been a mere divine being. His connection with his priests was incomparably more convenient, and a lot quicker than before. Within the limits of the Weave, he could gather faith and bestow divine skills with ease.

“Mystra probably only has complete control of the outer Weave. She can only interfere slightly with the deeper levels...” Leylin understood the innate character of the Goddess of the Weave in that moment. She was essentially a jailor in charge of looking after the many Magi at the core. The numerous gods would never entrust their own worshippers to Mystra's control, so there were considerable limits to her influence.

# Chapter 1008: Beginning of Battle

‘The inner Weave is a convenient way for a god to channel faith towards them. It didn’t reject me using it, so it seems to be open... The basic requirement is that one is a demigod?’ Leylin looked lost in thought.

‘The innermost core of the Weave, as well as Karsus’ Avatar, the rank 12 spell...’ The thought of how difficult it was to release the conscients of the numerous Magi, even Leylin frowned. He had to get rid of the entire Weave to do so, which included the outer Weave that numerous wizards counted on and the inner Weave that the gods used as a channel for faith.

Would the gods willingly abandon such a convenient channel as the Weave? Regardless of their intellectual abilities, and their ability to count the number of worshippers in their divine realms in an instant, the Weave was more than just an upgrade to their calculative abilities. It greatly reduced the cost of bestowing divine spells, and increased the convenience. Having become used to such a great advantage, could they still accept and tolerate more traditional methods?

‘Once I shatter the Weave, I’ll be going up against the entire World of Gods...’ Leylin looked grim, ‘It won’t just be true gods. All demigods, and even nature spirits or divine beings who can use the Weave will probably become my enemies as well...’

Only Leylin who was from a foreign world would have the guts to take on an entire world. However, even he had to consider his options carefully. While Distorted Shadow still had incomplete conscients in the outer world, he had not done much in tens of thousands of years. That was only to be expected.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to push my agreement with Distorted Shadow back...’ Leylin stroked his chin, having made up his mind.

Now that he was a demigod, the injuries to his main body should have completely healed. Having taken over Debanks Island, the faith in him had greatly increased. It could even support his ascent to godhood. Time was definitely on his side.

If this dragged on, and both his bodies reached a higher realm, the terror that would be brought forth when they fused would be enough for him to take the plunge and challenge the world!

‘The spread of faith is one thing in ascending to godhood. Another is to guide my worshippers, forming my unique role as a god.’ Leylin was now aware of the relationship between faith, godfire, divine force, and a god’s roles.

Faith was the source, being transformed by the godfire into divine force. This was the root of all gods, and the power of faith wasn’t all the same. There were slight differences, and for example the soul energy radiated by great anger was completely different from that in extreme fear. The faith in a demigod was heterogeneous, so it took a lot of effort to transform it into divine force.

A god’s roles acted as a guide, planning for the soul energy of their worshippers in advance. If godfire was an engine that purified faith to provide a more stable source of power, a god’s roles were the key to separate the diesel from gasoline.

While in general the soul energy that could be absorbed after a god classified themselves would decrease, it would grow in purity. It reduced the burden on the divine, to the point that the amount of divine force left after the transformation was actually greater than before.

After all, which was easier— burning either diesel or gasoline, or both? Most probably would know the answer to that.

‘A god’s rule doesn’t simply separate soul energy. It involves delving deeper into that domain, and acquiring even more terrifying might...’ Leylin could now sense the faith from the pious worshippers and their tremendous soul energy. His godfire burned more vigorously than before, a few runes representing laws beginning to appear.

When it came down to it, a god’s role was an embodiment of their laws. These runes indicated that he would soon form his own! Even the incomplete golden characters allowed Leylin to gain a better understanding of the World of Gods.

‘The essence of the runes seem to tend to massacres and conquest, as well as sickness and healing. Will my first role as a deity be amongst these?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed with the rays of the A.I. Chip, ‘A.I. Chip, is it possible to record this script?’

Although these law runes were incomplete, they were very unique. They weren’t three dimensional, instead perhaps near four-dimensional. The A.I. Chip of the past would have been powerless at this, but after the upgrade it’s limits weren’t defined yet. Leylin wanted to test what it could do.

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning scan...] the A.I. Chip loyally intoned, large amounts of blue data streaming past Leylin.

[Beep! Target scanned. Discovered high energy force field, attempting to break through. Successful, beginning to analyse the characters of laws. Recording... Beep! Target has the properties of a 4D image, discovered interference from spacetime radiation. Data partially lost...]

[Beep! Characters have been scanned. Records only 67.66% complete.] The large paragraph caused Leylin to grin in glee. He looked at the database of the A.I. Chip, seeing a subdirectory under laws called ‘godly role runes.’ Within it were the characters that had just been scanned.

Although they seemed less complete than those in the godfire, they still had the distinct charm of the original. The A.I. Chip of the past would definitely have been unable to make this scan. That it could force a partial copy gave Leylin a pleasant surprise.

‘If all these characters are analysed completely, the chances of even natives igniting their godfires to obtain godly roles should increase by 50% ...’ Leylin nodded in satisfaction, and then focused on the analysis of the characters.

‘Massacre and conquest, sickness and healing?’ The results of the A.I. Chip’s preliminary scans were according to Leylin’s expectations. This was indeed the image he gave the natives of Debanks Island.

The selection of a god’s role could easily give rise to battles between gods. Based on the A.I. Chip’s conclusions, Leylin sank into deep thought.

‘The characters of laws show that most of my faith comes from massacre and sickness. They’re the most likely way for me to become a god. There’s less in terms of conquest; the natives don’t really have a concept of races and culture, and there are many battles even between their tribes. Faith in healing is the least, huh.’

Pure faith would not lie, and Leylin could only laugh wryly. From the looks of it, even if his church bestowed holy water and helped with the sickness, the natives still treated him as a personification of massacres, sickness, and death.

‘Well, faith arising from reverence is always more stable than that from love and respect...’ The grin on Leylin’s face widened, ‘Looks like I’m not fated to be in the good faction...’

Leylin had already decided to walk the path of massacres. With the power he held, he definitely wouldn’t side with the good gods anyway.

“From the power of faith alone, massacre and sickness seem more stable...” Leylin had made his choice. He valued a domain in massacres more than one in sickness. Besides, few gods had grasped it, some of them being Cyric and Malar.

Although Cyric was a greater god, he was half-crazy, paying no mind to the administration of his mortal church. It had caused the priests of murder great distress. Things were different with sicknesses and plague. Leylin would rather fight against lunatics and beasts than the Goddess of Plagues who was clear-headed. He did not wish for there to be occasional plagues in his territories.

“And... Cyric?” Leylin lowered his face, ridiculing him with soundless laughter...

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From the viewpoint of the gods, everything on Debanks Island was right before their eyes.

“Saintess, our vanguard has already taken over the two citadels in Ado City and Dole City. As long as we get Dul City as well, the capital of the

empire shall be right before our eyes!” The troops of Hope Stronghold were proceeding smoothly along the massive lands.

The girl Leylin had conferred a title to, Saintess Barbara, had completed her routine prayers. She was now listening to the routine reports of a native army official.

Golden light flashed on her fair forehead, causing her to be bathed in a holy lustre. Aya and her little brother stood respectfully at her side, having become her maid and servant. Out of gratitude for their saviour, as well as the need for survival, the two of them now worked for her. The Saintess seemed to admire the great relationship of the pair, and had brought them with her.

“The capital?” Aya’s eyes lit up as if she had recalled something, but that quickly dimmed.

Barbara seemed to think of something, and she asked, “Aya! You came from near the capital, right?”

“Mm! I was once a clanswoman of Ado City’s Juna Tribe. I escaped with the rest of my tribe once plague struck...” Aya spoke slowly, and her brother bowed his head as if he had recalled something terrible. Truth be told, most of the natives that had fled with them had died on the way. Sickness and famine were the greatest natural enemies of the commoners.

Less than one in ten had gotten across the mountains and waters, making it to Hope Stronghold.

# Chapter 1009: Devil Hunter

Recalling the hardship along the way, and how they'd made it safely, Aya felt like she was in a dream.

'This is all due to Master Kukulkan!' At this thought, she couldn't help but grab the sacred crest in her hands, beginning to pray silently.

'Mm, the imperial capital of the Sakartes Empire. If I can take that down and offer it to the master...' An idea arose in Barbara's mind, filling her thoughts. She wasn't being greedy, everything was just happening too smoothly.

Although she'd brought less than ten thousand troops from Hope Stronghold, many natives suffering from sickness had requested to enter. Even those from the imperial army changed sides. On top of that, having obtained the news about the divine battle through some secret channels, even the nobles of the Sakartes Empire began to waver.

The consequence of this was that Barbara's army expanded without effort, even getting close to the capital with easy victories. Along the way, many native refugees had taken on arduous jobs, to obtain the 'holy water' and the blessings of the Winged Serpent God. The secondary army also suppressed rebellions to express their loyalty.

Knowing that Hope Stronghold lacked people, Barbara accepted the offers of all the refugees and armies. In a short period of time, their army had expanded fivefold to reach 50,000 strong.

Tiff had originally been worried of spies sneaking in, but it seemed like the natives had no such intentions. Instead, it was the huge numbers that made command and logistics a headache. There had been a few times when things were extremely chaotic.

Unable to contend with such an oversized army, the Sakartes Empire seemed to be done for. The continuous successes had naturally raised Barbara's ambitions.

'As long as I take Dolw City down, the imperial capital will lose all its



protection...' Barbara planned in her mind. But then she looked at the city in the distance and was stunned.

Thick black rose into the sky, and screams could be heard in the distance. A knight darted over, looking like he had some urgent information. "Report!"

"Let him come!" Barbara waved her arms, and the guards that had held him back dispersed.

"Saintess, a few leaders of Dole City have joined hands in rebellion. They have control of the entire city now, and agree to worship the Winged Serpent God... But only if we give them holy water as soon as possible. They also hope that we can take the city's people in now that there's chaos..."

"Proceed!" Barbara sent down the order after a nod.

These scenarios had gotten her very excited at the start, but by now she was numb. There was even a feeling of disappointment, that these achievements weren't her own. Still, there were important things to do at the moment.

The takeover of the city went smoothly. Under the threat of death, there were very rare cases of false surrender. With previous experience, Barbara sent a few people to help fight the fire before meeting the leaders. After she promised holy water, the entirety of Dole City was somewhat within her grasp.

The 'somewhat' arose from the continued existence of altars and priests. It was the last resistance Dole City had to offer. Battles involving faith were far more terrifying than the rest, so Barbara didn't relent and instead headed to the altar.

"Saintess, the altar here is for two false gods. One is the giant flaming horse, Woods, and the other the founding emperor Akaban. Although the horse's priests have lost all power, the clergy of Akaban still has the support of divine force. They've managed to get a group of soldiers to guard them..."

One of the leaders who were now on their side led the way, smiling slyly. After changing sides, their totem spirits had immediately become false gods. Were Leylin here, he would definitely lament the practical nature of humans.

“I understand. Leave the rest to the church!” Barbara watched the altar that was now a defensive structure, and her beautiful brows furrowed slightly. Although she was disgusted by the betrayal of these leaders, she had no choice but to take them in as examples for the rest.

Having lost two demigods, the priests could no longer meet the demand for healing. At this rate, death was certain. Barbara understood the betrayal for the sake of survival. Still, the remaining resistance made things a little troublesome.

“Bring the warriors of the church.” Having walked around the defensive structure, Barbara finally acknowledged that the enemy’s elite forces were truly powerful. Thus, she sent her own elites as well.

The natives had exemplary Professionals as well. There were hunters and amazon warriors that caused Isabel some trouble. Many of those guarding the altar were of the same type.

However, the Giant Serpent Church was a military church as well, and he now had a huge number of natives under him. A batch of half-naked native warriors with devil tattoos arrived in front of Barbara, each of them highly capable.

“Saintess! The warriors of our Lord shall heed your commands!”

“Good! Use your fury to expel the last remaining filth of these false gods!” Barbara commanded, standing in front.

Almost the instant the mobilisation order arrived, these natives changed greatly. They all began to grow, their muscles bulging bit by bit as they quickly became miniature giants. The lustre of divine spells lit up their bodies, carrying the unique radiance of the Winged Serpent God.

Under the illumination of this radiance, the devil tattoos on their bodies grew more vivid, and their eyes shone with a demonic glare. These

warriors had been bestowed abilities reserved for devils!

“For our Lord!” The native warriors charged forward without hesitation, their attacks as powerful as a tsunami around the altar.

“The number of our Lord’s warriors has increased greatly...” Barbara now looked reassured, and she cast divine spells alongside the other priests to boost them.

Priests and military strength were extremely important to a church. Tyr, for instance, offered a distinct path for paladins. Combining his knowledge of Debanks Island with his own strength and the A.I. Chip’s calculations, Leylin had created a whole new path of strength for his own church. They were the devil hunters!

Like the name implied, devil hunters combined a sensitivity to devils with the tracking ability of the hunters. By activating their tattoos, they could even obtain abilities similar to the bloodline powers of devils!

This profession was a fusion of warriors and sorcerers. It was very powerful, but it also had a few flaws. Those who trained in it had to have an extremely powerful will. The pain during the branding of a devil tattoo was horrifying.

Thankfully, Leylin now had many subordinates. He had slowly selected beings from the 300,000 people, and it wasn’t difficult to raise a few thousand devil hunters.

Leylin had especially created something special for this strength system. If a hunter could capture a real devil and seal it in their own body, they would obtain a lot of the devil’s strength. It could even increase their rank! All true devil hunters had devils sealed within them.

Although Leylin did not have a blood feud with the devils yet, they were clearly mortal enemies. He’d created these hunters to strike all devils except Beelzebub’s own followers. This would begin to weaken the strength of the Nine Hells of Baator.

Nobody would complain about such acts. Devoting effort into attacking devils was the ‘right’ course of action on the continent.

Barbara naturally knew nothing of Leylin's intentions. She was just sighing in shock at the astounding abilities of the devil hunters.

Those who had retreated into the church and guarded the altar were obviously fanatic followers of the false gods. There was no need to differentiate between them, it was enough to kill the whole lot.

Once the altar was purged, Barbara grimly stepped inside the hall. The green flooring was now dyed blood red, but she did not find anything wrong with it. To the natives, stealing everything from their opponents was something natural. This included their lives.

At the heart of the altar was an obsidian statue of a warrior riding a chariot. However, the horse leading the chariot had shattered a long time ago.

Buzz! Buzz! As if sensing the disrespect, a terrifying pressure arose from Akaban's statue.

"Hmph! False god!" Barbara merely glanced at the emperor disdainfully, and gripped the holy crest in her hands.

"Our Lord, the Winged Serpent. Master Kukulcan, please give me strength!" Holy light that was characteristic of Leylin emanated from the holy crest. White light flashed, and the immense pressure disappeared to reveal cracks on the statue.

"Destroy the statue, and purify everything that has to do with it!" Barbara ordered solemnly.

Soon enough, statues, holy crests, books, and even drawings hung on the wall were torn down, turning into ashes from the flames.

# Chapter 1010: Founding a Nation

Done with the basic cleanup of the church, they erected a statue of the Winged Serpent God. With Saintess Barbara's lead, numerous warriors, soldiers, and nobles knelt to pray.

"Praise to our Lord, the Winged Serpent God Kukulcan. You are the serpent of the world that devours everything and grasps the power of massacres. Your body extends across the universe, stretching into past, present and future. Your beautiful eyes are like the clearest of lakes, the water from which can cure everything..."

The statue of the Winged Serpent God began to glow with the prayers, setting the worshippers' minds at ease.

"Our master has responded, the statue is complete!" Barbara exclaimed in delight, and then began to pray loudly. The power of faith converged to form a tide.

Within this tide of faith, the two eyes of the statue seemed to come to life as they brightened with intelligence. Dazzling divine force spread in all directions across the church, covering the city and even the skies outside. It was as if it was cleansing something, repelling and rejecting a golden glow tinged with dark red.

"This is a battle between faith!"

From the perspective of a god, Leylin could see all this happening even more clearly. A large region, with Dole City at its heart, had now completely escaped Akaban's control. His own power now filled the area.

Akaban's regions were now dwindling. From hereon out, the area around Dole City would no longer be his home ground, instead becoming Leylin's territory. Akaban's strength would drop if he came over, and Leylin would easily slaughter him.

Maps showed that the faith in Akaban had been reduced to a minimum. All that was left was a tiny region surrounding the imperial capital, the remaining lands surrounded and nibbled away by Leylin. The day they

broke into the capital would be the day of Akaban's death.

This was the tragedy of earth-bound spirits and gods. They could not abandon their territories and followers, for only death awaited them otherwise. And for the same reason, Leylin wasn't in the least worried that Akaban would flee.

'Those true gods lead much better lives in comparison. They aren't limited to specific domains or regions for their faith, and even if they fall they can recover as long as faith in them still survives in the prime material plane, if their worshippers call the god's name from the bottom of their hearts... They're basically as tough as Magi of laws.'

As Leylin was pondering, his eyes suddenly shifted.

"Hm? That guy still dares to come here?" His body disappeared, reappearing at a church near the bounds of his territory.

\*Chik! Chik! A large golden scorpion was waiting in midair. Seeing him, it took the initiative to move out of the way, stowing its stinger and claws as if acknowledging allegiance to Leylin. Some information was transmitted into Leylin's mind.

'Looks like it isn't here to fight. Beasts have an instinct to follow the strong, huh.' The demigod golden scorpion was obviously here to pledge its allegiance. Seeing the death of the double-headed lion, as well as Akaban's constant weakening, this was an obvious course of action.

"Then... prove your worth to me!" Leylin transmitted with a divine glint in his eyes.

He already had plans to take the scorpion in. After all, it was a native god and had so many uses. Since he planned to expand his power and establish a pantheon, he needed to have gods in that category.

Akaban wouldn't work. He represented all of the natives here, and naturally had the right to succeed and rule over the region. Leylin had to destroy him. However, things were different with the golden scorpion, and he could use it as an example.

"You should be the totem of the Raring Winds, right? That large tribe of

natives?” Leylin stared straight at it, “Use all your strength and join my attack on the capital of the Sakartes Empire. That will prove your loyalty. I also hope to see you around in the divine battle.”

This condition evidently did not surprise the scorpion. Without any hesitation, it agreed.

“Alliances are so fragile in the face of disaster...” Leylin lamented as he watched the scorpion leave.

The rapid weakening of the powerful native gods had given him a great warning. When he built his pantheon in the future, he had to consider things more comprehensively. There was a need for firm contrast, and also a requirement for equal opportunity and justice at the minimum. Without these things, even if the gods grew powerful they wouldn’t escape the fate of betrayal and abandonment.

“The last campaign will begin soon,” Leylin looked into the distance in the direction of the Sakartes Empire and made his own prophecy.

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With no more defences blocking her, Barbara was planning to take over the rest of Dole City in one spurt. However, that was interrupted by an order from the church.

“I should await orders? The pope and Lady Isabel are coming as well?” Barbara gasped, and then glanced at the emissary, “I will definitely abide the will of the pope!”

No matter how courageous she was, Barbara would definitely not go against Tiff and the others. When it came to status, she was still a native, while Tiff and the rest had been long-time worshippers. Although there was talk of equality and freedom, the natural gap between them was hard to overcome.

In addition, she was a mere worshipper herself. She naturally had to abide by the orders of the church. Barbara knew full well how much influence Pope Tiff had, and she was merely a worshipper who was bathed in their god’s favour and come to be called a saintess. As long as she was

not a Chosen of their god, she had no power to go against Tiff.

‘What should I do to gain more of the Lord’s favour?’ Barbara placed her palm under her chin and sank into deep thought...

Leylin didn’t bother with such trifling thoughts of his followers. As long as they wanted a better life on Debanks Island, all beings would side with him for a variety of reasons.

This battle was one that would wipe out an entire nation. A new order would be built on the ruins of Sakartes, and something like that would net a person both fame and fortune. It wasn’t something to give someone like a saintess.

In reality, even Tiff did not have the qualifications to do so. There was only one person that could govern the area to combine both reason and law. And that was someone who had Leylin’s blood flowing in them! For this very reason, once Tiff and Isabel brought the elite army of fifty thousand troops over from Hope Stronghold, Leylin himself arrived at the barracks quietly.

That their god personally came down for them immediately raised the morale of the soldiers to a terrifying degree. In comparison, Dole City was in a dismal situation.

Huge numbers of nobles chose to give up on the rule of Akaban and his children, pledging their allegiance to Leylin in secret. Once the Raring Winds that believed in the scorpion demigod hastened over with their elite warriors and over ten thousand men, they combined forces with Hope Stronghold. With such an army surrounding the imperial capital, even those who had resolutely believed in their emperor now faltered.

The tall city walls could not hinder the spread of the plague, and they could obviously do nothing against the crumbling will of the people.

In a mere three days, the capital of the Sakartes Empire was broken into from the inside. Flames surged into the sky from the imperial palace, causing the army that had planned to fight to halt in their tracks. They could only watch as the palace that represented the glamour and splendour of the royal bloodline vanish.



On that same day, Leylin intercepted Akaban who was planning to escape. He killed Akaban with the scorpion's help, officially ending the more than five-century rule of the Sakartes Empire. The horrifying news that their god was destroyed shocked the leaders and nobles.

Having lost someone to pledge their loyalty to, few chose to fight Hope Stronghold, especially since it had holy water that could cure the plague. Most quickly chose to side with the Stronghold.

The new capital was now called Faulen, and a whole new empire was formed after the flames of war washed away all filth.

Because it was a country formed from faith, Leylin was unwilling to pass on the responsibility to others. He became the very first emperor, and from then the rulership would be succeeded by those with his blood for all eternity.

The new empire was quickly acknowledged by the surrounding tribes. After everything that belonged to the Sakartes Empire was taken over, and his organisation had expanded to the entirety of Debanks Island, they began the intense effort of eradicating the plague and clearing land.

With the 'holy water' and the god's baptism, the grim reaper that devastated Debanks Island was finally controlled. To the commoners, the Giant Serpent Church was like the sun in the sky.

Since the war had ended quickly, and they'd taken in a large number of tribes, the initial assessment of the population in the region came up to an astonishing 920,000. The plague had taken away about half of the initial 2 million natives, but it also left behind a huge amount of wealth.

After all, the mean wealth was lower when a huge population shared limited resources. This was also the cause for life and death battles between tribes. Now, however, the overgrown lands far exceeded the needs of the population, and the intense societal conflicts were eased.

After organising the clearing and plowing of land, as well as announcing the liberation of some slaves to take charge of their own land, the empire quickly gained a positive reputation. Leylin took in all the faith of the followers, turning it into a firm power that would support his ascension to

godhood.

# Chapter 1011: Semi-plane

Calendar of the Gods, Year 37671. With 5000 pirates, Leylin Faulen had taken down Debanks Island which had a population of more than two million people, destroying the Sakartes Empire to create his own country. He himself had become a demigod, becoming one of the higher-ups in the World of Gods.

Many were astonished. This youth was only 26 years of age, and yet he'd achieved something so astounding; they could only look up to him now.

Numerous elite devil hunters and native knights surrounded a group of luxurious horse chariots in the new Faulen City. The knights' crests and the caravan's flag were symbols of a giant serpent, indicating the might of royalty.

"The plague's been taken care of, and we're beginning to plow the land for spring. We're doing great!" Leylin pulled apart the curtains of the chariot, gazing at the green fields with a hint of satisfaction on his face.

Saintess Barbara knelt at his side along with beautiful maids, their eyes full of an unconcealable fervour. The empire would be governed by the blood of its god. This was the decree of Leylin's Giant Serpent Church.

To get a more stable foundation, this god himself had brought a few natives around. Almost right after the new country was established, the twenty purest and most beautiful refined girls of Debanks Island had been sent to the palace. It didn't seem like such things would stop any time. Leylin never rejected such matters. Besides, this suited his standards better.

He was currently travelling to proclaim his strength to the entire empire. The view of his fleshly body would also draw in more worshippers. Leylin had developed a better understanding of the island's situation through his travels, and at the same time imprinted the might of the empire deeply into the hearts of the natives.

"This is the most fertile land in the empire, and it's close to the imperial capital. It's understandable for them to have such results..." Barbara said,

her eyes glinting.

“It’s great that they have knowledge in this area, especially when it comes to these matters...” Leylin understood the schemes of his worshippers like the back of his hand. Hearing what Barbara said, he had no idea whether to laugh or cry. However, such things were also a part of the path of faith, and Leylin had to consider his options carefully.

“Based on the way things are going, we should be able to get past this year’s famine well...” After patrolling the entire country, Leylin was in a better mood. While the plague had greatly affected societal order, activity was slowly resuming normal levels. Thanks to the accumulations of the Sakartes Empire, this new country was headed in a better direction.

‘A lot of things determine the strength of an empire. There’s the population, agriculture, economy, military, and faith...’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘I have 50,000 soldiers stationed in the capital. With Debanks Island itself only having 900,000 residents, it’s definitely the greatest military. On the other hand, my finances are a problem... The agriculture and economy were affected by the plague, and it will take some time to return to normal. Most importantly, there’s faith...’

Leylin had dealt fatal blows to Debanks Island’s totem spirits and nature spirits. All those unwilling to serve were wiped out along with their tribes. With the golden scorpion at their head, the rest became subordinate to Leylin. That took up a portion of the faith in the empire.

Leylin was more than happy for this to happen. After all, his church was still the majority with more than 80% of the faith. The nature spirits could only divide the remaining fifth amongst themselves.

On top of that, he was a demigod now. His priests had divine spells, something that the shamans of the native gods could not compare to. He had a huge leg up over the competition, and was obviously unafraid of competing with them. These gods would likely be forced to hang around near him with no other choice.

‘Then there’s governance. I’ve already rewarded the pirates greatly, with land, slaves, and noble status. However, they are still fewer in number

than the original native chiefs and nobles...' Leylin shook his head.

From his position as a ruler, the population of the natives was terrifying. On the other hand, there were less than five thousand who'd followed an outsider like him. The difference was like that between a drop of water and a lake.

Leylin had no doubt that if he did nothing, basic governance would fall to the natives in less than thirty years. Outsiders could only join in, be it passively or actively. To change this he had to bring some new people in, and kill some others. Only by bringing people from Faulen Island and killing natives could he ensure the stability of his power.

Unfortunately, Leylin wasn't just a ruler. His bigger priority was his godhood, and a massacre that dropped the number of natives would only reduce his power of faith. It would not benefit him. While he was conquering them, these natives were his enemies and it was essential to reduce their numbers. Now, however, they were part of his ascent to godhood. Killing them lost all meaning.

A god didn't care if the one governing the empire was a native or an outsider. All that mattered was that he received the same amount of faith. With the support of the church, his descendants wouldn't fall to the level of mere symbols or puppets. That would be enough.

"There is no eternal empire, but the gods have long lives," Leylin muttered. Compared to the long life of a god, even the most glorious of empires in history seemed short-lived.

[Beep! Response to today's prayers completed. Handled a total of 348,761 cases, bestowed 13,286 spells.] The A.I. Chip's prompt caused Leylin's lips to curve upwards in a smile.

Gods had to take care of their worshippers' prayers, and bestow divine spells every day. While his now divine soul could process fast enough to take care of this himself, it wouldn't be a walk in the park. The effort would drain him.

With over 900,00 followers, a following even more enormous than that of some true gods, the amount of work he had to do was vast and

complicated. However, the A.I. Chip took over the tedious work, which made things more convenient for Leylin.

Even for a true god, such difficult work took more than just their bodies and avatars. Some even designated subordinate deities to the task. The A.I. Chip performed these tasks better than most gods, and on top of that Leylin could trust it absolutely without fear of betrayal.

“Your Highness!” Heading all the way back to their emperor, the numerous youthful and beautiful maids greeted Leylin immediately. Most of them exposed their bare arms and lower abdomens, showing their smooth skin with a heated gaze.

Leave alone the girls the tribes had offered, even the maids in Leylin’s palace were rather good. Some could even be the heads of noble families. Leylin didn’t mind a cordial conversation with them on the average day, but now he had something more important to do.

The centre of the capital’s power had been Akaban’s church. It had been remodelled into a headquarters for the Giant Church after the war, dedicated to Leylin’s worship. Leylin was standing on the location of the old altar, observing a gigantic piece of obsidian on the pedestal.

This rock had a metallic luster to it, and looked like a black brick. However, Leylin’s astute senses found something different with it. If not for Akaban’s statue being destroyed, it would never have shown itself.

‘I’ve finally found it... Is this Akaban’s trove?’ Leylin placed his hand on the surface of the black brick, immediately linking his divine will to a huge space. Divine force surged in the air, clearly beginning to dissipate already. Numerous translucent souls looking to be sleeping on the surface, with some still withering away. They filled an entire layer of the place.

‘The souls of Akaban’s followers... I never thought I’d be so lucky as to find a semi-plane containing them. While it isn’t all that large, it’s still much better than most demigod weapons...’ Guiding the souls of followers was the task of divine souls. Whether pious worshippers turned into petitioners, valiant spirits, or holy souls, they were all of great help to their gods. Naturally, they wouldn’t easily be abandoned.

Demigods lacked their own divine realms, so many built their own demigod weapons or other items to be containers that could store the souls of their followers. Akaban was obviously very lucky to have found a semi-plane.

‘There are at least a million souls...’ Having estimated the number of souls within the brick, Leylin was shocked once again by Akaban’s accumulations.

A semi-plane was no divine realm. No matter how hard one tried to protect them, the worshippers within would still die. Akaban would only guide the most devout of followers into the plane, which eliminated a large number of natives with more general faith. Akaban’s fall had killed most of the souls, and those left over were actually the best of the best. They were the essence of the millions of native souls over the empire’s centuries of existence!

‘This is what true gods count on. I am far too weak in comparison...’ Leylin sighed and observed the semi-plane. These souls evidently only worshipped Akaban, and they were useless to Leylin unless he destroyed them to take their soul origins. However, that was too wasteful.

Instead, his greatest harvest was the semi-plane itself!

# Chapter 1012: Emissary of Wealth

Demigods had confirmed their path to ascension. All that they had left to do was make their preparations.

They required faith and a divine role, but other things like a divine realm were also indispensable. If, by coincidence, one already had a semi-plane, it would take much less effort to build their divine realm.

To a true god, their divine realm was where their true body lay. No matter how much care was put into creating it, it would not be enough. Leylin already had his own plans for his divine realm, but now that he had a semi-plane he could use it to contain the souls of his worshippers.

‘I can make use of it once I’ve modified it slightly. Hm, it’s better to seal all of Akaban’s worshippers’ souls here.’ Leylin had soon determined the uses of the semi-plane. With the standard divine power to alter reality, the semi-plane began to whistle.

Golden divine force rippled the air, pushing out Akaban’s brand and alarming a few powerful souls.

“Who encroaches on the master’s country?” Golden flames blazed, and tens of native souls ascended into the skies, glaring at Leylin, “False god! This is not a place for you!”

“Ooh, valiant spirits?” Leylin knew that the souls of these natives should have been heroes of the Sakartes Empire’s past. There could even be a few past emperors amongst them.

“Akaban has fallen. It’s about time that you, who have been abandoned by the changing eras, enter the trashcan of history...” In Leylin’s eyes, these valiant spirits were zealous worshippers of Akaban. They were useless to him. As his chant sounded, the snarling spirits suddenly froze as the spiritual force that made up their bodies fell apart, beginning to dissipate.

“How gutsy are you, to dare go against a god?” A tremendous aura exploded forth from Leylin, and the few valiant spirits that had managed



to hang on disappeared.

Their existences had been supported by Akaban's divine force. With his fall they were far weaker than before, so how could they do anything in front of Leylin?

After he took care of these last bits of resistance, the rest of the souls all became confused or fell into a deep sleep. They had no power whatsoever to rebel. Something like a hurricane swept through the semi-plane. A large black hole appeared at its heart, and many souls were swept in.

At the end, the tail of the hurricane reached Leylin's hands. A huge number of souls were piled up into a golden crystal ball, swimming inside like tadpoles.

'Akaban already made this place suitable for the souls of worshippers. However, it's still lacking...' Looking at the desolate semi-plane, Leylin frowned.

'Divine force— change reality!'

"I command... Let there be light!" It was like magic. The moment he spoke, a dazzling light was formed amidst the chaos, expanding and chasing away all the shadows.

"I command... Let there be water!" The dry ground immediately closed up, as streams appeared and formed lakes and seas.

"With the water must come plantlife!" Tender green sprouts emerged from the barren soil tenaciously, and the greenness that was full of life spread through the area. Soon, they covered the entire semi-plane and formed large plains and forests.

"That should be it for the basics." The tremendous amount of divine force required to alter the semi-plane was slightly strenuous for Leylin. With a flick of his sleeves, thousands of milky-white souls fell into the plane, turning into bewildered souls.

"You will stay here for now." Amongst them were natives, pirates, and even a few that looked like devils. After hearing Leylin's voice, they all knelt down respectfully and began to pray, "Yes, Master! You are the the

serpent of the world that devours all, the master of death who guides all souls like us...”

“There is an agreement between a god and his worshippers. As the worshippers give up their faith, I must protect their souls after death...” Leylin muttered to himself. This was the responsibility gods took on. Taking care of it, he’d suddenly felt his connection with his worshippers suddenly grow more firm.

“It’s still fine to place the followers’ souls here for now, but I still have to become a true god as quickly as possible and build my divine realm. That’s the only place souls should return to...”

The use of altars, divine weapons, or even semi-planes to contain souls was something only demigods did, and it was because they had no other options. It was a make-shift strategy that could not protect the souls of followers well.

A semi-plane was slightly better than altars or divine weapons when it came to the rate at which souls disappeared. It was usually so fast that demigods’ hearts ached. On top of that, the life in the souls would be erased slowly.

The gods obviously would not stand seeing their wealth dissipating. However, all methods to contain worshippers’ souls had this flaw, except of course for divine realms.

However, becoming a true god was still extremely tedious for demigods. Leylin couldn’t forget about the middle god Helm, whose role was to be the protector. His church prioritised attacks on false gods, and unfortunately he definitely viewed Leylin as such.

Thankfully, his main territories were in Debanks Island, and there was a proven problem with the natives’ faith. He hadn’t gathered attention yet. However, with his rise right now the secret couldn’t be kept much longer.

“No, there already are gods who’ve noted my existence...” Leylin looked towards the harbour, seeing a numerous fleet. The howling sea breeze and terrifying ocean sprays smacked on the gleaming, splendid surfaces of these large warships.

At the top of the warship was a large, bright gold coin bending in the winds. This was the Gold Ship, belonging to Gold Priest Xena under the Goddess of Wealth. Leylin had seen it before at Port Venus' harbour, and it was now approaching the seas of Debanks Island.

"Priestess! Based on the directions of our god, we will reach the continent soon!" At the bow of the Gold Ship, Leylin saw a familiar Bishop Xena. She was dressed in a white deer skin coat, looking lost in thought.

"I understand. You may leave..." Xena waved her arms and sent the captain away, her mind like the great waves on the surface of the ocean.

'A Giant Serpent Church is rising amongst the native islands. I must know everything about it!' This was a divine command Lady Waukeen had given her. Only a decree from the goddess could get this gold priest to abandon Port Venus, where gold seemed to flow like a river, and instead risk immense danger to enter the native sea regions.

'Show goodwill, but also observe carefully!' Xena thought over the goddess' words, looking slightly hesitant. The goddess' hints that the native empire had something to do with Port Venus thrilled her.

'Though I don't know why, I'm certain that the only one capable of doing this is the legendary young master of the Faulen Family!' Xena had an instinct that was unique to women.

"There are ships ahead. Be on alert!" At this moment, the sailor at the observatory tower yelled at the top of his voice.

"Enemy ships? The canoes of the natives?" Having had several experiences with them, Xena found it hilarious as she gazed at the waters, but then could no longer laugh.

Tens of huge warships leaped out through the horizons, under the lead of an even larger pirate ship that was modified with magic as they surrounded them. On the warships were numerous elite soldiers and sailors.

When had the natives obtained such giant warships? Xena was puzzled, but after seeing the blood-red skull and dagger flag at the top of the giant

ship, she gasped.

‘The Scarlet Tigers that are famous in the outer seas! It’s actually them? Is this their base?’ Xena had a very strong impression of these famous pirates. Some special channels had informed her that the Daughter of the Dragon was actually a legendary sorcerer, and the fear she had for them rose.

What shocked her more was that the Scarlet Tigers definitely had connections with the Faulen Family!

“If they’re showing their flag, does that mean they’re fearless now?” Xena forced a laugh and sent down the order, “Show our banner. We come bearing goodwill!”

After the signal was put up, the fleet at the other side quickly gave a response. They lined up at the two sides of the church’s ships, as if they were guards.

“They want us to maintain our speed and follow them!” The sailors quickly understood the meaning of the other side’s banner.

“Do as they wish!” Xena took a deep breath and calmed the anger within her, making a logical choice.

“They were scared so easily. I was even going to plunder the Goddess of Wealth’s ship...” On the pirate ship that headed the rest, Ronald disdainfully pursed his lips and put down the copper binoculars in his hands.

“Bring them to Port Pado. All members and attendants must be checked carefully. Be vigilant! We are now the navy of the empire, don’t get up to any tricks or I’ll cut you into pieces!”

“Understood, head!” The other pirates chuckled and giggled as they answered. It was evidently difficult for them to change their attitudes.

Those native sailors, however, were now much more respectful. They would be the backbone of the imperial navy in the future. Ronald sighed with relief, now filled with hope!

# Chapter 1013: Having An Audience

Port Pado.

After handing over an application and going through a strict examination, Xena and her people were finally allowed into the port proper. They were given accommodations in what seemed to be a rushed building.

Although they used wood and stone bricks, Xena could still see the shoddy work of the natives. Compared to the grass huts next to it, however, this building seemed vastly superior.

‘A port that’s under construction?’ Xena recalled the market she’d just seen. It couldn’t even compare to the commercial street of a small town, at most the gathering of a pile of stalls. The items were only sold in clay jars, and trade was with barter without any basic currency. From her point of view, this was blasphemy towards her goddess!

“These darned natives. How lazy and filthy they are!” A few attendants complained, but Xena did not think the same way. Although they’d only been in contact for a short time, she had seen how energetic Debanks Island was.

‘Goddess! Although these natives are base and weak, all their jewellery is made of gold... If this industry can be developed...’ Grasping an opportunity to make more gold was instinctual to the priests of the Goddess of Wealth.

‘I never thought this expedition would have such great harvests. However, the ocean currents in this sea region are far too dangerous...’ Xena frowned inside.

Dinner was the natives’ version of curry rice. They used banana leaves as plates, and the spice was astounding. After enjoying the sumptuous dinner, Xena summoned a high-ranked thief to her room.

A golden lustre filled the room. Although Xena didn’t believe the natives could be all that powerful, she was still very cautious.

“How is it? Have you made any discoveries?” Xena looked at the tall, slender figure in front of her that seemed to want to disappear into the shadows.

“How could we get so much information in a day? Thankfully for the blessings of our goddess, the natives didn’t seem to know how to keep secrets. We managed to get some intel through their legends and songs...” The thief’s voice was hoarse, like he was a bald eagle.

“Speak.” She frowned.

“Firstly... This place used to be called the Sakartes Empire, but a war occurred recently. Fair-skinned godly beings came from the west and defeated them, destroying their empire. That’s the direction of the mainland...

“There’s something more surprising. There seemed to be very few of those ‘fair-skinned godly beings,’ numbering less than twenty thousand total!” the thief supplied.

“Twenty thousand?” Xena was caught between laughter and tears, “But the Scarlet Tigers have about that number of people... An empire conquered by twenty thousand people... Haha...”

She looked pleased as punch, thinking the Sakartes Empire to just be some large native tribe.

“If you knew the true might of the native empire, you definitely wouldn’t be laughing now.” The thief interrupted her coldly.

“What’s their population?” Upon hearing how serious he sounded, Xena reacted appropriately.

“Based on what they said, it would take fifty sunsets to walk from the beginning of the empire to the end. Each city has numerous tribes within, and the empire was also protected by the Sun God who governed everything, Akaban!”

The thief now looked solemn, “A conservative estimate puts the empire’s population between five hundred thousand to a million. Their outer borders were as extensive as a kingdom’s, and they were protected by a

false god!”

“To be able to defeat such a powerful empire with less than twenty thousand pirates... Goodness! It would be difficult to do so even if they were five hundred thousand pigs...” Xena exclaimed, shocked.

“Exactly! What I’m going to say next is key.” The thief now sounded slightly emotional, trembling from fear, “Remember the holy water we were sprayed with when we first got onshore?”

“That’s just water with some sort of potion. It isn’t holy water!” Xena called to attention. This was rather important when it came to religion. She would never admit to being blessed by another god, unless she was sure she wanted to betray Waukeen.

“Alright... That potion...” The thief quickly realised he had misspoken, and immediately corrected himself.

“There seemed to be a tremendous plague at the beginning of the war. Large batches of natives died, and the Winged Serpent descended suddenly, possessing the abilities to heal them. They gave the natives the holy water...”

“Winged Serpent?” Xena quickly thought of the Goddess of Wealth’s divine orders, as well as how she was required to look into the Giant Serpent Church.

“Yes. The ‘holy water’ has astounding healing abilities, and was exceptionally effective against the plague. These fair-skinned beings were seen as heroes sent down by the heavens to save them, and are supported on a large scale. That’s how they defeated the original Sakartes Empire...”

“Is that so...” Xena looked down, clearly deep in thought. She then turned to the thief, sounding serious, “Do you think... That plague has anything to do with the Plague Mistress?”

“It shouldn’t. I’ve fought the priests of her church. While she can spread sickness, it shouldn’t be so infectious... Also, her priests only know how to kill others and not save them...” The thief muttered bluntly in answer.

“Good then... Get more intel, especially related to the Giant Serpent

Church...” Xena gave a long sigh and sent the thief away, staring at the oil lamp on the table as she muttered to herself resolutely.

“The Scarlet Tigers, the legendary wizard of the Faulen Family, and the winged serpent capable of healing sickness... What is the relationship between the three of them?” At the beginning, she’d thought this was just a practical joke on Leylin’s side. However, by the looks of it it seemed impossible.

“Mistress. Please give me guidance!” Xena gripped the holy crest in the palm of her hand, and began to pray piously. A golden lustre enveloped the entire room, making it look misty.

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“So it’s the Goddess of Wealth... I’ve had the greatest amount of contact with them. Port Venus has Waukeen’s Church, so it’s natural for them to have recorded my aura...” Leylin wasn’t all that surprised. After all, it was necessary for Debanks Island to interact with the outside world.

Debanks Island had far too much work to be done, and trade would greatly help recover its vitality. It was much better for them to be discovered by Waukeen than by Helm. After all, the goddess was neutral in alignment.

With the plentiful resources from Debanks Island, and the Faulen Empire as a whole having so many consumers, Leylin had no doubt the gold priests would be greatly attracted. However, it wasn’t worth Xena risking her life.

The only thing that could spur a gold bishop on was the Goddess of Wealth, Waukeen!

“No matter what she expects, Debanks Island can definitely support itself. There’s no need to fear any blockades or threats... Of course, if they can be enticed and we can get support from the trade network on the mainland, it would be great...”

Leylin moved his arms, “Send down the order. Receive them with the most politeness possible, and send them gold and cornelian-embedded



utensils. Cover the floors with fleece, and welcome her to my palace...”

Leylin wasn't just the ruler of a new empire. He was also its patron god, so his orders were carried out without any hesitation. Xena and her people obtained large amounts of gifts from the natives, and seemed to be dazzled by their wealth. They made multiple stops along the way, before reaching Faulen City which was being rebuilt.

This had been the Sakartes Empire's capital. The roads and houses were already very spacious, and were now being expanded further. The vast driveways could even let a dozen horses walk side by side and speed along.

“The planning of this imperial city... The conqueror's ambition is very obvious...” Xena mentioned Leylin indirectly. In the natives' eyes, he was someone who represented blood and massacre, but she saw more than that. Because of the natives' minimal comprehension and the communication gap, she still had no idea who he was. Still, she was certain that he was extremely courageous, with great might and possibly more slyness than a devil.

The huge disparity and powerlessness she felt caused Xena to sigh deeply. If not for the light of the goddess supporting her, she would have long since escaped from Debanks Island.

“Information on the Giant Serpent Church is very vague, but the priests definitely have divine spells. The person behind the Giant Serpent Church should at the very least be a false god...” Anything that had to do with gods would be a source of trouble. Xena could feel an intense headache coming on.

“We're here! This is our emperor's palace. Only you are allowed to enter!” Elite devil hunters blocked the rest of the emissaries at the splendid golden entrance to the palace.

As the bodyguards that would guard Leylin, these natives were definitely loyal. Their strength was also first rate, and they could even be considered heroes. Their potential power was something that left even Xena's heart thumping in fear.

# Chapter 1014: Meeting

The main doors of the golden court flew open, revealing an enormous hall devoid of a single soul. Spotless white fleece was laid down on the floor, as delicate as a snowflake, while bright red curtains embroidered in gold hung at the corners of the huge french windows.

This was the empire's hall of government. Normally there were learned sages, treacherous bureaucrats and those with dreams struggling here, criticising each other. All manners of plots and massacres were borne of those moments, a normal scene unable to convey any of that atmosphere.

A delicate and unique fragrance hung in the air, but the incense was not thick enough to be intoxicating. Xena seemed to grow nostalgic, and she once again transformed into a naive 19-year-old young lady.

Leylin had not been in possession of this place for a long time, but this palace still seemed to have some unique historical charm. It seemed like the very air had accumulated hundreds of thousands of years of the vicissitudes of life.

Even a gold priest like Xena was left in a trance when shrouded in this atmosphere. Just as a gap appeared in her spirits, the sound of steady footsteps drifted into her ears. It sounded like the walls were heavily besieged as several deep cracks appeared.

She saw a young man walking unhurriedly into the palace hall. He wore white robes, tailored precisely to fit his body. His even pace and bearing revealed his extraordinary confidence.

Since the young man walked with his back towards the light, Xena could not see his face clearly. All she could sense was a brilliant radiance shining continuously from his body.

"I am Gold Priest Xena, an emissary from the mainland's church of wealth. I request an audience with you, Your Majesty the Almighty Conqueror..." Xena had already inwardly confirmed the man's status. She bowed deeply to show her great respect.

“No need for pleasantries. After all, we’ve met several times in the past.” The voice was far younger than she’d expected, and also one she could never forget. Xena raised her head, finally able to see Leylin before her.

“So it’s you!” Xena’s tone revealed her confidence in her own hypothesis, as well as unconcealed shock. Although she knew him to be a legendary wizard, Xena had never expected him to conquer the entire native empire with a pirate crew. Still, that wasn’t the most pressing matter...

‘This aura... A divine being, no, a demigod! Only a demigod can put me under this much pressure! A legendary wizard who’s just over 20? Hah, he’s already a demigod! How could this be possible?’

Although she was stupefied, Xena recovered her composure fairly quickly. After all, she’d dealt with many churches in the past, and had plentiful experience.

It wasn’t unheard of for ordinary people to meet with unexpected success in the World of Gods, ascending into the heavens with a single leap. Cyric had only been an ordinary thief as a mortal, and now he wielded formidable divine power as the God of Murder. He’d had the luck of obtaining a fallen god’s godhood, along with their divine weapon. This had instantly made him a powerful deity himself.

Compared to that, even if Leylin’s progress was universally shocking it was still acceptable.

Leylin himself didn’t dwell much on Cyric. The God of Murder had obtained his strength by pure luck, and his powers were nothing if not for his divine boosts. As a result, he would easily suffer the control of his own powers. He was already halfway insane, so he couldn’t be considered a formidable enemy.

Furthermore, Leylin had grievously offended Cyric already. He had even killed a legendary of his church, and their hatred and desire for revenge was boundless. This was the main reason why Leylin had chosen the path of massacres. Although compatibility was one consideration, he wasn’t afraid of slighting Cyric again.

It would have been a little short-sighted to ignore him, stirring up

trouble instead with a mid-ranked god like the Mistress of Plagues who he had no grudge against. Besides, a godly role in plagues was more limited in scope and application than one in massacre, without much room for development.

A god could process all these thoughts in a split second. To Xena it seemed like Leylin asked his next question without hesitation, “Xena, why have you come all this way?”

Leylin currently had a formidable divine aura, and in her reverence Xena almost knelt down before him. Still, she was still a gold priest of Lady Waukeen. A trickle of power surfaced from the holy crest on her chest, lending her its strength.

“I am here to pass on my master’s sincerity.”

“Lady Waukeen’s sincerity?” Leylin looked at the bishop standing before him, a trace of playfulness flickering across his transformed golden eyes.

Not so long ago, a youngster like him had needed to cautiously weigh up the disadvantages and advantages of his schemes in front of a bishop of her rank. He’d even had no choice but to let a part of his profits go in order to rope her in. Now however, Xena could only crawl and pray for his benevolence. This gap between gods and men was so clear one could get drunk on the power.

The momentary silence caused Xena to assume that Leylin was put off. She immediately continued, “I’ve noticed Debanks Island has ample reserves of gold and silver. Your people luxuriously use pure gold for ornaments, and if these things were transported to the continent just a tenth of them would win you unimaginable profits. The accumulated wealth would allow you to build ten cities as large as Faulen...”

It had to be said: when Waukeen’s priests saw enormous profit their expressions changed completely. They would discard their cowardice, daring to deal with even devils and demons. Now, an inferno raged in Xena’s eyes as she faced a demigod. Her pretty little cherry lips spouted devilish words of enticement.

“Trade? Well, I can consider it...” Leylin seemed to be considering Xena’s

deal on the surface, but there was a different story in his mind.

‘Is it a trap? But Waukeen has always been strictly neutral. Is she just attracted to Debanks Island, or maybe its my potential?’ The fight against false gods was Helm’s job. Leylin had never heard of the priests of the church of wealth actively taking such jobs.

On the contrary, the priests of wealth were often dazzled by the sight of gold. There were occasional rumours of secret deals with the devils even. Although most were groundless rumours, Leylin was keen enough to notice an inkling of truth in them.

Unlike demons and devils, false gods weren’t considered particularly evil. Furthermore, even if Debanks Island had enough resources to satisfy him for now if it received the support of trade with the mainland it would recover much faster. This would also supply Leylin with a greater amount of faith.

“I can accept the trade, but you need to talk concrete details with Tiff and Isabel,” Leylin no longer hid his association with the Giant Serpent Church.

Or perhaps he didn’t particularly care if other gods discovered that he was the serpent Kukulcan. Too many gods had been known to assume false identities, using avatars in the prime material plane.

“Apart from this, my master has several very, very small requests. If your Majesty can help her, my Lady will absolutely be willing to provide many things that will leave you satisfied...”

“Oh? How interesting, do continue,” Leylin stroked his chin, a smile blooming on his face.

.....

After a short while, Xena quietly left with a self-satisfied expression on her face. Leylin was left alone in the great hall. A divine glow flashed across his eyes as he watched Xena’s departing back, his gaze filled with pity.

Even the Goddess of Wealth had to comply with the oaths and unwritten

rules of the gods. There were many things that she had to do despite her reluctance. Business with a false god, for example, was prohibited.

This was why Waukeen hadn't shown her true self. She'd sent one of her priests here, to serve as her shield at critical times. If Xena did not manage to see the truth, she wasn't likely to have a good future.

As for Waukeen's commission itself, Leylin was rather interested.

'So she wants me to help her find several items, using them as an exchange? How interesting... First is the Sceptre of Savras?' The image of a magic staff appeared before Leylin's eyes, before quickly shattering into pieces.

'This divine artifact is rumoured to be able to guard against prophecies and tracking by gods. That much is true, but the main part of the sceptre could be in any corner of the prime material plane. It could even be down in Baator or the abyss. Despite all that, she still covets this the most...' Leylin furrowed his brows rather distrustfully, 'This woman, what on earth is she thinking?'

It was a shame that she was an intermediate god, equivalent to a rank 8 Magus of laws. Leylin could not pry apart her thoughts.

'One thing's for sure. Be it for the trade or to hunt these items, I'll have to leave Debanks Island. I need to go to the mainland or the outer planes, is that what she wants?' Leylin couldn't help but guess. They weren't close in any way, so he wouldn't believe that Waukeen could so generously come over and help him so suddenly.

'If what I guess is true...' Leylin's drooping eyelids obscured the dim light in his eyes.

# Chapter 1015: Sceptre of Savras

After days of careful contemplation, Leylin summoned Xena and agreed to the Goddess of Wealth's conditions. He handed over all matters pertaining to the native empire to Isabel and Tiff, while he followed Xena's ship back to the Faulen Island. He was currently back at his wizard tower.

Although this tower had already been upgraded several times, Leylin still found it too crude. This wasn't an issue with design, rather that he'd advanced too quickly. The basic facilities of this place couldn't keep up with his demands.

Thankfully, he did not have high expectations for the environment he was to be in. With the wizard tower's isolation abilities as well as his own divine force as a cover, the preparations were complete.

Chiu! Chiu! Inside the enormous forge at the core, a golden staff floated in mid-air. Threads of pure gold flames were dispelled in the surroundings, forming the figure of a large, gorgeous bird.

What had been the Red Dragon Staff had undergone massive changes and improvements. The coarse and solid staff was now more slender, and the dragon claw at the top had been refined, forming the claw of a bird. The most important part, the soul within the crystal, was now replaced by the flaming bird.

[Beep! Red Dragon Staff has been re-smelted. Connection and containment perfect. No conflicts in energy.] The A.I. Chip projected large amounts of information before him.

[Item Name: Blazing Sceptre. Rank: Legendary 3. Length: 0.76m. Weight: 2900g. Materials: Dragon Crystal, Dragon Bone, Dragon Blood, Dragon Scale, Divine Spirit, Divine Blood] [Item abilities: 1. Storage. The staff can contain spells: Rank 9 (1), Rank 7 (3), Rank 5 (5). (Currently Empty) 2. Blazing Skyfire, legendary spell. (Can be used once every twenty days). 3. Domain of Terror. 4. Blaze: Absorbing the strength of divine souls, the staff can deal a one-time mental attack or boost itself. Will harm the imprisoned soul. 5. Fire Immunity.] [Description: This staff once

imprisoned a powerful legendary dragon soul, but its owner attempted a more terrifying experiment, sealing the soul of a divine being. All who use it without permission will suffer the wrath of gods!] ‘What I gave Tiff was symbolic of the church. This suits me better...’ When he conquered Debanks Island, Leylin did indeed come into possession of the flesh and souls of other demigods. However, this staff was still his most perfect creation. Although what he’d given Tiff was a demigod weapon, it was impossible to upgrade it. This staff had a limitless future!

‘I can upgrade this staff at any time as long as the materials I have on hand are suitable. It could even become a divine weapon...’ Leylin was very confident in this.

Having completed the Blazing Sceptre, Leylin did not opt to rest, instead going to another room. He closed his eyes as if in meditation, but his mind was actually communicating with the A.I. Chip. ‘A.I. Chip, how goes the task I set you on?’

[Beep! Analysis of legendary arcane spell, Chain Contingency at 100%. Transmitting into Host’s mind, beginning preliminary branding...] the A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded. It had never let Leylin down before.

‘A demigod is at the apex of the mainland. Debanks Island is too remote, and it’s impossible to dispatch large armies and labourers on the long journey here. If they want to deal with me, there are only a few methods. This is the one with the best chance of success...’ Leylin pursed his lips, and lost tremendous amounts of spiritual force and arcane energy. A continuous stream of divine force made up for these losses just in time, creating a unique cycle. It took a night of this to finally set up Chain Contingency.

While he had his own conjectures, he still chose to follow through with his plans. After all, it was foolish to offend a goddess without any evidence. Besides, he had his own plans as well, and he needed her cooperation to complete them.

‘I hope all this is all in my head... But it’s not bad to make preparations, right?’ Immense divine force surged out, erasing the spell’s aura from



Leylin's body and hiding it within the aura of the divine.

It wasn't long after this was done that Gold Priest Xena visited him.

"Our church already has leads on the Sceptre of Savras. However, we need your help, my Lord." Xena looked respectful as she spoke, her eyes showing that she wasn't faking any of this.

'Looks like this priestess thinks that her true mission is to find the sceptre...' Leylin sighed, and then smiled, "As long as we do things according to our agreement, I'm fine with it..."

.....

At the borders of the Dambrath Kingdom, west of the werejackal mountains.

Because of the suitable food and climate, there was a large number of werejackals around this place, including high-ranked sorcerers and Professionals with greater intelligence than their peers. They monopolised the entire mountain, making the area dangerous. All who were not werejackals had one fate in this mountain: they would be torn to the bone and eaten.

There was little the Dambrath Kingdom could do about this. They'd employed a legendary, but even he'd had to retreat. The werejackal mountains became a forbidden area with the passage of time.

Rumour had it that there was a mysterious large door at the depths of the werejackal mountains, leading straight to the abyss and the werejackal god, a sovereign who loved flesh! The closer one went to the place, the more desolate the nearby villages got.

One one particular path, a group of knights were hastening on their journey. Their unruffled aura alone showed that they weren't mere elites of the kingdom. They were guarding a young man and woman in the middle, each riding a handsome horse. However, considering the might of the two, it was hard to say who was being protected.

"The lead for the Sceptre of Savras is in the town up ahead?" Leylin sniffed at the air, frowning slightly.

“Yes, my Lord!” This was Xena speaking. Ever since the priestess found out that Leylin had attained a realm she could never hope to reach, she had become increasingly respectful to him. She had even taken to addressing him as ‘my Lord’, and if Leylin had not stopped her, she might even have called him ‘Your Highness.’

“A hunter from the village said he entered the werejackal mountains once by accident, and at the outer regions of the valleys saw a terrifying statue and the illusion of a sceptre emitting multicolour light.”

“That’s all?” Leylin’s eyebrows raised.

“We dispatched our own legendaries after that, but even two weren’t enough to break through the outer regions of the valley. However, the two of them saw the sceptre as well, and it’s matching the Sceptre of Savras by more than 90%...” Xena explained, laughing wryly as she still needed Leylin’s help.

“A boundary that even legendaries can’t enter? And the sceptre’s there?” Leylin nodded. “In that case, this trip is worth it... But I’ve been staying at the outer seas recently. What’s happening on the continent?”

After hearing that this was not confidential information, Xena gave him a simple rundown of the situation on the continent. Firstly, the unrest in the north had attracted the attention of the entire prime material plane. It was possible for it to escalate even further.

The alliance of Mystra and Tyr was something all the orc gods feared. They’d first wiped out their reinforcements in Malar and a few others, then supported Alustriel’s war in the north.

After a few large battles, Alustriel had successfully gathered her revolutionary forces and taken over a decent amount of land. With the support of a few great noble families in the north, she had ascended the throne a few months ago and re-established the Silvermoon Alliance.

However, the orcs were still as powerful as before. Orc Emperor Saladin had the help of the divine weapon, the Thunder God’s Hammer, and was still one of the most powerful beings in the prime material plane. If not for Alustriel blocking Saladin personally in a few battles, as well as the orc

being afraid of the side effects from using the weapon, success would not have come so easily.

With all that done, the orc empire had grown enraged. They began to gather their armies after being dealt that heavy blow. At the same time, the people of Silverymoon trained hard as well, obtaining more support from the nobles and gods of the north.

It wasn't hard to imagine the even more terrifying war that would break out in the future, the greatest test for the newly reformed Silverymoon Alliance.

On top of that, there was the short-lived reappearance of the western desert's floating city. A number of legendaries had fallen there, the death of just one enough to stun the entire continent. This was something to do with a floating city! The only reason the news was this delayed was that the western desert was remote, with little in the means of communication.

A few churches had verified the theft of the floating city by a mysterious person, and they'd posted a great bounty for the same. It had caused a great flurry in the dark world. Numerous old monsters had been startled out of their shells, pursuing the traces of the lich Ilyo.

It had to be said that this was why Leylin had kept Ilyo. The lich could shoulder the brunt of the blame.

# Chapter 1016: Valley

“The only things that alarmed the continent were the matter with the north and west desert. The rest are just small issues...” Xena stopped at this point, her beautiful eyes turning to gaze up at Leylin, “But of course, if news about you were to be leaked, my Lord, that would create a whole new storm...”

‘Those two things actually have something to do with me!’ Leylin thought as he rubbed his nose, but he had no plans of coming clean.

Xena lowered her voice, speaking by Leylin’s ear, “The birth of a new demigod and the conquest of over a million natives with just five thousand pirates... Either one of these events could stun the mainland, even affecting the outer planes...”

“I’d rather not for now. I don’t want to attract the attention of Helm’s church.” Leylin sternly stopped her, but this only caused a sly look in Xena’s eyes.

“Please don’t worry, my Lord. Our church has worked with those like you before, and both sides have returned satisfied...”

“Hm? I think we should discuss this in more detail tonight.” Hearing Xena seemingly hint that she could help him solve the problem with the God of Protection, Leylin’s eyes darted around. While he was unsure if everything she said was the truth, it was always better to have more knowledge...

They reached the little village Xena had spoken of without issue. Soon, however, Leylin found something strange about the place.

“There aren’t any commoners here? They’re all Professionals.” The radiance of a Professional’s soul was vastly different from that of a normal human. If the former were like a grain of sand, the latter was a firefly. Although they were both minuscule to Leylin, there was still a difference.

“Once we discovered this valley, our church bought the surrounding regions and stationed our knights to patrol and guard the area.” Xena

clapped, and four dark figures charged over from the village ahead. Their agility showed that they were high-ranked knights.

“Priestess! My Lord!” The four high-ranked knights seemed extremely humble as they led the two’s horses along like servants.

The scene left Leylin speechless. He sighed after a long while, then said, “As expected of the church of wealth. They’re overbearing...”

Xena didn’t immediately respond to this, but her eyes showed her pride.

“Who’s defending the valley now?” she asked a black-armoured knight in front of her.

“It’s the Spear Crusader, Lord Jeffries!” The knight unknowingly showed a look of worship, “We beat down a few waves of werejackals recently. A group of adventurers from the kingdom were attracted to this place as well, but none of them were powerful.”

The churches of the World of Gods possessed divine spells and limitless wealth. They also had large numbers of zealous followers, as well as true and eternal gods backing them. They could be called the most powerful organisations in the prime material plane. Even the human kingdoms had to yield to them, giving their people the right to worship.

Given the situation, about half the powerful beings of the world were undoubtedly affiliated to churches. Unlike soldiers and adventurers, paladins had better equipment, more guidance, and overall better lives. If not for this advantage, they would consider changing gods.

“We’ll rest here tonight, and enter the mountains to meet with Lord Jeffries tomorrow. What do you think of it?” Xena now acted like the master here.

“Yes, that sounds good.” Leylin had no objections, although a dark hint flickered in his eyes.

‘There don’t seem to be any traps, or they might be buried too deep...’ Night soon fell. Leylin gazed up at the starry skies and then at Xena and other knights who knew so little. His eyes showed how indifferent he felt.

“They’re all dispensable... The gods are that heartless, huh,” he muttered, his voice so low nobody heard his words.

.....

“This is the valley where the strange events took place. Lord Jeffries is waiting for you up ahead!” Xena had unknowingly become a guide. She was even attempting to rope Leylin into her church, although all she did was fated to be in vain.

“Ah, Lord Jeffries!” Xena jogged forward, bowing towards the legendary that Leylin had met before, “My apologies that you had to come all the way here to meet us...”

“Lord Leylin! It’s only been a few years since we last met, and you’ve already attained so much!” Jeffries didn’t pay attention to Xena. To legendaries, those below their rank were ants unworthy of attention.

However, Leylin was different! An intense bloodlust and threads of envy arose from Jeffries’ eyes.

All legendaries desired to become gods. While Jeffries had glory that most could not even begin to imagine, as long as he remained in Waukeen’s church he would never be able to rid himself of the shackles that bound him. Seeing Leylin having taken that important step and left him far in the dust, Jeffries had a strange expression.

‘What a pity... No matter how powerful you are, or how talented, you won’t be able to fight off fate and the gods...’ Jeffries sighed inside, steadying his faith that was on the verge of crumbling as he carried an amiable smile on his face.

“You gave me a very good impression during the ceremony, Lord Jeffries.” Leylin answered easily and conversed for a while longer. They soon entered the valley shrouded with mist.

“The elemental aura here is strange, and the mist seems to have a powerful sealing strength. Be careful!” Jeffries led the way ahead. There were more and more black vines about even as the area turned more sandy, and the grey mist around them became increasingly thicker.

‘Such great sealing strength... Even a large-scale spell formation can’t be maintained for long; it would take up too much energy. It makes sense for this to be the radiation of a divine weapon, since the Sceptre of Savras is rumoured to have powerful sealing abilities...’

“Werejackals, human soldiers, and adventurers seem to have been corroded by the mist. They’ve morphed into a different life form, so they’re difficult to deal with.” Just after Jeffries spoke, the winds howled and strange sounds echoed as a werejackal darted out of the mist. The strong smell on its body caused Xena to frown.

“What a joke!” Jeffries brandished his spear and a milky-white light hacked the werejackal into two, revealing black innards and bones.

“Once they’re corroded these things gain great vitality. It’ll take ages to kill them...” Jeffries explained. He then saw Leylin crouch on the ground in seeming interest, observing the flesh where the werejackal had been sliced apart.

“This is the contamination in the outermost regions. It’s even worse inside. If not for there being traces of a divine weapon here, I’d be prepared to tell the druids’ association and let them know of this natural pollution...” Jeffries’ annoyance could be heard from his voice.

“Oh, I’m sorry. It’s my first time seeing beings like this!” Leylin got up and apologised, and the group continued to advance amidst the mist.

“We’ve already tested this place. Even high-ranked legendaries can’t get through half of the valley...” All of a sudden, Jeffries stopped. He looked at the normal-seeming Leylin and Xena who was straining already, a strange expression on his face.

“Fight me,” Jeffries suddenly requested.

“Lord Jeffries, Lord Leylin is an esteemed guest of the church! How could you do this?” Xena exclaimed loudly before Leylin could respond.

“Hmm... You’re attacking now? I’m curious, why didn’t you bring me further in and surround me?” Leylin raised his eyebrows in doubt.

“What? Attacking now?” Xena took several steps back, suddenly

realising that she knew nothing. She'd been played like a puppet.

"There's no fun in attacking you with others. A proud legendary should never fall just like this! I've also wanted to battle with you for a long while now." A milky-white spear suddenly appeared in his hands, its sharp barbed tip emitting a terrifying chill. "Besides, you'd noticed it before I even told you, no?"

"Mm," Leylin did not deny it. "I just wanted to confirm my suspicions and see how evil you are."

Golden rays emanated from Leylin's body, as if giving him golden armour. The dark red massacre domain abruptly extended, causing Jeffries to breathe roughly.

"There's no need to hide anymore. Get out here!" As Jeffries' enraged roars sounded out, powerful energy undulations rumbled out before a few figures appeared around Leylin. The grey fog slowly condensed into a cage-like structure, revealing a barren area.

"So it's you, Benedict. Are you done with the matters at the north?" Leylin had never expected that he'd see an acquaintance.

"Leylin! You almost wrecked the plans of our master back then, and turned into a sinner of the north!" The bishop of Tyr was standing right in front of him. This fellow had attacked Leylin once before. Behind him was a group of paladins, and next to them were priests and wizards that worshipped Mystra.



# Chapter 1017: Attack

‘Mm... Waukeen, Tyr, Mystra, they’re pretty much all here... huh?’ Leylin was surprised by an unfamiliar organisation amongst them. Their armour was spotless, with red capes attached. On the breastplates and capes were the symbol of a large golden eye, seemingly never closing. The armour was threaded with gold and had gems embedded in it, making it look dazzling.

“Armour with the Eternal Light spell, as well as that symbol... Are you priests of Helm?” Divine force flashed, the powerful massacre domain causing everyone’s expressions to change.

“False god!” one of Helm’s priests spat out, and layers of light emanated from the eye at his chest. It was clearly on equal ground with Leylin, perhaps even overpowering him. Helm was the God of Protection, and his church was built to crack down on faith in false gods. Naturally, they had experience in dealing with divine beings and even demigods.

“Our mission is to crack down on the belief in false gods, purifying the origin of the world!” The priest looked pious, as he prayed with the rest of Helm’s warriors and priests. They each took a step forward, their eyes full of fervour as if they were heading to church.

Rumble! A surge of power whistled out, and a golden eye appeared in the air. It locked on to Leylin, showing an inverted reflection of him.

[Beep! Host has been marked by the God of Protection. Divine force locked, domains weakened by 20%. Host’s location will be relayed every 3 hours. Remove?] the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded, and Leylin turned grim.

‘As expected of a church that deals with false gods. They’ve made ample preparations...’ Leylin was still smiling confidently, and he ordered in his mind, ‘Prepare to remove, but wait for my order. Remain in observation mode.’

Leylin was not surprised that Helm’s church had surrounded him. After all, the God of Protection’s mission was to deal with false gods. As long as news about Leylin was revealed, the zealous priests would come join in on the fun, bringing their own rations along with them.

‘Still, I never thought I was being lured into so many enemies. It looks like the gods are afraid of me... Or were they alarmed by some divination?’

“You’ll have to explain this later, Jeffries,” a priestess of Mystra said as she walked out. She had silver hair, and her eyes glinted gold. She was looking at Leylin like he was a dead man.

Jeffries answered with a cold snort. All legendaries had their own pride, so how could he bow down to someone else? On top of that, Jeffries served Waukeen, and he had nothing to do with Mystra.

“I stand by my request. If you win over me, I shall leave immediately.” Jeffries pointed his spear at Leylin, causing the priestess to turn red in her fury.

“Forgive me, but before that can I ask who planned this out?” Leylin interrupted.

“It is the will of our god!” the priestess admitted. She looked flushed.

This slightly exceeded his expectations. He wouldn’t have found it surprising if Helm’s church had been the ones to identify him, planning an attack. The same went if Waukeen was coveting his lands and wealth, or even Benedict who just hated evil. However, none of this had anything to do with the Goddess of the Weave. From how it seemed, she was the person who feared him most.

‘Are the prophetic abilities of the gods that great?’ Leylin immediately recalled his rank 12 arcane spell, Karsus’ Avatar. He himself wasn’t even as strong as a lesser god, and was unable to deal much damage to them. This spell, though, defied logic. One use of it would give him control of the Weave’s power, causing Mystra to fall.

On top of that, the destruction of the Weave would release the consciences of the numerous ancient Magi from the core, causing the ancient Final War to once again rock the World of Gods.

‘Is she afraid of what I can do if I develop further? I could become a huge threat to her, so she’s making the first move?’

It was impossible for Mystra to know the existence of Karsus’ Avatar.

The only possible explanation was that she had a premonition that Leylin would bring great danger to her. When an ant threatened them, most people would just end it with a stomp.

This was obviously Mystra's own course of action. But since much of her strength was stuck in the north, she'd roped in quite a few other helpers. In such a situation, it was likely that Leylin would fall.

'Things would've been troublesome had I not made preparations...' Leylin ran through his thoughts, and came up with numerous possibilities.

'If I'm at my wit's end I'll definitely risk using Karsus' Avatar. That'll give me a chance of survival... But that means Distorted Shadow could also have something to do with this...' Leylin had a strong feeling that Distorted Shadow had leaked his location, as well as the degree of threat he posed.

After all, he was an ancient peak rank 8 Magus, equivalent to a greater god. How could the conscient in the ruins be the only thing he left behind? It required no effort to use the power of distortion to show the 'truth' to the goddess, or even just give her some clues.

If the process itself was much too complicated, then one could find the truth by looking at who would benefit by the result. Thinking everything over, Leylin believed that the most likely case was that Distorted Shadow had played his hand from behind the scenes.

'If it's him, I won't be able to use the ghost city as I wish. So I have to abandon plan 3...'

"So, who's going to be first?" The pure gold Blazing Sceptre emerged, and powerful spell energy surged out. It caused everyone's expression to change.

"Our church has arranged a spell formation specifically to subdue false gods. He can't use the power of his domain completely! The channel of faith from his worshippers has also weakened greatly, and our Lord has marked him— AH!"

The priest of Helm soon cried out in pain, covering his eyes. Leylin had

commanded the A.I. Chip to remove the mark, and it caused the golden eye in the sky to fall apart. It seemed to have affected these priests.

“Haha, good! This is the kind of opponent that I want!” Jeffries burst into laughter. He’d let go of everything in his mind at that moment, only focusing on his opponent. He let loose a sudden attack, and faint black lines appeared around the holy spear as it crushed the space around it.

Benedict seemed to be operating some spell formation as well. Large beasts the size of hills crawled out of the mist, and the legendary wizard nearby seemed to be preparing some legendary spell.

“This is what I’ve prepared for you...” Benedict now had an unnatural flush on his face. A few of the giant beasts roared as he waved a hand, the thorns on their backs emitting a chilling glint as they attacked Leylin. “I’ll let them play with you first.”

Four churches had joined hands here. Even a small attack could cause the entire prime material plane to gape. Still, Leylin’s expression did not change in the face of this attack that could almost kill gods.

Chiu! Chiu! He tossed the sceptre out and the flaming bird totem appeared, bashing into the giant beasts.

“Sacred Spear? Is that considered amazing?” Leylin stared at the spear that seemed to be moving in an instant, as if dealing with it was beneath himself. Two spells were cast simultaneously with a wave of his arm, striking the tip of the spear and the black cracks surrounding it.

Greater Disjunction! Shattering Palm!

Jeffries’ spear crumbled instantly against the disjunction spell, and the gigantic golden palm sent him flying. His chest caved in, and blood spurted out of his mouth.

‘He can instantly cast legendary spells?’ The legendary wizard that had come with Mystra’s church noted the spells Leylin had cast, and then at the large number of materials in his hands with the spell he was halfway through preparing. His expression grew extremely dark.

“I don’t care anymore!” As a wizard himself, he understood how

powerful Leylin had to be to cast legendary spells instantly. After weighing the pros and cons, he immediately made his choice.

A teleportation gate open, and the legendary wizard immediately took his apprentices and hid away. He showed Leylin a few signs, a declaration of peace amongst wizards.

“You...” Mystra’s priests saw the legendary wizard leave and suddenly twitched, on the verge of coughing up blood. Although they’d known wizards lacked faith, they hadn’t expected it to be this bad!

Truth be told, there was little they could do about him. At the very least, he’d come all the way here. With his connections, attacking the legendary wizard would cause chaos within the church.

“Damn it. If the goddess’ avatar were here, nobody would dare do that...” The female priest gritted her teeth, but there was nothing she could do.

# Chapter 1018: Teleportation

Leylin was growing more vicious in his attacks, seemingly blinded by the killing. He was going to beat them at their own game, and after looking at which opponents were going to attack he would show his strength and intimidate the rest. He was basically exhibiting his full power here.

That was the full power of a demigod! The support of an endless stream of faith and emotion combined with his experience as a near rank 7 Magus, giving Leylin a battle might he himself was surprised by.

He tore two of the giant mist creatures apart with his bare hands, and suddenly jumped. Once he touched the ground he'd caught up to Jeffries, who was quickly retreating.

Having been hit with the Greater Disjunction, Jeffries' spear had been destroyed, as well as a silver necklace on his neck. That was followed by his robes, his boots...

"As a legendary, you still have some dignity." Leylin's evaluation was apathetic, though the movements of his hands never showed. A colourful Mage Sword formed in his grasp. This sword, moulded by his spiritual force, was now comparable even to divine weapons.

"Save our ally!" A few priests wearing the uniform of Helm's church were startled, and quickly cast a holy shield for Jeffries.

"Don't bother me!" Leylin frowned slightly, and the Mage Sword created a few beautiful cross-shaped slashes in the air.

Swish! Two of the priests were hit by the slashes, and the many defensive spells on their bodies were ripped apart. Afterwards, their bodies were cut open. It was still a slight breather, though, and Jeffries continued to retreat.

"While I do admire you, it's impossible for you to change your faith..." Leylin quickly chased up to him with a look of pity in his eyes. The Mage Sword in his hands pierced forward, breaking his last layer of defence.

"Hehe... I didn't think you'd be so powerful... Cough cough... What a

shame. I will never be able to see the gorgeous Summer Warbler Flower of the northern seas ever again..." Jeffries was now heavily injured, and no longer had the ability to retreat. Hearing Leylin's words, he slowly closed his eyes to await death.

"Please pardon Jeffries, Leylin Faulen." A slender palm grabbed Jeffries' collar, and teleported out of the battlefield in an instant.

"Xena... no, my Lady!" Jeffries gazed at 'Xena.'

The gold priest had originally been scared stiff, so weak she was cowering in a corner. She'd been lucky enough not to get involved in the battle, but she looked frozen and pale.

Now, although she maintained that appearance every action of hers was filled with absolute dignity and confidence. She wasn't even a legendary; Xena could not have such a divine lustre on her body, nor could she rescue Jeffries.

The only explanation was that she'd been possessed by a powerful existence. The only being that a priest would give their mind and body up for was naturally the god they worshipped.

"Nice to meet you, Lady Waukeen!" Leylin bowed elegantly, and then easily decapitated two more priests of Helm's church. Such savagery and poise were very conflicting.

"I apologise... You were a child that I thought well of, but I already had a deal with Mystra, and I need to play by the book..." Waukeen pulled at Jeffries as she moved backwards, speaking calmly and with grace.

"It was only a singular deal, though. I can assure you that your territory will not be affected, but only if you survive this and grant them the glory of a true god..."

By the time the last word was spoken, Waukeen had already brought Jeffries away from the valley. A dazzling golden arc quickly left Xena's body, forming the image of an elegant woman wearing gold robes. Only half her body was shown.

As the one who'd been a container for her goddess, Xena had been

abandoned. She paled again and fell into a coma, obviously not in a good state. It was likely that this incident would reduce her lifespan.

“Divine ability: Space-time Shift!” Waukeen’s figure pointed towards Leylin while in mid-air and then exploded, disappearing into nothingness.

Leylin, on the other hand, felt like everything was spinning. By the time he regained his senses, he was almost out of the valley, and at an area he had been in before. Tens of giant mist beasts were eyeing him like he was prey.

‘An intermediate god has such mysterious abilities...’ The corner of Leylin’s lips quirked up in a smile, ‘Was what she said at the end out of goodwill or a threat? At the very least, I can be sure that she plotted against me because of the deal. After this, they don’t owe each other anything anymore...’

“There are only three true enemies then.” Although the people from the church of wealth had left, the powerful beings who had fallen apart due to Leylin’s sudden outburst had time to regroup.

“Haha... you’re fated to fall here!” Veins visibly bulged in Benedict’s eyes, like he was a crazy gambler who’d been at it for three full days.

“Oh? You’re so confident that you can take me down?” Making quick work of the paladins and giant mist beasts, Leylin shot a glance at Benedict who looked like he had a card up his sleeve.

‘Demigods are practically the peak of the prime material plane. Unless the true bodies of the gods descend as saints, nobody can match up to them void of a group of high-ranked legendaries unfearing of death. Another option is for several avatars to mount a sneak attack, but he probably won’t be willing to pay such a huge price. There’s only one method left...’

Even greater gods had to abide the rules of the World of Gods. Avatars weren’t all that powerful in the prime material plane, and the only thing that would make a difference was their numbers. However, it was too much of a waste for a few avatars or high-ranked legendaries to fall for the sake of killing Leylin. Unless there was such enmity between them



that it could only be resolved by death, it was unlikely for them to go that far.

“It’s done!” Benedict’s gleeful voice sounded at that moment, and the mist in the surroundings quickly dissipated to reveal a huge, four-sided magic formation.

Bzzt! Bzzt! One grey pillar of light rose into the sky after the other, forming a terrifying cage that sealed Leylin within. Benedict used a crystal core to control it.

“This undulation... Looks like it really is...” Leylin’s eyes flashed, and he pointed straight at Benedict, “Order of Law, Death!”

“Get away!” The surrounding priests quickly yelled.

Had he let go of the crystal at this moment, Benedict would definitely have had a chance of survival. However, he did nothing. He seemed ready to die as he continued to transmit energy from his body to the core.

Bang! His corpse crumpled to the ground, and the grey pillars shrunk, turning into a sealing-cum-teleportation spell formation. With a flash of light, Leylin’s figure disappeared from within.

“Benedict...” A few paladins gathered, gazing at Benedict who breathed no more. There was a slight satisfied smile on the corner of his lips.

“You shall obtain light. May your soul rest in the divine realm...” After a few sorrowful words, the rest of the survivors gathered and began to pray for Benedict.

“We may fall for eternity, collapsing on our paths as we root out evil. However, justice shall always follow!” A paladin who had broken his arm from the scuffle with Leylin sighed as he spoke. Such thinking immediately garnered the approval of Helm’s church, while Mystra’s priests all went quiet.

However, the silver-haired priestess suddenly exclaimed, “NO!”

“What happened?” This sudden action immediately gave rise to glares from the paladins. The priestess continued without hesitation, “There are

no traces of him in our master's divine realm! The false god was not teleported there!"

Due to the powerful suppression of the prime material plane, the gap between avatars and demigods was minimal and they were almost on equal grounds. Things were different in the outer planes though. Although a lesser god's avatar wasn't much different from a greater god's here, the gap between them there was like that between the heavens and the earth!

This was even more evident in divine realms. No matter which divine realm Leylin entered, his only fate would be death as he met the true bodies of the gods in their own nests.

This had been their plan all along. Since she was a greater god, as well as the person who planned this, the teleportation formation that had been set up led to Mystra's divine realm. That was why it was so difficult to activate.

However, while the spell formation had worked successfully, it had not achieved the expected results. The group turned grim, looking at their companions' bodies and Benedict's smile in death. It had become the greatest irony in the world.

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Two gods stood shoulder to shoulder in the vast spatial cracks. Be it spatial turbulence or the expulsion of the four elements, everything before them was automatically dispersed, forming a safe zone. This strength indicated that they were at the very least avatars of greater gods! Leylin was also extremely familiar with the two of them.

Amongst them was someone who looked like an old veteran with his right hand and eye missing. The other was a young girl who looked like a wizard, the power of the Weave surging within her body. This was Mystra and Tyr, the Goddess of the Weave and the God of Justice!

It took a long while for Mystra to open her eyes and speak, "The teleportation was disturbed. He did not reach my divine realm."

"I checked the area here, including the dimensional cracks. There's no

sign of the floating city,” Tyr replied.

# Chapter 1019: Hell

“The information should be incorrect, Leylin might not have obtained the flying city Thultanthar. Either that, or he’s extremely crafty and predicted our ambush...” Mystra’s beautiful gaze pierced through the void, seeing the scenario unfolding in the world.

Had Leylin been here, he definitely would’ve broken out into cold sweat. Had he actually used the floating city to attack the backbone of these churches, the gods lying in wait for him would definitely show him why the flowers were dyed red.

This was two greater gods! Leylin had a chance to resist them in the prime material plane, but outside it there were no more restrictions. There would be no chance for him to fight back.

“Where did you obtain this information?” Tyr asked, rousing from his silence.

“One of my worshippers met a devil during his travels, and obtained the information from him. However the devil was already dead by the time I got there, and his soul had disappeared as well...”

A trace of doubt surfaced on Mystra’s face. “I feel an extremely irksome and sinister aura, more vile than the three monarchs of the deep abyss. This is a mysterious existence...”

“More sinister than evil itself?” Tyr shuddered, as if having recalled some unwanted memory. “You should go and check the seals. Remove any contamination around the area if needed...”

“You mean...” Mystra inhaled deeply, spitting out the taboo word of times long past, “Magi...”

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Teleportation light flashed as Leylin stepped out of a distortion in space. A mere moment before, the A.I. Chip’s voice had sounded out, [Contingent conditions met, instant teleportation activated!] ‘Instant teleportation was indeed the safest option. I fear nobody in the main

world, but I can't be too sure in the outer planes. Right now, I'm most likely in...' Leylin looked around. Meteors streaked past the crimson sky, dancing in the air. His surroundings were a charred mess, the desolate earth littered with small rocks. A few hills in the distance broke the even landscape.

"Huuu... This seems to be..." The air was filled with a tinge of malevolence and dread, clueing Leylin in to his whereabouts. Of course, the little streams of blood flowing around the land left no more room for doubt. 'Baator, the Nine Hells. I knew this felt familiar!'

Leylin stretched his back lazily, before sending out a command, 'A.I. Chip, conduct scan.'

[Beep! Mission established, beginning scan...] the A.I. Chip's voice intoned. It was followed up instantly.

[Environment scanned, air analysis complete. Current location: Avernus, the first level of Baator.] [Beep! Laws in the area are different from the prime material plane, analysing...]

It quickly showed the properties of the world.

[1) Gravity normal.

2) Time flow normal. 3) Space Unlimited: The nine levels of hell extend indefinitely, but are always a fixed distance from the abyss and their lower levels. 4) Divine form: An organism requires the strength of at least a lesser god to transform the Nine Hells, and this transformative control extends over the regular organisms of the region. 5) No elemental affinity: All elements are balanced in power.

6) Minor lawful evil: Any beings of the chaotic or good alignment are weakened, and devils will attack them. Beings of the lawful evil alignment receive a slight buff to powers.] "This is indeed the territory of the devils." Leylin inhaled deeply. He felt like he'd merged into one with the entirety of Baator, an impression he'd been given because he'd devoured Beelzebub before.

But the impression wasn't necessarily false. His own disposition was

quite aligned with the laws of hell, which meant this place could bear the weight of his ambitions. He would soar into the skies!

‘Demigods can traverse planes. I can return to the prime material plane if I want to, but since I’m already here...’ Leylin stroked his chin. ‘Anyway, Debanks Island is quite far from the mainland, and won’t be influenced easily. I can manage my worshippers and their divine spells just as easily from this place. I’ve wanted to make a trip to Baator anyway, so I might as well get on with it...’

Baator had nine levels, called the Nine Hells. It was an ideal destination for travellers, a place where treasure hunters could satisfy their greed and paladins would seethe with rage. As a dimension it was the ultimate embodiment of lawful evil, laced with the cold, harsh cruelty of schemes and ploys.

It was the garden of various devils, including bearded devils, horned devils, ice devils, barbed devils, pit fiends and countless others. They had a hierarchy here, and apart from the devils were also hellcats, hellhounds, imps, kytons, dream eaters, demonic beasts, and even humans!

The devils of the Nine Hells abided by a hierarchical system, with status obtained through schemes and ruthless action.

“The Nine Hells of Baator, the endless abyss, and the everlasting Underdark. The underground planes of the World of Gods...” All wizards were erudite. On top of that, Leylin had Beelzebub’s memories and researched this land before, so his knowledge of and familiarity with the Nine Hells exceeded even that of those in the celestial planes.

‘Baator has a total of nine levels, a place for fallen souls. Legends say that it was once part of the abyss, from which it later separated itself. The ruler in name is Asmodeus.’ Information on Baator surfaced in Leylin’s mind.

Although Asmodeus was hailed the Supreme of the Nine Hells, he only had control over the Ninth Hell, Nessus, a plain filled with canyons deeper than any marine trench. His control over the other eight hells was limited.

Rumours said that Asmodeus had ascended to his throne through

countless battles. He'd schemed his way along, putting together an epic army consisting of pit fiends and greater devils, securing his seat as the leader of the Nine Hells with the assistance of the overlords of each level.

According to Leylin's own understanding Asmodeus did not have much control over the other hells. The overlords of each level were about the same ranking as him. Of course, Asmodeus himself wouldn't admit to this matter, making efforts to stand out amongst the rest.

As the most powerful of Archdevils, Asmodeus had unparalleled strength. He was not inferior to any of the greater gods. He'd expanded his influence over Baator in the past several thousand years, showing his wild ambition to unite it all.

When Beelzebub had gone missing from the second level, he'd grasped the chance to strengthen his control of it. Of course, the six remaining Archdevils did not agree. Jealous of Asmodeus, they'd employed a series of ploys until the Nine Hells had reached a miraculous balance. That was, of course, until Leylin flew in like a butterfly— No, he was a Tyrannosaurus Rex that would disrupt the scales. The forces here now had a new variable to consider!

'There are eight Archdevils in Baator, with the first level being in a common area that is the frontline of bloody battles. There's even some gods who've housed their divine realms here, like the Kobold God Kurtulmak and the Shark God Sekolah. On top of that, due to the battles with the demons Asmodeus has a great amount of influence here. The Dark Eight, his eight generals, are stationed in this place...

'As for the second level, Dis, it's a place I'm extremely familiar with. It was Beelzebub's fief, and right now he's probably hiding somewhere inside, deep in slumber...'

With most of his divinity and divine force devoured, Beelzebub had sustained serious injuries. He was recovering even if slowly, with chances of a complete recovery. After all, he was the Archdevil of this level, someone loved by the will of Baator. The fortunes he'd amassed would be enough to tide him through this crisis.

However, Leylin aimed to complete devouring Beelzebub, taking everything in his position!

‘The third level of hell is Minauros, a filthy marsh ruled by Mammon the Lord of Greed. Legends say that if one is tainted by the greed and corruption there, they will sink deep into the marsh and eventually get swallowed by it...’

“The rest of their levels have their owners as well, with Asmodeus in the ninth...” Leylin counted on his fingers, ‘Eight Archdevils, plus a few gods and the pit fiends on the First Hell. They’re the strongest in all of Baator...’

These people were exceptionally powerful, and they also had their own forces behind them. Someone able to grow their influence in hell itself was no easy character, capable of many ploys and conspiracies.

However, the more this was true, the more burning desire Leylin felt.

“I really want... really want to kill them all...” Leylin had never shied away from powerful enemies and unimaginable difficulty. On the contrary, such things only ignited his fighting spirit and his confidence. He would amass his strength steadily, and finally defeat them in one fell swoop!



# Chapter 1020: Night Hag

First Hell of Baator, Avernus.

A nightmare trod across the barren land that was littered with shattered rocks. Its blazing hooves left a deep imprint wherever it stepped.

Boom! A meteorite crashed into the ground, leaving a large pit. However, the horse nimbly avoided it.

This nightmare had a human on its back, the very act of taming a beast such as it indicating that this was no average person. That simple line of reasoning had saved Leylin from many problems.

The roads in this area were filled with regular souls, and even petitioners. It told Leylin that his destination was near.

Lawful evil humans from the prime material plane, if they prayed to devils, had a very high chance of entering Baator after they died. Their souls would morph, making them petitioners or even lesser devils. Some devils liked contorting these souls into grotesque forms, expressing a form of aesthetic view like they were ornaments. These creatures had rather appalled Leylin at first, but after seeing a few of them he came to ignore it.

He stopped the nightmare in front of a soul. This one had pale skin, with twisted eyes and a nose. It seemed to be suffering, but still looked at Leylin with vigour. This was the reverence it had when looking at a powerful devil.

“What’s your name? Do you remember your past?” Leylin noticed that this soul was rather plump, and the originally lavish robes indicated that he’d led a rather good life back in the prime material plane.

“Lucas... Or something else, who knows... Poor me has to arrive at the Bronze Citadel in three blood days, or my owner will not forgive me...” the soul lamented, “I was just a small merchant from the north in my previous life. I even prayed piously to the Goddess of Wealth...”

Leylin rolled his eyes inwardly. It was extremely common for merchants to turn to Waukeen. Even normal worshippers, as long as they didn’t

commit heinous crimes in their pasts, would likely be redeemed and sent to her divine realm. As for Lucas, he was either lying, or pretending to be a worshipper; hence his current predicament.

This very exchange showed that these souls had learnt the trademark of the devils, of pretense and deceit.

“Bronze Citadel? That’s my destination as well.” Beelzebub’s memories said the Bronze Citadel was the core of Avernus. It was constructed boorishly, built to be an inflexible structure. The many devils in it were always prepared for war, and since they were often under siege it was expanded and repaired constantly.

“Alright then, esteemed lord, do you need a map or a guide? With the magnanimity of someone at your level, you won’t refuse a reward, will you?” The eyes of the soul spun quickly. Even with a contorted face its intelligence and greed were apparent.

“Or perhaps... a small trade?” Lucas’s thumb and index finger grinded against each other, giving off a very wretched look.

“As expected, you really are suited to hell. Filled with greed as you are, why didn’t you enter Minauros immediately upon death?” A pillar of evil light rose up from Leylin’s body, and the surroundings were dyed crimson. Everything came to a standstill, and even the meteors crashing down from the sky were stopped in mid-air.

This was a Devil Aura. It was one of Beelzebub’s powers that had been devoured by Leylin, finally revitalised and emerging from a corner of his soul.

The A.I. Chip provided data on the ability.

[Devil Aura: Passive domain. Restricted to powerful devils, it allows the user to naturally impose fear upon others. Any lesser devils in the vicinity are put under control, confusion, and fear. Note: The aura attracts the hostility of other powerful devils. If the controlled devil already has an owner, a negotiation will be held.] “This light that belongs only to pure evil... You... are you a pit fiend?” Lucas’ body collapsed helplessly to the ground, his eyes radiating fear, “Master... Lucas’ master!”

‘As expected, Devil Aura works differently in hell. It can’t vanquish the devil in sight immediately.’ Leylin shook his head.

As Lucas wailed for help, a contractual force arose from his body. It finally formed the figure of a night hag wearing a pointed hat.

“Jiejie... Ancient and powerful devil, has my slave offended you?” The night hag’s voice sounded coarser than an owl’s chirps, making one shudder in fear.

These night hags often appeared in Baator and the abyss during transaction, acting as merchants. Collecting souls was their favourite pastime. Although what had appeared was just a phantom, it still showed strength greater than that of a rank 15 wizard.

The night hag could not see through Leylin at all. Although he seemed to just be an evil human, the Devil Aura and his alignment could not be faked. Thus, she assumed he was a powerful devil who’d assumed human form. Leylin’s divine force masked his identity anyway, and coupled with his own evil alignment even an Archdevil wouldn’t be able to unmask him.

“Indeed. He seems to be a little out of it, with his intelligence corrupted by greed. He actually wanted to strike a deal with me,” Leylin shook his head, “Couldn’t even understand the underlying traits of a trade. No wonder he’s just a normal soul, unable to even turn into a lesser devil...”

“Jiejie... I do hope to be someone worthy of a trade with your distinguished self... As the price for offending you, I can sell him to you for a contract, the price being one regular soul...”

The night hag looked at Leylin, but was regrettably declined, “How foolish do you think I am, to trade for this fellow using a soul...” He pointed nonchalantly at Lucas who was shuddering in fear. “It’s obvious that you cheated him, or used some kind of underhanded means to nullify the original contract with his owner...”

“What a pity...” The night hag did not show the slightest form of repentance. Just like Leylin said, the soul was something she’d picked up along the way, not worth much.

“You can deal with Lucas any way you like; just remember to repay me later.” The phantom flickered, and was about to vanish.

“Wait!” Leylin said just then, holding the night hag back. “I’m not very interested in this soul, but there is something you own that I’d very much like...”

Leylin continued, “I’m a traveller from Dis. Much of the information regarding Avernus is now out of date, so I need the freshest information about this place. I also need information about the Blood War, and detailed maps... You’ll be very satisfied with my price.”

“Jiejie... I do like generous customers!” The night hag cackled like an owl, “Ever since your lord disappeared, a lot of devils from Dis have been coming here...”

The night hag handed the information over to Leylin, even adding some details regarding Dis as if by accident. To be privy to such information, the being had to be both strong and been a resident for a long time.

However, Leylin had Beelzebub’s own memories. He knew the lands like the back of his palm, so the deceit and trickery planted within didn’t affect him at all.

“Hehe... Okay then, powerful traveller from Dis. I need three regular souls, or something similar in exchange.” A green parchment floated beside the night hag. A phosphoric glow surrounded it, giving it a mysterious vibe.

‘A spatial spell? Baator seems to have some good stuff.’ Leylin’s eyes flashed, and three slumbering souls appeared beside him.

“This...” The night hag gave off a fervent gaze, as if seeing good liquor. She stepped forward immediately, and continued to give her approval.

“Jiejie! Very powerful souls, indeed. It’s a pity that they’re branded by gods. That’s a huge problem, I want at least five of them to make up for the defect.”

“Are you kidding me?” Leylin said indifferently, and his Devil Aura grew even more intense as it pushed the night hag away.

“The souls of pious worshippers are pure and powerful. Furthermore, the gods that they pray to are now dead, so there won’t be any consequences. These souls are worth at least two to three times a regular one, and I’m already offering you three. Your greed knows no bounds, Mammon would likely be a better lord for you to serve.”

The night hag wasn’t embarrassed at all once exposed. It was the most basic nature of a devil to haggle. She agreed to the trade in the end, but Leylin refused to sign any form of contract with her. Devils were experts at deceiving people through contracts, and Leylin was not in the mood to engage in wordplay with a night hag.

“Jiejie... We shall meet again, generous guest...” The night hag vanished into thin air, along with Lucas. Having borne the cost of the teleportation, he was sucked dry and had his body crushed by the void.

# Chapter 1021: Bronze Citadel

‘So she used the body on the other side of the transmission to supply energy for the delivery?’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed as it recorded the incident, allowing Leylin to see through the ability that the night hag had displayed.

It required much less energy to send a phantom than one’s true body. Had it only been that, Lucas would still have had some hope of survival. However, the night hag had sent over a scroll of information, something that Lucas had to act as the energy for.

Lucas had completely disappeared, the price for the sheepskin scroll Leylin now held. All his energy had been poured into delivering it.

‘So not even a single petitioner’s energy is spared. Devils are truly masters of accounting and meticulous plans. If I hadn’t factored Lucas’ cost into the price, she absolutely would’ve demanded a greater payment from me...’

After this deal, Leylin’s understanding of the the cunning and shrewdness of devils had deepened.

‘However... The line of contract that I saw on his body was real. Although I had to pay a little, I got what I wanted in the end.’

[Beep! Scroll scanned. 13.86% is fake or miscellaneous, discarded. Remaining portions merged with relevant items. Organising... Transmitted to host’s memory.] ‘Looks like the night hag didn’t deceive me. Is it because of my strength?’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘Also, the souls of these fanatics are unexpectedly useful.’

Leylin had used the dormant souls of some of Akaban’s worshippers for the trade. Souls were an absolute, hard currency used in the abyss and hell, and in order to gain enough souls devils and demons disregarded the churches to conduct massacres. They stepped over the corpses of their comrades in their rush to the prime material plane, and were the causes of much slaughter.

Compared to the painstaking efforts of those demons and devils, Leylin had simply broken into a demigod's shrine and acquired several hundred years of Akaban's soul reserves. Sakartes' reserves of pious and powerful souls had been accumulated over several hundred years, and they were a treasure that could even tempt Archdevils.

Leylin had no way of turning those believers' souls into his own petitioners, and directly absorbing them was far too much of a waste. Using them like this could be considered as making use of trash.

'However...' Leylin's lips curved into a faint smile, as if he was looking at some sinister scene in the future. 'A native's soul is indeed different from souls from the prime material plane. The contamination from those souls is something that even gods dread.'

The power of faith could be considered the strength of a soul, and the faith of a native was poison that even gods dared not touch. The contamination originated from the depths of their souls, and those without Leylin's power of observation wouldn't be able to tell at all.

Needless to say, Leylin had faked the souls of Akaban's worshippers for the trade. He'd made them look no different from ordinary souls on the surface. Many demons and devils would be affected once these souls became a part of the general market, something Leylin looked forward to from the depths of his heart.

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Now that he had an accurate map, Leylin picked up his pace. As he drew closer to the Bronze Citadel, more and more devils appeared around him. It seemed like he could see armoured devils marching in their camps every day. However, perhaps it was due to his lawful alignment or his powerful aura, few came over to bother him.

He arrived at Bronze Citadel after a peaceful journey. This city was known for being cast into 12 concentric rings of sturdy bronze walls. Each ring was equipped with a powerful and sinister war machine, which was both formidable and serious.

When Leylin first laid eyes on the Bronze Citadel, he felt as if he was

looking at a steel beast laying on the ground. There were many lesser devils and imps working hard to reinforce the citadel's defences alongside petitioners. One could see a lot of bone-like scaffolding and supporting pillars, and hammers and shovels were laid out nearby. The citadel was being expanded, with no end in sight.

Although all signs pointed towards a bustling scene outside, the imps, lesser devils, and petitioners were performing their work methodically. The entire perimeter of the fort was like a huge and precise machine, ordered in its motion.

Visitors lined up outside the Bronze Citadel in rows, accepting the inspection of the garrison. They entered the fort in an orderly fashion.

Had this been the abyss, everyone was likely to have broken into a riot long ago. However, devils were different. They were lawful creatures, obeying the system was in their nature. The Nine Hells especially favoured such 'good children' who abided by the rules.

Leylin could only shrug and join the queue. A group of lesser devils were in charge of this area. Most of them were barbazus, otherwise known as bearded devils. They had the goat horns and scales characteristic of devils, as well as wings of black bone. Most were armoured, and one of their hands looked like a steel hook. They were covered in thorny barbs, and the flickering cold light and poison intimidated others immediately.

These bearded devils sometimes worked as guides for evil souls, but it seemed like that wasn't available here. As a result, their tempers were rather poor. Leylin had seen several poor devils dragged away in front of him, suffering the torture and interrogation of chain devils, kytons.

The queue slowly but steadily moved forwards, and very soon it was Leylin's turn.

"State your name, identity and proof of your allegiance..." a two-headed barbazus said from in front of him. There was an imp nearby as well, its broken wings pattering behind its back and evil eyes filled with greed. Flames continuously cycled between its mouth and the rest of its face, just as poisonous insects crawled in and out of its various orifices.



“I’m from the Second Hell, Dis. I belong to the lord’s legions, under the jurisdiction of pit fiend Azlok,” Leylin parted his hair a little, and a powerful aura transmitted out to form an obscure mark.

Nobody in Baator was truly without a master. The devils were strictly restricted by the hierarchy, and each one had a hierarchy. Their superiors were governed by even more powerful devils, going all the way up to the eight Archdevils of hell.

“From Dis as well! That place is getting more and more chaotic after the Archdevil disappeared...” The imp mumbled to itself, revealing a fearful expression on its face.

Leylin’s aura was undoubtedly that of a greater devil, and the imp had only just become a lesser one. Although superiors didn’t have jurisdiction over their colleagues’ subordinates, Leylin could easily kill it if he so wished.

Thinking back to its previous plots and the competitors who now eyed its position, the imp’s heart grew cold. It subconsciously switched to a more pandering expression.

“There’s been many devils from Dis here recently, you should take care, my Lord.”

“Mm, I hope to hide this record for now, and obtain news about my rivals,” Leylin said in a low voice while nodding.

“Oh?” The imp’s expression grew sluggish, but it was soon pulled aside by the bearded devil behind it. “Ten coins. Or other riches. I’ll give you the news immediately.”

Devils could very easily be bribed. Leylin could not help but feel slightly sorry for those poor devils who could not afford the bribe before him.

“Here, give me the information,” he carelessly took out a flaxen bag and opened it a little, revealing the lustre of the souls within.

Be it coins, items, or riches, everything had an equivalent amount of souls in Baator. The imp and the bearded devil glanced at each other, before very happily replying in unison, “No problem, we have a deal!”

.....

With all that done, Leylin finally entered the Bronze Citadel. Many lesser devils mingled with each other here, before leaving for the Blood War. With lower devils and petitioners thrown into the mix, it formed a clamorous and lively bazaar.

Leylin was currently strolling through the streets, thinking back to the information he'd just received. His eyes held a trace of wistfulness.

'The impact of Beelzebub's disappearance was greater than I ever expected.' Leylin could not help but inwardly sigh at this. The laws of hell were incomparably strict. The devils formed a vast and precise hierarchy, and the distinction between ranks was sternly enforced. At the peak of this hierarchy was Asmodeus, the Supreme of Baator and the master of the Dark Eight.

The Dark Eight, Asmodeus' eight generals, had many greater devils and pit fiends beneath them, each one in possession of a great many subordinates. They put in great effort in their pursuit of status and power.

Normally, all this led to a tranquil environment. However, once one of the cornerstones of the hierarchy was lost in Beelzebub, it created a chain reaction that led to a complete collapse. His disappearance had caused the strict hierarchal network to lose a majority of its social fabric, causing chaos in Dis.

If it wasn't for the remaining 7 Archdevils taking action to instil order, perhaps the second layer of hell would have been sucked into the abyss. The devils would have become the laughing stock of the entire world if that happened, nailed down to the rack of shame.

Still, a lot of pit fiends and other Archdevils contested for the position of Dis' Lord. Had Asmodeus been the true ruler of Baator, he could've recommended a greater devil or pit fiend from his own faction to the position, or sent his own children. However, he was only nominally the Supreme, and his authority was limited to the Ninth Hell Nexus.

Besides, Beelzebub was only missing, not dead. His authority hadn't disappeared completely yet.

# Chapter 1022: Authorisation

Authority or rank in the Nine Hells, put bluntly, was the right to the origin force of Baator. As such, it was of paramount importance, and became the foundation of the devils' hierarchy.

The eight Archdevils divided most of this authority between themselves. They had tight control over the devils under them, and could even decide which devils would rise and fall in rank. Because of this, without the approval of their direct subordinates, it was impossible for low-ranked devils to move up.

The lords of each hell had their own individual subordinates, and possessed an absolute right over their lives. This was evident from how Leylin could do as he wished in the prime material plane using Beelzebub's memories. He'd easily taken care of the church of gluttony.

Devil society was like a bureaucracy. Status was difficult to obtain, and it was impossible to advance in rank without pushing someone else down. This made it so that the ascension of a greater devil left another one demoted in rank. The new one would gain tens of enemies that were eyeing the same spot. It was so competitive that it was almost pitiful.

The disappearance of a lord was an unprecedented matter in Baator, unheard of since the ancient dusk of the gods. Now, the pit fiends, greater devils, and even the more powerful devils that were loyal to Beelzebub found that they had lost their powerful background. What would they do?

These people lost their senses when met with the possibility of advancing to the highest rank in Baator. In such turbulent darkness, Asmodeus and the six other Archdevils joined in and caused Dis to enter even more chaos. This was also the reason why numerous devils left.

If the Nine Hells were analogous to a region in ancient times, Asmodeus was the emperor in name. The remaining seven Archdevils possessed their own lands, subordinate kings with troops and generals of their own, the pit fiends and other greater devils.

The emperor wished for more power, but these kings all wanted to

increase their territories as well. The generals under them worked extremely hard, hoping for a chance to be promoted. Some even wished to take over their master's position. Conspiracies were rife, and the most ambitious side would have the last laugh. The reward? The greatest authority in the Nine Hells.

Beelzebub's disappearance was like the loss of a king. The resulting unrest was only the tip of the iceberg. This alone put Leylin on guard.

'The Second Hell has already descended into panic. While Beelzebub still holds power, many have begun to sense his weakness...'

Leylin looked at the ordered devils as he strolled around the entirety of the Bronze Citadel, the place bustling with life. He then stopped in front of a demon's skull, as if admiring the valuable spoils of war.

'The devils think this is a conspiracy. Beelzebub's underlings are saying their leader isn't as weak as the rumours state, and he's only hiding in a dark corner waiting for everyone to come after him. He'll capture all of them in one shot, they say... Quite a few lords have done such things since the race came into being. Even Asmodeus himself used a similar strategy once, and to great effect...

'Other rumours say that Beelzebub has been captured by another lord, and is imprisoned somewhere having his energy extracted... These devils are really quite imaginative...

'I stole most of his law of gluttony, as well as almost all his divinity and divine force. He's definitely in a deep sleep right now, and no matter what happens in the outside world it'll be hard for him to awaken...' Leylin's main body was the one who'd reduced Beelzebub to his current state, so there was nobody who knew the truth better than himself.

Having taken over much of his power and memories, Leylin naturally knew how grievous such an injury was. Unless Beelzebub defeated his Warlock body and devoured everything in return, it was basically impossible for him to return to his previous state. A weak lord was a form of prey that his underlings anticipated.

'There's numerous secret lairs and treasures made just in preparation

for this. They're all over Baator, as well as across other planes...' Leylin had a grim look in his eyes. Because of their sly natures, their ability to set up safety nets was something nobody could compare to.

'It seems like he's considered the idea that someone might obtain his memories. The probability of him using those lairs is minuscule, and there could even be traps there instead...' Numerous thoughts crossed Leylin's mind, allowing him to quickly come to a decision, 'Whatever it is, I have to go to Dis!'

Leylin would find the Lord of Gluttony, and devour everything that was his. It would make for the best opportunity for his main body to advance, something he would never give up on.

'Authority amongst devils, as well as access to the World Will. How interesting!' The astuteness he had as a Magus combined with the origin force detection of a legendary arcanist allowed Leylin to sense something. Although Baator had great amounts of World Origin Force, there was no complete will. It was possible that the World Will that controlled this origin force had been split into eight, one part each going to the lord of each level above the first.

Leylin now had access to much of Beelzebub's powers, which gave him authority over the World Origin Force. He could demote or promote any pit fiends and greater devils. He also had the authority to kill the devils subordinate to the other lords. This was a decision of Baator's origin, something that couldn't be fought or changed.

'Devils are far too pitiful compared to demons. They need the approval of their lords to advance, and it uses up a large amount of soul energy as well. The higher seats have long been filled, and one can only wait for the right chance to ascend.'

Leylin suddenly felt thankful that he hadn't been reincarnated in hell. However, further thought told him that with Beelzebub's authority there was nothing holding him back. He would advance rapidly as a devil, all the way to the highest echelons. He would control others, not the other way around.

‘As long as I kill Beelzebub and take over that last bit of law and authority, I’ll immediately become the lord of Dis,’ he realised. He also knew that because of the chaos on the prime material plane, as well as the great authority in Baator, people still thought Beelzebub held on to his power. The terror of that protected the sleeping Archdevil, preventing others from killing him. It seemed rather ironic.

‘The authority to access Baator’s World Origin Force...’ Leylin closed his eyes. Ever since he’d come to the Nine Hells he’d felt like he was one with the place. The world itself seemed to answer to his very breaths, its power ready to listen to him. Upon his command it would burst forth, becoming an absolute pressure that dominated everyone else.

Of course, he could not use this as he pleased, or he would face unthinkable consequences. However, Leylin had already estimated that the strength he could muster with the power of this authority was greater even than what he’d gained when he’d sacrificed the Wisdom Tree sapling to awaken the Purgatory World’s World Will,

‘With this boost, even ordinary devil in hell can use the strength of a Magus of laws without restriction... It’s similar to the gods. If a mortal were lucky enough to acquire godhood, they can jump past all the loops to become a powerful being of the World of Gods straight away.’

Leylin suddenly understood how the hierarchy of the devils worked, ‘Lesser, intermediate, and greater devils, as well as the pit fiends... It’s all a display of how much power they have in this world. However, the lords have true access to Baator’s origin force, what the rest obtain is only a slight bonus bestowed upon them by the lords they serve. It’s difficult to move up and down the hierarchy of devils due to this, and with how easy it is to recall it caused the false opinion that the lords of Baator can give and take life as they wish...’

Understanding all of this, much of the fog in his mind seemed to dissipate, allowing him to see the truth of the Nine Hells, ‘Asmodeus and the other six Archdevils want to take over the authority in Beelzebub’s possession!’

Having come to know their true aims, Leylin would find it much easier to counter their plans. He could even connect this to other matters, 'Then Avernus should technically have a lord as well... Where is he?'

Someone with the authority to the First Hell was on the same level as Beelzebub. He would face no difficulty in taking over the place.

'Perhaps there are too many powerful devils on the level, or maybe the existence of the two true gods and their divine realms causes the authority to be split further... In that case, there might be rogue devils here that don't fit into the hierarchy.'

With authority over Baator's origin force, even if it was partial, a devil would gain complete independence. They could advance without the approval of a superior! This was obviously an existence that the eight lords would never allow to exist.

# Chapter 1023: Network

The deceit and slyness of the devils was something Leylin knew extremely well. If a devil had nothing restricting it, what sort of chaos would it bring to Baator? Just the thought caused him to shudder; there was never a lack of ambitious beings among the devils.

Leylin then thought of another possibility. 'Of course, it might also be because the eight Archdevils are too scheming and powerful. They've divided up the authority that should've been sole property of the Ninth Hell, causing an equilibrium to be maintained.'

As he was considering these issues, he'd unwittingly released his aura. Along with his grasp of the authority, he'd alarmed a tremendous existence.

"Such an ancient and noble aura, this is a might only Archdevils possess. Who is it?" Loud draconic roars sounded out, and a gigantic five-coloured dragon crawled out of a cave. This cave was next to a skull that formed a huge base.

It had five sinister dragon heads, each of varying colour. Its huge claws caused tiny earthquakes with each footstep, making the legendary dragon Leylin had seen before seem like a baby.

"It's the area's guardian, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat." It was obvious that the dragon strolled around the region regularly. The devils did not seem to panic.

Leylin had only leaked his aura for a mere moment before hiding himself well. Tiamat's five huge heads smelt the air, but in the end could only shrink back without any other choice. Peace and order was quickly restored on the streets. Many people continued travelling, but Leylin stood looking at the cave the dragon had disappeared into, seemingly deep in thought.

'Guardian of the Bronze Citadel, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat. She's a humongous dragon with power comparable to gods.'



The A.I. Chip had managed to scan Tiamat in the short period she'd come out, and it now presented the information to Leylin:

[Chromatic Dragon Tiamat (Titanic) Strength: 40. Agility: 10. Vitality: 35. Spirit: 28.

Abilities: 1. Epic Dragon Breath: Each of Tiamat's five heads can attack using different types of breaths, namely frost, acid, corrosion, lightning, and fire.

2. Fierce Aura: Tiamat's presence alone causes unease in her enemies. This power is automatically under effect when Tiamat takes flight, charges, or attacks.

3: Spells. Tiamat is a rank 20 evil priest. She also holds the power of a domain as well as divine spells.

4. Magical ability. As a rank 20 sorcerer, she can use the following spells thrice a day: Command Plants, Control Weather, Darkness, Dominate, Fog Cloud, Gust, Arcane Mirage, Plant Growth, Suggestion, Swarm, Veil, Ventriloquism.

Feats: Alchemy, Deceit, Focus, Diplomacy, Intimidation, Draconic Knowledge, Sense Intent, Spell Identification, Survival, Battle Casting, Flying Attack, Heavy Damage – Adept, Instant Cast (coupled with power of domain), Acrobatic Flight.] 'This is the might of a real legendary being that's lived for a long time. Not only are all her stats high, she also has great experience and background. The abilities and feats alone make her comparable to demigods...'

Leylin had an interested look on his face, 'Also, Tiamat seems to have male companions of five different evil races. When they act together, they're strong enough to fight the God of Kobolds and the God of Sharks. Of course, that's only outside their divine realms...'

Based on Beelzebub's memories, the Bronze Citadel was at the very frontlines of battle between Baator and the abyss. It was often attacked by demons. Although many demons were chaotic and crazed like wild dogs, they outnumbered the devils twenty to one. They caused great damage to the citadel.

Unfortunately for them, the devils depended on order and schemes. They would never allow the demons to break into the fort, on the other hand even planning numerous campaigns into the abyss to gain the upper hand in battle.

However, with no distinct outcome yet in the battles between chaos and order, some even suspected that this would continue to the end of the world.

This extended war also gave Asmodeus the opportunity to lay his hands on Avernus. He took advantage of his eight devil generals, gaining control over the Bronze Citadel during a siege and obtaining the authority to station them here. He now controlled half the citadel.

Rumours said that Tiamat had gradually been reduced to a mere symbol, the guardian of the Bronze Citadel.

‘The Bronze Citadel influences less than a third of Avernus, and he only took control of half of that...’ Leylin shook his head, feeling that Asmodeus’ title as the Supreme of Baator was quite the joke.

“The demons! The demons are here!” “Wild dogs! A wave of wild dogs is attacking!”

A shrieking alarm sounded out all of a sudden. Leylin frowned, his divine conscient immediately finding a large amount of chaotic power moving towards the Bronze Citadel. The demons obviously didn’t attempt to conceal themselves, and were spotted miles away.

“Begin preparing dinner.” Eight great evil auras rose up, representing the highest power in the city other than the pit fiends that were vassals of Archdevils.

‘The Dark Eight... Asmodeus’ loyal dogs are attacking... Does this mean this siege is a scheme to deal with the demons?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed. With the devils’ order and care, it was impossible for their lair to be attacked without warning. The only possibility was that they’d planned something against the demons, hoping to make use of the Bronze Citadel to wipe them out and reduce their might.

Such plans had been implemented many times already, but the demons still got tricked every time. Crazy as they were in their bloodlust, they did not even understand the concept of schemes. Besides, the glory of attacking the devils' lair was the top priority in their simple minds.

However, Leylin soon found himself unable to laugh. Under the command of the Dark Eight, all the devils in the fort marched out, as if there was an invisible network that was passing orders.

Nupperibos followed lemures, who themselves followed spinagon. Under the lesser devils, they formed squadrons led by barbazu, imps, and excruciarchs, mid-ranked devils. These squadrons formed up behind greater devils like osyluths, barbed devils, horned devils, ice devils, and many others. At the summit were the Dark Eight, and everything combined into a hierarchy that distributed work like a beehive or ant nest. The army was very efficient, and worked in perfect harmony.

'This is the power of authority.' Leylin quickly understood how this network worked. There was a natural difference in the types of beings here, as well as the power of their authority. The Dark Eight were pit fiends, the highest rank of devils. They'd also received power from Asmodeus, gaining some access to Baator's origin force. Although it wasn't direct, the power they displayed when they banded together could overwhelm anything. It allowed the devils to maintain control of the Bronze Citadel.

By this logic, any Archdevil of Baator controlled the lives and advancement of devils that were pit fiends and below. Even if these devils were under the jurisdiction of other Archdevils, they would still feel a natural pressure arising from the same origin force.

'The rules of Baator give some freedom to any other pit fiend inside the Bronze Citadel, but it still has to listen to the commands of the Dark Eight. However, it can still reject them at the cost of torture or demotion, depending on the Archdevil it follows...'

Leylin looked at the devils beside him. They all retained their wits, but still did not reject the commands of the generals. Even though these

greater devils served different lords, they still carried out their orders in silence, as if this was how things should be.

‘This is the authority of the World Origin Force. Every difference in rank is like the gap between the heavens and the earth...’ He hadn’t noticed it closely before, but once he discovered the difference Leylin immediately sensed an enormous network through his authority over the origin force. An immense will from the depths of the network connected to the Dark Eight. The connection also gave Leylin some other information, but he ignored it.

[Beep! Discovered digitised network. Automatically obtained highest authority. Organising...] The A.I. Chip was now working at top speed.

‘If the eight pit fiends work together, they can take over the Bronze Citadel. Even Tiamat wouldn’t dare underestimate them. However...’

Leylin felt strongly that he could take over this network with but a thought, becoming an existence above the Dark Eight that commanded all the devils in the Bronze Citadel. After all, his authority came from the Archdevil of the Second Hell. Unlike the Dark Eight whose authority was second-hand, he had direct control,

Unfortunately, the moment he did that he’d expose his identity to the other lords, which didn’t serve his intentions. Once the A.I. Chip was done analysing the network, Leylin immediately commanded, ‘A.I. Chip, begin concealment!’

[Beep! Mission established. Beginning concealing process. Activating control behind the scenes] the A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

# Chapter 1024: City Defence

Without a single Archdevil inside the Bronze Citadel, Leylin now held the greatest authority. He had fooled the Dark Eight with a single illusion, making them think he was a high-level leader commanding a great army. Rather, he'd secretly changed his own position given the secret authority he'd obtained, which was rather easy to do.

The A.I. Chip had been tasked with making this process even easier for him.

[Beep! Host's data has been altered, now editing the host's position within the network.] In just a moment, the A.I. Chip's information surfaced before Leylin's eyes.

[Current identity: Greater Devil – Leycian (Horned Devil), from the plane of Dis. Allegiance: Beelzebub. Status: Temporarily commandeered by a higher level of authority: Baalzephon of the Dark 8.] Once he joined the network, Leylin immediately joined the lesser devils who'd already been mobilised. He no longer felt like an outsider. The A.I. Chip's prompts even showed him that he had tens of lesser devils as his direct subordinates.

'This feeling... really is exquisite. No wonder devils can often defeat superior forces that are over 20 times more powerful than them,' Leylin mounted his nightmare and growled as he revealed the appearance of a horned devil. This was fake of course, but even an Archdevil would be fooled into thinking it wasn't.

The nightmare neighed, expressing its bloodthirst and desire for slaughter. Its flaming hooves left deep marks behind on the street.

"Officer Leycian, Hanalin reports to you." With the speed of the nightmare, they reached the second tier of the bronze walls in the blink of an eye. By the time Leylin arrived, a large squad had already assembled for him.

A dozen lesser devils stood at the forefront of the squad, not exchanging a single word with each other. Once they saw Leylin, they all confirmed

that he was their superior.

This group was mixed. There were imps and barbazus, as well as steel devils, kytons, and an erinyes. There were also some rare falxugon and amnizu. Hanalin was the beautiful erinyes, and she stood at the front of the squad in a graceful bow.

‘So there’s even an erinyes, that’s pretty lucky!’ Leylin nodded and accepted their pledges of loyalty. Erinyes were lesser devils, a power the lower devils could not match. To advance to one required a transformation of the soul, and the criteria for that were very harsh. Erinyes were always pampered toys of greater devils.

After receiving their vows of loyalty, he was now the commanding officer of this brigade of devils.

“Mm, the rest of you— report your names,” Leylin imposingly commanded.

“I’m Al!” “Buck!” “Your servant is named Kimmel!” One lesser demon after another respectfully announced their names— of course it was not their true names, but their nicknames.

Leylin was only their current commander, and as a greater devil he couldn’t command these devils to reveal their biggest secret to him. Of course, if he’d used his authority as an Archdevil they wouldn’t have been able to resist.

“Good. Come with me beyond the walls, we are in charge of the defence of a fifteen kilometre stretch west.” Leylin only asked the lesser devils for their names. He cared not about the lower devils and captains, instead rapidly leading the group to the western section of the city wall.

Many devils were stationed along the perimeter, the only gap being the section he was in charge of. The defensive equipment had all been prepared for him ahead of time.

“Hurry. Al, you’re in charge here. Buck, here. Kimmel, you’ll be responsible for the reserve troops.” With the A.I. Chip’s help, Leylin completed his own preparations rapidly, “And you, Hanalin, you’ll serve as

my communications officer.”

“I am honoured to serve,” The erinyes stood by Leylin’s side. Leylin’s current appearance was rather wicked, but also greatly charming. Her eyes were filled with admiration and reverence.

Naturally, Leylin suspected that Hanalin cared a bit more about his status as a greater devil rather than his appearance. But they were currently at the city wall, and this was not the time to flirt with his team. It seemed like once all the devils assembled into place, a line of fire could be seen in the distance.

‘This kind of formation...’ Leylin surveyed the scene from a higher position, speechless, ‘Perhaps today I can finally see the rumoured scene of military chaos? They’re running around like headless chickens!’

At the end of the wilderness was a huge legion of demons. Their formation was currently in complete chaos— No, they couldn’t even be said to be in formation. They looked like a bunch of headless ants crawling everywhere, some even moving in the wrong directions. They were tearing and biting apart their own brethren. Trampling over each other at every moment.

This sprawling mess ambled over, and it was no wonder that even if they outnumbered the citadel twentyfold the devils didn’t get worked about it. Instead, their eyes were filled with ridicule.

Even if it was like this, Leylin discovered that not a single one of the devils on the wall had rushed rashly into action, or been provoked. Even the lowest of petitioners stood still.

“Our victory is assured,” Leylin sighed in a low voice.

‘Await orders, sir! Before General Baalzephon has issued the command, none are permitted to fight the enemy!’ A messenger delivered the news of the latest command to Leylin and his eight officers.

‘It looks like the original network can only decide position and subordinacy. The fine details of command must be left to the devils themselves to control... No, perhaps the Dark Eight themselves have the

authority to directly control the network, but the consumption of energy and authority is too great. As a result, they never use it apart from in the very beginning.' After receiving the missive, Leylin kept the slightly restless devils under control, allowing the demons to draw even closer.

Looking from his vantage point, Leylin saw many demons in front of him closing the distance. They were mostly dretches and quasits, cannon fodder. Mixed in with the lower demons were lesser demons like vrocks, hezrou and glabrezu. There were even legendary-ranked demons, such as balors and six-armed mariliths.

Balors were powerful demons of the abyss, possessing a control of fire that allowed them to go toe to toe with pit fiends. Leylin could now see the scales of every demon down below, and the frenzy in their wicked eyes.

"Fire!" A balor cried out loudly, and many demons shot out fireballs, filling the sky with a rain of fire.

Although most of the fireballs fell on their comrades, as well as some unlucky flying demons who were shot down from the sky, some of the fireballs landed on the Bronze Citadel.

"Activate the primary energy defence," Leylin calmly ordered. Soon after, a layer of defensive energy surfaced above the citadel's wall, completely blocking the attacks. With the devils' fire resistance, even the blazing heat that made it through didn't really affect them.

With just a single wave of attacks, the demons had killed thousands upon thousands of creatures, although most of them were their own comrades. Of course, with their dim minds and confusion, perhaps they hadn't meant to do it at all.

Following all the slaughter and death, the demons grew even more berserk. They roared and bellowed, trampling all over the corpses of their kin as they violently attacked the Bronze Citadel.

"Attack!" With the signal to attack given, many of the commanding officers let out their own roars. The entire citadel seemed to become a powerful war machine in an instant, as the devils used their armour as well as the walls and artillery to destroy large swathes of demons.



However, demons were indeed the most insane and chaotic of creatures. The disadvantage was not enough to put them in fear, instead only intensifying their bloodthirst.

‘With how it’s going, they can seize about half the wall with some difficulty, losing half of their own army in the process. However, this won’t be much use. The citadel has eleven more...’ Leylin speechlessly speculated on the fate of these demons. If they did not change their strategies, their fate was certain.

[Beep! Host has received a mission from Baalzephon! Details: Feign defeat, retreat to the 11th city wall, and defend it.] Rare as it was, Baalzephon transmitted an order directly through the network.

‘It looks like my previous hypothesis was partly correct. Baalzephon has the authority to use the network, or perhaps he can only contact other greater devils. Which means he can only issue important missions through this network, and other orders need to be more conventional. It looks like his authority is difficult to use...’

This was Leylin not understanding the struggles of the weak. These pit fiends did indeed possess a part of Asmodeus’ authority, and could be said to be barely below the eight Archdevils. However, the control they had was false in the end. Their abilities were restricted, so how could they be as wasteful and extravagant as him?

“Hanalin,” Leylin commanded without the least hesitation.

“Sir!” The erinyes’ expression was extremely grave. After all, if they lost the war and were convicted, she had a high chance of being demoted to a nupperibo, devils who undertook the most dishonourable work. It would be a fate worse than death.

“We need to feign defeat, and retreat slowly to the 11th city wall,” Leylin ordered.

“Are we going to surround them completely?” Hanalin’s eyes held a trace of excitement, and she rapidly alerted the others to the new commands. She also tried her hardest to appear intelligent in front of Leylin.

‘She’s chock full of schemes and intrigue... Keeping her by my side would be too troublesome.’ Little did she know, Leylin had a completely negative impression of the erinyes from the beginning.

The devils’ movements were strikingly coordinated and unified. They abandoned the original wall, and began to retreat in an orderly fashion. The demons however could not see the plot for what it was, and they all fought to outdo each other as they jumped into the middle of a trap.

# Chapter 1025: Block

‘The Dark Eight can’t simply want to kill some demons...’ Having retreated to the eleventh city wall, Leylin’s eyes flashed as he saw the encirclement gradually taking shape. ‘If we just rely on the walls to kill the enemy, then the stronger demons will still manage to flee in the end. Just killing a group of dretches, who can be generated every day without fail, will not harm the enemy whatsoever...

‘Baalzephon is most likely targeting the demon corps’ greater demons, such as mariliths, balors, or even flame balors.’ Although the demon army had strength in numbers, that was dwindling. As they fell deeper into the trap, the greater demons followed them in as well.

.....

“Get ready! We need to teach those wild dogs of the abyss a lesson they’ll never forget!” Eight strong pit fiends congregated at the highest point of the battlefield. They were even more powerful than the rest of their kin. These were the Dark Eight, Asmodeus’ confidantes. They controlled the elites of the devils’ army, and were the generals in charge of the Blood War.

If they could suppress the demons with all their might, pushing them back into the Plain of Infinite Portals, they could obtain the favour of Baator’s World Origin Force as well as praise from Asmodeus.

A vague rumour had stirred up the Dark Eight recently, and they’d begun to build up their merits. After all, the prize was the throne of an Archdevil!

Pit fiends stood near the peak of devil society. If they coveted anything at all, it was to overthrow the reigning Archdevil of their Hell and take their throne. The Archdevil of Dis had disappeared, and Asmodeus himself had changed a little recently. They finally saw an opportunity to fulfill their desires.

“I’ll need your help!” A member of the Dark Eight arrived in the vicinity of Tiamat’s cavern.

“Of course. I only need you to honour your promise after everything is done.” A tremendous voice boomed from the depths of the cavern, accompanied by a formidable draconic aura. Loud roars of male dragons could be heard from within as well.

“Not a problem. We have already signed a contract, after all. The reputation of the devils is well-known throughout the multiverse!” The pit fiend smiled as it left.

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“Get moving!” Leylin sensed that the atmosphere had changed, and a great wave of commands were being transmitted. The devils carried the orders out perfectly.

The devils purposefully pretended to lose, and the eleventh wall of the Bronze Citadel was breached. The tenth wall soon followed, then the ninth, all the way until the 6th wall near the core district. Seeing that they could capture the Bronze Citadel itself, many of the demons went completely berserk. This was an unprecedented feat in their history.

The entirety of the citadel had become a big lure. It thinned the demons out, forming a trap for them to fall into to.

“Now!” The eight pit fiends appeared at the forefront of the battlefield, their thunderous voices reverberating throughout the Bronze Citadel.

Roar! A teleportation spell flashed brightly, and the enormous figure of a chromatic dragon descended upon the land. The demons who did not dodge in time were squished to pulp. This was the former master of the Bronze Citadel, Chromatic Dragon Tiamat!

“Remember your promises!” Tiamat roared into the sky, her enormous body directly blocking the gap in the city wall. Her draconic aura erupted, almost tangible in the atmosphere.

Roar! Over a hundred feet of lightning, acid, corrosive gas, frost, and flame spewed out in bursts from the five dragon heads. Tiamat seemed to transform into a fortress with massive firepower, sweeping the demons in a single strike.

“Draconic spell— Summon Companion!” A teleportation spell flashed by Tiamat’s side. Five smaller dragons appeared, swiping at the demons all around her with their enormous claws. They sometimes used their deadly teeth to attack, the grinding noises horrifying as blood mixed with pus and scales trickled down from the sides of their mouths.

‘Oh! Tiamat is doing her best? It looks like the Dark Eight have found something that can move her heart.’ Leylin only glanced at the scene outside, and soon turned his whole attention to the battlefield directly in front of him.

The network originating from Baator’s origin force quickly got to work. It seemed like the Dark Eight no longer cared to save their energy, instead going all out in their attack. Elite troops that hadn’t been seen before now appeared to fill the gaps in the walls, wearing exquisite armour and wielding epic weapons.

Tiamat and the five smaller evil dragons were the most important pieces of the formation, and these devils sought to fill in the gaps surrounding them. The Bronze Citadel had encircled most of the demons, including the more powerful ones.

[Beep! Host has obtained a mission from Baalzephon of the Dark Eight! Content: ‘Hand over authority to your vice commander, activate all your elites and bring them to kill the greater demons!’]

“As expected. Hanalin, I leave this to you. The remaining captains, follow me!” Leylin roared and leapt down from one of the city walls, radiating his Devil Aura. The commanders of the different sections had now left their regions in fervour, searching for demons to kill.

“Charge! Kill them all!” At this point in the battle, the powerful demons were affected by the chaos around them. They had no intention to retreat whatsoever, the language of the deep abyss reverberating around the area.

‘I’m just here to play. I’m not a true devil, so I don’t have to work as hard.’ Leylin understood his position clearly, and did not choose to go towards the balors. Those were the prey of the pit fiends. Instead of the balors, who had good bloodlines and great potential to advance, he chose

to fight a marilith instead.

However, what the other devils saw was Leylin choosing a marilith that was larger than the rest. Each of her six arms wielded epic weapons, and she had near legendary might.

“Wretched devil, die!” A natural enmity triggered within her upon seeing Leylin, and the marilith came charging at him. Her six scaly arms brandished a sword each, causing a powerful gale to descend. She had the power of three assassins packed into one, and the torrential wave attacks seemed about to grind Leylin into fine pieces.

‘So weak. But her weapon itself isn’t bad, this level of swordplay is equivalent to grandmasters of the prime material plane.’ Leylin shook his head inwardly. On the surface however he let out a large roar, shooting out a dark whip that collided against his enemy’s weapon. The collision energy rippled out into the void.

‘This swordplay isn’t that bad. She should have the Weapon Proficiency and Multiweapon Fighting feats...’ Leylin discovered his enemy’s trump card in the first contact, even without using the A.I. Chip.

“Very well, I’ll play with you.” A mysterious force extended from Leylin’s fingertips, forming many small circles in midair. The whip was amplified by these circles, spinning like a hurricane as it sucked the marilith in.

Crack! Weapons broke and bones shattered within the hurricane, and a fine crimson mist sprayed out. By the time Leylin retrieved his whip, there was but a pulp of flesh on the ground alongside many small pieces of broken equipment. The marilith had already disappeared.

“Not even mildly interesting. Just a tiny bit of force and she’s dead...” Leylin sighed. He was at the level of a sage with melee weapons, and a mere marilith without even legendary strength was no match for him.

“Perhaps I can try challenging a higher difficulty. The balors seemed to be fine specimens and guinea pigs...” Leylin surveyed the battlefield.

Because of the devils’ counterattack, the demon army had suffered severe casualties, losing more than half its troops. The greater demons

being targeted had caused even more confusion in their ranks, but perhaps they never obeyed rules in the first place.

As for the demons who were already crazed from the killing, they did not mind their safety as they dashed towards the high walls of the Bronze Citadel, finally dying under the siege weaponry of the walls.

At the centre of the battlefield were numerous flames. Explosions resounded in the area, with each fight isolated. The destructive force here was so great that even the demons avoided it at all cost. With Leylin's vision, he could make out through the flames that several massive devils and demons were fighting within.

"One of the pit fiends of the Dark Eight just used a powerful stealth spell and teleportation. The flame balor is hurt, and now they're wrapping up..." The flame balors who'd been surrounded wielded weapons like executioner swords and fiery whips. Each of them had left a deep impression to Leylin.

'They are indeed the elites of the deep abyss. Compared to the pit fiends, they have a unique type of wild and domineering aura. However, their chaotic evil alignment impedes them from using every ounce of their strength perfectly...'

The flame balors were the prey of the Dark Eight, so Leylin would not interfere. He passed the centre of the battlefield, landing his sights on a regular balor.

As a pre-evolution of the flame balors, regular balors lacked that primordial chaos and the power to while flames. However, they still managed to pique Leylin's interest.

# Chapter 1026: Balor

A huge balor stepped over the body of an orthon. “I, Jesdric, am the strongest!” it yelled out, its huge demonic wings flapping as blood spurted out of a wound on its chest.

The orthon was a greater devil, and its sneak attack had caused a certain amount of damage. The balor’s chest was in a complete mess, the price for killing its opponent. Scales were upturned with flesh and blood on them, and one could even see pale bones and a thumping heart within. Although such injuries were not fatal to demons, the balor would still take some time to recover.

Jesdric was a powerful demon with a noble bloodline, and many devils eyed it with greed; there were even demons that did the same. As long as a demon could kill it, it would obtain a portion of Jesdric’s power. It would allow the attacker to rise in rank, even becoming a balor!

Next to the body of the orthon were also torn up demons. These were the demons that wanted to steal the kill; of course, they were torn into tiny bits.

“Come! Give me a little more flesh and souls so that I can advance!” A layer of blood-red energy appeared on Jesdric’s body, and large amounts of lava formed tiny blood vessels that covered it. This balor was evidently at the brink of advance, and perhaps just one more high-opponent would allow it to please the abyss’ World Will and let it advance to the peak of all demons, a flame balor.

Hold Monster! Sudden spell light halted the enraged roars of the balor. Its eyes filled with anger and astonishment, it saw the figure of a devil emerge from the shadows. This enemy had sinister horns, it was evidently a greater horned devil.

Fireball! Greater Entanglement! The other party did not give Jesdric a chance to speak. Powerful flames drowned the balor with a wave of the arms, and were followed by the light of a summoning spell.

Summon Devil! Leylin’s lower devil underlings appeared, attacking the



balor with all their might.

“Haha, concealing spells and a sneak attack! You devils are despicable!” The balor roared, and vile energy caused the weak devils to quickly retreat.

“I’m a devil anyway. What should I do, play knight?” Leylin snorted, and a black dagger plunged into the eyes of the demon.

“AAAHH...” Pitiful ear-splitting cries sounded out. They were followed by terrifying snarls, “I’ll kill you! I’ll pinch your skull into powder!”

Red flames burst forth from the balor’s eye, the great heat melting the dagger into liquid.

“It– It’s about to evolve!” One of the lesser devils under Leylin exclaimed in astonishment, and was quickly grabbed by the crazed balor. Terrifying flames erupted into the sky, forming a bright torch of fire.

“You will all die!” Another wave of fire shot out as the balor bellowed, and most of Leylin’s underlings died in an instant. By the time the flames reached him, Leylin used a Greater Teleportation scroll to leave the battlefield.

“Don’t even think of escaping!” With the flames now burning on its body, Jesdrick looked no different from a flame balor. Catching sight of Leylin from the corner of its eye, it roared and pursued him in a frenzy.

Be it a devil or a demon, anything in its path was minced apart. Jesdrick created a bloody trail behind it.

“Darned devil, don’t run!” Making use of the only eye it had left, Jesdrick found that the vile devil had already escaped to the fortress wall, seemingly about to return to reinforcements. Furious, it charged forward, disregarding any danger.

Bang! However, a sudden trap on the ground caused Jesdrick to lose its centre of gravity. Its enormous body fell into a deep pit that appeared out of nowhere, creating a small earthquake.

Dimensional Scan! Water Shower! Ice Breath! Devils appeared out of nowhere to surround the pit, flinging spells at the balor in the centre with

vigour.

“Sir!” Hanalin headed to Leylin’s side. He’d informed her earlier to set up this trap, but she’d been surprised that the target was a balor. No, one could even believe that this was a flame balor! In that very moment, Leylin’s might was deeply imprinted into her mind.

“You did well!” Leylin nodded to show his approval, and then glanced at the balor that now had pieces of ice all over its body.

‘A.I. Chip, how’s the data gathering going?’

[Beep! Flesh sample obtained. Physical and soul scan completed] the A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

“Okay, you’re useless now.” Leylin leapt forward, and a thin black line crossed the balor’s neck. An interwoven soul attack caused the chaos in its eyes to completely die down.

“No, it’s impossible... I, Jesdrick, am the most powerful demon. I still need to evolve into a flame balor... How can I die here...” it muttered, and its huge body collapsed.

The moment he killed the demon, Leylin sensed a tremendous amount of soul energy pouring into his body. He could even sense the favour of Baator.

‘The Blood War is still the best way to evolve...’ While this bit of strength was nothing to Leylin, if he really was a devil this would have given him most of the soul energy required to evolve.

‘High risks beget high rewards. As long as I survive the Blood War between devils and demons, I’ll definitely be able to advance greatly. Its no wonder that the Dark Eight will risk complete death to lure the demons into a fight...’

Devils normally used crafty schemes and machinations, changing the battlefield to anything but the Nine Hells. There was a secret to this that only Archdevils, now Leylin, and well-informed pit fiends knew of. If a devil were killed in Baator, that would be a true death. There was no way for them to be revived, unlike from other planes where it only had a price.

In other words, the devils that died in this Blood War could not be revived, even if Asmodeus himself wanted to do so. Having taken such a huge risk, the Dark Eight were definitely eyeing something huge.

Rumble! Just as Leylin came to a realisation, a terrifying explosion rocked the heart of the battlefield. A storm of flames whistled past the region, tearing everything apart as it formed a red mushroom cloud.

‘It’s the self-detonation before a balor’s death. It looks like the Dark Eight succeeded.’ More huge explosions rang out, and Leylin was certain that four flame balors had died at the hands of the Dark Eight.

The only ones who could dodge these attacks were the pit fiends, who used Greater Teleportation. The remaining greater devils were wiped out alongside numerous demons.

‘Victory is decided. Four flame balors have died in succession, as well as a pile of powerful demons. Even the Archfiend of the abyss will lose his morale and mourn this for a long time...’

It was not just Leylin alone who understood this.

The moment the first flame balor exploded, an ear-splitting scream sounded as an enchanting succubus darted out of the siege of the four pit fiends. At the price of grave injuries, she streaked across the horizon while leaving a blazing trail behind.

‘That should be Red Shroud, the commander of the demon army. She’s also the most beloved daughter of the Incubus King, the Archfiend of the abyss. Unfortunately, this defeat might put her status in danger...’

Powerful beings had died, and the commander had fled. This was a fatal blow for the enemy army. As many greater devils entered the battlefield and massacred the weaker demons, time was only counting down to the demon army’s complete destruction.

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Most of the demon army was killed in the battle, the only escapees being Red Shroud and a small number of lucky demons. This included four flame balors! The disgrace of the abyss’ demons was carved into the

Bronze Citadel once more. Such dazzling achievements were rare even in the history of the Blood Wars.

Chromatic Dragon Tiamat had persisted to the end of this battle, blocking the fort walls. She deserved credit for her work. Leylin saw parts of her tremendous body caved in, with signs of burns all around.

A headless male dragon nearby also looked sluggish. They'd taken on the frenzied attack of the demons that were in a hurry to retreat, and the explosions from the flame balors at the end had injured them gravely.

Leylin now understood why they'd worked so hard. The Dark Eight had promised to hand over control of the Bronze Citadel to Tiamat, acknowledging her as its ruler.

He smelt a conspiracy afoot. Control of the Bronze Citadel was something Asmodeus had schemed for over a thousand years, but now he was handing it over so nonchalantly. Even a lemure could tell that something was off.

Devils only compromised as such in the face of even greater profit.

# Chapter 1027: Promotion and Demotion

Before the Dark Eight handed over control over the Bronze Citadel, there was first a majestic round of settling the results. As the devil army had been formed by temporary transfer of personnel, all devils would immediately regain their freedom once the battle was over.

‘It’s not quite right to call this regaining their freedom, because they retain all memories of the Blood War and think it as something they should have done... But while they still hold regard for the higher-ups, the absolute obedience they had as subordinates before has disappeared.’

Leylin glanced at the succubus Hanalin next to him. Her eyes were now clear, and while she looked like she could not wait to sidle up to him, it was obvious that she was scheming even more inside.

This went for the imps and lemures as well. However, before the devils all completely regained their order, there was something more important at hand, and that was settling all achievements and sins here.

The devils sought the beings that were ahead of them all their lives, while those that were behind them caused fear. Their hierarchy was very strict, and there was a unique power system. Hence, their advancement was not like the demons, where they could evolve after getting enough soul energy in the Blood War. Instead, it was a very complicated process.

Usually, a devil needed approval from their direct superiors to promote. However, in all situations, any devils with even higher rankings could revoke the promotion.

In other words, if a lesser devil wanted to advance, it would need approval from its weakest superior who would then perform a promotion ceremony for it. However, if a greater devil was unsatisfied with this, it could revert the recently-promoted devil to what it had been before.

The ones with greatest authority were the eight Archdevils that split up the World Origin Force of Baator. Not only did they manage the devils and the promotion of pit fiends, they could break convention with their might, promoting even lesser devils straight through several ranks.

The combined authority of the Dark Eight was great, and they could even promote greater devils. While the original superiors of these devils had the power to revoke this, most would not dare go against them.

And just like that, Archdevils could demote a devil back to its original status. This would be a symbol of shame, and was something devils feared the most. Any demoted devil lost a part of their intelligence, and would be sent to perform the most humiliating and difficult of tasks. But before that, they would face a punishment.

Pitiful cries resounded in the Bronze Citadel. There was something like a supreme court in the expansive square, where the devils took all the seats. The unlucky beings that influenced this battle negatively were put on the prisoners' row.

There were spinagon, lemures, and other lesser devils. There were also imps, barbazus, and other lower devils as well, along with a few greater devils. Although their strengths were varied, what was common was the expression on their faces: terror!

Their crimes had been determined, and they were awaiting the punishment of being demoted. Normally only their superiors had such rights, but the Dark Eight possessed a great amount of authority that allowed them to administer the punishment. Such were the rules of Baator.

Unless an Archdevil, someone with even more power than the Dark Eight, came over to overturn their ruling, these devils would not escape punishment. However, why would such a thing happen?

"I declare you all guilty. You shall be demoted." Zapan, one of the Dark Eight, hammered the gavel. The crisp sound caused strange changes amongst the sinners.

They howled in pain, their bodies tearing apart as an invisible force surrounded them to deliver the most severe punishment. Demotion was a horrifying torture that ripped a part of a devil's intelligence away. They would become savage and foolish once more, something that devils who flaunted their intelligence found the hardest to accept.

The poor things continued to howl as the laws of Baator took effect. The devils' bodies were broken apart, and a large number of hell worms crawled out to form their new appearance.

In general, most of the devils determined to have sinned had been demoted by one rank. A bearded would become a spinagon, and a spinagon would become a lemure. Their foreheads were branded with a symbol of shame. Be it here or with their old superiors, they would only take on the most lowly and menial jobs, the chances of being promoted again minimal.

The more unlucky ones were turned into nupperibo, xerfilstyx, and all other devils that had been demoted. Their power was also reduced greatly, and there was also a huge change to their personalities.

Many normal devils watched this with fear on their faces. It would keep them working diligently, abiding by the rules.

"Next is the promotions!" Baalzephon declared after Zapan retreated. Unlike demotions, promotions were something to rejoice over. Few were lucky enough to have this.

To the devils, every promotion was an opportunity. It normally needed a ceremony, held by their superiors who needed to approve it first. A tremendous amount of soul energy would be consumed.

At this moment, the approving superiors would be the Dark Eight, and the soul energy would be that accumulated from the Blood War.

The order of devils was simple. There was the most basic petitioners, and then the lower devils. They were the lemures, spinagons, and then the lesser devils which were the bearded devils, imps, steel devils, kytons, pain devils, amnizu, and then the greater devils that included the bone devils, orthons, barbazus, ice devils, horned devils, dogai, paeliryon and various other forms. The pit fiends were at the very top. Each devil's appearance was a rank higher than the ones behind them.

Promotions and demotions all followed this order, normally by a single step. A steel devil would become a kyton, for instance, or a kyton would become a pain devil.

A leap in promotions, such as a steel devil becoming a pain devil, was an advancement of two steps! There was also the advancement from a spinagon to a lesser devil, the bearded devil. While it was one rank, it needed a huge amount of soul energy. There were also the erinyes, succubi, and the special cases like the nupperibo and xerfilstyx that only appeared during demotions.

Leylin looked at the devils surrounding him. Most had smiles on their faces. While they would have to deal with their own superiors after they returned, they probably would not go against the authority of the Dark Eight and revoke the promotion. Hence, this was a great profit!

Even without enough achievements to be promoted, the soul energy amassed was worth it. Leylin had killed a marilith and abalor, that alone was enough for him to be promoted. Even his subordinates had a shot.

Honestly, from Leylin's point of view, this promotion ceremony was not much different from the demotion before. The original body was broken down, and a new one would be moulded. It was just as bloody, and the weak-willed would easily descend into chaos or faint. The promotion may keep memories and intellect intact, but there was a drastic change in personality. Leylin didn't care about those lesser devils, but the only one worth mentioning was Hanalin.

As most of the lower devils under Leylin had died during the attack of the balor, her achievements were second only to Leylin. She had advanced into a powerful erinyes.

This was a huge leap! Even Hanalin's previous superior should only be a succubus. Leylin could already imagine the ruckus that would be stirred up after Hanalin returned.

After all, devils were often very strict with their subordinates. Hanalin would probably be filled with hatred towards her own. She would probably constantly be thinking of ways to pull her superior down, and with this strength her plans would be more feasible.

The large-scale promotion got the Dark Eight the praise of all the devils. They were now called benevolent commanders, generous masters, and



many other titles; the devils were certainly not stingy with their praise.

‘The way this promotion is hosted is too magnanimous. The merits of many devils are still iffy, and they’ve passed everything... They aren’t even considering the superiors of these devils... Leylin thought inside. He found something different about this.

He could already predict the unrest after this wave of devils that had advanced returned to their superiors. With how scheming the devils were, this was inevitable.

Leylin’s temporary senior officer, Baalzephon arrived in front of him.

“Brave warrior, you killed a balor on the verge of evolving! This achievement should be enough for you to become a pit fiend.” Baalzephon looked truly regretful, as if really feeling indignant for Leylin.

“Unfortunately, your superior, the greedy Azlok, is a crazy person filled with jealousy, so we can’t allow your advancement unless he approves of it...” After these words were said, the gazes of the devils landed on Leylin, ridiculing him.

# Chapter 1028: Incitement and Recruitment

Leylin remained silent, but his eyes flashed, he'd acutely sensed Baalzephon's conspiracy. 'So he's instigating me, huh? He couldn't meet his purpose, so now he's full of hatred and jealousy.'

Had he been a real devil indeed, he would've fallen for the ploy by now. After all, to stop someone from advancing would make a blood enemy out of them. Furthermore, his 'superior' was a pit fiend as well. If Azlok did not agree, he could overthrow the decision of the Dark Eight and stop Leylin's advance. Given the nature of the devils, this was definitely going to happen.

'Pit fiend? The most efficient way to garner more hatred is to skip evolutions...' An ordinary devil that had just evolved would be resented by twenty to thirty others. They would look everywhere for any mistakes they'd commit, trying to get it demoted. However, if a devil had jumped ranks the hatred would be tenfold, maybe even a hundred times worse!

As for a greater devil evolving into a pit fiend, Baator had limited origin force. There could only be a certain number of pit fiends at any one time. If no other pit fiends died, Leylin's advancement would rob another potential candidate of their chance.

This scenario was likely to play out in Leylin's case. That was why greater devils would have to have rotting brains to let their subordinates advanced.

Most devils who jumped forms did not meet a good end. The only ones that did were those who were extremely scheming themselves, proving their mettle with their brawn and brains.

"Come. Although you can't evolve, please hold on to this; you deserve it!" Baalzephon handed Leylin a crystal that stored a holy spirit's energy, "The energy stored inside this is enough for you to evolve into a pit fiend."

Baalzephon was not in his pit fiend form right now. He'd instead

adopted a human shape, looking extremely conniving. His poorly constructed face put on a 'kind' smile.

"Thank you, my Lord!" Although he felt extremely disgusted, Leylin still thanked him for the gift.

"Alright Leycian, I think you have great potential. We could have dinner one day..." Baalzephon invited. Leylin could do nothing but smile wryly and agree.

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"Goodbye, Leycian! I'm returning to Malbolge. My superior is Madam Thatcher of the Copper Citadel. You can look for me there, I'll be excited to meet you again, soon..."

Hanalin bid her bittersweet farewell to Leylin after the tense trial. She was currently in her evolved form, with black wings and an angelic face. She looked even more seductive and charming than before.

However, Leylin had astutely discovered the change in her personality and character, obvious even from how she addressed him as an equal and even tried to lure him in. Now that she'd skipped multiple evolutions to reach her current state, her enemies were far stronger and more terrifying than before; they included her very own superior!

Her enemies would definitely be more attentive than before, looking for any loopholes that would cause her to be demoted, turning once more into an ugly lower devil. Knowing this, she was already trying to garner as much support as she could.

"Got it!" Leylin memorised her destination and the route, putting on a solemn expression. 'It's best to leave a backdoor, who knows whether I might have to use it in the future. I recall that the lady of the Sixth Hell is the Hag Countess.'

Leylin had been focused on Dis recently, but he couldn't eliminate the possibility of travelling to other levels in the future. If Hanalin were still alive when he did, she would be a useful connection.

Hanalin departed, satisfied with her gains. Leylin looked instead at the

Bronze Citadel, with its flames reaching high in the sky. He scratched his nose as several half-dragons appeared abruptly, as well as the visages of several jackals.

‘Has the transfer of authority already begun?’ Leylin thought as he directly arrived at the Dark Eight’s garrison. His identity was verified, and he was immediately lead to Baalzephon in his vile human form.

“My lord Baalzephon! I am immensely honoured by your invitation,” Leylin bowed in gratitude. He glanced at the dining hall’s preparations—the carpet was a deep red as if it had been stained with blood, the floor-length curtains embroidered with glistening golden motifs of Baator, and chandeliers hung from the ceiling. There was even a demon’s head hung on the wall, and it looked as if it was Baalzephon’s.

The tableware was all made of the finest gold, inlaid with all kinds of diamonds and pearls. The maids were all beautiful erinyes and pleasure devils.

Several petitioners, moulded into twisted forms, pushed a cart into the dining hall, one that was entirely on fire. They bowed in respect before taking their leave, allowing the erinyes and pleasure devils clad in black and white maid uniforms to place the dishes in front of The two.

Soup was first, a bubbling milky-white broth.

“Haha, no need to hold yourself back, my friend. The taste of cold soul worms is not as palatable...” Baalzephon smiled widely, scooping out a translucent soul worm. The thing was still wriggling.

Several struggling and miserable human visages could be seen on the worm, but Baalzephon just directly swallowed it down. An intoxicated expression appeared on his face.

Devils enjoyed enticing mortals to fall. Torturing the souls of petitioners and absorbing their immortal essence and soul force was their pleasure. After a petitioner had been sucked dry, they would be tossed into the hellforge and suffer torturous transformations. They would then become the lowest of the low— a lower devil.

Only a select few souls were able to survive the treatment, becoming lower demons. They would be a bit stronger than others of their kind, and were more likely to be promoted.

Devils used the absorbed soul force of petitioners to climb up the ranks and grow stronger. Naturally, there were those who directly swallowed them up like Baalzephon—rumour had it that he was supposedly searching for the most beautiful texture and taste in souls.

Although Leylin was not opposed to swallowing souls, his personal preferences were different from devils. He did not like this twisted torture. As a result, he glanced away and found another topic to change the subject to.

“Well, Lord Baalzephon, may I ask if you are ready to move?” Leylin gestured at the busy lower demons, imps and others of their kind. They were all toiling away, lifting several huge demon ribs with complex carvings upon them. It seemed as if it was a spoil of war that was used to commemorate some bloody battle.

“Mm. We’d signed an agreement to hand the Bronze Citadel back to Tiamat... Not even a devil would betray a binding oath to the Styx.” Baalzephon sniffed the dark red blood in the tall wine glass, elegantly swirling the liquid around in leisure.

“Please forgive me for being direct, but such a high price for the victory of a single battle— isn’t that a bit much...” Leylin had deliberated over his wording carefully.

“Haha, Leycian! You really are an interesting fellow. To be honest, many of our subordinates dare not say anything, but inwardly they must be ridiculing us eight ‘fools’...” Baalzephon’s eyes seemed to see through everything, the corners of his lips curving into a humorous smile.

“Of course not! Even if half of the Bronze Citadel was exchanged for the destruction of the demon army, and especially the four flame balors and a bunch of greater demons, it would be extremely worth it!” Leylin naturally chose to continue Baalzephon’s discourse.

“You’re right! What do those ignorant animals know?” Leylin’s words

had evidently touched Baalzephon's heart. He stood up suddenly, walking around the dining hall in excitement.

"What is the Bronze Citadel even worth to us? It's just a dead piece of land. The only useful thing is souls. Only with more souls can we forge more devils to improve our power and kill those chaotic bastards."

Two hellish streams of flame were shot out of Baalzephon's nostril. He looked like he truly hated the crazy and chaotic demons.

"Are you willing to assist me, Leycian?" Baalzephon looked at Leylin, his eyes blazing with fervent emotion. It seemed as if this was the main reason he had invited Leylin here.

'If I don't agree, will he grow hostile immediately?' Leylin seemed to go into shock, but in his heart he just laughed coldly. The solicitation of a devil was extremely unreliable. No matter how it looked, Baalzephon most likely just wanted to use him as cannon fodder.

"I am most grateful to my lord for valuing me. However, Lord Azlok is my direct superior." Leylin's expression was rather hesitant. After all, a loyal devil would find it difficult to change factions.

"Azlok? Hmph..." Baalzephon smiled disdainfully, but did not bring up the matter any further. It was clear that he was waiting for Leylin to make a decision. Besides, he'd completely exposed his true motives, and it was not possible to reveal anything more.

'Mm, it looks as if my past in the second layer of hell has attracted his interest. So, the Supreme of Baator, that ruler only in name, has ambition towards Dis?' An electric beat seemed to pulse in Leylin's heart.

# Chapter 1029: Pledging Loyalty

Devils were usually excellent at persuasion. Their sharp tongues seemed to be coated with both honey and poison, even able to convince the purest of paladins.

Baalzephon was evidently even more brilliant than normal. Although he'd said nothing and merely snorted, it still told Leylin a great many thing.

'Think about it! Azlok has been so greedy, envious and foolish to prevent all his underlings from advancing. In comparison, Lord Baalzephon is benevolent, generous and kind... Isn't the answer obvious?' Such were the thoughts Leylin was supposed to be tempted by.

Even worse, devils already held a deep-rooted hatred for their superiors. It would be strange if Leylin was completely unaffected.

"Does my lord mean... you want me to start a rebellion?" Leylin's voice was as hoarse as a wanderer about to die of thirst in the desert. Truth be told, he'd planned to side with the Dark Eight anyway and see what the Supreme of the Nine Hells was up to. Unexpectedly, Baalzephon had come up to him on his own.

"No, no. This is only an uprising, a fight against injustice!" Baalzephon twirled his fingers. "Believe me. Once you join us, Lord Asmodeus will definitely give you a suitable position... Or he could personally oversee your promotion. Becoming a pit fiend definitely won't be just a dream..."

While Asmodeus was only the Supreme of the Nine Hells in name, his title was still very useful. In addition, his power was still greater than that of the remaining eight Archdevils.

"Lord Asmodeus..." Leylin's voice tremored, and his eyes lit up with fervour and a firm look, "In that case, I offer my loyalty to you, Lord Baalzephon!"

At the very moment that Leylin stated his allegiance, he suddenly felt the descent of Baator's origin force. It turned into a powerful binding,

prepared to imprint a means of communication between the two. It was extremely difficult for a devil to back out of a contract.

Of course, playing around with sly word games was a common tactic. Devils did not slander those who were successful at cheating others, instead mocking the losers for being stupid.

“Good! Sign this contract, and I’ll accept your loyalty.” Baalzephon was obviously prepared, and a contract that had been verified by the origin force appeared in front of Leylin.

Green phosphorescence blazed on yellowed parchment paper, forming a large number of conditions. Still, this was concise for a devil. From this aspect, Baalzephon seemed quite sincere and had not made any traps in the choice of words.

‘A devil can only be loyal to one superior. Once two oaths of loyalty are sworn, the next promotion will grow chaotic. A choice will need to be made between the two, and one needs to be eliminated...’

Leylin snickered inside. If he was really Leycian, he would have no way to choose right now. While Baalzephon made things sound pleasant, he could very well become hostile right away if Leylin had any thoughts of rejecting him.

Unfortunately, the person Baalzephon was facing now was Leylin. Leylin, who with his authority of an Archdevil surpassed him greatly!

“Such a lax contract! Lord Baalzephon, your leniency and benevolence is well known even on the prime material plane...” The horned devil now seemed so emotional that he could not control himself, trembling as he extended his right hand.

‘A.I. Chip, begin interference!’ Leylin commanded in secret.

[Beep! Mission established! Host’s authority far exceeds target, dulling target’s origin force sense. Interference in progress...] the A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

The moment Leylin’s finger touched the parchment piece of paper, perhaps in a millionth of a second, an astounding change occurred.



Another piece of parchment that looked exactly the same appeared, replacing the contents of the original contract. It was still a pledge of loyalty, but the punishment was much more severe. The master and servant had changed place, and Baalzephon would now pledge his allegiance to Leylin.

Given that Leylin far exceeded Baalzephon in authority, the devil did not notice anything wrong with the contract. Baalzephon could also sense a thread of loyalty from this 'Leycian.'

An authority that surpassed Baalzephon's own, as well as the powerful abilities of the A.I. Chip, allowed a substitute to replace the original in an instant, completing a magnificent feat in the Nine Hells. What the A.I. Chip had formed was instantly hidden in the original parchment, and all Baalzephon saw was the horned devil signing his name with his right index finger.

"Good! You made the right choice!" Baalzephon nodded with satisfaction. After sensing the thread of loyalty made of origin force, he glanced at the parchment paper. There were no changes to the green phosphorescence of the letters, save for the signature at the lower right corner.

'Strange... why did I suddenly feel fearful?' Baalzephon shook his head, and tossed this thought out of his mind. After ascertaining that this was the contract he had created, he entered his name at the position of the superior.

A blood-red truenam formed on the paper, and it quickly burnt up. A phosphorescent green imprint disappeared into each of Leylin's and Baalzephon's chests.

[Beep! Fealty contract obtained. Target: Baalzephon of the Dark Eight. Note: Target has signed a contract with another superior. If host's orders clash with Asmodeus', there is a 50% chance that Baalzephon will grow confused.] 'Good. Continue concealment.' Leylin had now become Baalzephon's superior, and as an Archdevil, it was a breeze for him to cover a portion of his senses.

Baalzephon obtained a simulated thread of loyalty, and was extremely satisfied.

“Very good! Tell me, Leycian, why are you here in Avernus?” Superiors were what devils feared the most. Baalzephon now believed he had complete control over the devil in front of him. If not for this devil for still having his uses, he would have long since abandoned his false pretence and interrogated him properly.

This sudden change caused ‘Leycian’ to feel a sense of foreboding.

“I... I obtained an order from Lord Azlok to search for...” Leylin’s voice showed his fear, and he cowered back.

“Search for what? Make yourself clear! Do you want me to demote you into the most lowly nupperibo?” Baalzephon’s breathing began to get rough, and Leylin could even sense the intense emotions in his mind.

Leylin pretended to be unable to take Baalzephon’s gaze, gritting his teeth as he said, “Azlok commanded that I come search for all traces of Dis’s Archdevil, Beelzebub...”

“Beelzebub? Has he really gone missing?” Baalzephon grabbed at Leylin’s arm, eyes glinting.

“Y-yes. Even Lord Azlok doesn’t have any news about him!” Leylin now seemed like he had been scared stupid.

“Haha... haha... so the intel was right! An Archdevil has gone missing. What a wonderful thing...” Baalzephon laughed maniacally, and finally calmed down.

“Good! Tell me all you know and don’t hold back, or else...”

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A long while later, a horned devil walked out of the bronze tower, looking lost.

‘I see. So Asmodeus finally can’t hold on anymore, and he wants to act?’ Leylin was actually the one scheming here. He’d blurted out a large amount of fake information just now, and Baalzephon had let his guard

down against him to reveal some information as well.

‘He plans for one of the Dark Eight to take over lordship and become an Archdevil?’ Leylin stroked his chin. ‘This doesn’t seem like something Asmodeus would do, but this is so great a temptation that the Dark Eight don’t consider the danger...’

Based on what Baalzephon had revealed, Asmodeus finally decided to take care of this confusion and get one of the Dark Eight to take over Dis. But the position of the Second Hell’s lord had been empty for a long while. That was an empty spot to be an Archdevil of Baator, representing the peak of Baator’s might!

He seemed to depend on the Dark Eight’s merits, including dealing blows to the demons, expanding Avernus, and so on. That was why the Dark Eight had set a trap without hesitation, wiping out a demon army. The pit fiends, dazzled with the lordship as they were, would go around attacking everything to expand the territories of Avernus.

When this happened, a mere strategic location, the Bronze Citadel, was not that important. In order to obtain Tiamat’s approval and help, the Dark Eight had not hesitated to give up the place. After all, the chromatic dragon was still one of their allies, and there were many other places in the First Hell that they could attack.

The trap at the Bronze Citadel would be the last time the Dark Eight worked together. Next they would go at it alone, hoping to obtain enough merits to be acknowledged by Asmodeus. They all wished to become the Archdevil of Dis.

‘Sadly, this is just a huge trap. Without the authority being transferred and now that they can’t get a hold of Beelzebub, would Asmodeus appointing them to the post actually do anything?’

# Chapter 1030: Dis

When it came to Baator, there were less than ten devils with as much knowledge as Leylin. He knew extremely well how far Asmodeus' influence extended.

Although Asmodeus was the most powerful devil, his might was restricted to the Ninth Hell. The other seven Archdevils did not bother with him. Him appointing a lord of Dis? That was just a huge joke!

Even so, many of the Dark Eight were lured by him; at the very least, they wanted the reputation of having taken over the Second Hell. Although it would be a false reign, it would at least be supported by Asmodeus.

'In comparison, Baalzephon is more pragmatic!' Recalling the plan that he had revealed, a smile appeared on Leylin's face.

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Leylin looked around, and quickly saw a city of iron ablaze. Red hot hellfire scorched the inner walls, and thick smoke rose to form great amounts of black fog that covered the entirety of Dis. The walls were red, and the slightest of contact with them would result in grave burns.

Even the metallic pebbles that used to form the road were experiencing high temperatures. Without immunity to fire or special shoes, the pedestrians would soon be thrashing around on the ground in pain, before burning up.

The drafts around the street corners often carried miserable cries that seemed to come from the depths of hell. This was the lament of the prisoners in the large underground prison, including slaves, petitioners from the Blood War, and even mortals that had been kidnapped from the prime material plane.

Once the souls grew ripe with the torture and suffering, the better goods would be sent to the lofty residences around, to be enjoyed by nobility.

Many noble devils liked holding banquets. They would gather together, discussing which portion of a prisoner was more delectable, and then

come up with even more exquisite 'cooking' techniques.

Just standing on the street, Leylin could feel the breathing and thumping of hearts under Dis. Unlike Avernus, he felt like he could use all the power of this plane, as if he were its owner in the first place.

The turbulent origin force of Baator moved to Leylin's will, with only the slightest bit of resistance. That was Beelzebub, still alive and possessing that last bit of laws and authority.

'Dis! If I completely devour Beelzebub, I'll be like a god in his divine realm!' The authority Archdevils had in hell could definitely compare to what true gods were like in their divine realms. Of course, this was limited to the territory they were lord of.

Leylin sighed inside. This was Dis, the second layer of Baator. It was a huge city of iron, so huge there were no boundaries at all. The city made up an entire plane!

"What are you standing there in a daze for? Aren't you moving yet?" A grey-robed person standing beside Leylin berated him.

"Yes, my lord!" Leylin bowed humbly, while actually snickering inside. This person in disguise was naturally Baalzephon. The pit fiend obviously had not followed Asmodeus' game, expanding the territories of Avernus. Instead, he had secretly arrived at the Second Hell.

However, his goal was abundantly clear. The pit fiend, who was one of the Dark Eight, intended to take over lordship of this hell. He wanted to find the missing Beelzebub and take him prisoner. He would then extract Beelzebub's strength, becoming the true Lord of Dis!

Asmodeus' orders would be nothing to him then, the lords of the Nine Hells were on the same level as the Supreme!

Evidently Baalzephon had already betrayed Asmodeus in secret, but Leylin was not the least bit surprised. After all, betrayal and schemes were nothing new to the devils, especially when it came to their superiors.

'Honestly, Baalzephon's going in the right direction, but there's something wrong with his plans. He's not the only person thinking of

doing this... Whether it's Asmodeus or other lords, they're all probably planning to lay their hands on Beelzebub...' Leylin sighed inside.

"I'm preparing to sneak into the Iron Tower and investigate. Do you have any plans?" Baalzephon pointed at a conspicuous at the centre of the city that towered into the clouds.

This was the Iron Tower, Beelzebub's palace. He seldom left the place, but it had already been decades since there was news of him last. Once tens of attempts at communication failed, and there was no reaction even when they barged in, news of Beelzebub's mysterious disappearance began to spread.

However, with how cunning the devils were, nobody knew if this was some scheme by the Archdevil. Even Baalzephon was not quite sure himself.

Of course, Leylin had given him enough confidence that he was even entering the Iron Tower to take a risk and investigate it. He hoped to gather information regarding Beelzebub's disappearance.

Leylin was egging him on to serve his own purposes. After all, finding Beelzebub and devouring him before the other Archdevils did was his main purpose in coming to Baator.

"Lord Baalzephon, there are some fairs and markets around Dis. We could find a way to sneak in from there..." Leylin earnestly gave a suggestion.

As his personal stronghold, Beelzebub's Iron Tower had a large amount of tricks and traps inside. There were golems and contracted beings guarding the tower, and within the Iron Tower itself Beelzebub was basically invincible. This was why he rarely left the area, nor did he allow any devils to enter.

From Leylin's perspective, the reason he never left was out of caution and cowardice. It was also because he was using the Manderhawke Plate to connect to the prime material plane, spreading faith and contaminating souls.

Obviously he'd also tried to make contact with many other place, finally succeeding in escaping the crystal sphere. Had his timing been right, he could even have surpassed Asmodeus in strength, using an unending supply of souls to become a true Supreme of the Nine Hells. Unfortunately, he'd med with tragedy in the form of Leylin.

'From what I sense, there's no sign of Beelzebub in the Second Hell...' Leylin thought as he followed Baalzephon. 'With him covering me, there won't be much suspicion. The other Archdevils should be furiously trying to find traces of Beelzebub, so I can temporarily use their powers...

'The Manderhawke Plate is also an important target inside the Iron Tower...' The Manderhawke Plate was a mysterious item that could weaken the crystal sphere. Even a mere imitation of the patterns in his memories helped Leylin enter the World of Gods, so in his view this plate's uses surpassed even most divine weapons.

"Market? Are you trying to make a fool of me?" A dangerous glint appeared in Baalzephon's eyes, and the green flames of the contract appeared on his hands.

"You're part of the guard corps of the Archdevil serving under Azlok, one of Beelzebub's lackeys. That pit fiend manages the safety of the Iron Tower, do you not have any methods to enter it? Huh?"

The flames on Baalzephon's hands flickered, causing a look of pain to appear on Leylin's expression. Of course, this was fake.

"Please wait, my Lord! I'm supposed to be away right now, so it's impossible for me to get approval from Azlok..." Leylin sounded like he felt wronged.

"That's your problem. I need to enter the Iron Tower within three hell hours. If you can't do that, you'll become a foolish and ugly xerfilstyx!" Baalzephon threatened, showing the natural temperament of devils.

Devils like to treat their subordinates harshly, and even give them impossible tasks before punishing them. This was usually done to the subordinates closest to them physically, in order to ensure that nobody could pose a threat to them.

Those subordinate devils could only complete every task in fear, and grasp every single opportunity to ascend. They would use all their power to climb up the social ladder, betraying their superior at the appropriate time and staging rebellion. They would want to reach the peak of power in Baator to rid themselves of this suffering.

In Baalzephon's eyes, however, the horned devil called Leycian still had his uses. This tactic was used unknowingly.

"Alright, I'll immediately come up with a way!" Seeing Leylin darting away like his ass was on fire, Baalzephon grinned in satisfaction. Only if he used a whip and viciously lashed at these devils would they obediently listen to him. It was also necessary that shackles were placed on them, which would prevent them from attacking their masters.

Baalzephon was actually abiding by all of a certain devil's maxims.

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Two hell hours later, Leylin had returned.

"My Lord..." The horned devil now had a flattering look and a modest smile on his face.

"I've done my best to get Azlok to believe that I've found clues regarding the whereabouts of the Archdevil, which is why I've returned to Dis. I've also made contact with some of my people and bribed them. I managed a chance to enter the Iron Tower for a thousand jingles..."

Devils could obviously be bribed, but the price caused Baalzephon to frown. "What a greedy guy. Are you sure that his promise is true, and he won't sell you out to your superior?"

"I can promise that. Jack even signed a contract, and swore an oath." Leylin looked resolute.

"Good. Take this!" Baalzephon tossed a gem full of soul energy inside, and then saw the hesitant look on the horned devil's face.

"There's only a hundred here, but he wants a thousand..."



# Chapter 1031: Bribe

“Pay the rest yourself! Didn’t I reward you with a huge amount of wealth already?” Baalzephon placed his hands behind his back and left, seemingly interested in the unknown flesh being sold on the market.

The smells of all sorts of spiced meat wafted through the market. Baalzephon hummed nursery rhymes in contentment as he seemed to pass the time.

‘Not giving subordinates wealth is akin to not giving them strength... Not giving them chances, is akin to not letting them be promoted... If your subordinates have wealth and the chance to advance, then your head will become a decoration in their rooms...

‘Seems like superiors controlling their subordinates is a huge trend here...’ Leylin glanced at the pitifully tiny soul gem in his hands and snickered.

Unfortunately, all that he’d said had been a lie. While the devils that guarded the Iron Tower were Beelzebub’s trusted aides, their loyalty wasn’t spectacular, especially when their superior was weakened.

Dis was like his own backyard, and the guard legions were basically like a sieve with numerous holes. Why? It was naturally because of the prime material plane. Leylin had already subdued Beelzebub’s followers from the prime material plane, and he’d had some of them return to Baator in secret.

Besides, with the authority he had and the law of devouring, no devil would suspect anything even if he pretended to be Beelzebub himself.

‘Baalzephon isn’t the only one here. There’s still many organisations around laying low, so I can’t be too high-profile...’ Leylin sighed inside, and arrived at a luxurious residence near the Iron Tower.

A pit fiend appeared and bowed deeply to Leyin, “Master!”

“Mm. There will be huge changes here soon. Take all the subordinates who are loyal to me and leave. Also, get Jack to do what we agreed on.”

“Understood, Master of Devouring, Lord of Dis!” The pit fiend pressed his right hand to his chest and bowed, eyes full of reverence and flattery.

“Lord of Dis. I quite like that name, Azlok...” Leylin burst into laughter.

Indeed. The pit fiend standing in front of Leylin was Beelzebub’s trusted aide who was in charge of his armies. He was the greater devil in charge of the Iron Tower’s guard, Azlok! When he’d seen Leylin’s law of devouring and his control over Dis, Azlok had bent the knee instantly. He hadn’t even hesitated a moment to betray Beelzebub.

However, even Azlok had no clue of where Beelzebub had gone. The Lord of Gluttony hadn’t even contacted this devil before he left. It was evident that Beelzebub had actually never truly trusted him. Or perhaps the word ‘trust’ was too far-fetched to use amongst devils...

Dark fumes filled the skies, causing the Iron City to be lit up purely by the fires of hell. Groups of petitioners and lemures were guided by imps to all parts of the city, modifying it to fit into the Second Hell and performing repairs. Rumour had it that the city would continue to expand under Beelzebub’s wishes, with no end for all eternity.

There was no such thing as sunrise or sunset here, and the devils of Dis used specific devices to record time. However, they had no need for rest. As long as there was an opportunity to obtain souls, many would charge over for it without fatigue.

“It’s time. Let’s go!” Baalzephon glanced at a crimson pocket watch, and brought Leylin towards the Iron Tower.

Numerous noble residences were built around the Iron Tower, all of them looking imposing and magnificent. However, most of them were now empty, the whereabouts of their owners unknown.

Beelzebub’s disappearance had been a huge blow to Dis, even if the lesser devils hadn’t noticed it yet. The greater devils were filled with ambition for the lordship, or were afraid of the unrest and left. Only one legion was still performing its duties. An armoured lower devil watched every person trying to get close to the Iron Tower, regardless of which plane they came from.

“Enter from the west. Jack’s guarding that side today.” ‘Leycian’ brought Baalzephon deeper into the city, looking like he was familiar with the route. They finally arrived at a steel sentry that had been scorched red with hellfire.

Seeing the guarded looks of them any armoured devils here, Leylin yelled a greeting towards the sentry. “Hey, Jack. Look who’s here!”

‘Prevent Teleportation, Detect Stealth, and an anti-demon formation. There’s also spells boosting the defence of the guards, giving them magic immunity...’ Baalzephon’s eyes showed awe and a trace of nervousness, ‘These defences... Even us of the Dark Eight would need to send out all our legions, spending a month or two fighting before we could get in...’

“Leycian?” a gruff voice sounded, as an enormous devil appeared in front of Leylin and Baalzephon. He was huge and swollen, with disgusting tumours on his skin and scales. His bulging eyes made him look like a toad, and his matching mouth revealed densely packed sharp teeth.

This was the peak form of a greater devil, the paeliryon. Only pit fiends and the overlords of hell exceeded him in might.

“Yep! You look just as strong as before! So... does our agreement from before still count?” Leylin handed over a large number of soul gems.

“Of course! A thousand jingles in exchange for a chance to enter the Iron Tower. I’m always honest!” the huge paeliryon said, its roaring voice causing Baalzephon to frown. Although he didn’t mind the tiny loss, it would be terrible if the other devils discovered them.

As if noticing his worries, the large paeliryon laughed wildly, “No need to worry. Nobody here would dare to reveal anything, unless they want to be imprisoned in the dungeons and punished with eternal hunger...”

The dungeons were something all the devils of the Second Hell dreaded. Hunger, in particular, was used on those who made mistakes. With the influence of the law of gluttony, those punished thus would grow incomparably hungry, with nothing that could satiate them. They would grow so frantic they would eventually choose to gnaw at themselves!

While Beelzebub had set the law that those who could endure seven days of hunger would be forgiven regardless of their errors, none had been able to last that long. Most devils of Dis would rather be demoted into ugly nupperibo than take on this punishment, such was the terror it caused.

Hearing what their superior said, the other devils all but wished to sew up their mouths, perhaps burying their heads in the ground.

“Good! I like your attitude!” Baalzephon nodded in satisfaction, preparing to enter with Leylin.

“Wait!” However, an unexpected incident happened. After Leylin entered, Jack immediately blocked the way, “One thousand jingles for one chance. One has already entered, so the contract has been fulfilled!”

“What are you saying?” Baalzephon’s brows furrowed threateningly.

“You need to pay an additional amount!” Jack pointed at Baalzephon

“So if he doesn’t enter, I’ll get the chance to enter?” Baalzephon frowned. He did not want to attack anyone here, especially when this would reveal his identity.

“Keke... My apologies, but no!” Jack chuckled in a strange manner. The surrounding devils quickly picked up their weapons, aiming them at Baalzephon.

“You darned horned devil, I really should have turned you into a nupperibo. How could you have even created a contract with so many loopholes that devils could make use of...”

Baalzephon was in a spitting rage as he glared at Leylin, who was almost scared stupid, “You pay up the thousand jingles!”

“Apologies, master, but I don’t have any more...” ‘Leycian’ sounded on the verge of tears, causing the fury in Baalzephon to blaze.

“You piece of trash!” He now looked extremely grim and took out a soul gem, “Take it, you greedy fiend!”

The huge paeliryon hugged his hands to his chest and answered fearlessly, “Sorry, but there’s now a change to the price. It will be two

thousand jingles. Also, your humiliation caused spiritual damage to me, so it will be a hundred more on top!”

“Damn it, damn it! If I get a hold of you, I’ll definitely demote you to a nupperibo and have you pick up manure in the Rotting Pit for ten thousand years...” Baalzephon’s chest heaved, but unwilling he was Jack still urged him into handing over the jingles.

“My-my apologies..” Seeing Leylin right now, Baalzephon couldn’t even be bothered to get mad. After all, if he were to kill or demote him to a nupperibo, then weren’t all his previous efforts in vain?

The other party was a greater devil after all, and he could be used as cannon fodder while exploring the tower. That was Baalzephon’s decision.

After passing through the sentry, they finally arrived in front of the Iron Tower. Beelzebub’s lair was so high that it reached the clouds, its body enveloped in a dull light that flowed around as it changed the quality and style of the tower.

‘The throne of Dis... Here I come!’ Baalzephon gazed at the pedestal within the Iron Tower, his eyes flickering with unconcealed ambition as he quickly brought Leylin in.

# Chapter 1032: Nessus

‘The audience is coming in...’

Baalzephon had yet to notice the glint in the eyes of the horned devil cowering behind him. The Iron Tower was Beelzebub’s lair, a place that was filled with danger even for Leylin. While he’d already obtained Azlok’s loyalty, Azlok was merely a guardian of the outer regions of the Iron Tower, and he couldn’t enter the place himself.

If he wanted to completely scope out this lair, Leylin would need hundreds of greater devils or even many pit fiends. Leylin naturally didn’t want to purge his own subordinates, and at the same time he wanted to lure everyone coveting the lordship out of hiding. This was why he’d kept his strength hidden, entering the tower alongside Baalzephon.

Baalzephon’s actions would result in a chain reaction, breaking the initial balance in the Nine Hells. With his actions, the Dark Eight and Asmodeus would be besieged from all sides. That way, Leylin could use the powers of other devils to scope out the tower.

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Ninth Hell of Baator, Nessus. Deep gorges and valleys filled the area, forming large expanses filled with lifeless rocks. It looked like the land had been formed by a huge explosion, or perhaps a battle between existences compared to gods. Nobody knew the real truth to the day.

Inside a valley that was unimaginably deep and wide was a fort called Malsheem, standing tall with a dark, grand, and hellish beauty. The citadel was extremely large, and numerous miles wide. Its dimensions were unimaginable for all devils.

More than a million devils lived within this city, and conspiracy theorists said that they would one day start killing their way out, drowning out the entirety of Baator in Asmodeus’ quest to take over all of Hell.

“Ah, Malsheem. She’s so beautiful! I want to possess her and touch every bit of her skin lovingly...” A voice full of greed suddenly rang in the air,

and a devil appeared. His upper body was human, while the lower half was that of a huge poisonous snake. He held what looked like a harpoon, and his triangular eyes looked full of avarice.

This was Mammon, the Lord of the Third Hell. He possessed the laws of avarice, and was one of Baator's eight Archdevils that stood tall above the rest.

"Mammon! Long time no see, old friend. It's been five hundred years since we last met, no? I remember it was in Minauros..."

An illusory devil appeared at the peak of Malsheem. He looked like an aged devil with black hair that was combed back perfectly. He had a black goatee, and his eyes shot flames. His courteous greeting was as if Mammon was a friend he hadn't seen in a long while.

"Your hypocrisy makes me want to hurl, Asmodeus!" Another Archdevil appeared next to Mammon, revealing Asmodeus' identity. This one had flames twirling around him, seemingly like fury incarnate that could burn everything in the world to nothingness.

The old devil that had appeared atop Malsheem was the legendary Supreme of the Nine Hells, Asmodeus. This was Baator's ruler in name.

"Oh, it's Samuel! You're just as angry as always..." Asmodeus seemed to think nothing of the power Samuel exuded, and his grin widened.

"When will you abandon this form, and dare meet us with your true body?" Pure white snowflakes fell one by one, instantly freezing a large portion of the valley. A devil that grasped extreme cold walked over, his eyes fearless as he met Asmodeus' gaze with an aura exuding arrogance.

"Oh, so Levistus is here too! Cough cough... Forgive me; with the injuries to my body, it's already amazing that I can appear in this form..." Asmodeus' pale face now had a slight flush, looking like an old man on the verge of death from illness.

Rumour had it that the Archdevil of the Ninth Hell had sustained grievous injuries. He'd now taken the form of a high-ranked projection, an avatar of sorts.

Even so, Asmodeus' power was still the greatest amongst the Archdevils, the sight of which would shock other devils into silence.

Mammon, who controlled the third layer, Samuel who controlled the fourth. Levistus, who controlled the fifth, and the original ruler of the Nine Hells, Asmodeus. Four of the Archdevils had actually appeared here!

Ever since the conspiracies of the ruthless Blood Wars, and the incident where the abyss broke off from the Nine Hells, the Archdevils rarely met. Their fights had even affected the prime material plane, and the gods' divine realms.

With four of them meeting, people would believe that a conspiracy that would turn the world upside down was being hatched. It wasn't as if four lords of Baator meeting could result in good.

"Cough cough... May I know why you have gathered here?" Asmodeus produced what looked like presbyopic glasses as he began to flip through a thick sheepskin book. The book had a black cover, with hellfire atop it. It made it seem extremely evil. Within the book, the paper recorded numerous vile contracts!

"Of course it's about Dis, and Beelzebub!" Mammon was the first to speak, "The rest of us seven wouldn't be able to decide on the appointment of an Archdevil even if we were to have a joint discussion!"

"Is that so?" A poisonous worm crawled out from Asmodeus' goatee, which he then picked up and swallowed. "But... From the contract of our alliance, you don't seem to think that way..."

Asmodeus flipped to a certain contract and pointed at the clause, "So? Need me to read it and explain it to you?"

"That's only when the Archdevil of a layer is unable to fulfill one's task. You have the power to help them, but only temporarily!" Samuel exclaimed in anger.

"But as the Supreme of the Nine Hells... Fine, even if only in name it's my responsibility to maintain the stability and order of Baator..." Asmodeus spoke up for himself.



“Even so, you can’t appoint someone to the Second Hell when its Archdevil is in danger. What’s worse is that you’re choosing from the Dark Eight, who don’t even have any authority...” Levistus snickered.

“They might be mere pit fiends, but if they can ensure there is order in the Second Hell, it would make sense to give them some rewards...” Asmodeus still persisted.

“All I see is them plotting and causing destruction!” The flames on Samuel’s body leapt into the sky.

“The only one who can stabilise Dis right now is Beelzebub with his authority over the place. Which of you knows where he is?” Mammon’s eyes were filled with greed.

“It’s said that after getting gravely injured, he’s hidden in the prime material plane. One of my followers found traces of him on the surface, and there even seems to be some interesting guide...” Asmodeus spoke nonchalantly, as if this was no secret.

Such honesty and magnanimity had the three overlords puzzled. It took a length of time before Levistus spoke up. “What are you planning?”

“That’s what I should be asking you,” Asmodeus looked innocent, “You barge into my house and rudely block my door. Why is that?”

“It’s obviously for the stability of Baator! You’re not to interfere with Dis anymore!” Samuel yelled.

Although it was acknowledged that Asmodeus was the strongest and most mysterious of the eight lords of hell, there wasn’t much of a difference between them. Still, he was the strongest devil despite his injuries. Rumours were abound that a fully healed Asmodeus could even unify all of Baator itself!

As the situation was now, Asmodeus would be able to defeat a single Archdevil in combat. Even then, he wouldn’t be able to kill his opponent. Two Archdevils working together could even suppress him! With three Archdevils present here, he would definitely lose a battle.

“Give up. The Hag Countess won’t help you. Belphegor will stay at

Maladomini forever, and can't be bothered to leave and meddle in this. You might be able to rope Mephistopheles in, but you still won't have enough numbers. You won't win a vote amongst the lords of Baator without bribing us, and I'm quite interested in what you're willing to pay. ..."

Mammon sized Malasheem up and down, "Give Malsheem to me, and I might consider it. I promise it on the honour of an Archdevil of Baator!"

"Looks like I really have no chance of winning..."

Asmodeus waved his arms around with no other choice. "Alright then. Based on the contract, I'll stay in Nessus! However, Dis does need a substitute. How about we sign an agreement?"

Before the other Archdevils could speak, Asmodeus continued on, "Let's all stay here till everything dies down and order resumes. Let's not go anywhere. How about it? Isn't that your goal?"

# Chapter 1033: Sudden Entry

“That’s all you have to suggest? Nothing else?” Samuel and the other Archdevils looked at each other, disbelief in their eyes.

Although Asmodeus had the Dark Eight, the other lords weren’t without their own subordinate pit fiends. Combined, the forces of the three could annihilate Asmodeus’ underlings.

Asmodeus grinned, tossing out great bait, “Nothing else. Until everything is done and dusted, we should all just stay here and let the developments play out for themselves!”

“What do you think?” Mammon looked at his two companions. He’d already been moved. After all, there was an entire level of Baator at stake here!

“You want to sow discord amongst us?” Samuel laughed, “You’re going to be disappointed...” Although he said that, nobody believed a word of it.

“Your physical form should remain here, including those of Mephistopheles and the rest,” Levistus added.

“Alright, I’ll have them sign another contract. The other lords that aren’t here shall need to stay in their territories as well, not acting until everything is settled.” Asmodeus chuckled, “So?”

“Order is everything! If we reject it, even if it’s for the sake of Baator’s World Origin Force the Nine Hells will be thrown into turmoil. The World Will will repudiate us.” Levistus’ analysis was calm, and he ended up answering, “I agree to this contract!”

“I concur!” “I as well!” Mammon and Samuel agreed as well. After all, this outcome far exceeded their expectations.

“Very well! The Hag Countess, Belphegor and Mephistopheles have given me their reply as well. Let the River of Styx be our witness!” Asmodeus now turned his book of contracts to a new, blank page.

Once the other three ascertained that there was nothing wrong with the contract, they nodded their heads, making the most solemn of vows to the

river of the underworld...

.....

Right now, Leylin had no inkling of this contract made between the Archdevils of Baator. However, the ripples of this event would soon throw Baator into a flurry of events, culminating in the dawn of a new era.

“Beelzebub’s Iron Tower...” Baalzephon looked at the heavy coat of darkness in front of him, his eyes filled with deceit and solemnity. “Leycian. What do you know of this place?”

This was the castle of an Archdevil! Baalzephon was but a pit fiend, and he didn’t dare make any assumptions about the place.

“Lord Baalzephon, the Iron Tower has always been forbidden territory in Dis. Even my former superior, Lord Azlok the chief guard, has never stepped into this place...”

Leylin had spoken the truth. His earlier investigations and Azlok’s own testimony told him Beelzebub was someone who did not entrust things to his subordinates. Very few devils were permitted to enter the Iron Tower, perhaps a shortcoming of their race.

Legends said that the only way to enter the Iron Tower was to sign a contract with Beelzebub under witness of the Styx, foregoing everything to protect it for life. Even so, the contract restrained all these devils to the interior of the tower.

Leylin wasn’t gullible enough to say such things blindly. The reason he did was that Baalzephon still had some value.

“Legend has it that the Iron Tower contains numerous curses, and is guarded by a huge army of golems. There are ancient, powerful devils here, contracted to protect it. We’re currently in the outermost regions of the Iron Tower, the Plains of Gluttony. This place is guarded by an army of hungry spirits Beelzebub has trained, and only devils with permission are allowed to enter. Any others will have to perform a rite of autocannibalism.”

“Hungry spirits?” Baalzephon nodded his head, and felt that this new

subordinate he had recruited was rather useful, “Autocannibalism is where you make an offering by eating a part of yourself?”

Baalzephon’s face was filled with worry. He wasn’t reluctant to sacrifice a part of his body, but the most prevalent rule of the law of gluttony was that any powers sacrificed could never be regained.

Evidently, this was Beelzebub’s first line of defense. Without his permission, anyone who wanted to enter would first have to weaken themselves.

‘Are there any ways to bypass this rule?’ Baalzephon pondered, before shaking his head helplessly. How could there be a way for him to beat the cunning of an Archdevil of Baator?

‘The most important part of the ceremony is that it requires a part of one’s core power. Any other energy is useless...’ Baalzephon glanced at Leylin standing beside him, restraining himself from acting upon his impulse.

‘I’m going to lose a part of my powers before even meeting the Archdevil... This isn’t a good start...’

Just as Baalzephon was mulling over this, he felt an imminent crisis looming over him. He didn’t think twice, immediately using an instant Greater Teleportation spell inscribed into his body.

He disappeared from his original location in a flash, reappearing nearby. It seemed like the restrictions of the original realm of gluttony made it extremely difficult for him to use teleportation magic and escape this realm.

“Damn! This interference...” Baalzephon swore foully as he raged, but he soon looked to his right shoulder in astonishment.

A large chunk of flesh was missing from that shoulder, and threads of evil energy still circulated around it. A fish-like illusory monster had suddenly appeared as he tried to teleport earlier, rending apart the fire resistance and other defences that all devils were so proud of. A single bite had reduced him to this state.

‘A creature with the Teleportation feat? No, this is a top-level ability to traverse two planes and blur the distance between them! I even sense the unique aura of a creature from the astral plane...’ Leylin had managed to gather a lot of information immediately, using Baalzephon as a big pathfinder stone.

Although he’d devoured most of Beelzebub’s memories, the devil had clearly hidden some of the most important secrets. Those scattered fragments had lacked many important details, which meant that Leylin lacked knowledge about the iron tower.

‘Besides, even if I knew all about it, perhaps there is no better way. After all, the Iron Tower itself only recognizes Beelzebub’s aura. Even Baator’s authority and devil essence would be useless here...’ Leylin smiled wryly to himself.

While Leylin was able to stabilise himself, Baalzephon, on the other hand, was about to throw a fit.

‘Damn! This creature is definitely not something from hell and has never appeared before on the prime material plane. Don’t tell me it’s some abomination borne of a god?’

Baalzephon’s knowledge did not extend to things beyond the World of Gods, let alone the astral plane. To him, an existence that possessed powers even a pit fiend couldn’t comprehend was an abomination, the flawed offspring of a god! Only something with the power of a god could create such a bizarre and powerful creature.

In a short span of time, Baalzephon was attacked several times. The loss of some of his body was but a small matter, but he sensed his own origin being lost with the passage of time. It left him extremely horrified.

‘Damn, what do I have to do to leave this place?’ Baalzephon continued to try using teleportation spells. However, those hungry spirits chased after him, biting his flesh apart and devouring his power.

Forget demons and other races, a devil’s greatest enemy was other devils. Beelzebub had specifically arranged his preparations to target his kin. Baalzephon was unfortunate, being toppled so simply.

‘Mm, how clever,’ Leylin cut a sorry figure as he stood at the side, but he was only pretending.

The hungry spirits sensed the energy on his body, not daring to stick close to him. There were several berserk little fellows who dared make contact with him, but they were immediately dissolved by the devouring power coming from Leylin’s body. They ended up becoming a part of him.

‘Mm, it seems like it’s some sort of spiritual body. They are undoubtedly some sort of astral creature...’ The A.I. Chip’s light flashed, and displayed the results of its investigatory research before Leylin’s eyes.

‘It looks like Beelzebub relied on the Manderhawke Plate to acquire several interesting things from the astral plane...’ Greed flashed across Leylin’s eyes. Soon, he heard Baalzephon’s despairing roar: “There’s nothing else for it, hurry up and begin the autocannibalism!”

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Even as Baalzephon struggled bitterly, something was happening within the burning Iron City of Dis. An enormous teleportation portal opened up, and troops of armoured devils marched out to take over the enormous city.

Small-scale conflicts continued to occur, but the devils who had lost their leaders and the core of their operations were far weaker than these elites. They lost very quickly, and beat a hasty retreat.

Due to Leylin’s earlier arrangements, Azlok had evacuated with the devils who were still loyal to the Winged Serpent God, and luckily they had not been involved. The main army soon moved to the vicinity of the Iron Tower, headed by seven pit fiends.

“That fool Baalzephon, he actually dared to come by himself! Does he think that he is a match for an Archdevil alone? Besides, he actually even dared to betray my lord!” Zapan of the Dark Eight snickered as he looked at the tall glowing tower which broke through the clouds.

“Hurry and take over the defences. We need to surround the tower, the main forces of the other Archdevils will get here soon!” Another member

of the Dark Eight urged him on, his fiery eyes full of longing and ambition.

Asmodeus' order had arrived, and the unanimous decision of the remaining Archdevils let the Dark Eight, who stood unable to break free of their torment at the pinnacle of hell, see their only chance at lordship!



# Chapter 1034: Cerberus

Even the most powerful pit fiends in Baator lived under a shadow of anxiety and fear. Although they possessed formidable power, that was compared to ordinary devils. They were direct subordinates of Archdevils instead, subject to more stringent requirements and treatment. Even the slightest thoughtlessness would engender punishment.

The harsh treatment and death threats from their superiors was a curse no devil could escape— unless of course it was someone at the peak of society, an Archdevil!

Consequently, when the seven Archdevils publicised their agreement to let their underlings battle for the Second Hell, many pit fiends went wild. The Dark Eight were only the first wave of entrants, and many more devils would end up participating. Even the dragons and gods of Avernus couldn't resist the opportunity.

Be it the Dark Eight or their colleagues, everyone had become as frail as paper in front of the great temptation that was the lordship of Dis. As cunning as devils were, the backstabs and assassinations that followed were only expected. Now, even greater devils on par with the Dark Eight did not expose their backs to anyone else...

Just as the Dark Eight were taking over the Iron Tower, a desolate bugle horn resounded as an army under a different banner appeared on the horizon of the City of Iron. It was formed entirely of kytons, devils covered in twisting iron chains, and looked like an elite troop.

"The kytons of the Third Hell, underlings of the Lord of Avarice! They came so quickly!" A pit fiend of the Dark Eight lamented.

"Get ready! The army has completed their battle preparations... Additionally, shouldn't we send someone over to negotiate?" Devils preferred small-scaled conflicts over larger battles, or even ingenious diplomacy as a method to solve their problems.

"I'm afraid it's too late for that. After all, the attraction of the lordship is something that can't easily be extinguished with words alone. We need to

fight, to let them see our true power,” another member of the Dark Eight proposed.

“No! I propose that we immediately send out emissaries!” Yet another devil immediately suggested something else.

“Look...”

A few pit fiends looked towards the direction the others had pointed at, and soon they discovered that two more armies had drawn closer, harbouring evil designs. The flames that burnt on their body, as well as the unique ice devils amongst them, revealed their identities.

“The armies of the Fourth and Fifth Hells?” another pit fiend lamented, “As expected. With the distance our reinforcements need to travel from the Eighth And Ninth Hells, we’re at a disadvantage here. It’ll take a very long time...”

“Let’s negotiate.” The Dark Eight very quickly came to an accord. Negotiation did not damage the prestige of a devil, and in the first place they never really cared about something as useless as their reputation.

Tens of pit fiends gathered together quickly. There were no blockheads among them, any such candidates long since wiped out by their subordinates’ plots. Each one was shrewd and insightful.

All the pit fiends of Baator had come to an agreement in a hurry, resolving the situation. Each of them would enter a limited portion of the tower. They would compete fairly with the Iron Tower at their centre, aiming to win the unlikely prize of becoming an Archdevil.

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Baalzephon, the first to infiltrate the Iron Tower, had currently brought Leylin to a black door. The enormous door was made of cast iron, with terribly twisted sculptures protruding out of it. The most prominent one was a model of a three-headed cerberus, filled with a sense of ruthlessness.

‘This door seems to depict Beelzebub’s rise and history,’ Leylin meticulously looked through the sculptures on the door. Looking at the

characteristics of the devils and other beings there, it seemed to proclaim Beelzebub's feats in style, embellishing them with beauty and praise.

Once they reached the door, Leylin immediately discovered that several of the images matched with Beelzebub's memories, explicitly confirming his position.

"Dammit... DAMMIT! The autocannibalism ceremony consumed half of my energy." Unlike Leylin who was calm and collected, Baalzephon was flustered and utterly discomforted. His deliberate curses clearly demonstrated his coercive intentions. At the very least, Leylin felt that Beelzebub's earlier arrangements had taken out three quarters of Baalzephon's strength. However, he still had more than enough strength to suppress a mere horned devil.

'Hmm? Don't tell me that he wants to pull something on me to intentionally expose the flaws in the door?' Leylin's eyes flashed. Devils weren't chaotic like demons were, there was a particular reason for everything they did. This was especially true between superiors and their subordinates. Even the harshest of superiors required sufficient evidence to punish their underlings.

For example, Leylin was currently masquerading as the horned devil Leycian. Although he posed a threat to Baalzephon, the horned devil had always obediently followed his master's orders and completed his job. Even the pit fiend couldn't recklessly dispose of him.

Naturally, if Leylin did not resist the coercion, and executed his own subversive plot now that Baalzephon was weak, the pit fiend could crush him without second thought.

"I feel like we've reached the core of the Iron Tower, my Lord." It was a great pity that Leylin's current persona didn't give Baalzephon the slightest opportunity to do so. Instead, he acted like the most devoted of subordinates, standing protectively in front of his master.

"This is the Palace of Gluttony, the core of the lord's power. Rumours say —" Leylin happily played the role of a guide.

"What do the rumours say?" A regretful look flashed across

Baalzephon's eyes. It was clear that he felt disappointed that Leylin had not taken the bait.

However, keeping Leylin with him seemed to have been the right decision. After all, it was rare for a devil to have any understanding of the Iron Tower, even if it was just a few rumours. Perhaps it was a clue that would end up being of extreme importance.

"They say that this place is guarded by a contracted ancient devil!" A coarse voice sounded, answering Baalzephon's question. However, it was not Leylin who had replied.

"57 years! It's already been a full 57 years... Beelzebub has not supplied me with enough souls and flesh, and seems to have completely disappeared..." Roars of rage and dissatisfaction sounded, and a tremendous voice seemed to ring in Baalzephon's heart.

Bzzt! The enormous iron doors in front of him rumbled, and the statue of the cerberus suddenly grew more lifelike, a bright glow surrounding it. This red eyes opened one after the other, emitting a radiance that was a thousand times more dazzling than rubies. A trace of purple greed flashed within that red, demonstrating a thirst for blood and souls.

"This is... A hellhound!" Baalzephon retreated further and further. Hell was not limited to the devils. There were also hellcats, hellhounds, nightmares and even humans who'd moved here from the prime material plane.

These beings had strong experts amongst them, with strength on par with greater devils. One could build the most perfect of fortresses, and hire them to protect it through contract. This hellhound greatly surpassed others of its species, but had been confined by Beelzebub in this tower.

"I am the King of Hellhounds— Soul Devourer Chekov!" A tremendous clang resounded, and the cerberus leapt out of the iron door. Its body was wreathed in flames as it grew in stature, only the tip of its being still connected to the door.

"The King of Hellhounds?" Baalzephon rather speechlessly looked at the enormous Cerberus in front of him, a crafty glint in his eye, "Then why is

someone who is powerful enough to lead an entire race here?”

Rumble! It was clear that Baalzephon’s words had touched a sore spot. Chekov suddenly roared, and infernal flames spread all around them.

“It was Beelzebub! That greedy devil, the cruel glutton! He deceived me!” Without waiting for Leylin and Baalzephon’s coercion, Cerberus began to hog the conversation, “He trapped me with a fight, the loser having to serve the winner for 9900 years...”

In this moment, even Baalzephon looked at Cerberus with eyes of pity. Engaging in a game of chance with an Archdevil never ended well. The pathetic hellhound was lucky it didn’t get crushed to death. It being shackled here was natural, and with almost ten thousand years of a contract it definitely wouldn’t end well.

“What did the competition entail?” Leylin asked inquisitively.

“Souls. I competed with Beelzebub to see who could devour the most souls in a short span of time,” Cerberus’ three heads all drooped, hanging low with an air of dejection. “Originally, my three heads could devour even a city of souls in an instant. However...”

Leylin was inwardly laughing to himself, and even Baalzephon shook his head and sighed. Competing in an eating competition with the Lord of Gluttony? One had to wonder whether this King of Hellhounds had a defective brain, or was actually a demon in disguise.

“What a sorrowful tale...” Baalzephon finally said, summing up the incident.

“Well then! None of you have the slightest trace of Beelzebub’s aura on you. Are you intruders?” Cerberus’ gaze glinted with danger.

“Although I hate that fellow, I regret that I must follow the rules of the contract. I will devour the souls of all intruders!” Cerberus grinned, revealing a mouthful of towering fangs and a barbed, scarlet-red tongue.

# Chapter 1035: Treasure Vault

The cerberus continuously radiated a powerful aura. Its might could repel even the strongest of pit fiends, and it caused Baalzephon to feel uneasy. Leylin, on the other hand, was only frightened on the surface. He was snickering in his mind.

‘Such a silly dog, it can’t even see through my disguise. No wonder a devil could manipulate it so easily...’ The fact was that Leylin’s stealth was too powerful. Even the famed cerberi of hell couldn’t sniff anything off about his soul.

“Wait... Wait! Negotiate! I think we can negotiate!” Baalzephon retreated several steps as he called loudly.

He did not have much of a chance against this King of Hellhounds. Moreover, he hadn’t found a trace of Beelzebub’s whereabouts. He wasn’t dumb enough to waste his resources and even risk his life here. Devils considered diplomacy the path of experts anyway.

“The contract was sworn upon the Styx. If you can remove it for me, you’ll have my gratitude. I’ll open the gates to the Palace of Gluttony, and share every bit of information I have about Beelzebub...” Chekov spoke from his left head, but the other two heads still snapped at Baalzephon without hesitation.

“Leycian, hold it back!” In this time of crisis, Baalzephon ordered his subordinate into danger.

“Yes, my Lord!” He saw this horned devil he’d contracted stand reluctantly in front of him. However, Leycian was smacked away by a swipe of Chekov’s paw. Even if Leycian was a greater devil, the difference between him and Chekov was still too large.

“Dammit, do I have to use one of my trump cards now?” Baalzephon hastily pulled out a silver shield.

The shield seemed to be forged exquisitely from the finest silver. Numerous runes were inscribed on it, and gems embedded as ornaments.

The shield gave off an extremely holy aura, glowing with a gentle light.

The moment the shield came into contact with him, Baalzephon's hands corroded quickly into white smoke. The pain caused him to frown. This shield was made of whitesilver, a noble element with powerful corrosive effects against all devils.

Of course, this effect depended on the target. Even buried in a pool of whitesilver would just leave a pit fiend itching.

However, the shield in Baalzephon's hands didn't seem to be any ordinary whitesilver item. It was imbued with great energy, and even had a hint of a god's aura.

"An item used against devils!" Cerberus howled, and flames soon began to engulf the two figures as they engaged in a ferocious battle.

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"Well done! Keep it up!" The horned devil who was smacked to the side by the cerberus got up from his lying position.

'One must first face the gatekeeper to enter the Palace of Gluttony. But since it's engaged in battle now, there's a chance to sneak in...' After reaching this area, Leylin immediately recalled Beelzebub's memories and grew familiar with the place. He discovered that there were several hidden tunnels, meant for Beelzebub's escape in times of need.

And now, Leylin began to execute his plan like it was a matter of course.

'It seems to have been a correct decision to bring Baalzephon along!' Leylin stood in admiration of himself as he looked at the miserable figures of Baalzephon and the cerberus before disappearing into the darkness.

'I sense more pit fiends coming here, I have to hurry...' With the help of Beelzebub's memories, Leylin soon skirted past the giant gate that the cerberus was guarding, coming to a circular corridor.

The ground was covered in crimson carpet, and oil lanterns flickered on the sides of the corridor. There were a large number of paintings on the walls, depicting scenarios of the underworld. Some works even showed the

battles against gods in the prime material plane.

‘The winding corridor of exhibitions! I’m finally here...Beelzebub’s treasure vault!’ Leylin excitedly appreciated the oil paintings with both his hands behind his back. In Beelzebub’s memories, this was an important treasure vault. It contained about a third of an Archdevil’s wealth, and had numerous treasures gained from dangerous expeditions.

‘If only Beelzebub had stored the Manderhawke Plate in here... But that’s unlikely...’ Leylin pondered in front of a painting.

The aesthetic views of devils were often grotesque and fear-inducing from a human perspective. There was a fundamental difference in their definition of beauty, but even then the intentions of the artists were the same.

The painting in front of Leylin was rare, one of humans. A devil was lifting a kneeling human by the collar using one hand, the other holding a curved dagger up as if to pierce the human’s heart. Set to a crimson backdrop, the human clutched onto a piece of parchment holding a contract of sorts, his face convulsing in fear.

‘Is this to commemorate the temptation Beelzebub poses for humans? This person had to be a king for him to act personally...’ Leylin did not care anymore about the meaning behind the painting, and reached out with his right arm.

“To break the curse, I remember that I have to...” Leylin spat a series of syllables in a language that only an Archdevil would know. As he spoke those words, a brilliant light appeared on the oil painting and a defense mechanism that seemed to be a glass protector appeared.

“Activate!” Leylin emitted his devil aura, causing the glass to melt like ice. He stretched his right hand into the oil painting, pulling out a curved dagger.

[Beep! Host has obtained a high-energy item, beginning scan...] The A.I. Chip’s light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, and very soon the scanning came to a conclusion.



[Epic Demonblood Dagger (+5). Weight: 666 grams. Ingredients: Pit Fiend Bones, Souls of Avarice, Crystallised Soul of Gluttony.]

[Abilities: Offering: The owner of this dagger can extract the life and souls of their enemies, allowing them to absorb power effectively until they're a high-ranked legendary. Rate of conversion depends on the compatibility and willpower of the wielder. Summon Devil: The dagger contains a devil contract, and allows the wielder to summon a greater devil up to once a day. Judgement: The wielder needs to strengthen their will and alignment towards evil every three days. If they fail, Beelzebub will appear from the depths of hell and devour their flesh and soul.]

[Description: This legendary Demonblood Dagger has evolved under Beelzebub's powers of extreme evil. No living creature can resist its temptation...] 'An epic weapon?' Leylin toyed with this dagger in his hands. It was evident that the dagger was an exquisite item made by Beelzebub himself, much stronger than the one that Leylin had crafted himself back on Faulen Island.

Because of how common the materials he'd used were, the Demonblood Dagger Leylin had made himself lost effect after his stats all reached 10. However, this epic dagger could enable the wielder to enter the legendary realm through devouring others! If adventurers in the prime material plane were to learn of this dagger, they would do all they could to obtain it, even if it meant losing their souls.

'One needs to slay an opposing church's pope even to be bestowed an ordinary Demonblood Dagger. This one most likely requires one to kill someone with divinity...' Leylin also found several heinous traps laid in the dagger. This was a personal touch of Beelzebub: anyone who wielded it would immediately be put under his control.

'Although it's useless to me, it makes for a good item to bestow to my men...' Leylin casually tossed the dagger into his spatial pouch. Since he'd comprehended the law of gluttony and even gained Beelzebub's powers and authority anyway, he could remove the traps with just a thought.

'Each and every one of these paintings is a treasure chest, and even

other Archdevils will lust after the items within...' The next painting that Leylin walked up to depicted a bloody battle between Beelzebub and a fallen flame balor. The demon did not have even the chance to self-destruct.

"In here, there should be..." Through the same process, Leylin obtained a fiery gem that seemed to be beating.

[Flame Balor Heart: This is the quintessence of a flame balor, and can be used to forge legendary or even demigod weapons. Any weapon it is used to forge will be aligned to chaos. If a demon swallows this, it will awaken the flame balor bloodline, gaining the chance to evolve into one,] the A.I. Chip stated.

'Not bad. Demons will go red with desire as they fight over this. After all, it isn't easy to find the carcass of a flame balor...' Leylin stowed the fiery gem away, looking into a different direction.

"You let me pillage the items just like that. Are you really a protector of this place?"

"Haha... I have no chances against an Archdevil at all. After all, this was part of the contract I signed with Beelzebub..." As the ancient voice sounded, a withered looking figure stepped out from the darkness.

This figure assumed a human form, seeming like an old man who was about to turn into a tree. There were wrinkles all over his face, and he seemed to pose no danger at all.

However, how could someone that Beelzebub contracted to look after his treasures be easy to deal with?

Leylin nodded. "You're much smarter than that dog," he said in praise.

# Chapter 1036: Borke

“It’s my honour to be complimented by an Archdevil!” The old devil bowed humbly to Leylin, with all the formality of a noble. His eyes were filled with solemnness.

“You were already here when I took the first item. Now, tell me... Why are you here?” Leylin’s eyes squinted, and the old devil shuddered as he formed cold sweat.

“Freedom! Of course it’s for freedom! Being confined in this dark, icy place and having to guard the treasures...I’ve already done more than enough!” The old devil clenched his teeth and cursed vehemently.

“I sensed the terrifying powers of the law of gluttony on you, along with a part of Beelzebub’s powers and aura. I can pledge my allegiance to you, letting you obtain everything in here, and also inform you of all of Beelzebub’s secrets. I want a small favour in return: Annul the contract on my body. If you want, I could even serve you for a hundred years...”

“Hmm, these are great conditions!” Leylin looked in interest at the cunning demon in front of him, perhaps the strongest guardian in the City of Iron, “How are you so sure that I can annul the contract for you?”

“Beelzebub had used his identity as the lord of Dis to confine me...” The devil blinked, “As long as Dis obtains a new owner, they’ll have the authority to annul the contract...”

‘Devils really are extremely cunning...’ Beelzebub himself would never have set a rule like this. It was likely a condition that this old devil had fought for himself. Since he’d signed the contract reluctantly, this devil didn’t have much loyalty to Beelzebub. On the other hand, Beelzebub had been extremely confident of sitting on his throne forever. Before his demise, that is.

“Alright, I accept your conditions!” Leylin agreed because he wouldn’t face any losses at all. However, he did not sign any contract: once he officially became the lord of Dis the contract with this old devil would shift to him. At that time, he could do whatever he wanted with him.

Leylin had no capacity for trust in devils, especially long-lived ones like this. That was another reason why he wouldn't sign a contract.

"My Lord!" Evidently, the old devil understood his intentions, and could only smile wryly in return.

"So then, tell me your name. Since you're the guardian of this place, do you know of the Manderhawke Plate?" Leylin wasted no time, getting to the point directly. In front of his might, the old devil couldn't retaliate at all.

"My name is Borke, my Lord." A strange expression appeared on the devil's face, "Of course I know the Manderhawke Plate, it was originally mine. But Beelzebub, that disgusting, conniving thief! He stole it away from me..."

"Yours?" Leylin was somewhat taken aback. After all, Beelzebub's memories regarding the Manderhawke Plate had been sealed strongly. Leylin himself didn't have much information regarding the item. Now that he had met the original owner, his interest was piqued.

"Okay, Borke, tell me. How did you get your hands on the Manderhawke Plate then?" Leylin had an extremely strong urge to research the background of that object. That clay disc could change one's destiny.

Noticing the glint in Leylin's eyes, Borke sounded out a feeble protest, "My Lord, that's mine..."

"Was. Past tense. It's currently in Beelzebub's hands, no? Also, do you want your freedom or not?" Leylin eyes slanted. He had never held any trust for devils, so he would crush any plans they had, again and again.

Borke was most likely being dishonest with him, already engaging in wordplay. However, no matter what sort of ploy he set up he would have to give some amount of true information.

"That... It was many underworld years ago, so far into the past that I have even forgotten the history of that era. The City of Iron had not yet been built, and Dis was just a barren land..." Borke muttered, his eyes seemingly lost in some distant memory.

“As a devil my lifespan is that of Baator. I’m effectively immortal, and before we harvested souls from the prime material plane my hobby was to journey across the endless barren lands. The Manderhawke Plate was something I chanced upon in a ravine during my travels...

“I used it to travel to various planes, and I advanced into the peak of devil kind, becoming an ancient devil. It was then that I met the Lord of Gluttony, and after that...” Regret welled in Borke’s eyes.

Leylin’s eyes flashed, ‘Looks like this devil only discovered the plate’s ability to connect to other planes. He hasn’t tried breaking through the crystal sphere of the World of Gods.’

Travelling between planes was one thing, but it was completely different to break through the crystal sphere. However, regular devils would never consider such a thing. Leylin realised that Borke had a very vague understanding of the Manderhawke Plate, and likely couldn’t even use it as well as Beelzebub had. Naturally, he would not know anything about it having the ability to change destinies.

‘There’s a chance he’s trying to fool me as well, hoping to get it back another day...’ Numerous thoughts flashed past Leylin’s mind as he continued to plunder the treasure vault relentlessly. After all, this was a portion of the treasures accumulated by an Archdevil of Baator. Even demigods would be tempted.

“Ignore that for now. Do you know where he is?”

“He’s disappeared for sometime. Last time he returned, he’d come back from another plane, gravely injured...” Borke didn’t withhold any information in this regard. He needed Leylin to free him from his current position anyway.

“I searched for his soul through our contract, and I know he’s extremely weak right now. Even a mere pit fiend could defeat him!” Borke exaggerated the extent of Beelzebub’s injuries, for fear that Leylin might back down. “However, he has hidden himself well. Even I myself am unable to find any traces of his whereabouts...”

The old devil laughed malevolently, regret and greed appearing on his

face. It seemed like he wouldn't have hesitated to strike if he'd found Beelzebub himself.

"So even you don't know where he is. Is there not even a clue?" Leylin's brows furrowed. Things had become more troublesome now.

"Apologies, my Lord! Due to the restrictions of the contract, I can only move about within the circular corridor and its vicinity... Even if he's hidden in a part of the Iron Tower, I wouldn't be able to notice it. In any case, Beelzebub is the owner of this place..." Borke's explanation was backed by logic, but somehow Leylin felt that he was holding back some information. Was it not a necessity given the crafty nature of devils?

Rumble! At this moment, space rippled as an explosion rocked the tower, the reverberations of the sound causing the items within to vibrate. Both Leylin and Borke turned around, looking towards the Palace of Gluttony.

'This aura... Pit fiends! There should be at least ten of them to break Beelzebub's seal!' Leylin had estimated their strength immediately, 'This degree of unity... It seems like there's something happening that I'm not aware of...'

'However...' Leylin looked at Borke who resumed his calm after an initial shock, and smiled. He too adopted a calm disposition.

Borke noticed that Leylin had not taken the bait, and felt regretful. However, he still fulfilled his duty and explained the situation. "Beelzebub's defences can't be broken that easily by a group of pit fiends. Moreover, there isn't any treasure there. There are certainly many guardians in the area, each no weaker than the cerberus..."

"Where are Beelzebub's experimental lab and resting area? Mark it down for me!" Although Leylin wasn't influenced by the plans of these hotheaded devils, he would have to take action now. He did not wish for anything to land in their hands.

'It's just a pity that...these remaining treasures...' Leylin's figure faded into the void, leaving behind Borke who looked deep in thought as he watched Leylin disappear.

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“Baalzephon! I have never seen you in such a miserable state...” A few greater devils mocked Baalzephon. Chekov’s carcass lay at a side, and teleportations or dimensional leaps would allow one to grasp it by the claws.

“Zapan... and Lyle, you’re all here...” Baalzephon’s expression changed numerous times, finally changing into a gentle and agreeable smile, “I was about to inform you guys... that there is a great discovery here...”

“Oh really?” Zapan cared little for Baalzephon, and the other members of the Dark Eight too watched on in mockery.

“Open the Palace of Gluttony!” Zapan commanded, and many large paeliryon and various other devils ran forward in a disorderly manner. They caught the carcass of the cerberus, tossing it into the air and smearing its blood on the giant metal gates.

The huge amount of blood was quickly absorbed by the gate, and it greedily sucked Chekov dry. A crack appeared in the centre of the gate, spreading to both sides.

# Chapter 1037: Advance

“We’re finally here. The Palace of Gluttony, the core of the Iron Tower...” Zapan muttered, his eyes blazing as the gates opened.

“What are you doing?” A loud shout sounded suddenly, and Zapan saw Baalzephon’s body turn into a blur as it zipped between the cracks of the gate. However, the other pit fiends watched on without the slightest inclination of stopping him.

Rumble! A blinding flash radiated out, and thunder boomed as Baalzephon’s body was struck by golden lightning. It disintegrated into nothingness. The only thing he left behind was a barely audible cry of rage as he screamed, “No!”

“Tch! How can the defence mechanism of an Archdevil’s core territory be breached so easily?” Another pit fiend shook his head in disdain and mocked the Dark Eight, “Such a foolish devil can also become one of the Dark Eight... Ahahah...”

Devils normally competed across the different hells. They had no qualms with bringing their counterparts down.

“Damn it, do you want to fight?” Corin of the Dark Eight stood out, his eyes showing fury.

“Alright alright, Corin!” Two other pit fiends stopped him, “We share goals right now. Any internal strife will stop us from entering the Palace of Gluttony, and gaining access to the lord’s lair...”

“Alright then!” The other pit fiends heaved a sigh of relief upon seeing Corin recollecting his cool. However, their eyes showed that they now harboured even more schemes.

‘This general... His rage earlier was most likely just an act. Did he do it so he could get better terms?’ ‘Someone with empathy? Ha!’ Although many of the devils present were second guessing themselves, the pit fiends finally came to an agreement to break into the palace together.

The void flickered right after they left, revealing Leylin’s figure.



“Haha... Should I say it’s as expected of devils?” His gaze settled on something in the distance as he shook his head, giving off a mysterious smile. Gods were high and mighty, able to peer into the future.

An army of devils appeared within Avernus, launching a frenzied attack at the two divine realms within. Five dragon corpses were piled up in the Bronze Citadel, like small mountains as they surrounded the Chromatic Dragon, Tiamat. She roared furiously, “You despicable liars!”

The armoured devils were fearless, as if the rage of this dragon couldn’t affect them. They poured forth like a torrential wave, eventually cutting off Tiamat’s five heads. Once the last crimson head fell to the ground, Tiamat’s body crashed down with an epic thud, causing a minor tremor inside the Bronze Citadel. Chromatic Dragon Tiamat, who’d just received full authority over the Bronze Citadel, had perished.

“Commander, Tiamat’s death has been confirmed!” This news was quickly sent to an unknown pit fiend.

“Very well, occupy the whole city, and begin cleansing it of werewolves, wereleopards, and dragons. Any who resist are to be killed immediately, there will be no need for further updates.” The commander of the army was a size smaller than his peers, but his eyes were cold as frost. A red scar streaked across his face, making him look malevolent. The bridge of his nose was extremely tall and sharp. The devil seemed complicated, possessing savagery and tyranny but at the same time tenacity and experience.

“Yes!” The messenger had no intention of disobeying his commands. Very soon, the order had been spread throughout the Bronze Citadel. Wails and cries resounded as Tiamat’s kith and kin, those half-beasts who had been attracted by her evil, were purged. The majority of them would definitely not live past the night, and those that did would become slaves to the devils, toiling somewhere with no day and night.

A huge conspiracy began to engulf the Nine Hells with Tiamat’s death. Similar events were occurring in the Third through Fifth Hells, and a large undercurrent erupted into the limelight, as if planning to devour all prey

at one go.

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Dis, the City of Iron.

“Argh...” Another assassin cried in anguish as he was swallowed by darkness. However, the expressions of the pit fiends were extremely calm, as if a common sight.

“The Sentinel’s Passage is the best guarded place after the hall of gluttony. Rumours say that we’ll be able to reach Beelzebub’s palace if we follow this road...” Dagos of the Dark Eight had assumed human form, looking like a scholarly and well-mannered sage. However, his evil aura betrayed his disguise.

“Our mission ends with this wave, the rest depends on you!” Dagos spoke to the other pit fiends.

“Of course... We will abide by the rules. You, get over there!” A pit fiend walked forward and pointed at a paeliryon subordinate.

The pit fiends had all agreed that using their subordinates as cannon fodder was the most optimal way, and they would count the losses and each sacrifice some of their men.

“My Lord...” The paeliryon which was extremely massive looked on at the darkness, its face extremely solemn.

“Cut the bullshit. Do you want to become a lower devil?” The pit fiend roared, revealing its aura.

Devils had great control over their subordinates. They could promote or demote them, and using their auras with the threads of loyalty, the pit fiend could force this paeliryon into danger regardless of circumstance.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Devils were extremely meticulous and cautious, and most traps would not faze them. However, that wasn’t true for traps laid by an Archdevil. This particular paeliryon was extremely nimble and cautious as it ducked past several traps, even seeing the end of the passage. However, it was soon engulfed by a silvery liquid that fell from

the sky. It screamed in anguish, its veins and bones visible as the liquid corroded its entire body...

“It’s Devil’s Solution. To think he used it here...” Zapan had grown rather irritable. After all, most of the traps had been laid against devils themselves, causing great casualties. This also confirmed that devils themselves had only one type of opponent— other devils.

The defenses of the Iron City had to be maintained however, and they were limited in numbers. With the pit fiends sending out their subordinates one after the other to activate all the mechanisms, they would be able to overcome them sooner or later.

“We’re finally out!” Everyone was relieved after exiting the passage, especially the greater devils that had survived the ordeal.

However, the smiles on their faces very soon turned still. What was in front of them was a large field. Rows of metal and lava golems stood neatly in formation, making up an army. A black figure seemed to be sending out orders from the centre.

“Fuck, the information was inaccurate! Didn’t they say everything would be alright after we got past Sentinel’s Passage?” A pit fiend hurled vulgarity as it berated its fellow devils.

Devils found it instinctual to push blame, even harming others when met with difficulty.

“You trespassers shall soon feel the glorious wrath of Lord Beelzebub. This army of golems...” A booming voice sounded from the golem army. It sounded rather young, but still carried a dignified tone.

The golems raised their head once the voice sounded, as if possessing their own souls. They immediately launched an attack. The devils quickly suffered another wave of heavy casualties.

“We can’t teleport in here, shit!”

“These are arcane golems, and have some diamonds embedded within them. O’ Supreme of Baator, has the Lord of Gluttony obtained a flying city?”

“There’s no other choice/ Have the subordinates hold them back, we need to try and break through!” Devils were expert leaders and diplomats, and many of them sought a straightforward attack. However, their current opponents were extremely effective against their kind, leaving them feeling helpless.

However, the temptation of a lordship was currently dangling in front of them like a carrot, causing them to lose sight of the precarious situation.

Pit fiends found it normal to send their subordinates out as sacrifices, using them to escape danger. Some of them had even brought a large group of greater devils along just for this purpose. They were running out of cannon fodder, however, and Beelzebub was yet to be seen.

“Die! Fireball!” “Summon Hellfire!” “Summon Devil!”

With the urging of their superiors, the greater devils could only put all they had into a frontal collision with the golem army. Broken limbs and flaming pieces of metal flew in the air as brilliant flashes dazzled the battlefield.

# Chapter 1038: Discovery

‘It seems to be a mere imitation of a Netherese golem...’ Leylin hid in the darkness, watching the big duel in the square. With the advantage given by Beelzebub’s memories and the fact that the golems were fixated on the pit fiends, the chances of him being discovered were minute.

He could stalk behind this pit fiend, using it at the last moment to break past the blockade of golems in the square.

‘Only after the greater devils are all dead will the pit fiends be fatally wounded...’ Looking at the pit fiends who were still alive, Leylin shook his head inwardly. Many of the greater devils had taken the brunt of the golems’ rampage, and even some pit fiends were unlucky enough to be left behind and trapped in one’s vicinity.

With the golems’ personalities, it would be completely suicidal for their colleagues to rescue them. Consequently, those pit fiends ended up with a tragic death, finally falling to Beelzebub’s traps.

Even members of the Dark Eight had fallen amongst the other pit fiends. The palace of an Archdevil was not something they could go after carelessly, even if it had fallen out of its owner’s control.

And yet despite all this, many of the pit fiends had ambition written all over their faces.

A tall statue stood before them, looking over their broken flesh. It had multiple pairs of eyes, and six strange fingers. A grin was on its face, spread from ear to ear, and all one could see were rows upon rows of jagged fangs.

“The Lord of Gluttony... This definitely has to be his palace!” Zapan’s eyes grew wide, and he greedily looked at the small palace building behind the statue.

The building was in the style of the devils. It was distorted and terrifying, with strange and intricate descriptions. There was still a little hellfire burning atop it, seemingly going to continue burning to the end of the

world.

‘The lord’s bedchambers. It’s rumoured that a lot of his treasures are hidden here. It’s an extremely important clue...’ Many pit fiends immediately began breathing heavily, and began to distance themselves from each other. Even the Dark Eight began to do the same.

They had all taken great risks to come here, all for the inheritance of the Archdevil. They wished to grasp the power of gluttony, obtaining mastery over the origin force of hell. Only then would they qualify to become a Lord of Baator.

In that pursuit, every other devil here was a competitor. Even former colleagues weren’t in the least bit worthy of their trust.

The pit fiends exchanged glances. There seemed to be some invisible signal as they all rushed into the palace in unison. Devilish power fuelled fireballs that rained down on their peers, their earlier partnership put aside now that they were here. This wasn’t infighting: they’d never been united in the first place.

“Get lost, this belongs to me!”

“Kibosh, I’ll remember this!”

“Damn, wait until we fight a bloody battle!”

All these devils coveted the lordship. They used all possible tricks, some even with a trace demonic influence.

Leylin had no intention to take part in this great battle. He could keenly sense that Beelzebub was absent. Yet, having suffered a great injury it wasn’t like he’d scurry back to his den to lick his wounds. That would only lead to death from his competition. All devils would betray their superiors, so Beelzebub wouldn’t even think of returning to his palace.

‘The most I can find here will be a few baubles and treasures; it won’t surpass what I’ve taken before. This statue, however...’ Leylin stealthily rested his hand on Beelzebub’s statue, and felt the surface texture and temperature. His eyes shone with the light of the A.I. Chip’s prompts.

‘This is one of Baator’s rarest materials, and it can preserve its temperature forever... The A.I. Chip’s scan didn’t glitch after all!’ Leylin’s eyes flashed, ‘Still, this statue must have been crafted by a master, it even expresses Beelzebub’s divine charm. On top of that, it has a trace of the laws of gluttony...’

The gods of the World of Gods, just like Magi of laws, had comprehended the laws of their world to some extent. Their true bodies were a manifestation of these laws. When he’d become a demigod, Leylin’s own body was imprinted with the laws of massacre and devouring.

Of course, devils had their own power of laws, and Beelzebub was the embodiment of gluttony. His true body represented the laws of gluttony, and if a Magus could observe his body they would feel the power of gluttony. It was precisely this reason that a devil’s true form and truename were taboo, and offenders of the same were investigated by the churches.

‘Something that preserves the feeling of the power of gluttony like this statue can really be considered a treasure. But I feel like there’s something a little off about it...’ Just as Leylin prepared to research this a bit more deeply, his eyebrows suddenly twitched. He quickly concealed his form, becoming illusory and hiding his aura.

A stealthy figure hurried across his vision, heading towards Beelzebub’s palace. The person was using a powerful invisibility spell in tandem with many blessed items, but he still couldn’t hide from Leylin’s True Vision. Nothing could be hidden from the eyes of a god.

‘Baalzephon! So his death was faked after all,’ Leylin immediately realised who that stealthy figure belonged to.

He had been entirely correct. The devil who was drawing closer seemed to be the member of the Dark Eight who had fallen in the Hall of Gluttony. This was the person who’d brought him all the way here, Baalzephon!

His private actions had already made him a traitor, so Baalzephon hadn’t hesitated to fake death in order to avoid being questioned and attacked. His acting had been extremely successful, and as fixated on

Beelzebub's powers and authority as they were the fiends let him get away with his actions. The only one he hadn't hoodwinked was Leylin.

Baalzephon had done the same thing as Leylin, furtively following behind the competition. The group of pit fiends cleared his path, but because his ability at stealth was awful he'd ended up trailing behind Leylin.

'There are conscents of Archdevils following behind these pit fiends. There must be some other hints...' Leylin didn't have much of an opinion about what had just happened, but he looked with anticipation towards the palace. Devils understood each other best, and perhaps the meddling of the other Archdevils could expose traces of Beelzebub.

However, if any of them actually discovered Beelzebub, who could win a fight with him?

"I've found it!" A voice exclaimed in pleasant surprise. It attracted the attention of many pit fiends.

There were powerful fluctuations in the area, and the pit fiend seemed to have activated some sort of mechanism which revealed the shadow of a semiplane that Leylin hadn't noticed before.

A blazing pillar of light lit up around the palace, forming a mysterious array. It formed an illusory entrance.

"That Archdevil must be within the semiplane!" All of the pit fiends looked on with covetous eyes, frantically rushing towards the opening plane.

"It's mine, it's all mine!" Baalzephon had cast off his stealth as well, running in the same direction. However, none of the pit fiends cared. All of their attention was now fixated on the authority of the Archdevil.

Only the few from the Dark Eight let out cries of surprise.

'He hid it well, going as far as to secretly create a semiplane...' A holy radiance flashed gold, and the blood red massacre domain came into existence. Many of the pit fiends were completely shoved aside.



An incomparably perfect god appeared amongst the devils, his platinum form handsome and imbued with the greatest majesty. Seeing his target, Leylin had made an outrageous move, the outcome something even Baalzephon could not imagine.

“Divine force! It’s a god, a god has snuck in!” “It’s only a demigod. If we obtain his essence...” The greedy devils quickly surrounded Leylin.

“Hmph.” Leylin only snorted disdainfully, and an enormous tide of divine force turned into a spiritual storm that spread across the area.

“Stop him! How can we allow a god to obtain something from Baator?” Threatened by a demigod, the devils stood together in a rare show of teamwork. They cut apart the bindings of the divine force and the massacre domain, coming in front of Leylin. However, just at this moment, a strange smile curved in the corner of Leylin’s mouth.

He turned his head and roared at Baalzephon: “Baalzephon, my servant. Stop these thieves, with no mercy. I command you as your superior!”

“Are you joking? Do you think you’re Asmodeus?” Baalzephon’s face split into a smile of ridicule. However, his movements soon dulled. Under the restraints of the contract, he couldn’t help but stop dead in his tracks. He stood solidly and blocked the other pit fiends, his bulky flaming sword slashing at them quickly.

“Damn, this is the power of a contract! When did I—” Baalzephon wanted to cry out, but he was entirely unable to. Restrained by the severe difference in their ranks, he was forced to attack the other pit fiends fiercely.

Sadly, all of his power was used up against the attack of so many of his peers. It took a short while for the other devils to completely tear him apart.

However, this was already enough.

# Chapter 1039: Reacquire

With the help of Baalzephon the 'traitor,' Leylin was the first to enter the semiplane.

Powerful spatial force flickered in this place, and he could barely make out the world at the other side. This was a plane of lava, and at its heart was a massive devil deep asleep.

The chest of this veritable mountain heaved up and down in his slumber, his devilish wings and giant eyes quivering with a powerful life force.

"Beelzebub's true body!" The pit fiends who saw this scene rejoiced loudly, the fire in their eyes blazing intensely.

In front of them was an unequaled throne. It was a position at the head of all devils, exempt from eternal damnation!

Yet Leylin slowed his footsteps, coming to a halt. He'd already fulfilled his goals the moment he entered the semiplane.

'It's so lifelike that it almost fooled even me, but...' The A.I. Chip's light flashed in Leylin's eyes, following which he left and disappeared without the slightest hesitation.

With the domain and divine force that was repelling the pit fiends removed, they'd entered the semiplane as well.

"What do we do now? That god seems to have left, could this be a trap?" Zapan blinked. Beelzebub may have seemed strong here, but he still coveted this place greatly.

"How about we send some cannon fodder up to see if it's the real thing?" A devil suggested from the side. Its body was spewing flames occasionally.

"You bunch of cowards, now it's all mine... Haha..." Even as the rest of the devils grew indecisive, one of the pit fiends laughed maniacally and dashed into the semiplane. Following that precedence, the other pit fiends joined in as well.

“Pearza was the first one to enter. I’m not going to be promoted next year anyway...” another devil sighed, “I’m going to leave...”

Demons would have rushed in without thought. However, devils weren’t the demon horde. They were of the lawful alignment, and possessed great intelligence.

“I smell a trap as well. Pardon me, I’ll excuse myself...” The devils who entered this place were the unlucky ones, those who were going to fare badly in the next evaluation and thus wanted to prove their mettle. The others saw that the scene before them was too good to be true, and they planned to retreat.

“The god may have left, but that doesn’t necessarily mean it’s a trap. Besides, if we combine our forces...” Even more devils grew restless, trying to persuade their peers.

Rumble! However, a terrifying change had occurred in the semiplane. It thundered loudly and distorted, as if turning into a terrifying beast. The entrance before them turned into a monstrous mouth.

Bang! Being the first one to rush in and touch the true body in the semiplane, Pearza exploded into a wisp of smoke. The giant figure of the Archdevil began to melt within the lava, turning into a putrid black liquid that clung onto the bodies of the devils and corroded them.

“Argh...This is...” The devils in the semiplane wailed. It was like they were being digested in the stomach of a strange beast, the black liquid being its stomach acid. This new beast roared out as a force of suction was formed at its mouth.

“Damn it, it’s a trap! Hurry and leave!” Zapan of the Dark Eight bellowed, but he soon discovered that the force had grown to encompass him. The giant mouth covered the sky and earth, as if wanting to swallow everything within. Many pit fiends died to the black liquid.

This beast only stilled after devouring many of them, emitting the evil energy it had digested in satisfaction. It then sent its energy to a certain location.

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“What a pity...”

Ninth level of Baator, Nessus. Asmodeus was atop the great citadel of Malsheem, sighing.

Mammon, Samuel, and Levistus jumped at the same time. “Our subordinates, what have you done?”

“It was to complete a contract I had with Beelzebub...” Asmodeus shrugged his shoulders. “I never schemed against your men, it was agreed upon before Beelzebub entered his deep slumber. He laid a trap to invite an enemy in, and if he was able to successfully devour them, he could heal from his injuries and retain order in Dis. However, it seemed like the beast couldn’t fool that enemy...”

“Which is to say... You have been deceiving us all these while?” The frosty aura around Levistus had strengthened.

“Oh no, not at all my friends.” Asmodeus smiled maliciously, “The agreement sworn to the Styx is still in effect. If your subordinates had managed to grasp Beelzebub’s weakness and take over, I would have acknowledged it for sure. However, they failed and became medicine for a lord of Baator. It’s not all that serious, is it?”

“Which means we helped Beelzebub recover for nothing in return? Damn it!” Mammon and Samuel howled, “Let us return, it should be a mess at our side now...”

“I’m afraid not. After all, the pact has not yet reached its maturity...” Asmodeus blinked his eyes, as if everything in the Nine Hells was laid before him, “Please, let us wait...”

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“So he wanted to devour me through this trap to recover?” Leylin’s figure appeared atop the Iron Tower, his divine force causing the area around him to still.

He looked at the beast devouring the pit fiends without a care in the

world, and his eyes glowed. He had confirmed that this was a trap laid by Beelzebub, aiming to ensnare him so that the Archdevil could regain his lost authority and power.

However, even if Beelzebub's plan had failed he'd managed to devour a lot of pit fiends. They now fuelled his recovery. Even if swallowing Leylin would have been most effective, this was better than nothing.

"Too bad... Your trap had one flaw, and an undeniable truth!" Leylin's eyes smiled.

"The fact is that you've already entered a deep slumber. You could only lay this trap in a hurry, but couldn't control it from the background. It's a little shabby.

"As for your fatal error... The energy this beast sucked in is being transported to you through a tunnel to somewhere nearby!" One could not transport energy an infinite distance, and Beelzebub himself was a master of tactics. The most dangerous place would also be the safest one!

"But I still can't sense your existence. There isn't a trace of your aura in the plane..." Leylin's eyes squinted, "There's only one way for that to happen, the Manderhawke Plate. You used it to carve a small space out of the void, huh? That way, even if you're not in Dis you're still nearby."

'A.I. Chip!' Leylin fiercely commanded.

[Beep! Bringing up data on the Manderhawke Plate...] the A.I. Chip intoned, sending a large amount of information to Leylin's memory.

He'd made several attempts to replicate the Manderhawke Plate back in the Magus World, and now it seemed to have paid off. Elegant runes and patterns began to appear from Leylin's fingertips, forming a complex and intricate pattern. The patterns had all joined together, forming a strange circular rune.

[Beginning replication of Manderhawke Plate, searching for similar wave bands...] Looking at the notification, Leylin descended to the ground and moved towards Beelzebub's statue. The semiplane beast had ripped the entire palace to ashes, but this region had been spared that treatment.

[Beep! Search complete. Target's location: 00] the A.I. Chip prompted.

“So it's here!” Leylin did not hesitate any further, pressing the replica up against Beelzebub's statue. The rune buzzed as it began to merge into the statue. It was like something being dropped in water as it opened up a mysterious space.

This place was extremely small, and the world seemed to be in grayscale here. There was an aura of extreme evil in here, being radiated by the body of a devil that was curled up in the centre.

“I've finally found you, Beelzebub...” Leylin muttered.

He'd never thought that this Archdevil would have grown so weak. Although he looked to be the same, Beelzebub had dropped to the size of an infant. Illusory tubes connected his body to the semiplane beast, absorbing the power it devoured.

A conscient awakened slowly, immediately beginning to give off feelings of fear and anxiety upon seeing Leylin.

“From the Magus World to the Purgatory World, and back to the World of Gods before the Nine Hells. Our feud is finally coming to an end...” Leylin looked at Beelzebub, sighing at the sight of his enemy. Crimson runes began to cover his body, as a vertical eye split apart his brows.

“Nightmare Absorption— Dream Eater!” Leylin used the best method of absorption he had for the World of Gods. Dark red dreamforce engulfed the entire space, forming an oval egg. The egg began to throb slightly, as if alive and breathing.

# Chapter 1040: Rank 7

In front of Leylin was an incomparably vast dream world. Innumerable crystal planets formed what looked like a honeycomb, each with a figure of Beelzebub flashing within.

Having survived from the ancient dusk of the gods to this date, Beelzebub's memories encompassed everything in all these years. If it was all put into the mind of an ordinary mortal, they would perhaps go insane from the overload of information. Even with Leylin's background, it still took him a while to fully digest it.

However, this was exactly what Leylin wanted. It wasn't just Beelzebub's authority and power of laws that he was after; he was quite interested in the lordship and the remaining portion of the Archdevil's memories.

'Is he trying to delay me with such a long dream?' Leylin's mouth curved into a wry smile. He had completely seen through Beelzebub's intentions. 'Pity... Even if ten thousand years pass in this dream, only a moment will pass in the real world...'

Hss! His body burst apart violently, becoming a formless crimson smoke that gradually formed the image of a Targaryen serpent. The serpent opened its jaws wide, devouring the entirety of the enormous crystal structure.

A single blood-red eye formed at the centre of the crystal, containing an image of Beelzebub.

Having acquired the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, Leylin was currently the ruler of Dreamscape. Within it, Leylin accompanied Beelzebub in a trip through his entire existence. Over the tens of thousands of years, he obtained everything he wanted.

A very short amount of time had passed in the real world, and the blood-red eye opened to swallow Beelzebub up in his entirety. Just at this time, something occurred in the outside world. The infantile devil trembled, losing all of its aura.

The ruler of the Second Hell, the Lord of Gluttony... Beelzebub was now dead!

Beelzebub's original body was then corroded by dreamforce, exposing a round plate embossed with patterns.

'The true form of the Manderhawke Plate! So he hid it within his body...' Leylin examined this round plate. The intricate patterns on it rather intoxicated him as the plate weakened the world's boundaries greatly.

'With the Manderhawke Plate opening the way, dreamforce should be enough...' A brilliant glow was emitted from the Manderhawke Plate, forming a deep and mysterious black hole.

'Beelzebub's last bit of divinity, as well as his divine force and power of laws...' Dark red light glowed in Leylin's palm, immediately getting sucked into the black hole. It disappeared without a trace.

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Targaryen Castle was now a mottled building, filled with a sense of history. It was the residence of many high-ranking Kemoyin Warlocks, as well as Leylin's own Targaryen bloodline.

Rumble! With its link to Dreamscape, the dark red light quickly exited the World of Gods, arriving at the Magus World. A gentle tremor shook the castle.

Having long since developed its own conscient, the castle automatically protected the Warlocks within. It didn't allow a single person to be injured, and at the same time it transmitted an enormous sense of joy.

At the bottom of the laboratory. Leylin had long recovered from his injuries, but he had been awaiting something else. He finally opened his eyes, and the strange phantom of a giant serpent slithered across his pupils.

"My plans of over ten years, as well as the risk of splitting my soul... They have finally succeeded," Leylin sighed. His true soul rapidly communicated with the A.I. Chip, and in an instant he had comprehended everything.



“The complete comprehension of a law, and hence my advancement to rank 7... It happens today!” Light flashed as Leylin was completely enveloped by a blood-red fireball. He quickly moved outside the boundaries of the Magus World, arriving at the boundless astral plane.

Comprehending a complete law was no small matter; he wasn't certain that he could contain all the radiation. Targaryen Castle was full of Leylin's subordinates and blood relatives, so he wouldn't accept any large accidents.

“Dreamforce!” Leylin gently chanted, and dark red runes appeared on his body.

Before he'd advanced to become a demigod, Leylin had already recovered from his injuries. However, he was still in a state of slumber, and apart from waiting for his clone all he did was to get accustomed to the power of his new bloodline.

Although his clone was the one who'd acquired the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, his main body had also been upgraded in that process. Nightmare Absorption was the ultimate bloodline of Dreamscape, its mysterious abilities far exceeding Leylin's expectations.

A vertical eye opened between Leylin's brows, its gaze seemingly piercing through the barriers of space and time to connect to his clone's body through Dreamscape.

[Beep! Host has obtained the origin of laws, determined to be the laws of gluttony! Assimilation with the body: 99%. Transferring...] the A.I. Chip's voice intoned.

[Beep! Law of devouring has been analysed completely.]

[Beep! With the influence of the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the host's bloodline abilities have been perfected. Targaryen bloodline advanced to rank 7!]

[Innate Skill Devour advanced to rank 7.]

An update on the skill followed.

[Devour (rank 7 innate spell)– With a perfect comprehension of the laws of devouring, its power has greatly risen. The ability can now be inherited.]

[All requirements met, advancing to rank 7.] After the law of devouring was completed, Leylin didn't restrain himself any longer. He projected his bloodline, and a Targaryen the size of a star hissed as its devilish wings flapped up a massive gale. Its razor-sharp claws and horns radiated light.

With the Nightmare Absorbing Physique, the Targaryen's scales had turned a dark red. A vertical eye had formed between its two eyes that were as large as stars. A torrential surge of his bloodline power assimilated with the law of devouring, wrapping Leylin within a mysterious process.

[Beep! Host has advanced to rank 7. Body of laws has been perfected. Stats have changed greatly, recalculating data.] The A.I. Chip's prompts brought Leylin back to his senses. He looked at his hands, mulling over the change. 'A perfect body of laws. My body is now completely made up of my laws and bloodline; as long as the laws are not extinguished... I'll be indestructible?'

Leylin felt the law of devouring within his body. The feeling of obtaining a full body of laws was incomparable to what he'd gotten when he'd approached the boundary of rank 7.

[Beep! Host's stats have been recalculated.]

Very soon, Leylin's new stats were projected by the A.I. Chip.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 7 Warlock. Bloodline: Targaryen(Rank 7). Strength: 215.73, Agility: 170.21, Vitality: 300.05, Spiritual Force: 575.44. Soul Status: Body of Laws. Laws comprehended: Devouring (100%), Massacre (57%). Host's body of laws has lost all constraints, and can now absorb World Origin Force to increase in power.]

'Rank 7 Warlock! A Magus that has comprehended laws! Only... At this stage I can greatly sense the pressure to pursue eternal life...' His soul now made of laws, Leylin's gaze transcended all distance. He could see into the infinite river of time and space. As long as the origin of his laws survived,

this river would allow him to be reborn even if he were felled.

This was the secret of Magi and Gods!

“I also seem to have acquired more authority...” Leylin rubbed his chin, and the his own secret imprint appeared. It was an inverted triangle with a black snake coiled in the centre.

“This will be my emblem from now. No matter which intelligent life, or where the place is, as long as they pray or make sacrifices to this emblem, I will be able to sense it, and send my powers to them... I seem to have inherited part of the gods’ powers huh? Or do all paths eventually converge?”

Leylin eyes saw into the distance, his vision traversing countless worlds to look at two different places.

“Your Excellency Leylin! Welcome to the realm of rank 7...” In the subterranean part of the Magus world, Ignox and Mother Core congratulated him.

The other location was the Purgatory World, within the endless ball of snakes. The Snake Dowager looked bewitchingly at Leylin, “Rank 7 now, huh? Don’t forget our pact.”

“Cunning woman!” Leylin shook his head.

After turning into a rank 7 Warlock, he had finally mastered his own bloodline. In other words, the Targaryen bloodline had no connections with the Snake Dowager from now. This strength was his own, his absolute power. He was not constrained by any bloodline.

As close to rank 7 as he was before, he’d still been a rank 6 Warlock. His plethora of trump cards had allowed him to equal Magi who wielded laws before, but now everything had fallen into place.

“We’ll discuss this later!” The two powerful conscients diminished, and Leylin looked at the Magus world once more.

“My bloodline has already spread this far? It seems like Syre and Daniel have been fulfilling their duties...” At this moment, Freya, Celine, his other

few female counterparts, and their children surfaced in Leylin's mind.

“Although it isn't consistent with my original plans, I should see them again. It's been such a long time!” With just a thought, Leylin's body appeared at the centre of the Targaryen Castle. There were no traces of any energy waves, demonstrating the terrifying abilities of a Magus who wielded laws.

# Chapter 1041: Usurp

Crash! Rumble! A vile power surged forth, and great amounts hellfire erupted into the sky.

The entirety of the Second Hell seemed to be roaring, rejoicing. The flames grew in intensity with the evil power, and the City of Iron seemed to come alive. The walls and ground grew hotter and hotter, even glowing orange, and the slightly translucent lava now seemed able to melt metals. Any unlucky devils swept up by this torrential force turned into torches as they fell to the ground.

Baator's origin force welled up, welcoming its new owner.

Hss! The terrifying phantom of a giant serpent appeared in the sky, but was very soon covered by the dense blanket of smoke. Hell's authority was being handed over; Leylin had now taken on Beelzebub's role completely, becoming the new Lord of Dis!

'The Second Hell is now my divine realm.' Leylin felt an extreme amount of power here, one that he could activate at any time. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

'Although I'm still a demigod, I can now use my powers as a rank 7 Warlock. I needn't even be afraid of greater gods anymore. More importantly, now that I'm the true Lord of Dis my power is similar to that of a divine realm...'

Every Archdevil was the Lord of a different layer of Baator. In their own hells these lords could even suppress gods, a power akin to what true deities held inside their divine realms. Were a greater god to enter Dis right now, Leylin could make them suffer a huge loss.

'But still, this is just one level of Baator. The relationship between me and Dis isn't as intimate as that of a true god and their divine realm either, and there's no way to bring my worshippers' souls here...' Leylin did not wish for his worshippers to enter Baator after death, becoming lower devils.

‘However... I’m sure this incident exposed my status to the remaining Archdevils...’ He seemed to smile as he looked down, his gaze piercing through the numerous hells all the way to Nessus...

“The authority over Dis has been transferred, a new lord has been born... But it doesn’t seem to be a devil.” Within Malsheem, Asmodeus sat facing three other Lords of Baator. His expression remained gentle, masking his true intentions.

“Damn it! Somebody actually took advantage of our infighting... We’ll become a joke to those demons of the abyss... I’ll go there and kill him now! Before he is completely familiar with his authority!” Samuel’s body blazed with heat as he howled and flew up into the sky.

“Please wait. You cannot leave until the contract is fulfilled.” Asmodeus waved his hands, and the contractual power immediately stopped Samuel from going further.

“What’s happening? Wasn’t the contract supposed to expire when Dis gained a new lord?” Samuel looked at the binding power of the contract, his face incomparably dark. He sensed that Asmodeus had made him a pawn in his game.

“Asmodeus! Explain yourself!” The Lords of Avarice Wrath roared, their figures pressing towards Asmodeus.

“Hehe. Everything is stipulated within the contract. Haven’t we discussed this already?” Asmodeus tapped the black book containing the contract in a slow and unassuming manner, “Let us see...”

Rustle! The pages flipped under his control, until finally landing on the most recent contract.

“The contract says that we have to remain here until Baator has regained peace. None of the lords may participate, only allowed to watch the developments...” Asmodeus used his pointed fingernails to touch the words, and a dark green flame spewed from them to form a projection in the air. He enlarged it so the remaining lords could have a closer look.

“We agreed on all of Baator. That is to say, as long as at least one of the

Nine Hells is in chaos the contract remains valid. “ Asmodeus smirked as he faced the furious gazes of the other lords head on.

“So Dis wasn’t your only target. You also made plans on Avernus?” Mammon grabbed his harpoon, but didn’t act immediately. He was after all of the lawful alignment, and even as an Archdevil contracts were firm and unbreakable. Were he to breach one, Baator’s will would view him with disdain, forever robbing him of part of his power.

“I still say the same thing. Let us wait and see.” Asmodeus still had that genteel smile on him, but now it spoke volumes.

.....

First Hell of Baator.

A large army of devils had assembled under the lead of a smaller scarred pit fiend. Centred at the Bronze Citadel, they’d already occupied a third of Avernus. The only regions left were treacherous, or part of the two divine realms in this hell.

The pit fiend finally stopped his army outside the realm of the Shark God Sahuagin. A sharkman cleric walked out, his face extremely solemn. He was followed by other worshippers as well as a squad of elites.

“As per the agreement, this will be our new boundary,” the cleric said solemnly.

“Of course. Lord Asmodeus is extremely thankful for Sahuagin’s help, and he sends his blessings and friendship!” The pit fiend spoke in a well-mannered tone.

“Don’t forget your promise. Bring us the items agreed to in the contract immediately!” the cleric reminded the pit fiend once again...

“It’s finally settled...” The pit fiend heaved a sigh of relief after looking at the newly demarcated area, having an erinyes pour a cup of red wine.

“A third of Avernus,” the pit fiend muttered, “that should be enough to make the lord happy. If his plan comes to fruition, we of Nessus will be able to unite all of Baator. The council of eight Archdevils will become a

thing of the past, and I'll have paved the way for the future!"

However, energy rippled out from Dis at that moment. It notified the Nine Hells of the changes in the second.

Being the First Hell, Avernus experienced the ripples of energy most strongly. The extreme change, coupled with the rejoicing of Baator's origin force, caused the pit fiend's expression to change drastically. The glass holding the wine crashed to the ground, shattering with a crisp sound.

"The devils in the second level have failed... Those useless fellows, I have should reduced all of them into lesser devils...No, bugs!" After venting his frustration, the pit fiend could only dismiss his troops helplessly.

Before he left, the pit fiend cast his gaze deeper into hell. "Even if there were changes in Dis, the little miss will still be alright. Our lord still holds the upper hand!"

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Sixth Hell, Malbolge.

This was an endless realm of mountains and valleys. The terrain was rocky, and boulders constantly fell from above that were so strong they could smash anything in their path to smithereens. The sky rippled with ever-changing clouds.

In this vile environment the devils could only take shelter within their copper fortresses, although even then many perished to the steep slopes and frequent landslides.

Rumours were abound that underneath this rocky surface were numerous holes, holding some ancient beings of Baator and primordial devils within them. However, the Hag Countess, the current lord, had sent men to search these areas to no avail. They all ended up dead.

The Countess was a night hag, an outsider to Baator. Her fortress was at the centre of a giant mountain, surrounded by lava.

The devils were rising up in this area that day, a common sight in Baator. With the hardships their superiors put them through, these devils



often took great pain to finish their missions, at the same time frenetically searching for their masters' weaknesses. Once any weaknesses or loopholes in contracts were discovered, a bout of unrest would begin.

However, the Hag Countess was one of the Lords of Baator. She'd seldom received any challenges of the sort, and back in the past no devil had been foolish enough to challenge the might of a lord.

However, an exception was made today. The dusty gates of her palace were forced open, and many devils equipped with heavy armour followed a beautiful erinyes inside. The erinyes looked at the rotting night hag on the throne in front of her, eyes blazing.

"Hag Countess, your reign will end today!" The erinyes had unbelievable strength and beauty. Her body possessed a fatal charm that could intoxicate the devils nearby. Yet at this moment, she tossed the head of a pit fiend towards the foot of the throne, putting on a proud and icy demeanour.

"Hahaha... So it's Glasya, the little princess of Nessus... I was wondering which devil would have this audacity..."

The betrayal of her subjects and the death of her guards should have been extremely dangerous to her, but the Countess did not look fazed in the slightest. She looked mockingly at Glasya, her withered finger pointing at the erinyes as she spoke in a hoarse and raspy voice, "Do you really believe you can overthrow me with this bunch of trash? This is Baator, not the abyss. Without the power of laws, you cannot usurp my authority!"

# Chapter 1042: Start of The Contract

With control over the World Origin Force, the Lords of Baator far surpassed ordinary devils in strength. Even pit fiends could only tremble under one's authority.

However, there was one rank of devil between the pit fiends and the lords. It was only awarded to the most beloved of an Archdevil's subordinates, and it was known as the exception. They were called dukes!

Were a pit fiend to evolve to its very limits, with permission from its lord it could undergo a bizarre promotion. It would give them a special morphed form, distinguishing them by gender and allowing them to master an ultimate ability.

Dukes were the Archdevils' most trusted confidantes, and given that there was a limited amount of origin force to go around they were very rare. Glasya was one such Duke!

She was Asmodeus' daughter, the princess of the Ninth Hell. When she'd advanced to the peak of pit fiends, her father's favour had allowed her to be moulded into a unique form. She'd become the Queen of Erinyes!

This change gave her the ultimate charm, and great influence. Her abilities approached the pinnacle of power, and she could be considered second only to an Archdevil.

"Tut tut, what a pretty little erinyes! I believe the nupperibo under me will be very fond of you..." The Hag Countess looked at Glasya. Her pit fiends were crowded around the duke as well, their eyes filled with a scarlet light.

"Has Asmodeus gone demented? Does he actually think that he can take me down just by sending a bunch of devils?" The Hag Countess' voice grew higher and higher in pitch, until the very sound radiated an aura of absolute authority and might. The energy snapped the bewitched devils back to their senses, and their eyes now exuded a sense of fear.

The Hag Countess occupied the throne of Malbolge, and would forever

be the lady of the Sixth Hell. How could she be easy to deal with? Her formidable power and schemes had been etched into the deepest part of these devils' blood.

It wasn't so easy to overthrow a Lord of Baator. They were powerful ancient beings in their own right, and on top of that they had the power to utilise Baator's origin force. Within the Nine Hells, any of them could exhibit the strength of a rank 7 Magus. And similarly, in their own territories they were like true gods in their divine realms!

The only reason Beelzebub died so easily was that he ruined himself. When he projected his power out to external worlds, he'd been brutally suppressed by Leylin. Seriously injured, he'd been forced into a coma. If not for that, Beelzebub could have easily suppressed a demigod within Dis.

That was the same situation here. This was the Sixth Hell, the Countess' territory. In addition to her powers as a rank 7 Magus, she could use Malbolge itself to suppress her enemies as if it was her divine realm. The only way to defeat her here, and even then only cause her to retreat, would be a combined attack of three other Lords of Baator.

Even if they managed to defeat the Countess and obtain the authority over this hell, there was a more difficult issue. Devils were a bunch of lawful creatures, whereas rebellion and foolishness were the domains of demons.

Although Glasya's methods were unorthodox, the Countess had decided to teach Asmodeus a lesson that he would never forget. In any case, every lord had equal authority in Baator. With Glasya the one at fault, the Hag Countess wasn't afraid of Asmodeus' retribution.

"So this is the authority of Baator's origin force?" Looking at the surging origin force and the powerful suppression that brought her close to death, Glasya's eyes grew a little intoxicated.

"I'm the only one suited for such power and authority!" Two contracts flew out from Glasya's hands, glowing beautifully in midair. The light they gave off completely eliminated the Countess' control over the origin force, returning everything to peace and tranquility.

“How?” Sensing the suppression of her authority, and her disconnect with Baator’s origin force, the Hag Countess’ face warped with unbearable rage.

“This is a contract that you signed yourself!” Glasya’s lips curved into a smile. Her beauty seemed to momentarily transform hell into heaven.

“The agreement between the seven Lords of Baator was that you will all remain within your locations until Dis gains a new lord, and the unrest in Baator ends...” Glasya illustrated with her pleasant voice, but it caused the Hag Countess to break into cold sweat.

“Until the unrest in Baator ends, not Dis. Which means all levels of Baator are open for contest, and the winner will obtain eternal glory as a Lord of Hell!”

“Ah! NO...” The Countess snarled, pulling out the contract and noticing that it wasn’t just Dis.

“Strange isn’t it? Did the tens of thousands of years as the Lady of Malbolge rot your brain? Did you think nobody would ever challenge your authority again?”

Glasya waved her hand, “She’s lost the power of her authority for now, any strength she wields is her own. Kill her!”

The devils roared forth under the bewitching words of the Queen of Erinyes, their eyes an abnormal red.

“Dream on!” the Countess screamed, and a murky green metal whip appeared in her hands. A pit fiend was caught within the moment she brandished it, and she immediately smashed him to flesh and bones.

“Even without the power of Baator, I am an epic being of evil. You pathetic devils dare to oppose me?” The Hag Countess looked malevolent as she reached out with her claws, smashing two more greater devils to pieces.

“You’ll go to prison and be sold as a lesser devil, thrown into a pit of males. I believe they’ll be able to treat you properly...” Even as she made her threats the Hag Countess dealt heavy damage to Glasya’s army. In a

mere moment the palace was riddled with corpses.

However, The Countess found that her threats had no effect on Glasya, who maintained a calm demeanour.

“Even without their authority a lord is not somebody I can face right now.” Glasya bit on her tantalising juicy lips, reaching out with her right hand to point at the second contract.

While the former contract was to reveal the loophole regarding Dis, this one looked rather archaic. It was covered in runes, and seemed to be from ancient times.

“This is why I’m so confident in taking everything from you,” Glasya purred.

“This is... the primordial contract! So you were holding on to it!” The Countess screamed in rage, and energy undulations radiated from her body.

“That’s right. My father fought the gods themselves for this contract, all in the name of Baator. All fallen souls shall belong to the Nine Hells.” Glasya’s eyes glowed with pride.

“This is why my father obtained great support from Baator’s origin force. This contribution alone will garner him additional support as the Nine Hells are being united. Although it doesn’t have power of authority like an Archdevil, it is enough to deal with you!”

The primordial contract was a legendary agreement signed between the devils and the gods. It stipulated that the Nine Hells would obtain all fallen souls that lost their lives in the prime material plane. This contract was the foundation of the devils, and of Baator itself. It also qualified Asmodeus’ claims to be the Supreme of the Nine Hells.

However, there had been severe changes since then. Baator’s World Will had broken apart, split into eight parts which were controlled by the eight different lords. Asmodeus’ true body had been gravely injured, so now he could only harness a fraction of his strength. The Nine Hells had splintered apart.

Still, Asmodeus was the rightful ruler of the Nine Hells. As for Glasya, his daughter, she had the right to exercise this power as well.

“You...The other lords will never let you off! Absolutely never!” The Countess was finally overwhelmed by the primordial contract and the wave of incoming devils. Right before her head was severed, she unleashed a final howl of fury.

“Sure! Even if they don’t come to me, I will be going to them!” Glasya grabbed onto the head that was still dripping with blood, as she cleaned the blood on her sword using The Countess’ corpse.

She looked once again at the unresigned look on the Countess’ face and smiled, before issuing her next orders. “Hang this ornament in my room as a decoration.”

.....

The grave changes in Malbolge and the shift of authority there swept Baator as well.

Many devils clutched their heads in bafflement, such a series of events had never occurred before in their memory. In a single day, two of the Nine Hells had shifted rulers.

This would definitely lead to an epic change in Baator, and even incite the wild ambitions of other devils!

“Asmodeus!” Several livid roars were heard as three lords left Nessus in a hurry, immediately returning to their respective planes. They were seemingly shocked by the spate of events.

“Sixth Hell, Glasya huh?” Leylin felt the changes as well.

“As expected of the Supreme of the Nine Hells. Asmodeus is the most cunning and versatile Archdevil of the lot. Even as his plans for Dis failed, he’s obtained a third of Avernus and the entire plane of Malbolge!”

# Chapter 1043: Farm

Leylin put on a solemn expression.

“If I hadn’t interfered, then they would have gotten authority of Dis as well. At that time, with the powers of three levels of Baator and another third of Avernus, he could have ousted the other lords from their thrones...

“Right now, as long as Asmodeus consolidates his strength, stabilises his position, and ropes in one to two more overlords to his side, he will become the dominant force in the Nine Hells...

“However, this has nothing to do with me anymore.” Asmodeus had indeed lived up to his name as a crafty old devil. He had capitalised on the precarious situation that Dis was in, and carried out a revolution.

Although this had alerted the other lords to his schemes, the devil had already met his goals. His power had grown, and he now held a superior position. It wouldn’t be impossible for him to unite Baator in the future.

“Hmm? He even sent me a message, and wants to speak to me?” Leylin had received a spiritual energy wave, evidently a message from Asmodeus.

“Indeed, getting the assistance of an outsider like me would be best. My position in hell is still unstable after all. However, this devil’s goodwill cannot be trusted at all; and the best way to avoid all negotiations is to leave.” Leylin put on a mysterious smile.

“Azlok!”

“Your Excellency, I’m here!” When Azlok arrived, he had some of Leylin’s worshippers in tow. The collective armies of the different hells had now returned to their own levels of Baator. Had they remained, Leylin would most likely have assimilated them into his own forces.

“I’ll be leaving for a while. Take care of the affairs in Dis for me. I also have a few missions for you to take care of.” Leylin did not hesitate to hand the tasks down to his men.

Azlok wasn’t in a position to refuse him, and even if he was why would he? This pit fiend was extremely glad to be able to take over an entire hell.

‘Since I’m the one with the authority, when I leave Asmodeus can only look on without doing a thing...’ Leylin turned back and looked at the City of Iron for one last time before leaving Baator. ‘Once my goals are achieved and I finish ascending to godhood, he can only eat back any schemes he’s plotting...’

It would be extremely simple to leave Baator. Even a demigod could traverse planes, and Baator was already close to the prime material plane. There was a portal in the outskirts of Ribcage City whose guards could be bribed.

However, Leylin was now a Lord of Baator. He had the right to move to the prime material plane as he wished. Although many others found it difficult to travel between different worlds, to Leylin it was like taking a walk in his backyard. Before the other lords could react, he had already returned to the prime material plane.

.....

The newly established Faulen Empire on Debanks Island, within the Giant Serpent Church.

‘Almighty Lord, you are the serpent that controls all, holding the powers of massacre.’ The church itself radiated a colourful sheen, and many of the priests prayed piously. Tiff was at the back of the church, meeting a white-robed Leylin.

“Master!” he began a report, his eyes blazing with fervour, “We moved Marquis Jonas and his wife to the empire as per your decree, along with all their servants...”

“Well done,” Leylin nodded his head. This was something he’d planned immediately after he’d become a demigod. He couldn’t entrust things such as this to the Goddess of Luck Tymora. He was always fastidious, and would have these things settled himself.

His family was on his lands now. There was no faith here other than that he approved. Along with his church containing multiple legendaries, totem spirits, and another demigod to help, Leylin could finally be at ease. Were any god or church to make an attempt on this place, they would all



gang up on them.

‘You need at least a hundred thousand elites to take over Debanks Island, and they need to travel a long distance over sea. You’ll also need many high-ranked legendaries, and have to sacrifice multiple divine avatars...’ Leylin’s eyes blazed.

‘In fact, if the churches that tried to group up against me tried to do it again, they will definitely suffer heavy losses. Furthermore, at a critical time I can turn to their enemies, forming an alliance with the evil gods... The costs far outweigh the benefits. Even Mystra, as much as she hates me, wouldn’t be so foolish.’

“How’s the empire been faring lately? Has there been anything special on the mainland or Faulen Island?”

“We’ve planted the first batch of rice this season. The plague was controlled by a free supply of holy water as well. There was some commotion on Faulen Island due to the withdrawal of the Jonases. Still, the remaining managers managed to minimise the impact on trade.”

Tiff had only needed a moment of thought to answer. With the Faulen Empire being a theocracy, Tiff was the one with the greatest authority as the country’s pope. With his many years of travel in the mainland, he’d deeply experienced the ups and downs of life. Paired with his strength and knowledge, he’d managed Debanks Island well.

“The churches you had me keep an eye on have been rather dormant, bar the church of protection. Helm has declared that you’re a false deity!” When he came to this point, Tiff had grown enraged. To a pious believer their god wasn’t a mere part of their beliefs. The Lord meant everything!

“Those vile gods, they actually dare slander my Lord like this! One day, I will make them pay the price for this insult. The slate will only be wiped clean with their blood!”

“As it should be,” Leylin didn’t blush in the slightest as he made this promise, despite being a false god through and through. “We only need to endure this for now. Focus all your attention on developing the empire.”

This put Tiff's heart at ease. He listened to Leylin's orders with respect and left. As he was leaving, a contemplative look emerged on Leylin's face.

'It's unlikely that they'll mount a massive invasion, so I'll need to take precautions against elite squads and ambushes. Another important aspect is the agriculture. I can't ignore it until after I become a true god, with my own divine realm and a strong foundation. Then I can open the crystal sphere now, letting my main body in along with many more Magi of laws.'

Godhood was an enormous threshold to cross in the World of Gods. True gods were the darlings of the world, and obtained everlasting life and immortality. Even upon death they could revive themselves as long as worshippers still believed in them, emerging once more from the river of space and time. Even the most formidable gods had to pay a great price to breach a divine realm, granting all true gods an extremely powerful defence.

Besides, deities themselves only valued other true gods, and viewed them with equal standing. In other words, Leylin would become a member of the pantheon once he advanced. It would also give him the means to confront the Goddess of the Weave!

'I already have my godfire ignited, and plenty of divine force. What's left is my divinity and divine realm. Once those requirements are met, I can accumulate faith to form an exalted throne...' Leylin was well aware of how ascension worked.

'My domain will be in massacres. Cyric and Malar are huge problems, yes, but I've already offended them greatly. What's the harm in enraging them further? The crucial point is still the power of faith...'

The ascension of gods in this world was rather peculiar. A new member of the pantheon only needed an echo of origin power with a certain foundation of believers to easily ascend to become a true god.

However, these sorts of gods would always be extremely weak. They could only be lesser gods, living under the asylum of the more powerful.

After all, with the slow development of this world's civilisation, asking the populace to accept something new would be a bit too forceful. These

sorts of gods would need hundreds or thousands of years to develop.

The advantage was that they would not be in conflict with the other gods, and they had rather good potential for development. With Leylin's knowledge and experience, he had thought of several domains that the World of Gods did not currently possess, with excellent potential for development. It was a shame that he had rejected all of them.

There was reason for this. The plan was far too long term, and he himself would be too weak. This wasn't in line with his current situation.

Becoming a god of massacres would eliminate these limitations. This divinity would greatly aid his combat strength, and met his requirements for power. It could also develop rather well later, at the very least making him a greater god.

The only catch here was that there were already gods in the domain of massacres. Leylin's ascension would be encumbered by the conflict.

'Even if a native is only worth a tenth of a believer on the mainland, I still have enough faith to ascend to godhood. The problem is still the divinity...' Leylin's wish for a powerful divinity to support his ascension increased his requirements for faith. He estimated that he already had enough faith to become a god of disease, but massacres required over ten times the faith.

# Credits

Translator: [OMA Translations](#)

Epub: [Estevam](#) / [dotNOVEL](#)